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# CRACCUUM

## AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' PAPER

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# HELL AWAY FROM HOME

—by M. Petrievich (Correspondent)

Since the Engineering School was placed at Ardmore in 1948 soon after Ardmore Training College took up residence there, conditions of life for the Engineering student have been far from pleasant. These conditions are unique to Engineering students. Most of these conditions may be attributed to the Training College administration, and some are due to intrinsic causes such as locality.

Being over 20 miles from Auckland, and 4 miles from Papakura, 141 students are obliged to live in a hostel of 96 rooms, while 17 students travel to Ardmore daily. The hostel, Lamb House, is administered by the Training College with disciplinary responsibility resting on the Dean of the Faculty. Thus students pay board to T.C., eat at T.C., and are governed by rules coined for teacher trainees. This set-up is surely unique in any University Faculty. The board rate is a continual source of speculation and frequent demands for inspection of board money expenditure have met with stubborn refusal. Hence students don't know whether or not they're getting a fair deal. T.C. students, on a lower board rate are getting better facilities than Engineering students. Hostel maintenance is supposed to be covered by board payments, but actual maintenance consists only of cleaning corridors and toilet amenities. Negotiations with T.C. about any aspect of amenities and services end in an inevitable deadlock.

Although the meals are not unreasonable as a whole, there are occasional lapses in the standard of food provided. It is an unusual breakfast without the appearance of the sausage on the menu.

### An Old Story

This popular commodity has been over-worked to say the least. The caterer, working on a contract basis is obviously working to minimum cost and labour. The conditions in the dining halls leave much to be desired. Kitchen staff are frequently to be seen smoking, and the system of dishwashing is not very thorough. During summer months the dining halls are decorated with sparrows on the tables picking at the bread. Because of the large student population many students are forced to eat at tables left untidy by previous groups. These conditions, if allowed to continue, may endanger the health of students.

One distinct disadvantage of Ardmore, especially in the winter is the amount of walking involved in travelling to meals and lectures. To go to meals involves a walk of half a mile from the hostel. Going to meals straight from lectures in some cases entails a walk of up to three-quarters of a mile. This distance is equivalent to walking from the Town Hall to the bottom of Queen Street. This might be bearable if it was not for the fact that the whole route is exposed to the weather, and it certainly makes me think twice about getting up for breakfast on a cold morning. In some cases the meal does not warrant the walk to get it. It would appear from the evidence observed at Ardmore that the engineer of the future is to be seen snatching

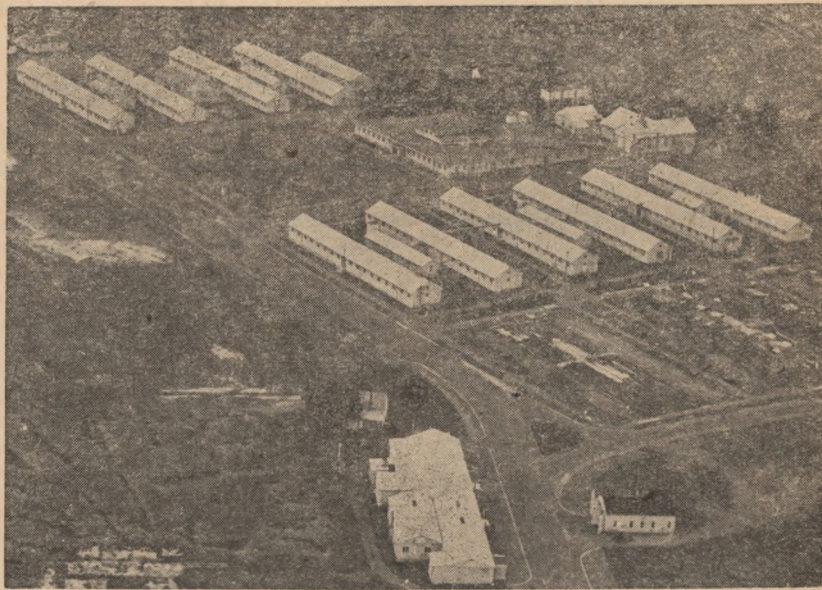
snacks at odd hours throughout the day.

Meal times are also inconvenient. Lunch hour begins at 12.45 but serving commences at 1.00. By the time the doors open there is a queue of about 120 engineers waiting for lunch. The last of these is served at about 1.20. Thus it is about 1.40 when the last student gets back to the hostel — almost time for lectures to commence. There is no time for leisure in the lunch-hour as is the case at Auckland University.

Although engineers pay a higher board than T.C. students, few of the T.C. amenities are available to us. Use of the gymnasium, games room, and dance hall is denied us. These privileges have been suspended as a disciplinary action for a minor breach of T.C. rules. Last year a dance planned by engineers was cancelled because T.C. authorities were angered by a small offence. This type of action aggravates the already poor social facilities that exist at Ardmore. Movies are shown at Papakura, about 4 miles away, whilst regular dances on Saturday nights are further afield. There are occasional dances at T.C. at which the presence of the engineers is only tolerated.

### Shank's Pony Transport

Thus the average student goes outside for his entertainment whenever possible. Even this presents its difficulties. Transport in and out of Ardmore is difficult at the best of times. Hitch-hiking is common for those without cars. A meagre bus service exists for T.C. students, but again the presence of engineers is only tolerated. The mass exodus which occurs every Friday night demands that some type of regular transport is instituted. It



The most indigestible element of Training College administration — the Ardmore Dining Room (in the centre of the picture). This hashhouse unappealingly unsatisfies the Training College appetite, let alone can cater in quality or quantity for the Engineers.

is hoped that the School bus will soon be available for this service. Otherwise shifting out at the end of term will continue to constitute a major undertaking.

