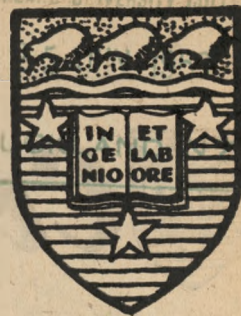


Craccum



AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE STUDENTS' PAPER

XXVIII—No. 6

Auckland, N.Z., Thursday, June 25th, 1953

Gratis

A WORLD AFRAID

"Perfect Love Casteth Out Fear" (I. John 4: 18)

"One thing that Christians must demand in the present situation is that we all go back to the Charter of the United Nations," said the Rev. Stanley Evans.

In an address in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, which we heard here, he discussed the position of peace in the world.

He stated that we have become afraid, nearly mortally afraid, of communism, and forecast that if our present fears are not controlled and mastered they will lead us to the most fearsome war of all time.

On the third successive Sunday evening you are to be addressed on the subject of peace. And what could be more appropriate in the chief Christian building in London? What could be more appropriate in any Christian building at any time? What is more appropriate now when at this very moment men, women and children are being slaughtered in Korea, in Malaya, in China, than at this moment when the bayonets are plunging, the bombs are dropping and the napalm is searing human flesh to unbelievable agony and horror?

Indeed, could be more necessary at this solemn moment when the world is divided into hostile camps, when propaganda, rearmament and the stock-piling of weapons, prepare the way for the next world war? When Japan and the very nations it was necessary only a few years ago to disarm, are to be re-armed, are to be re-taking their places in a new world holocaust?

Echoes of Goebbels

Is it neither the time nor the place to analyse any of these things. Only to mention them to condemn the rightness and the wrongness of discussing—peace. It is that any follower of the Christ of Peace should even think of discussing peace. Yet to face the fact that peace is not to be a popular or a respectable subject of discussion even in the circles. Anybody who would ask whether he is a pacifist, whether he is not taking part in a "phony peace-crusade," whether he is not assisting those who are taking his own country. Just years ago the notorious Dr. Goebbels said: "When I hear the word 'peace' I reach for my gun," there are all too many who hear the word "peace" and only an extra appropriation of arms.

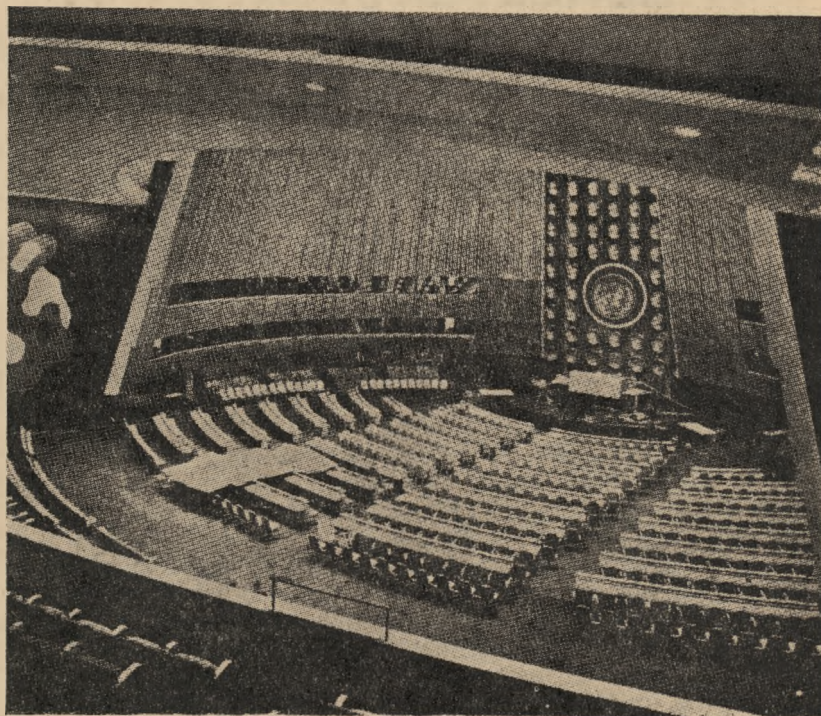
We are Afraid

Reason for all this is a simple one. We are afraid. Partly; we are afraid of world war, but far more we are allowed ourselves to be gripped by the profound social changes which are gripping the whole of Asia, the east of Europe, the social change that has

already transformed that collection of countries which are properly called the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. We have become afraid of the social change which in one form or another, knocks at the door in every country in the world, as black men and brown men and yellow men assert increasingly the ending of white domination, as workers demand what they regard as justly theirs. We have become afraid, nearly mortally afraid, of communism. Almost we are afraid of peace itself—as a leading American newspaper put it not long since: "Sudden peace would cause havoc to business." Nothing is perhaps so completely frightening as fear itself, and the phrase which completes the words I have quoted as a text, "Fear hath torment," is profoundly and utterly true. Certainly if our present fears are not controlled and mastered they will lead us to the most fearsome war of all time.

Who is it that will fight? Of that nobody has any doubt. It will be a war of what is called the West against what is called the East, a war of the U.S.A., Great Britain and others against the Soviet Union, China and others.

From this follows one simple and inescapable fact. To make peace we must make friends with Russians and Chinese and Poles and Czechoslovaks and Hungarians and Bulgarians and Rumanians and Albanians. And it is precisely at this point that our fears betray us. All of these peoples are led to-day by communists. Communists are regarded by definition as the devil. We are told from all too many quarters that they refuse to be friends. If we even question this we run the risk of being called "fellow-travellers." And, of course, we are afraid of that. So we



U.N. General Assembly: "We must return . . ."

abandon the attempt without having even begun it.

I know that it is not popular to talk like this. But it is the simple truth, and you and I, if we consider ourselves Christians at all, must face the awful responsibility that is ours if we do not assert ourselves to transform this situation before it is too late. It is not my purpose to-night to discuss the controversial subject of communism, but there is one point regarding our approach to it which needs to be made. It was an Archbishop of Canterbury who said in January, 1942: "We have something to learn from Russia in the bold and far-seeing planning of economic resources for the good of the community."

A Turncoat Church

Later in the same year a report was issued by the Commission of the Churches for International Friendship and Social Responsibility which said this "The importance of Russia lies not merely in the vast population, and resources governed by the Soviet, but also in the fact that under the forms and methods of communism a regime has been created in which the rights and needs of the common man are prior to the rights of property. The extent of this achievement not only in the economic but also in the social and cultural spheres, can hardly be exaggerated."

At the end of the next year a report of the International Friendship Department of the British Council of

Churches, after saying that "some features of the Soviet order are open to criticism," went on to say "the greatness of the Soviet achievements should be willingly acknowledged."

Why do I remind you of all this? Because we seem to have reached the position of putting forward as "Christian truth" only what is popular at a given moment. Does all the press talk of the greatness of Russia? Then we Christians will provide moral reasons for supporting that approach. Does all the press talk of the evil of Russia? Then we will give moral reason for endorsing that. And it will not do. We cannot go on expecting people to look to the church for any guidance at all unless we can teach a higher level than this.

The Wickedly Heretical Samaritan

The Quakers have put us all to shame. Believing that Christians must stand for peace they have sent their representatives to Moscow to talk to Russians in the flesh. We all of us know in our hearts that they are right. That God has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth. That the church is to be led "into all truth" and not just a servile following of newspaper propaganda. That Christianity itself stands or falls by the essential solidarity and unity of the whole human family. That just as it was the wickedly heretical Samaritan who was "brother to him who fell among

Continued on Page 8



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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HUNGRY STUDENTS

There are one or two points regarding the service provided by the Students' Association for students, which are in need of improvement. The first is the Cafeteria and the second the recreation facilities.

It is more than time that the cafeteria stopped tantalizing our appetites and set about feeding us. On several occasions I have been forced to eat my evening meal at the University, and I have never yet been satisfied. The food is very nicely cooked, but the quantity is definitely deficient. This statement is made in the light of remarks from several people with varying appetites.