### Rabbit Warren

Along with the rest of the University, the Engineering School has not been without its overcrowding problems, particularly with the advent of 70 new First Professional students. This is twice as large as last year's increase. The lecture rooms, already enlarged once, are already overcrowded. The drawing classes for first pro. take place in two rooms, making it hard for the lecturer. The intimate staff-student relationship, for which the School was famous has suffered as a result. The lounge built to accommodate 70 is now hopelessly inadequate for social functions. Other amenities such as showers, library, commonroom, and the already mentioned dining halls have suffered accordingly. With many students already living in double rooms only 12 foot by 7 foot, the expected rise in numbers in consequent years will make conditions even worse.

Many people are aware that Ardmore was once a defence area, so that when it was taken over, the existing facilities were utilised as far as possible. Thus laboratories are housed in large hangars, which while ideal have a distinctly temporary feature. Junk lies around and behind the hangars. These buildings set in long grass are also widely scattered as on any airfield. Few new facilities have been provided above those already present. Surely the saving in initial outlay could have been directed towards making conditions of living on a par with those existing in the city.

What is going to be done? A definite decision one way or the other is imperative. Because the school is so remote, its cries have lost strength by the time they reach Auckland. It is up to the University authorities to realise the situation and to amend it. These authorities have stood by for ten years while a foreign body has had control over its students. A university is obliged to look after the welfare of its students besides providing lectures and exams. How can a student belong to a university, and how can a

university have a tradition without being a living body. The Engineering School, exiled from the University for ten years has grown away from it with the result that it has established a tradition of its own. Must the students continually knuckle under to T.C. forever, because T.C. feed and house them, and be under a constant pressure from the whims and fancies of a teacher-training establishment? Because there is no alternative at present they must knuckle under. The students seek to be returned with the University and not to be known as part of Training College. Is it to be "finders keepers?" The students of the Engineering faculty having been lost have been unwillingly adopted by foreign parents.

### A Solution

Since it has been shown that a residential establishment is desirable, the following set-up may be suggested:

1. The University takes over complete control of the School of Engineering severing all ties with Training College.

2. The University provide adequate facilities, such as a kitchen, dining room, recreation hall, gymnasium, lounge, and a transport system when required by the majority.

3. The University take steps to cope with the increasing student population by providing extra lecture rooms, hostel space, toilet facilities, staff, etc.

4. Closer liaison with the University. Such things include adequate notice of important meetings and talks of interest. Maybe even social evenings could be arranged. Most important is a general invitation to engineers at any functions such as balls, coffee evenings, and sports meetings.

### Uncertain Future

Perhaps only with a decision on the University site will the future of the Engineering School be decided. Until then everything is uncertain and no one knows whether the School is to carry on under its present academically and socially oppressive conditions or whether something will be done.

## THE INTELLIGENTSIA

of Auckland University are regular depositors of the AUCKLAND SAVINGS BANK.

ARE YOU?





# CRACCUM

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

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## flavaque de viridi stillabant ilice mella

This editorial is admirably dedicated to Mr Allen Curnow for writing some of the most entrancing poems that it has ever been our good fortune to read.

Another broad sheet from Mr Curnow. Mr Curnow is an extremely able defender, of the right to speak freely; for this I admire him.

I admire him, too, for openly bringing scurrilous literature into politics; anything which can make local politics more interesting is to be welcomed. It comes as a relief to see bland platitudes exchanged for incisive comment, generality for personality. But it is not normal, Mr Curnow — we can only hope that a sense of humour prevails and that the pamphlet is taken at its true worth; that those attacked prove their own worth by dismissing it. After all, Ezra Pound is left at liberty.

There are, however, reservations, Mr Curnow. You must remember, Sir, that your opponents reserve the right to reply. They reserve, too, the right to study the motivation for this pamphlet, so admirable in principle, so questionable in advocacy.

Mr Curnow, with his first vituperative poem, chose, perhaps not inappropriately, to ally himself with those myopic numbskulls who imagine that one small city block is ample room, Sir, for the University of Auckland. Mr Curnow's poem defends the position taken up by that political incompetent, the late Minister of Education and current apologist for the National Government, Mr Algie. Might we beg you, Mr Curnow, before You launch into Your Adjective-laden, Capital-strewn tirade, to pause and to Think for a Moment? Would it be Too Much Mr Curnow, to ask you to stop and reflect upon the position of the Schools of Architecture, Mining, Engineering, Fine Arts, the projected Schools of Dentistry and Medicine? Will such ideas seep through to that secluded, scholastic Mind or will they be stopped, Mr Curnow, by the Muse at the Door? It is a pity Mr Curnow, to be blinded by infantile rage and to

see nothing but the empty, worthless scrawl of an embittered pamphleteer raging against a Man who has the impudence to be a Coal Merchant. Even St. William of Stratford, Mr Curnow — yea even that St. William who may enter your temple and, in spirit, may worship your little jingles — even he will tell you that a coal merchant has the right to speak. Almost (breathe it softly) almost as much right, Mr Curnow, as a lecturer in English. And if the Huckster has soiled his hands with coal, is he not to be pitied, Mr Curnow? For he has never had a Muse that he could sell to Wilson and Horton; he has never had the opportunity to become a servile scribe, an artist on tap, a paid rhymester, a penny-a-line poet, court jester to the Saturday breakfast table.

Think, Mr Curnow, of these Hucksters, these fat, unwashed Pigs, these mercenary Apes — think what they have done. For they, if the Truth be Told, came near to forcing the University out of the city. They came near to giving it new and spacious land to live and expand for the centuries that will come and the students a hundred years hence. Yet there are some, Mr Curnow, who have Comfortable rooms in Princes Street not far from the ferry; there are Some who would sit at ease, Mr Curnow, with smug self-satisfaction and who will condemn those Council bores who put the good of the University above the good of a laurel-crowned lampooner. Then the venomous missive strides forth: then, Mr Curnow, the Snarling is heard . . . then we hear the rage of the salaried emanuensis who does not want to be shifted: who Curses the doctors with a superstitious fervour. The Man who does not use a car park would see no-one else may; are we to Suppose Mr Curnow, that you have never read the Fables? Is a stammering slave even lower in the social order than one who makes his living . . . by the selling . . . of coal? I wonder who has demeaned himself, Mr Curnow, the Coal Merchant or the scurrilous waspish pamphleteer?

Putting badinage aside, for the moment, we would make a serious suggestion to the Labour Government; that it show some of the unusual political fearlessness of the Budget in dealing with the University. Can we hope that the supine spinelessness of the National Government is gone for good? We suggest that the Labour Government would gain some of the prestige it sorely needs if it refused to condemn the University permanently to an inadequate site; if it deferred its final decision until such time as the money is available for the University that Auckland deserves. After all, the Party has little to lose. The most it

need fear will be a broadsheet on the humble origins of Mr Nash — or the table-manners of Mr Nordmeyer.

## The Noble Deceiver

Last month an exhibition of Tachisme brought to a head growing criticism of Auckland's Art Gallery. People are beginning to question a policy which states that Auckland's not inconsiderable talent shall be content with shows of almost ludicrous infrequency; and further, that these shows shall be held in an attic at the top of two of the steepest flights of stairs ever designed by man for man. Nor is the lighting — from windows — eminently well suited to the showing of glass-fronted pictures. The only compensation is next door — a collection of imitation Old Masters varnished and polished to a state of benign and jovial shininess. The quality of the permanent collection below does little to explain why the ground floor must be preserved inviolate from the encroachment of native talent. The collection consists (one imagines) of the rejects and sweepings of decent galleries: the interminable laboured still lives, the punctured St. Sebastian, even one of Sartorius' static racehorses, and a nice bit of flesh it is, too.

The main obloquy, has not been directed at the collection, which some civil servant has accumulated and which must, presumably, be shown to the admiring public. Fault has been chiefly found in the choice of imported exhibitions, where some latitude is possible. An instance of this were the Tachiste works, which at first sight looked like very bad pictures. This is not altogether surprising — they were very bad pictures.

They were uninteresting, unimpressive, uninspired, and inartistic — they were a badly executed hoax. On coming to this conclusion one turns to the director who probably authorised this rather unnecessary import. Is he even less inspired than the usual director of a Council Art Gallery? Is he merely a charlatan? But no: I thought of his beard and I thought of his impressive vocabulary and I thought no, this man cannot be an impostor. And there is a third factor in his favour. There is his outstanding record of bad taste.

It may appear that a record of bad taste is not really a qualification. This is not altogether true. Any fool can exhibit bad taste occasionally: doing so consistently is very different. Consider — no one man, however misguided, could bring an exhibition of Russian art, Moore, modern European trivia and one of very bad modern prints simply from lack of taste. No one would deliberately collect the

worst of Frances Hodgkins, deliberately malign Epstein with assorted rubbish, would purchase nudes by Etty or would solemnly place paintings by Steele on permanent exhibition and leave two lovely Howorths upstairs, unless he had some purpose.

Granted that such blundering is too constant to be unpremeditated, we wonder what reason it may have. There is one, of course: simply that bad art is much cheaper to obtain than good. We have no choice of procuring a show of Pissarro, Derain, Modigliani, Gris, Greco, Velasquez or any one else who can paint. So the much maligned Director has embarked on a systematic importation of the aesthetically horrifying on the principle that to recognise the bad is as edifying as seeing the good. His reputation will suffer but that is as nothing beside the cause of Art. My only fear is that the inhabitants of this fair city will not realise what he is doing.

## The Glorious Dead

There was an interesting article from Australia recently on the need to respect memorials to war dead. It is written in all seriousness: it contains some most significant phrases. 'School-boys', we read, 'are to be forced to raise their caps before the cenotaph,' and it is to be made a "tow-away" area for parked cars. "We'll get respect that way," said the spokesman, "because it is going to cost the motorist £4/10/- otherwise in fines." "And," he said, "if you passed the London memorial without raising your hat you'd be crucified." There is nothing ironic about these words — the man has not the intelligence for irony.

The frightening thing about such a statement is not that it should be made, but that it should be taken seriously. We must remember that this is not a witch doctor trying to placate the thunder-god who lives in the ban-yan trees. This is a twentieth-century man, an official of a veteran's organisation, and presumably no more stupid than such people usually are. He genuinely believes that the spirits of the killers of the last war howl nightly around this block of stone; he probably hopes that they will improve the harvest a little more each time a schoolboy cap is raised or a car towed away. Mencken reported once that he had moved to a district "where there were so many churches that on moonlight nights he could see the Holy Ghost frisking among the chimney-pots;" this may or may not be true, but the fact remains that our Australian is in a far worse state.