Furthermore, it is very annoying to arrive just after six to find all the best dishes crossed off the menu. Surely it is obvious which are the more popular dishes and surely more of these can be provided.

An increase in the quantity of food does not necessarily mean an increase in price. Better buying methods can reduce costs. One of the kitchen staff should visit the city markets and endeavour to secure good vegetables at lower prices.

The cafeteria is there, I presume, to serve the students as a whole. This is not being done. In the afternoon large numbers of students arrive just before four o'clock and are never able to get the cup of tea they crave, because the cafeteria shuts at 3.45 p.m. Why this could not be extended to 4.15 p.m. when such a large staff is employed I cannot understand. Surely half-an-hour is all that is needed to clear up the mess and prepare for dinner.

The other point I wish to make is that apart from a dart board there is no provision for recreation facilities in the Students' Association building. What is needed is a billiard table, which should be situated in what is now the Table Tennis room. There would still be room for two Table Tennis tables. A billiard table would have a high initial cost, but revenue from such a venture would amply repay this. A light meter which gives half-an-hour of light for 6d. will bring in over £60 per annum. After maintenance costs have been paid a profit of about forty pounds can be anticipated.

The Students' Association is there to serve the students, and we pay our subscriptions to enable them to do so. In these matters action is definitely needed and it to be hoped that some progress can be made.—B.S.

Bryan Green Is Coming

SO WHOT?

"This year the Rector of Birmingham is spending his holidays in New Zealand". . . —and why is this busy, hard-working English clergyman from a large parish in the second city of England coming for a jaunt to A.U.C.? Because it's time you gave a thought to the question of religion, and the man to make you sit up and think seriously about it is Canon Green, who speaks in the College Hall from 27th to 30th July.

Since he left Auckland in September, 1951, he has conducted missions in three continents, in communities ranging from an R.A.F. unit to the African University at Lagos—besides preaching regularly to a con-

gregation of over 1,000 at his own Church. So you see he isn't just coming for fun.

And the crowds! At one time in New York 10,000 people packed the Cathedral Church, and another church was filled with 5,000 who wanted to get in but couldn't. And don't say: "But that's America!" In 1951, 6,000 queued in Chirstchurch to hear him preach in the Cathedral. And there will be thousands to hear him here this year—you will have to be early to get a seat. He is addressing meetings in the Town Hall as well as lunch-time lectures in the College Hall. His theme?—

"The Faith that can change a world."

Listen to 1YA, 9.15 p.m. every Thursday in July.

—Frank Gaze, for the Bryan Green Committee.

Sinking Ship

Without wishing to push this simile too far I think one of the only important happenings at this Exec. meeting was the resignation of three members. The first and greatest loss was that of Frances Spence, the President. After many years of service to the student body pressure of work has forced her retirement.

Jack Lasenby, Publicity Chairman, retired on doctor's orders. His loss will be deeply felt as his witty remarks played a large part in keeping Exec. members awake.

The Art School rep. is also retiring and will be replaced by an Art School election.

On the incoming side, Brian Horton was co-opted to the portfolio of Carnival Controller. As Dickson Reilly's second-in-command, he is the obvious choice to continue the cleaning-up arrangements concerned with Carnival.

Men's House Committee has made a few improvements lately. Among these are a first-aid box in the entrance to the building. This will be left unlocked as a trial, but if gear goes missing will have to be locked.

A series of grants were passed. Some argument was occasioned by the Law Society getting £10 to help pay the cost of inviting the Judiciary to Law Dinner—"who's on the Grants' Committee" (Smith). "Lack of faith—hardly the thing to do" (Grants' chairman). The main worry seemed to be that it might set a precedent. It is to be understood that this is a unique award to the Law Society only. This is their main function. Apparently they just live from Dinner to Dinner.

"Craccum" Editors were criticised for not complying with censorship regulations and printing what was described as an anonymous vile attack on Mr. Utting.

Crested writing pads and envelopes will be available later in the year to those students who wish to buy them.

The date of the A.G.M. was set for Monday, the 10th of August, at 8 p.m.

Finally, it was moved that the secretary write to the Minister of Defence, N.Z.U.S.A., and the Professorial Board enquiring if students cannot complete their military training obligation in the vacation. The trouble arises through week-end and fortnightly camps falling on and around terms and degree examinations.

The meeting closed rather earlier than usual, having done as little as usual.

The Blood Transfusion Unit of the hospital will visit the College (Biology Block) on Tuesday, July 14. Last term only about 55 donors turned up from a list of over 100. We need more donors and a big response from those who already are donors. Unless more turn up this time the Unit definitely will not save donor's time by coming to the College. The student population of the College should be able to provide much more than 100 donors. It costs you nothing—merely a quarter hour of your time at a period when you are free. Your blood will save a person's life. This is the most humanitarian work open to all of us. If you are not a donor now give your name and address and times you are free on Tuesdays to the College Office, Mrs. Chisholm, or Professor Chapman. Enrol and show the hospital and public what the College really can do.

Oh! to be an Aussie Editor! We hear that the National of Australian University Students (or N.U.A.U.S.) "to raise the standard of University journalism and assist closer contact between student editors," supports the conference. As well, it finances a syndication scheme whereby a paper may be sent from one University to another.

TOURNAMENT

Wandering into the Executive a few evenings ago I found myself involved in a Tournament Committee meeting. It seems that all sorts of people are starting work to ensure that the visitors from the other colleges in August will not be disappointed.

However, it seems that Mr. Solly (Senior Tournament Delegate) has great need of assistance. He is required in billeting arrangements both in organisation and in printing billets. When last heard of Programme Editor had vanished there is a vacancy in that Department. Apart from this, Headquarters, Publicity, Ways and Means will all need help. If you can spare a little time either between now and August or during Tournament please leave a note for Marion.

NEWS

There are all sorts of odd things going on around the various departments of this University that should be written up in "Craccum." However, a glance at the small "Craccum" staff list will soon explain why this is not done. We appeal to you! I know of anything interesting going on and you can write it up briefly and reasonably good English and involve us in any libel suits, we will be very grateful.

CATHOLIC CLUB

The week-end before last our young ladies and gentlemen went on their joyous way to Knocknaree. As they went there in the dark they returned in the dark they saw have very little idea where they were. This suggests that they were in dark most of the time they were there.

There was a concert on the Tuesday night. John McKeefry (Twinkle Toes) led a magnificent band of the choreographer's Sunday, odd bobs dressed up as stars and others performed feats. Dancing and singing followed till the wee sma' hours, at which some went to bed! and others lobster fishing.

The object of the week-end was to have been social, and the purpose seems to have been fulfilled. On one occasion I am glad an Inn was not abroad since this might have had to be renamed it, e.g., the Rake's Progress.

Phytotron Operating

Teaching and research in the any Department will both benefit that the Phytotron is working. A remarkable piece of equipment, independent and constant control of light, temperature, and humidity will assist in the study of germination and other biological processes. Prominent members of the chess staff have been showing a lot of interest in the machine, which takes the greater part of a room in the basement of the Biology block.

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The Wisdom of Mrs. Solomon . . .



BOOK OF BACHELORS

CHAPTER ONE

GO to, my daughter. Knowest thou a man who hath lived long in a bachelor flat? Then beware of him! For his ways are full of guile and he hath not a thrill left.

2. Alas, the bachelor flat is a curse sent upon Woman.

3. For lo, though a man hath dwelt in the back hall-room of a boarding house for many years and hath suffered all its untold horrors, the moment he taketh a flat the sweet feminine thing seeketh him out and yearneth to make him "comfortable."

4. And his days are made sad with sofa pillows and towel racks, and picture frames, and shaving-pads, and foot-stools, until his house resembleth a bargain counter, or the spoils from the harem of a sacked city.

5. He groaneth when he seeketh in corners for a spot wherein to place his 47th cushion.

6. He curseth when he returneth after dark and falleth over tabourets and other evidences of the pursuit of man.

7. He laugheth as he borroweth old socks from his men friends that he may supply all of those who desire to do his mending.