Nobody seriously objects to the worship of a cenotaph, a crucifix, or a gallows or anything else. But the enforced veneration of mass killing is a different matter. There are at this University a surprising number of students who think that it would be worth killing a hundred million people to preserve our right to inequality of income. They are no doubt encouraged in this rather unwise belief by the patriotic gentleman in Aussie — let us hope that both parties are permitted to carry their convictions to an unscorched grave.

—A.G.M.

Applications are called for the position of the Editor of CAPPING BOOK, 1959 issue. All applications should be in writing and should contain as many relevant details and proposals as possible. Preliminary inquiries may be made from the Association Secretary or from the undersigned. Applications should be in the hands of the Societies Representatives by 4 p.m. on Thursday, July 31st, 1958. Applicants will be asked to attend an Executive meeting for an interview at a later date.

NEIL MAIDMENT,  
DINAH FAIRBURN,  
Societies Representatives.

## COPY FOR NEXT ISSUE

Copy for the next issue of "Craccum" will close on

Tuesday, 22nd July,  
at 7 p.m. Please place contributions in "Craccum" box on Men's Reading Room door.



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# ... and surrender to mine

Sir,  
The recent articles on disarmament showed an amazing diversity of opinion, but with the exception of Mr Gager's, none showed or offered a positive solution to the problem. Mr Gager's solution is ingenious but he should remember the fate of those in Hungary who tried it. He would do well not to attempt to widen the gap already appearing between the defenders of freedom and those who enjoy or abuse it in the free world.  
General MacArthur has stated that there is no substitute for victory. It is my opinion that victory can be obtained in the present struggle. As a pre-requisite the present steady deterioration of the Allied position must be halted. This can be done only by a programme of economic, cultural, and political aid to underdeveloped areas of the free world, particularly India, Africa, Latin America, and Indonesia. Famine, disease, and petty dictatorship must be eliminated in the West. This may require completely new economic machinery such as the European Common Market. It may also require a slight check in the production of consumer products by the Western industrial powers. Once such a programme is under way the Free World will gain a hitherto unprecedented unity and can face the enemy with a double threat, either disarm or economic regress.  
—M. D. J. BUTLER.

Sir,  
With the execution of Nagy and Paleter we would not waste time by reflecting for a few minutes on the dependability of Communist promises. Unfortunately for our University and our country and our way of life a small, vigorous, and vociferous minority are allowed, without contradiction, to preach a blind, illogical acceptance of all Soviet statements at their face value. I for one cannot accept the Russian proposals for peace and disarmament as sincere, because I cannot hear their words on account of the loud and uncompromising din of their accounts. Soviet Russia has never renounced the policy of treachery that she adopted at the end of the second world war when she withheld her troops outside Warsaw and allowed the patriots of Poland to be annihilated. With this treachery continued in Hungary — in the mock withdrawal from the country, the arrest of peace envoys under Soviet guaranteed safe-conduct, and the execution of Nagy after he had been lured from the protection of a foreign embassy by a firm promise of non-retaliation — one wonders how anyone can swallow the sugar-coated arsenic that is offered to us. Perhaps sugar-coated is wrong, for the motives behind the Russian suggestions of disarmament do not seem but foul, decayed, corrupt, and if accepted, fatal.

I desire peace, but not at any price. I refuse to accept the promises of a proved liar as my guarantee of security if I put aside my means of defence. A bully is only able to throw his weight about and get his own way while he is stronger than and has nothing to fear from those on whom he tries to force his will. At present Russia is unable to force Communism, and the repression and dictatorship which it involves, on the Free World because she would be too badly mauled, if not completely destroyed, in the struggle. But if we disarm unconditionally and rely on Russia's sincerity to do the same, the bully instincts of her power-crazed rulers which have been shown by her attitude to and treatment of weaker minorities, will assert themselves openly. The honeyed lies with which Russia attempts to get disarmament of those who oppose her totalitarian doctrine will be forgotten accept as the bitter anaesthetic by which we were lulled into slavery and self-destruction.  
—PITCHER.

Sir,  
In your last issue you published a small contribution by me on the problem of disarmament. After you had gone to press, and it was too late to recall my short article, I was persuaded that the views there elaborated were, to some extent at least, untenable. I would therefore beg your indulgence to trespass on your editorial space to correct my mistaken views. I have changed my mind; and it is no disgrace for a man who makes no claim to infallibility to change his mind when he is convinced of a new truth of which previously he has been unaware.  
In your last issue I suggested that lasting peace and a solution to the problem of disarmament could only be obtained through the immediate adoption of something like a world federal government. I now realise that this is false. The immediate step that is imperative in order that effective measures towards disarmament may be taken is a limited agreement on certain specific areas of the problem — for example, on the cessation of nuclear tests and on the prohibition of nuclear weapons manufacture by any nations other than those at present possessing them. But these steps could not be taken without the aid of some international authority — an authority which would be the nucleus of a future world government, say ten or twenty years distant.  
These measures would, I believe, solve the present international impasse. But more than a mere solution is needed: we, the people, must be determined that we will not in the future acquiesce in the bureaucratic manoeuvrings, and the negations of democracy on the world scene which make popular attacks on the march to nuclear suicide so impossible at present. We can do this by abjuring secret diplomacy — as I suggested in my article — and forcing our govern-

ments similarly to abjure it. We can also do it by a steadfast refusal to fight in any war for some purely national, diplomatic, or ideological advantage. To do so would be

- a. to acquiesce in world nuclear suicide and help it along.
- b. to help keep the rickety, obsolete, and increasingly dangerous concept of the nation-state on its last legs. The existence of nations means war just as much as the existence of H-Bombs; and nations are now a hindrance not a help to man — in time of war more than ever. Let us resolve that if we fight for any cause it is a cause that we ourselves choose to fight for; not one chosen for us by monolithic national or super-national organisations out of touch with the real desire of human beings — to live in peace in a commonwealth of plenty.

—O.J.G.

## CAMP FOLLOWERS

Sir,  
A.G.M. in his article on the decline of the novel, remarked that "fictional real life has never been the pleasant pastured existence that we know," but indeed a mixture of "The News of the World," "Police Gazette, Freud, etc. This is an inversion of the situation. All too often it is the novel which treats of "the pleasant pastured existence," while in the world of reality the events featured in newspapers and "analysed" by psychologists, are only too true.

His pessimistic view of mankind becoming steadily worse ignores the fact that men have always been evil. The "incestuous mating" was no less real in 1600 than in 1958; and for the Hamlet of today, as of then, such matters are not to be resolved by "thinking sensibly for ten minutes," as A.G.M. barefacedly claims. If A.G.M. could in any way resolve Hamlet's doubts and difficulties I would be very grateful, though even more surprised; but I am certain he will find the task a little more difficult than setting down in print an article of deliberate provocation and unconsidered statement.

Further, I deny that man is without freewill. If A.G.M. professes belief that man's actions are predetermined, he is then denying his own individualism and opinion, and I know he would be loath to do that.

—P.A.

Sir,  
We wish to protest against the waste of space in the last *Craccum*, the space filled with A.G.M.'s ugly abuse. Like most A.G.M.'s he spoke at length and with little purpose.

Current aesthetics in English literature have turned more and more to the consideration of intellectual rather than emotional criticisms. This has, perhaps, turned, too far in rejecting emotional criteria, but offers no pretext for the comprehensively emotional and unreasoning "criticism" which A.G.M. offers to or imposes on, the camel-backed *Craccum* public. Not only are his assertions

ignorant, dogmatic, and indiscriminate (like those of most extreme cynics), but his style is defective: this world, like a pot-plant, grows out of pretty toys; minds have bowels; livelihoods dwindle; "affectation" is abbreviated without justification to "affection"; and he rolls along in such gaucheries as "holding nobly true." We register our objections to a yokel such as this, who on the strength of a few inconoclastic preconceptions and a limited sampling, presumes to condemn all literature to a fate like that of New Zealand butter.

A. J. GURR,  
M. E. A. RICHARDS.

## OUR SECULAR SUNDAYS

It is one of the marks of our time that we divide up the activities of our lives into the categories sacred and secular.

To be truly the children of God we must regain a "wholeness" of thought and regard the matter of Christian living from a different angle, that of whether we are worshipping as a community of Christian people, or living as Christians in a world which does not necessarily share the same values.

The life of the Church can be seen as a continual flux of withdrawal and dispersion. The most insidious blow dealt to the Church in modern thought is that of regarding the building only, the place where the gathered Church meets together to worship, as the whole Church.

The activities of Sunday should make it a time of such renewal that our faith "spills over," spontaneously, into the rest of the week. If this were true of our lives as Christians, there would be less need for organized missionary institutions. We would all be "unofficial" missionaries.

There are many interesting experiments being made abroad in an effort to ensure that the Parish Church should worship together in conscious fellowship. In parts of England the "House Church" has grown up: families in one street meet in a home one morning a week before work, to worship and share the Sacrament of Holy Communion. Another innovation is the "Church School" where the Sunday service is followed by classes, discussion or study groups catering for each level in the family unit. Should we in New Zealand think in such terms as House Churches and Church Schools?

The word "Laos" originally meant the whole people of God, not merely those who are ordained. In limiting the meaning of this word, we have also tended to limit the organisation that goes with it. It is not only, or even mainly, the clergy who are responsible for the mission of the Church. Each one of us, and in particular the students, who will hold-leading positions in the community, should lead a life which is a constant witness to the faith which is its foundation.

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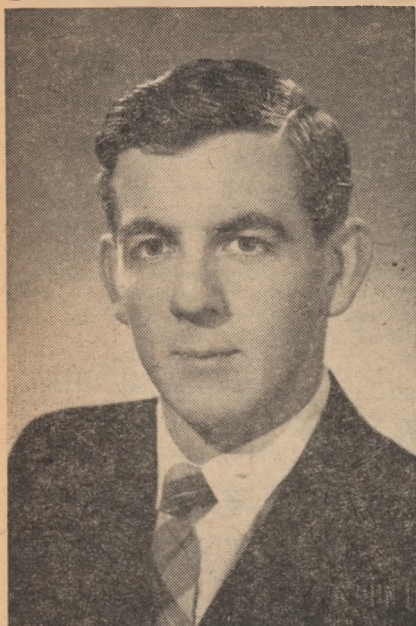
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BANK WITH THE BNZ





## SPOT THE STARS

Well, folks here it is — Remember those little bits of paper that you had such fun putting those crosses all over? Not being too sure ourselves what it was all about we made a few enquiries and guess what — we were electing a new Executive — that mysterious body that everyone has a feeling exists but is never in evidence especially when wanted.

However they won't find it so easy to hibernate this session. Below we publish individual and exclusive photos of each member, so that they may be easily discernable in the cafe etc., etc. Their hideout is beyond Mrs Chisholm's Office. Next time you're feeling out-of-sorts you know who to abuse.

On the left we have Big Chief (Arthur) Young, whose photo we have now published three times so *he* must be getting quite familiar; on the right — well who doesn't know Mike Freyne?