8. And to him, in matters of love, there is nothing new under the sun.

9. For the man that weddeth a widow is number two, but the woman that weddeth a bachelor-flattie is No. 42.

10. And when she mendeth his coat and patteth his pillow; when she kisseth him in the cleft within his chin and runneth her fingers through his hair, he feeleth no thrill; for these are unto him but as a tale that hath been many times told.

11. Verily, his sentiments are frayed at the edges and his emotions worn thin with usage. His heart is patched in many places and his allusions are as last year's roses—withered.

12. Yea, his love is but as warmed—over pudding or cold veal served upon the second day; even as second-hand furniture, whereof the interior is moth-eaten.

13. But he is better than nothing.

CHAPTER TWO

VERILY, verily, my Daughter, the food hath said in her heart, "All men should marry! For there is a reason for everything under the sun, save a bachelor."

2. But I have gone among the bachelors, questioning them, young and old; and I say unto thee, the "reasons" why a man raketh a stimulant are not more numerous and wonderful than the reasons why he doth not marry.

3. Behold he doth not marry:

4. Because he is too young.

5. Because he is too old.

6. Because he hath not thought about it.

7. Because he hath thought too much about it.

8. Because he is poor and cannot afford a wife.

9. Because he is rich and doth not require a wife.

10. Because he loveth no woman.

11. Because he loveth all women.

12. Because he hath not met the right woman.

13. Because he hath met the right woman and been "disappointed."

14. Because he hath many illusions concerning women.

15. Because he hath no illusions concerning them.

16. Because no woman is good enough.

17. Because he is not "good enough" for any woman.

18. Because he is not ready to settle down.

19. Because he is already settled down and is content.

20. Because he is weak and fearful.

21. Because he is strong and impregnable.

22. And, likewise—just because.

FOOT & MOUTH DISEASE

Editor, "Craccum."

Sir,—It is probably asking too much to expect so modern a development as paper towels in the men's washrooms at this institution of higher learning, but surely, if we must have disease-spreading roller towels, we can at least have DRY disease-spreading roller towels.

Three times a week I have occasion to wash my hands in the arts building washroom at 4 p.m. Invariably there is nothing on which to dry them save a couple of filthy roller towels of the smallest size made, and these are sodden, actually saturated and dripping like floor mops. This is just at the beginning of the busiest period in the college day. Can't the college administration do better than this? —Wet fingers.

DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER

The Editor, "Craccum."

Dear Sir,—In the last issue but one of "Craccum" your Sports' Reporter wrote concerning the Haslam Shield Competition, 1953:—

"Retaining the Haslam Shield, Victoria College shot all over their opponents—."

This statement is completely at variance with the true circumstances and has brought considerable wrath upon your inane reporter from members of the Auckland University College Rifle Club. Had the reporter any genuine interest in his College sporting activities or consulted a rifleman he might have been enlightend. Auckland won the Haslam Shield in 1952, a success culminating many bitter struggles against Victorian riflemen. We regret having lost to a better team at Gore this year, but more so do we regret being defamed by our own College organ.

N. E. Richards,

Hon. Secretary, A.U.C.R.C.

(We apologise to the A.U.C.R.C. for using the word "retaining" and thereby implying that V.U.C. had won the shield the previous year. This was quite wrong, of course, as Mr. Richards points out, and we hereby give credit to A.U.C. for having won it in 1952.)

We feel, however, that this small factual error does not entitle the writer to refer to our reporter as "inane," and we think that that expression is quite uncalled for.

For the benefit of those interested, the final points for this year's bitter struggle for the shield were: Victoria 4½, Otago 1½, Auckland 1, which displays very effectively the extent to which Victoria shot all over their opponents.—Ed.)

NUDISM-BRR !

Sir,—In your last issue N.A.F. has a kind word or two to say for nakedness. While suited to a Mediterranean climate I would hesitate to introduce nakedness on a wide scale at this latitude. The climate is not right. Look what happened to (Lady) Godiva who tried it in a cold climate. People have ever since been concerned to know whether she caught a cold, but the experiment has not been undertaken as far as I know, to discover whether exposure aids the virus. If exposure aids the virus, the number of man-hours lost if no clothes were worn would be colossal in say, Auckland, but the labour that was once used in making clothes could be used in other ways. Generally some information on the economic, medical and legal results of taking N.A.F.'s advice might be interesting. And of course we mustn't forget influenza and rheumatism. I fear that the results of such a study would force even your forthright correspondent into a compromise.—Diogenes.

COPY

for the next

"CRACCUM"

closes on

Wednesday, July 1

at 12 noon

WE BEG TO DITHER

Fort Ti

Flaming arrows scorch you—cannon thunder from the screen—bullets graze past you.

It seems your life is more liable to end at Fort Ti.

First Rehearsal

After hearing this series we know what is meant by the phrase, "Britain can take it."

For the Koreans

Democracy and Peace,

As it seems

By some caprice,

Involves their decease!

Why We Fight

"There are two obvious places we could go,

One is to War, the other is broke."

—Henry Ford II. (1952)

"Bolshevism is worse than War."

—ex-President Herbert Hoover (1919)

The War to End All Wars

If you want peace, prepare for war.—Duncan Rae, M.P.

I know that maxim; it was forged in Hell!—Israel Zangwill.

Some people who claim they have open minds should have them closed for repairs.

Pundemonium

As one Jew said to another at the feast of the Passover: "Samaria the better."

"Genius can exist in its own right"—if it doesn't eat very much."

Eighteenth century Coronation Fiece.

'Twas once averred from Shetland to Devon

That sovereigns truly came from Heaven;

Now 'twould seem when "Democracy" reigns

And "equality" makes known its claims

That pennies, not sovereigns from Heaven rain,

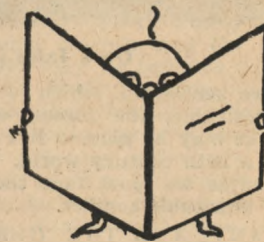
As doth tell the popular refrain.

Thus among the coronation throng, We affirm 'tis much more right than wrong,

That as well as frock-coats and top-pers

The Abbey should be thick with coppers.

—J. E. T., P.J.M.



Auckland Students

Sir,—Are Auckland students apathetic or have they just got their noses so firmly glued to their books that they cannot lift their eyes off the page. Surely any University enterprise should be supported wholeheartedly by the students?

This year Photo Society put out an excellent series of prints covering Procession, but the number of orders has been very poor. Perhaps those photographers are ashamed of having taken part. If so, it would seem future Processions may be doomed to failure. Or have people just been too lazy to look at the prints. It is not too late to order the photos, and those interested should consult Photo Society notice board in the cloisters. "Photo Facts"

INTERNATIONAL

CENTRES OF FERMENT

The attention of the world is focussed this week on two very important and significant frontiers—in Germany and Korea. The interplay of diametrically opposed forces at these two points is of great importance to future world relationships and to Communist strategy.

The two frontiers have more in common than would appear at first sight; both are artificial frontiers determined by political circumstances and bear no relationship to geographic, ethnic or economic entities. Furthermore, they mark the two areas where the Second World War virtually ended—where the forces of the West met those of Russia after the enemies had been crushed between them—and after the war they remained as potential powder kegs. Few circumstances are as dangerous to peace as a nation divided by an artificial boundary, drawn on a map by conferring powers with little regard to the needs or desires of the people concerned.

Both frontiers are now centres of ferment. They are still the two most important belts of contact between East and West, perhaps the only important points of close contact between the two groups in the world to-day. Misunderstandings or deliberate provocation at either point could plunge the world into cataclysmic conflict within months.

I propose to examine the two focal points separately, remembering all the time, however, that they represent a central problem in international relations to-day. If peace can be made along both these frontiers, or if compromises effected to eliminate

nation state has meant much more to them than the older medieval divisions which existed as a convenience for the ruling classes. In the new nation state the modern German found his political guardian; in it he immersed his soul, and he has man-



On a false frontier: fearsome foreboding.

them are successful, which would be more desirable, the forces of East and West may be able to live peaceably in a 20th century world.

Otherwise we must face the prospect of inevitable conflict.