Moving from left to right, we have:

**Bev. Snook**—Women's Vice-President — has decided instead to stay on for another term of office. Her big job is running the Cafe Committee.

**Owen Miller**—O yes—Student Liaison Officer — What more could you want? Actually he's got quite a lot to do as this is one of the biggest portfolios now. Responsible for looking after the welfare of the students generally particularly non-European and overseas students. Also organises Australia trips at Christmas and Orientation week. Has a committee working under him.

**John Stirevens**—Treasurer—a product of the Accountancy department so should be fairly trustworthy (although personal experience of this department does not always bear out his statement). However has been Craccum's advertising manager for several years, so has been well tested.

**Jolyon Firth** — Remember when you had all that trouble at Revue and the person who straightened things out??? Well that was Jol. He's business manager now and we can't really say much about, because he's threatening to look into

Craccum's petty cash book, and well you know . . .

**Dave Bindon**—Keep him in mind. He's going to organise Capping next year. Haven't a clue what he does in the meantime though . . . Cleans up the rumpus caused by last capping I suppose.

**John Bayley**—well girls here's your chance — Know him? He's social controller. Loves parties, etc. Organises all balls and coffee evenings which aren't anyone else's responsibility. e.g. After Grad. Ball. This portfolio has been much expanded in its activities lately and John now has a very hard working committee working under him for which he will be calling members very shortly. Watch notice boards if you're interested.

Next two are Sports Reps. **Dave Robinson** and **Barb. Scudder**. They organise Tournaments Grants to Sports Clubs and so on. Will have Summer Tournament on their hands next year, which isn't exactly the easiest of jobs. Will be looking for people interested in hard work at the end of this year or early next.

**Dinah Fairburn** is Societies Sec. **Neil Maidment**, her co-conspirator is missing

because he couldn't afford to have his photo taken — probably something to do with his recent re-election. Anyway his face is so well known around Varsity that he really needs no introduction.

Wherever he's not seen he's heard.

**Tony Holman** — Has staged a big comeback as Chairman of Men's House Committee, the activities of which are so well known around Varsity that we don't really have to enumerate them.

**Judy Wilson** — This young lady has taken over the management of Women's House Committee which is responsible for the comfort and welfare of the

women students. House committees are responsible for the common room, lockers, telephones etc. in the student block.

Elam Rep. **Ray Thorburn** is the last portrait in the Rogues' Gallery. Keeps the main University aware that there is an Art School within its territory.

Ardmore Rep. **Ian Cowley**, is missing as he is buried out at the Engineering School which is just about as accessible as the South Pole. He's actually President of their Exec. for which there are having elections soon, so if the next one looks respectable enough we'll publish a photo later.

## CONTEMPORARY PRINTS

JOHN LEECH GALLERY

50 SHORTLAND STREET

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## FACETIAE

## Dossier on Detritus

From a Papakura orderly room, silent save for melodious snores and the drone of summer blow-flies, comes this intriguing tale of our Army at work. We salute the N.B.G.13 agents who, stout fellows, braved the risk of infection from the Topsy sticks, apple-cores and cigarette-ends of top-brass waste-paper baskets to secure the evidence which enabled the crime to be reconstructed — the Story of Sixteen Men Who Didn't Come Back. (Brrrrp — sorry.)

Now, Major Groggery Been of N.B.G. 13 turns another crumpled page of the Dossier of Detritus:

'I was searching among the detritus when Sgt. Pom Kerts came up to me.

'Look 'ere, Major, at what I found under the Adjutant's armchair.'

'And he showed me this letter, this screwed-up letter which I realised was the clue to the whole puzzling case:

### NOTICE OF COMPLAINT

To: Duty Officer,  
Army Service Corps,  
Papakura M.C.  
2/7/58.

Sir,

I wish to bring to your notice the fact that no afternoon tea was provided for the C.M.T. trainee surveyors on 2/7/58. This caused my men to become inattentive of their lecture through thirst. I respectfully ask that you ensure this does not occur again. Thank you.

(Signed) A. Lloyd, S/Sgt.,  
Arty Wing.

It fitted perfectly, dovetailing with these other letters.

### REPORT OF DEMISE.

To: Officer Commanding,  
Arty Wing,  
Papakura M.C.

Sir,

I wish to report the death of 16 (sixteen) C.M.T. trainee surveyors. At 2330 hrs on the 2nd instant, I was making a bed-check in hut 4, C Block, when I was puzzled by the lack of noise from hut 3A. Upon investigation, I found all present and seemingly asleep. However, on further investigation, I ascertained that not one of them was breathing. I concluded that they were dead. At 2335 hrs I advised the Hospital.

(Signed)  
D. W. Simian, L/Bdr.

### REPORT OF MEDICAL OFFICER.

To: Officer Commanding,  
Arty Wing,  
Papakura M.C.

4/7/58.

Re: Demise of 16 (sixteen) C.M.T. trainee Surveyors.

Sir,

At 2335 hrs on the 2nd instant, I was called to examine 16 men in hut 3A. They appeared to be not breathing. Upon examination I found them to be dead.

Probable cause of death: Examination revealed a condition indicative of severe dessication; cheeks and eyes

sunken, mouths drawn over teeth, ribs and tongues protruding and viscera withdrawn.

(Signed)

I. Doolittle, 2/Lieut., M.D.

### LOSS REPORT.

To: Officer Commanding,  
Arty Wing,  
Papakura M.C.

5/7/58.

Re: 16 (sixteen) cadavers.