GERMANY, AND THE GERMANS

Germany is still the most potentially powerful nation in Europe. Her enormous industrial resources, coupled with the intense nationalism and latent devotion of her people, make her a force to be considered in all discussions on East-West relations. It is often said that the French are the most volatile people in Europe, but the hordes of Germans who allowed themselves to be hypnotised by the vocal gymnastics of Hitler and the emotional outpourings of Goebbels, gave the lie to that myth. The average Frenchman is a conservative peasant, the German nationalist is much more open to political influence.

Germany as a nation has existed for only 80 years, but in that time the medieval allegiances of the people have virtually disappeared. This is not surprising, however, for the

aged to keep his faith through two shattering world wars. Now he is faced with a semi-permanent division of his country, and apparently he is not accepting the position without a struggle.

Both East and West realise that the Germans aim at political reunion; the chief parties in the Bonn parliament both base their policies on that goal. The occurrences of the last two weeks gave vivid proof of the determination of the German people themselves to reach conclusion.

CONCESSIONS FOR CONVENIENCE

A divided Germany is a dangerous breeding ground for power-seeking groups like the neo-Fascists; it is also a danger to the stability of Europe.

The latest Soviet moves in East Germany fall easily into the pattern of their new foreign policy adopted by the leaders of the U.S.S.R. since the death of Stalin. Realising the futility of strong-arm methods as applied in the "Berlin air-lift" period in 1948, Malenkov and his friends (?)

have seen fit to pursue what is, outwardly at least, a more peaceful policy. It is already paying dividends. Rifts have appeared in the plane of Anglo-American co-operation. The fearsome shadow of Soviet aggression no longer looms threateningly over Western Germany and this will undoubtedly produce repercussions in America. Defence spending varies according to apparent danger, and it is certain to decrease as Soviet power makes these small but conspicuous concessions to Western demands for reconciliation.

The developments in Eastern Germany show Russia's willingness to pursue her "peace in Europe" policy to a point where real concessions shall be made.

The big changes of the past fortnight — aid to trade, amnesty for people imprisoned for tax debts, a halt to land collectivisation and inducements to refugee farmers to return from the West — are all of great importance. But the Communists may have miscalculated in their expectations. The concessions, probably made to establish the Communists as the power group most interested in re-unifying Germany, have only served to awaken the East German to their true position. Like many serfs in history, they have realised the misery of their position only after it has been slightly improved, and have turned to rioting to demonstrate their feelings.

WORLD PATTERNS

The effect of these disturbances on Communist strategy may be vital. Soviet peace policy in Europe, possibly aiming at lulling the European defence community into a sense of security, may also indicate a return to Asia. If this was accompanied by increased prestige for the Russians in Europe, the Kremlin would no doubt be even happier.

Why then, would Communist leaders want to concentrate on Asia? Europe's defences have reached a high state of efficiency, sufficient at least to deter armed expansion westward. The comparatively easy victory for Communism in China opened up a bright perspective for Communism in Asia, and there is no reason to suppose that the new Soviet leaders will allow that advantage to lapse. The Korean war has contained Communism locally, but it has not put a damper on Communist ambitions elsewhere in Asia. Malenkov's professions of peaceful intentions in Europe signify a possible desire to concentrate on Asia. The Kremlin has been careful to avoid antagonising the Chinese leaders, no doubt with thoughts of Tito in the backs of their minds. Meanwhile the Eisenhower administration has alarmed Peking, particularly with its Formosan policy.

The Korean episode represented a set-back for world communism—a formidable alliance of U.N. member nations demonstrated a new determination to resist aggression. Now, after eventually meeting U.N. condition for an armistice, the Communists are finishing the Korean hostilities on a belligerent and self-confident note. They will be glad to pull out of Korea to concentrate on other areas.

The Chinese are not likely to wait for a larger flow of American aid to Indo-China to turn the tide there. Korea is of little value to Mao. It has some industrial resources, but agriculturally and strategically, it is insignificant. In fact, on the last count it could become a liability. Close to Japan, a Chinese-occupied Korea could mean the re-emergence

of the mighty Japanese war machine. Communism in Asia has richer prospects in the South—the rich rice-bowls of Indo-China and Siam, the rubber Malaya. This peninsula offers Communism much more than Korea. It is economically valuable and strategically important; close to the populous and lusty republic of Indonesia, a very prize indeed. Communism has to lose in Korea if she can conclude a peace treaty while demonstrating that she can still attack effectively. While not acknowledging defeat, leaders of Aisan Communism free themselves to continue their activities elsewhere.

RHEE'S REASONS

But their plan may be shattered by the single-minded devotion of a year-old American-educated Korean President Syngman Rhee, a fighter for Korean's freedom for more than half a century. He is determined to achieve Korean independence and unity, and is unwilling to cease the struggle at his late in life.

His truculence regarding the permanent division of his country, echoed by many Koreans, for standable reasons. Without the resources, fertiliser factories and mines of North Korea, South Korea condemned to economic mendacity. Syngman Rhee insists that any settlement in Korea must be based on this fact. His people support him powerfully. They are miserable, unhappy, and would welcome a change, but not if it sentences them to subservience because of an artificial boundary drawn on a map.

Communist strategists may have a water-tight plan, but an old, wrinkled Korean may cause much worry before he finally gets eternal rest. Korea has been running sore to the U.N. and ally to the U.S., but the nation the world are doing little for Korean people if they leave with a false frontier—with its some foreboding of future turn.

The Floods

Students of Birmingham University responded magnificently to the national emergency caused by the floods on the East Coast of England. A party of over 100 volunteers worked first on filling sandbags, then on repairing one of the aged sea-walls on the coast. The repair work was of great importance as so great was the damage to these walls that the next tides would have flowed inland unchecked, damaging more farmland than the floods had done already. After four days of hard work, the first squad was relieved by their volunteers. Students also took part in a one-day Carnival and a collection to raise money for the Mayor of Birmingham's East Flood Relief Fund, which had a total of £100,000.

Fees Increased

About 50% of all Austrian students about 10,000 in number, will have to break off their studies as a result of the recent rise in tuition fees in Austrian Universities, unless their applications for exemption from the payment of fees are approved. Practically all applicants have proved real emergency situation of themselves and their families.

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WHITHER BRITAIN?

Elizabeth the II. has been crowned Queen, and a day of tumultuous rejoicing, solemn import, and spiritual significance, has now become history. This coronation proclaimed the opening of a new era; prompted questions as to its prospects; and stimulated the hope that the forthcoming reign will be as long and as glorious as that of the first Elizabeth. It is true that the reigns of our Queens have been among the most magnificent in our history, and the prevalent expressions of optimism about the future are obviously based on the hope that history will repeat itself. But is it also unfortunately true that between the reigns of Victoria and Elizabeth lies the half-century of the four Kings — 50 years of turmoil, of sacrifice, and of achievement. Within these years great forces were at work; forces that changed the face of Britain, and her status in the world community. One must now question her place as a world power. One must now wonder about her destiny, situated as she is on the lip of an uneasy Europe.

Fundamentally Britain's status in the international community has declined as a result of a change in the scale of events and in the status of rival powers. Since the days of Victoria there has been a relative decline in British power. Two world wars with a giant Germany, and the emergence of the United States and the Soviet Union as global rivals overshadowing Europe and Asia, have driven Britain from a position of power in isolation to a position of intimate dependence. Britain in 1953 is bound and binds herself to others by a complex system of alliances. That this decline in power is relative is seen when one takes a glance at Britain's position in the world to-day. Compared with any Middle Eastern country or for that matter any Western European country, Britain is even stronger than she was, even though she has lost the services of the Indian army. Although air-power and the growth of the American navy have destroyed Britain's supremacy at sea her navy is as free to operate anywhere as ever it was. Even the loss of the Iranian oil fields has not affected her position to any great extent. Nevertheless although Britain has continued to grow in strength, her growth has not been as great as that of the two colossi of the 20th century, the United States of America and the Soviet Union. In comparison with these two giants Britain is but a second-rate power.

SELF-IMPOSED LIMITS

Besides these external and physical limits on the use of British power there are others that are self-imposed. Like other nations of the free world Britain recognises the obligations to the principles and power of the United Nations. In this respect British policy whether in its strategic or economic aims has to work within limits that it has helped to set on itself. These limits were self-imposed in the hope that they would restrain others as well.

From the story of the 50 years that have elapsed since the reign of Victoria however, much can be learnt about the Britain of to-day and of the world in which she finds herself; much can be learnt that is not self-

evident from a superficial examination of the present. But it is impossible to scan Britain's record of the last half century with the cool detachment of the complete rationalist. Pride and optimism can point to remarkable facts in record of the Edwardian and Georgian reigns. Firstly we see an Empire which has survived—not intact, not unshaken, but as a living and growing polity—while the Empires of Hapsburg, Hohenzollern, Romanov and Osman have succumbed to war and revolution. The English language is used over the whole world as an instrument of culture, administration and commerce, while British political institutions are imitated throughout the free world. The wealth and numbers of the British and their stock abroad have grown, not so fast as those of her rivals but fast enough to keep momentum, to increase military power and to establish standards of living unsurpassed outside North America. Nothing in the record is prouder than the spirit of moderation and good sense in which wealth and political power have been re-distributed in Britain itself. It is indeed an achievement and also significant for Britain's influence in the world that this change was kept peaceful in an age of violence and of turmoil elsewhere. Through their capacity to adapt rather than destroy, the British people have been able to maintain national and imperial unity in this tumultuous era. Perhaps this is the real essence of greatness.

THE MISERABLE '30's

Pessimism and envy see in the record other symptoms no less significant: demagoguery, laziness, false pride, and greed. From the point of view of imperial power there has been a marked tendency to relax and enjoy the postures of middle age. Parochialism and a lack of zest for new adventures has manifested itself in a popular demand for protection and pacifism. The starry-eyed rhetoric of Ramsay MacDonald and the dilatory approach of Baldwin to foreign policy are again indications of this unfortunate mood. There has been a tendency to lack initiative in the development of new ideas to measure up to the scale of opportunity and need. Invention and productive capacity in times of crises has certainly been magnificent, but the stimulus of dire necessity should not be the only means of ensuring progress. Again Britain has sometimes seemed moved to seek the sympathy rather than the respect of the world, to expect an effortless and unchallenged enjoyment of her inheritance.

But the weakness and hesitancy of the '30's was overcome in the first

years of the war. In 1940 Britain was as she felt, a very great nation. The previous improvidence that had more than once tempted her enemies to coalesce against her had passed. The previous mood of complacency has now been replaced by one of resolution. Indeed, since the war years the transformation in spirit and in policy has been profound. The desire for peace, which for a satisfied power is fundamental, now expresses itself in a readiness to prevent war. Isolation was realised as being an impossible concept for the world's most vulnerable power. Successive British foreign ministers since the war have appreciated the unpleasant fact that the arsenal, the brain, the bank, the

order and prosperity will issue out of this policy of devolution and self-determination. The challenge of the colour problem in the Commonwealth has still to be met. Indeed, it remains to be seen whether the Commonwealth formula is adequate and whether the new Imperialism has the self-confident touch of the old. In Egypt, Persia, and in the Middle East generally, problems have been met and are still being met, and the resulting solutions will be dependent on Britain's ability to effect compromises with the confident nationalist movement of that area. In Korea the war still goes on. It was in response to her obligations to the United Nations that Britain entered this struggle



Canterbury Cathedral: Focus of the faith of a nation.

heart of the Commonwealth are concentrated in a single small target for atomic weapons. This base, this island, is no longer protected from domination by the English Channel. Security lies in the enemies' conviction that an attack will bring an instant and effective reprisal. At no time in the last 50 years has Britain herself been able to offer such a deterrent; now it is furnished by the Atlantic Alliance led by the United States.

Certainly this is dependence, and certainly economic weakness is one of its prime causes, but surely the last two world wars were won only through American assistance. Surely the fact that Britain can still play her quadruple role of African, Asian, Middle Eastern and European power is due to her friendship with the United States. Anyway, is complete independence a necessarily good thing in the present age?

NEUTRAL FRIENDS

Throughout the world Britain is still busy adapting herself to the new situations that have arisen. The withdrawals from India, Burma, Pakistan and Ireland have certainly turned many rebels into friends; but they may turn out to be no more than neutral friends. Furthermore, the bases and resources that these lands previously provided can no longer be relied on. The setting up of self-government as the ultimate objective for the British colonies no matter what their present economic and political development, is now accepted policy. But it is yet to be seen that

and it is a manifestation of her determination to resist aggression wherever it may occur.

The story of these 50 years indicates that the next half-century will bring immense changes and challenges. It is possible that scientific changes and new political groupings may revolutionise power relations. The term "Great Power" may soon become obsolete and the balance of power may lie between two or three power blocks. Britain's greatness would then depend on her ability to successfully merge in one these blocks and yet play a leader's role. The shape of these international communities, however, cannot yet be clearly seen. Firstly must come the dangerous period of transition. The transformation of Empire, the reshaping of Europe, and the attitude of the Soviet Union will almost inevitably provoke crises, and Britain's self-chosen role in world affairs must under these circumstances test the skill of her statesmen. But it was the men of Britain who made the last Elizabethan age, and it is the men of to-day who will build the Commonwealth of to-morrow. Unlike their grandfathers of the Victorian age the problems that confront these men are fully revealed for them. If they can make the effort to overcome these dangers, the resources, the skills, and the friends that are needed to play the part of a truly "Great Power" are at hand. Surely the spirit needed to overcome these dangers of the future is not lacking in this new Elizabethan Era.

—JOHN A. STEWART.

The writer of this article, John A. Stewart, is a senior Political Science student at Otago, and is at present International News Editor of "Critic." We feel we are privileged to be able to print his articles that are appearing simultaneously in "Critic," for they rank among the very best comments on the international situation expressed to-day in this country.

LITERARY

THE POET IN THE MADHOUSE

(By FRANCIS RUSSELL)

The following is reprinted from the London "Observer," Ezra Pound was born in America. During the war he broadcast upon the Fascist radio, attacking the usury of the "democracies." He displayed an embarrassing knowledge of economics, which is prominent in his verse. After the war he was arrested pending trial for treason. However, the American government found it more convenient to confine Pound in the asylum, where it seems he will end his life. There is probably no irony in the fact that one of the clearest thinkers of his day, and one of the exponents of clear language, born in an economically and thought-lopsided Erewhon, should be prisoned in the madhouse.

In his note Mr. Pound had said to arrive at two o'clock, but for one unfamiliar with Washington, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, pitched on the other side of the Anacostia flats from the Capitol, is not the easiest place to find. I lost myself in a back alley labelled Half Street, bumping and jostling at about eight miles an hour over a broken stretch of cobblestones flanked by derelict Tom Thumb houses that looked unchanged in their imperturbable poverty since Lincoln's day. Then the alley opened out finally into the South Capitol artery and I drove at a good 40 across Victory Bridge and past the Naval Air Station where, in a gathering drizzle, I noticed flocks of pintails clustered below in the rusty guts of water. St. Elizabeth's was at the top of the hill beyond Bolling Field. An Air Force sentry with a deep South accent directed me.

So in the rain I came to the clustered Victorian buildings behind their stockade-like iron fence. As I hurried up the steps of the administration building I could hear the snapping howls of female lunatics from behind the barred windows of a building to my left. "Pound?" said the girl at the desk flipping through a card index. "What's the first name? Ezra? Oh, he's been transferred to

the West Wing. Just drive through the tunnel near the entrance and keep straight ahead. It's the building near the fishpond."