Sir,

At 2340 hrs on the 2nd instant, I unloaded 16 cadavers from an ambulance into C Block cool store. I was informed that this measure was necessary to insure preservation pending disposal orders from next-of-kin.

At 1200 hrs, 3rd instant in the course of a stores check, I found these cadavers missing. An intensive search failed to disclose their whereabouts. I am sure that these cadavers have not left the camp, because all vehicles leaving camp in the last three weeks have been subject to a routine search.

(Signed)

N. Clewllis, Cpl., A.S.C.

### MESS REPRESENTATIVES REPORT

To: Adjutant,  
Arty Wing,  
Papakura M.C.  
6/7/58.

Sir,

I received several complaints about luncheon on the 4th instant. They concerned the curried meat that made up the first course; it seems that this had a peculiarly sweet taste, and contained many large gristly chunks of meat and many large bones.

I have been informed that C.M.T. personnel training in A.S.C. prepared this meal. In view of its inedibility, I recommend that these inexperienced personnel be dissuaded to prepare meals for general consumption until they are more thoroughly trained.

(Signed)

Gnr D. Hansen, Mess Rep.,  
1 Bty.

There was one thing left to do. I picked up the telephone . . .

**What will Been do? Will he ring Colonel Infolonel, his chief at N.B.G.13? Is he passing the buck? Listen next week when . . .**

### School for Scandal

"Hear our protests"  
Infant Mistresses whine  
"Our name suggests  
A junior concubine".  
As it stands  
They're completely floored  
But the matter's in the hands  
Of the Education Board.

—Oscar Hammerclavier

### Tirade Personal

Wives! Have you stopped beating your husbands yet?  
Sweethearts! Have you stopped beating the gun yet?  
Who painted Exec. Room door?  
Who was John L. Ewing?  
Overheard in cafe: 'Are you working or are you full-time?

Send only 5/6d in stamps for your FREE copy of 'A Practical Guide to Self-Control.

## GRADUATES AND STUDENTS

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**You may apply now! Application forms are available from the College Registrar, the Department of Education, your local Education Board or Vocational Guidance Offices.**

**APPLICATIONS CLOSE ON AUGUST 15, 1958.**

The new Student's Association Executive gave, at first sight, an impression of warmth of heart and soundness of mind. Nowhere is this soundness more apparent than in the President, the result of long years of playing football, cricket, golf, and water polo. Other notable figures were seen on every hand.

Neil Maidment is back in force, his megalomania temporarily appeased. He has become most proficient in his capacity of Young English Aristocrat being awfully jolly to the Neighbourhood Peasants; some of the newer members were visibly impressed. If Mr Freyne occasionally tended to be a little abstracted it was generally accepted that he was busy visualising the gold watch he has been promised at the end of a century's efficient service . . . From the other end of the table came a touch of domestic felicity with the paternal Jolyon Firth and the avuncular John Bayley who beamed around and chuckled benignly from time to time. (It must be stressed that the use of the word "paternal" is as far as I know, strictly metaphorical).

### Laudi Laudator

I admire A.G.M.,  
For his phlegm  
In printing such arrogant rot —  
I admire even more  
The Editors  
For  
Not strangling the lad in his cot.  
—Polyphemus.

Also at the other end was Mr Bindon who has shed the last traces of his Puritanism so successfully that he now appears positively satanic. Judy Wilson, too, I am sorry to say has forgotten past Exec baiting and has become a servile follower of the Establishment.

The business opened with the Chairman devoting a valuable twenty minutes to warning against the dangers of wasting time, after which

routine business was conducted routinely. Then it dawned upon your Executive that they were not being appreciated. This must be remedied: and what better way than a fraternal little cocktail party to thank Exec. (but of course) and members of the standing sub-committees. A touching gesture. It is a relief to see that there is no miserly feeling in these representatives. It is true that a bad impression was given when the motion was almost unanimously condemned as wasteful, inefficient, and extravagant; this, however was merely a decent show of reluctance, and the suggestion was then gleefully adopted. Another thoughtful gesture was the move to have any mention of alcohol removed from the minutes lest it offend the susceptibilities of such abstainers as chanced to be leafing through. This was defeated, owing to the practical difficulties of tampering with the records. And anyway, as one member very truly remarked, there was no chance of their motives being misconstrued.

The next business was a suggestion that the faces of Exec. members be given wide publicity in the student newspaper at student expense. I think that I voice the opinion of the students when I say that I feel privileged to contribute my little share to moves that will make Exec. so much better appreciated throughout the University. Perhaps the projected higher Stud. Assn. fee will mean more parties? I do hope so.

The members then wended homeward with the satisfying feeling of work very well done.

—A Friend.



# Dramatics . . .

## GODOTIS

—Brian Kennedy

True to some tradition or other, the C.A.S. decided to put the opening night of "Waiting for Godot" fairly well out of town—Whangaparaoa in fact. Whangaparaoa is noted chiefly for its beaches and for its artillery range: perhaps it was the latter which influenced the choice, no-one was quite sure. However, there it was, and there we duly went.

To do them justice, the people of Whangaparaoa have a very impressive hall, which was quite roomy enough for the two hundred or so who turned out to see this Australasian premiere. Most of them looked as if they came from the neighbourhood, and, to judge from the numbers of children they had brought with them, seemed to be expecting the usual cheery C.A.S. fare. I dare say those who had read the play before coming registered mild concern at the children's presence: there are, after all, no 'X' or 'A' certificates in the live theatre, and, presumably, few babysitters in Whangaparaoa. We had little time to wonder how the kiddies would take it however; a blast of musique concrete and the play launched itself at the audience.