I found the place—another barred Victorian barrack—and was directed to a side entrance where I climbed a flight of skeletal iron stairs in semidarkness and rang a ward bell. Almost at once the reinforced door was swung open by a young coloured attendant, who, when I told him what I wanted, waved me down the far end of the corridor. It was like a tunnel, long and dank and brown, and it smelt of linoleum and steamed cabbage. Wraith-like men wandered past me, old men for the most part, in pyjamas, in dressing gowns, in odds and ends of clothes, shuffling, remote, with that unfocussed look to their eyes that one finds only in infants and the insane. From some inside room a radio was blaring boogie-woogie music, and the antiphonal beat of other radios echoed in the distance. I walked down the corridor.

He occupied a little alcove at the corridor's end sheltered by a folding screen from the shufflers endlessly circumscribing the boundaries of their limbo. Through a gap between

the screen and the wall I saw him first in profile, grey, heavier than in his youth, but with the same sharp beard and the leonine head. I had never met Ezra Pound but I knew him at once. And seeing him there I suddenly thought of a line of the "Odyssey" that he had once translated and that had lodged itself like a burr in my mind: "the turn of the wave and the scutter of receding pebbles."

As I knocked he stood up with the instant gesture of a still vigorous man and showed me into the alcove, introducing me to his wife, a gracious woman with a thin high-bred face who sat in a stiff-backed chair near a round table piled with papers. She insisted on spreading my raincoat over the radiator to dry.

While the rain smeared the window and trickled in the tin gutters I sat next to Mrs. Pound and we talked at random until the visiting hour was over. Rather, Ezra Pound did the talking while I listened, and an occasional zany peered round the screen from time to time and grinned at us.

"Are you connected with any leaurnery?" he asked me as I settled down.

"No," I said, "in no way."

"Good. Practically everyone who comes here seems to be. I was just reading this letter from an instructor in the University of California about the state of things there. You might be interested."

* * *

The letter was a somewhat rambling complaint about the belligerent ignorance and lack of intellectual background of the student body.

"There you are," he went on. "Years ago they stopped teaching the classics, and now they're dropping even modern languages. The young ones know nothing more than their own yatter, they have no basis of comparison. If they studied the classics they'd at least have a set of values, a standard by which to measure good and bad. Now," he took up the letter again, "they say—oh, we don't study things like that any more. We study history and economics! What are your languages?" he then asked me with some abruptness.

"French and German," I said apologetically.

He was out of the room with a lithe feline step, back again almost at once carrying some pamphlets.

"All I have here are a few French things," he said, "You might be interested in these, however." He gave me an offset reprint of a Mercure de France article, "Ezra Pound a-t-il trahi?" and a copy of Aspects de la France, with an attack on Mauriac as "une vieille girouette grincant aux quatre vents de la mode."

Writing this several days later I find some difficulty in engaging the thread of our conversation. Ezra Pound is a restless man, speaking of one thing, reading another, slipping out of the room and returning with a pile of Social Credit pamphlets, with another letter, with his last Confucian translation, shifting from his tortoise-shell to his steel-rimmed spectacles and back again.

He spoke of Frobenius, of a German translation of the Cantos, of usury, of the latest State Department scandal (two days old), of Tyler Kent and Alger Hiss, and told a story I had heard before about the dinner given for Proust and Joyce.

"I could see nothing in Finnegans Wake," he said, apropos of Joyce. "It's a game, but it's not literature. Literature demands clarity, conciseness, meaning." Then he went on to speak of his Confucian studies, remarking whimsically that Eliot didn't

SECOND ROUND

Campion v. Jefford

Any person who professed tolerant would probably be prepared to witness an appalling of acting without becoming sively vociferous with his criticism. Furthermore, he might be quised with just being disgusted the insipid audience that appolately at the conclusion of Young Elizabeth.

Even the patriotism of the who approved the New Zealand ers' attempt, could be digested some difficulty. But Jacques' "Campion and Jefford," would to be the final straw.

One could understand him Edith Campion on the ground Hollywood actresses had mame of portraying Queen Elizabeth and it could have been said the New Zealand Players had gone head after typical Hollywood structions of English history. Young Elizabeth might have better than the films but as a was terrific.

Jacques maintains that Campion's performance would over any footlights in the The Star and Herald critics more reserved but were still ous with their praise. Enth for the local cause is comm but if such effusive judgment be gauged as a reflection of Zealand theatrical tastes we danger of remaining well-fed tines.

About the play itself. writes: "Though Edith Campion performance was boisterous, tic, emotional, subtlety pres excess." Just what subtlety is in gross over-acting? A total person would have suspected was witnessing a silent film emotional and dramatic sit were portrayed by exaggerated movements, wild gesticulations grotesque facial movements.

At the care much for Chinks and fore "Ah," he said, with sudden "if they'd just understand thafucianism is the one bulwark a Communism in China. But they They don't understand anything was here in this country in 19 they'd only have listened to me this whole thing wouldn't have be. It wasn't inevitable. But th the way they wanted it. You ber after the Austrian Ans Musso moved troops to the Br He got no backing from anyone

The brief hour faded away. A were a signal Mrs. Pound folde the screen, he collected his book we walked down the corridar. was the radio noise, and a blue television screen flickered in the ner while the wraiths sat round semi-circle gaping at it. A man a bandage covering the top head approached us wordless receded. Not once in the course afternoon had any of us mer St. Elizabeth's. To Mr. Poun other patients were as if they exist.

"Have you heard the line he asked me finally: "Free without radio free speech is as

I said I had not and he to copy of the Pisan Cantos I had with me and initialled the Then he walked with us to the and shook hands, as if he were ing me to the doorway of his As the door shut behind me and Pound, I had one final glimpse walking rapidly away with his fucius under his arm.

POUND SAMPLER

With Usura

With usura hath no man a house of good stone
Each block cut smooth and well fitting
That design might cover their face,
With usura hath no man a painted paradise on his church wall.

Harpes et Luthes

Seeth no man Gonzaga his heirs and his concubines
No picture is made to endure nor to live with;
But it is made to sell and sell quickly
With usura, sin against nature
Is thy bread ever more of stale rags,
Is thy bread dry as paper,
With no mountain wheat, no strong flour;
With usura the line grows thick
With usura is no clear demarcation
And no man can find site for his dwelling.
Stone cutter* is kept from his stone
Weaver is kept from his loom.

WITH USURA

Wool comes not to market,
Sheep bringeth no gain with usura;
Usura is a murrain, usura
Blunteth the needle in the maid's hand

And stoppeth the spinners' cunning.

Pietro Lombardo
Came not by usura,
Duccio came not by usura,
Nor Pier della Fransisca, Zuan Bellin'
not by usura;
Nor was "La Calumia" painted.
Came no church of cut stones signed:

Adamo me fecit
Not by usura St. Trophime
Not by usura Saint Hilaire,
Usura rusteth the chisel
It rusteth the craft and the craftsman;

It gnaweth the thread in the loom;
None learneth to weave gold in her pattern;
Azure hath a canker by usura; cramoisi is unbroidered;
Emerald findeth no Memling.
Usura slayeth the child in the womb,
It stayeth the young man's courting
It hath palsy to bed, lyeth
Between the young bride and her bridegroom.

CONTRA NATURA

They have brought whores for Eleusis,
Corpses are set to banquet
at behest of usura.

Jefford all of her scenes Edith Campion distinguished herself by turning from person she was addressing, throwing her head over her shoulder, and ending in a rigid position that made an 83 degrees angle with the floor. Furthermore, her constant glances at the audience destroyed any sense of reality. If this is "the stamp of Elizabeth personality" then the only impression one can receive is that Elizabeth I. was a woman whose retulance was almost pathological. The play contained several faulty dramatic constructions which could have been deleted. The most obvious of these occurred when the death of Thomas Seymour was announced. Elizabeth commented, "To-day died man of great wit but of very little dom." Lord and Lady Tyrwhitt retired leaving Elizabeth alone. She sat on to a couch, stared hard at the audience, and, leaving a space of several seconds between each word, reiterated the above quotation. Fortunately the curtain came down. Equally at fault were the devices used to convey a sense of patriotism, reality and impending glory. The climax was just not there, and though it must be admitted that the play employed shallow methods to attract the audience, the cast cannot escape censure for making them so obvious.

One of the worst scenes occurred when Elizabeth was imprisoned in the tower. She was continually flinging herself about and addressing either the stone walls or the audience, while Robert Dudley stood uncomfortably at the centre of the stage. The advertised theme of the play was the development of Elizabeth from "a gay light-hearted girl" into "wise and level-headed Queen." Even the airiest imagination would find it hard to associate wisdom and common sense with a woman whose emotional outbursts made her physical behaviour ludicrous.

At the present time there is no comparison between the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and the New Zealand Company. The "innate dramatic quality that Miss Jefford has not at her command" is certainly no loss if it is the ability to make the audience aware that the player is ACTING.

With *The Young Elizabeth* the N.Z. players bit off more than they could chew. The "hearty applause" heard by Jacques was totally absent on the night I went. Some of the audience started to leave immediately the final curtain fell. Those that stayed clapped politely.

Rilla Stephens as Mary Tudor gave an excellent and dignified performance. Bernard Kearns as William Cecil, Roy Patrick as Thomas Seymour, and John Gordon as Bishop Gardiner, all played with sincerity and restraint. Unfortunately their efforts were nullified by what probably was over-zeal by the other members of the cast.

However, poor performances are innocuous when compared with the efforts of individuals who persist in trying to totally misrepresent the play as being comparable with the best of overseas performances. Jacques overlooks the present standard of performances and writes an eulogy on the desired goal of *The New Zealand Players*.

—I. J. C. REID.

Headline of the Week . . .

AUCKLANDERS GET A GLIMPSE OF THE SUN.
—Auckland Star, 15/6/53.



UNIVERSITIES OF THE WORLD

Crime

Bristol University students recently kidnapped and held to ransom a star football player, threatening to hold him captive until after an important match was played if the money was not forthcoming.

Secret Drinker

A student has been suspended at University College, London, after preparing a mixture of iodine and formaldehyde for Dr. A. L. Collen to drink during a lecture.

Spectacle?

The Harvard University student magazine "Lampoon," has presented Robert Taylor with an Oscar for the "worst acting of the year" for his part as the Roman Centurion in "Quo Vadis." Mr. Taylor is thrilled to have won an award for which "he has never worked harder in his life."

No Sleeping Here

The students' newspaper of the University of Hawaii lists a number of rules concerning the use of the students' union building. One rule sensibly prohibits gum, lipstick, pen and pencil markings on the walls, furniture and floor, but one of the other rules is a bit tough. It states: "Sofas and settees should not be used as beds."

Radio University

In Cuba there is a radio university that broadcasts lectures every Sunday, from 5 p.m. to 6 p.m., over Radio Habana. The broadcasts are also published in a monthly paper which is obtainable free of charge.

Bathing Beauties

At Oxford a small tap-shaped badge is worn by certain males, who have qualified for the decoration by invading the women's bathrooms, taking baths there, and souvenirizing bath taps, etc. In retaliation against this traditional custom a Women's Bath Club has been formed, and inaugural members left flowered handkerchiefs, perfumed powder, and the fragrance of bath salts as tokens of their visit. While taking their baths they sang, "The Foggy, Foggy Dew."

Some Date

Walking from London to Cambridge two men students covered 60 miles in just over 12 hours to keep a date with a girl from Girton College.

Paid Holidays

Any British student with a knowledge of foreign languages, a driving licence, and some intimate knowledge of the British Isles and continental countries, is offered a paid holiday this summer. The Paris office of an American tourist agency has circulated colleges with the offer of £5 per week and all expenses to any students willing to act as guides and general organisers to parties of American tourists visiting the continent.



Members of the cast of "Le Malade," 1950 French Club production. Professor Keys is discernible under the dressing gown.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Moliere's evergreen oft-aided "Le Malade Imaginaire" is to move from rehearsal to reality once again. On June 25 and 26 in the college hall, and the following night at Hamilton, the "acteurs et actrices choisies" of the Modern Languages Club will sally forth to show that not only Frenchmen can put Moliere a la mode. Of course, they will be aided and abetted by the vedettes—messieurs le professeur Keys et le docteur West. If you take French, have taken it or intend to there is no need to feel you are championing a lost cause by buying a ticket, no need to feel righteous if you decline to attend in favour of studying.

Moliere is of his own comic brand and will always hold his own "a force de verite eternelle." The hall is seldom overflowing for the event, but your absence will only leave an empty seat, sad for what a potential inhabitant has missed. The shilling ticket you did not buy will hardly embarrass the Modern Languages Club—its financial form has always been puny.

Your French may be poor, but rest assured while you can learn the language straight from the lips, it can never grow poorer. But, ponder over texts if you will, and may your mouldy brain rot and turn gangrenous! The rarest pleasures are always gained by the few.—Jacques.

TANE, 1952

TANE is tangible evidence of a very active Club. Field Club go and see, and then come back and write it down. Out comes their annual Journal "Tane" and with it a lot of valuable and sound observations on New Zealand plants and animals. However, species lists (which may form a nucleus for new floras and faunas), do not crowd out the routine reports of a society's many activities; and other original articles such as those on exploring caves and constellations, provide variety and interest.

The publication of the magazine at this stage of the year is a new departure, and the use of the long vacation for preparation may account for the polish with which some of the contributions are presented. Certainly a conventionally printed magazine has an appeal of its own, permitting the use of a bookshelf size in format; and the printing press always produces clearer diagrams than the duplicator. Yet despite the inherent drawbacks in the cheaper, more homely roneoed product, Tane appears neat and clear; and the illustrations, including a mauve one, are much better than average. But the foolscap size is unfortunate, making "Tane" too big for the shelf and a prey to erosion. Despite the convenience of foolscap size producing a journal, future editors might well consider publishing in more humane dimensions. The conservative cover, nicely printed though it is, does not prepare one for a title page that just misses being pretentious.

As far as the "meat" is concerned, however, it need only be said that the diet is high in protein though it is well savoured; (some of the illustrations though seriously intended are not without their humour).

Reports of meetings and a calendar of the year's events, unlike the rest of the Journal show no evidence of beating about the bush, even

though they hint at it.

It is salutary to see a spot of verse in a scientifically biased journal, but it is a pity that in Tane, 1952, there is not more than one spot. Among Field Club members there are surely some who might offer Tane a word or two of poetry, but it's only a thought.

The value of such a magazine as Tane is not to be estimated from its appearance, its circulation or even its record, so much as its integral position in society of students with more or less common interests in what is rather awkwardly called natural history. Contributors to Tane publish with truly scientific interest, and such is the quality of the contributions that they may well be useful outside.—R.G.E.

"TANE," Edited: Edwards and Chambers. Publisher: Mary Elokos. Price 3/6.



Flora with Friend.

... OF PEACE

thieves" so, whether we agree or disagree with the theories of other peoples, the duty to try to achieve real brotherhood with them remains. Pledged to Love

In other words, one thing that Christians must demand in the present situation is that we all go back to the Charter of the United Nations which was solemnly signed by countries with different social systems, each of which acknowledged the right of others to their own social system and promised that they would each practice tolerance, the one to the other.

But surely Christians must go further. We are not pledged to tolerate divergent systems—we are obliged to love human beings, Russians and Chinese and Hungarian as much as American and Australian and British. What have we done to put this into effect? Can we say with any integrity at all that in the last few years a tithe of the effort has gone into the loving and understanding other peoples that has gone into making atom bombs? Month after month appeals for peace have been made to us by the various Christian churches in Russia, in Czechoslovakia, in Hungary, in Rumania and elsewhere. That they have gone unanswered is not the fault of rank and file Christians who have rarely been given the opportunity to read them because in most cases the church press does not publish them. But what are we to say to the one given to the last appeal of the Orthodox Patriarchs, the answer of the executive of the World Council of Churches? "For the World Council of Churches to seek to join with other great churches outside its membership in a general peace appeal now is not a practical policy."

To talk peace with other Christians is not a practical policy!

This is not a matter of party politics. It is not a matter of ecclesiastical differences. It is, at this moment of world history, the supreme test of the reality of our Christian faith. Would the Russian Orthodox Church talk peace with Western Christians, or would the Hungarian Calvinists whatever church it may be—then, we have one simple and obvious duty. It is to talk peace with them now and at once.

Our Responsibility to Talk

At this moment whether some Christians like it or not, one of the biggest popular campaigns of history is taking place. All over the world hundreds of millions of people are

signing petitions calling on the five major powers to sign a pact of peace. Organised Christianity in this country has decided not to support this campaign. Its symbol, a dove bearing an olive branch, is, we say, no longer ours.

So be it. But in that case our responsibility to talk now with the Christians in the eastern countries we shall otherwise soon be fighting, to see whether we can find any way whatever to use the enormous power and influence of world Christianity for peace, and not war, is inescapable.

Just think of the difference we could make if we invited leaders of Russian, Rumanian, Hungarian, Polish, Czechoslovak—yes, and Chinese—churches to come to this country not only to try to hammer out with our church leaders a common programme for peace, but also to talk to church meetings all over the land to explain their own position. If we asked for delegations of clergy and laity to visit those churches and find out for themselves how they lived and what they were thinking. If we offered to meet those church leaders anywhere in the world to devise a common programme for peace. By such simple acts we might well transform the entire world situation. Surely, if we bore any love to our brethren at all, we should cast off our fears and do this.

You and I

It has been said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." At this moment we are not asked to make this supreme sacrifice. We are not asked to make any sacrifice at all, we are asked only to talk to other Christians. World peace can be saved. Both our children and the Russians' children and all the other children can be saved. And at this moment nobody can do more to save it than the great mass of Christian people.

But to do it there must be an assertion of democracy in church as well as in state. You and I, ordinary rank and file Christian people, have the same right and the same duty, to express ourselves within the church and influence its policies as we have within the state. Let us, therefore, leave this cathedral to-night, deeply resolved that the appeals of our brethren in the east shall go no longer unanswered, that we shall assert ourselves in the name of the God of peace to see that a new bond of unity is forged between the Christians of east and west, a bridge across which the nations of the world may walk to that long-sought land of peace.

CONSCRIPTION

For Or Against

The indifference of the average student to the question of Compulsory Military Training was revealed by the small attendance at the debate on the subject held recently in the College Hall. The subject of the debate was that Compulsory Military Training should be abolished, case for the affirmative being presented by the Very Reverend Dean C. W. Chandler, that for the negative by Mr. Duncan Rae, M.P. The debate was conducted under the auspices of the Auckland University Debating Club, and Professor H. R. Rodwell presided.

Dean Chandler maintained that Compulsory Military Training, a mild form of the conscription practised for many years on the continent of Europe, was an insidious attempt

to indoctrinate the youth of this country with "the ethics of the jungle."

To give point to this he quoted a recruit's account of what takes place during bayonet training. Further, he contended that conscription had failed to date to solve any of the world's problems and seemed unlikely that it would manage to do so in the future.

Although the common man throughout the world earnestly desired to live in peace and regarded war with abhorrence, war was good for big business.

In reply, Mr. Rae claimed that the Dean was not taking a practical view of the situation in the world to-day. He outlined events leading up to the 2nd World War and stressed the weakness of Britain with a small army of volunteers opposed to well organised conscript forces. It was true that the Western nations had commenced disarming immediately after that war, but relations with the Soviet had deteriorated to the extent that it was deemed necessary to reintroduce some

SPORT

Section R Rugby Team

On Saturday the 13th June a team of largely untried men (?) took the field at Training College to do battle against Trinity College. The Section R. team was formed largely for social purposes, which means that the time after the game is more important than the time playing.

For the first few minutes Section R. was able to dominate the game. Graeme Dewhurst was hooking the ball almost every time. However, bad luck was in store and Graeme collected a kick which bent a rib or two and he was carried off.

The game ceased to become social in the sense of taking it easy. The game became fast, hard and clean. Fred Scully at first-five was an able general in the Section R. backline. He was also on form with his goal kicking.

A flying Irishman by the name of Kyle (alias Wadsworth), who was supposed to be a forward, persisted in linking up with the backs and in company with the mighty Sid Hunter was instrumental in scoring the winning try. Yes, they did win. 14-11 to be exact.

The team despite a variety of jerseys and one member who arrived with a pair of shorts only, looks very promising. By the end of the season they may even work most of the alcohol out of their systems, and be able to stand a full match, without lagging 25 yards behind the play during the last few minutes.

However, they deserve full credit for beating such a strong team as Trinity and if they can continue playing football of the same clean and bright standard a most enjoyable season should be in front of them.

—Oedipus.

MEDITATE WHILE YOU MASTICATE

Have you ever tried to take your mind off that tough piece of steak by gazing at the photos in the Cafe? Have you ever wondered how they got there, or who took them? Have you ever thought you could do better yourself?

If so, you are the person we want, and we will expect to see you at the next meeting of Photo Society on July 1st, at 7.30 p.m., when our "Flower" competition will be judged.

There should be some excellent entries for such a subject and no doubt you have many photos of which you are secretly proud that would be appropriate—a twisted tree, an opening rose, a shadow—something with an "atmosphere"—any novel idea; your ideas may be much better than ours, and remember, there is a "B" section for less experienced photographers.

We must emphasise that this is not a subject especially for science students. Students from other faculties no doubt know as much about the "art" of photography, and will soon learn the "craft" if not yet acquired.

This week the winning prints from the last competition will be displayed in the Cafe. Have a good look at them, but don't be discouraged—you have not seen the worst ones.

The theme was the world "City" and before giving helpful criticism the judge, Mr. Cooper, emphasised

form of military training so that a renewal of hostilities would not find us completely unprepared.

When the discussion was opened to the audience students rose readily to give their opinions. A show of hands at the conclusion gave the honours to Dean Chandler by a margin of 35 votes to 28. Both speakers remarked on the restraint shown by the audience throughout the debate.

Men's Indoor Basketball

The Grading Round in the "A" Section at the Y.M.C.A. has completed, Dominoes, last championship winners, being beaten. Runner-up was Varsity who lost only their game and Dominoes, 17-39.

Highlights of the Round in the Varsity "A" v. Varsity "B" which resulted in a win for the by 32-15 after a fast, open encounter. Don Hunt, an Auckland ball representative, contributed 20 points, while Ed Bagwell, of bama, gave no impression of tional southern lethargy.

With coaching from Ph Education Officer, Stan Brown "A's" should fill at least a place in the championship and yet be the first team to down seemingly invincible Dominoes.

Although the "A" team is the strongest to represent the College some years, including as it does Auckland Rep. trialists—Don Ed Bagwell, Jack McIntosh and Corkill—they will encounter opposition from all four southern college at Winter Tournament, held here in August. Ivan M and Stan Murphy, the "A's" two guards, should be more at home on the full-sized court to be used in the Tournament. They have been helped by the "ball-hawking" of many of Y.M.C.A. teams, with result that the "A's" have not developed quick break moves successfully. A few runs on a court will be essential if Auckland to do well in Tournament.

All in all, the club looks forward to a very successful championship and Tournament.—T. H. McL.

the importance of atmosphere in relation to design and competition such a subject.

Mr. Robinson's winning "A" print was undoubtedly superior in all respects, no need for a "finish" here!

This technically beautiful print caught the spirit of a city, yet formed its subject into something noble and apart. An excellent photograph was this stimulating photograph was provided by the second place winner (the same exhibitor), who here captured the serenity of a lunch amidst the hustle of the city.

The third print, also by Mr. Robinson, fascinated the audience. This scene of a busy street intersection at night headlights from cars formed attractive traces, there was even some suggestion of "ghost" pedestrian. Perhaps the apt interpretation of the theme was Dr. Rattenbury's print (3 equal) with human interest were featured. G. Everson's winning photograph a street urchin in the "B" section.

Second and third places were by K. Woods with studies of an airplane and railway yard respectively. A slight blurring in the latter is due to the fact that the photographer almost hanging by his toes from upper storey window.

You may have some novel ideas for our next competition, but we respectfully suggest that you do not indulge in such athletic feats.