For the rest of the evening the combination of author Becket and producer Barker battered us over the head with brave abandon. To the unprepared hearer this production seemed to have hardly more subtlety than a sledgehammer. I have no doubt that Mr Barker and company made allowance for the splintered, flickering symbolism that this play contains, but for the greater part of this performance the symbolism was more real than apparent. The net result, I suppose, in the minds of the majority of those in the audience who tried to take it seriously, was that the scales were weighted in favour of the brutal aspects of the play. However that is something each must decide for himself.

Viewing the play quite dispassionately, there are crude and obscene passages in it. These acted on the audience exactly as Barker, and I suppose Becket himself, intended them to. Many found it all a bit hard to stomach; there were parts that even the most blasé of students found hard to take (at least they were presented to us). You had a feeling that the shock-tactics had become the end rather than the means for this particular producer.

Even with a 'gentle' production, this play is not family entertainment. The odd thing about the evening was that the children absolutely revelled in the whole thing. At every proscribed or smutty word or gesture, there were giggles, rib-nudging and broad grins, while the farce in the play had them, literally, in the aisles. Some of the bolder ones would run along the aisles to make sure their friends understood the latest 'joke'. Occasionally the more intelligent or sensitive child could be seen turning to stare in bewilderment at an older generation, who in turn could only look away in embarrassment or return the stare, with more or less pretended sophistication, making out that there wasn't really anything wrong.

In the generally mixed reactions of the adults the most common was that of exasperation, allied, one must suppose, to incomprehension. In spite of the whispers and murmurs that attended the whole presentation, nobody left until the rather bitter end. Then, in a rather confused speech of thanks, the local chairman thanked producer and players "for an overwhelming, and - er - unforgettable . . . experience." He couldn't have put it more carefully. Even when we met the producer afterwards and surmised that at least part of the evening's effect had been caused by his striking and peculiarly tense manner of treatment, the only feeling *Waiting for Godot* left us with was one of crushed weakness. Even allowing for Mr Barker's somewhat

### Cheerio Mrs. Chis.

It is with great regret that I announce through these columns the forthcoming retirement of Mrs. Chisholm, the secretary to the Students' Association.

Mrs. Chisholm has been with the Association for the past eight years, and the service she has given in that time has been outstanding. At the first Executive meeting after her appointment, in 1950, she recalls that the room was dimly lit, and smoky, the Executive was argumentative, and the Chairman had apparently been drinking—contrast this with today's situation where the room is dimly lit and smoky, the Executive is argumentative . . . However, Mrs. Chisholm says she took an immediate liking to her position, and this has only strengthened over the years.

Mrs. Chisholm's devoted service has been far beyond the call of duty and her retirement will be keenly felt not only by the Executive but by the whole of the Student body.

It is proposed to have an informal evening to mark Mrs. Chisholm's retirement and to make a suitable presentation to her later this month. Details of this function will be announced shortly on Executive notice-boards and no doubt a large number of students will want to attend.

—A. W. YOUNG.

melodramatic temperament, the flashing eyes and almost spastic body movements of the man who put the play on, and presumably coached the actors in the same frenetic style as he showed us in talking about it, there is no doubt that Becket is a Big Shot, and the full treatment is a pretty solid affair.

### Bald Soprano

Eugene Ionesco, who like Samuel Beckett is one of the many exiles writing experimental theatre in Paris, is the author of the Drama Society's offering *The Bald Soprano* for the forthcoming British Drama League Festival.

Produced by Gabriel Prendergast, the cast includes Wendy Ralls, Felicity Maidment, Margaret Lindsay, Ian McLean, Ken Loach and John Bayley.

Titled an 'anti-play' by its author, this play represents the latest steps in the evolution of contemporary theatre with a theme concerning the banality of middle-class manners. Rehearsals are now well under way and it will be staged sometime in late July.

As most of you know, Mrs. Chisholm is leaving us this week. For anyone who would like to thank her in a practical form, there is a fund to which he/she may contribute. Hand contributions to an Exec. member (see page 4) or put it in Craccum box by 18th July (Friday).

## Pardon the French

This year the French Department took upon itself the task of producing the annual French play, and Moliere's five-act verse comedy *LES FEMMES SAVANTES*, performed in the Hall at the end of June was the result.

Undoubtedly this play has received worse treatment and this reviewer is certain that even scrappier productions than this have been staged before today, but fortunately these have been few and far between. This production may stand up to comparison with the worst, but it certainly will not do so with the best. This reviewer has had the good fortune of being able to see *Les Femmes Savantes* performed in the Comedie Francaise some years ago, and the production seen in the University does not even start to measure up to the standards of this. It would be termed sloppy, for a bunch of University students to turn up with such fare, but for the academic staff of a University Department it is nothing short of shameful.

Apart from achieving nothing, to tear this production to shreds would be both unkind and unnecessary. Suffice it to say that technically and artistically, it lacked everything. The two weak floods, which presumably went under the guise of lighting, cast great pools of stygian gloom on all who ventured within six feet of the front of the stage. Production was staid to the extent that for almost two complete acts no-one on the stage moved a muscle, and this combined with the numerous promptings from the wings lent support to the theory that the cast was nearly as bored as the audience. Of the former, Elizabeth Thom, Judith Drake and Danielle Planel deserve mention. The play was produced by Professor Keys.

## Around the Campus

★ As from next year, speeches at the Graduation ceremony will be cut considerably. The President of the Students' Association has forgone his speech on condition that the Chancellor's address be limited to five (5) minutes. Apart from this 'agreement' between the Council and the Students' Association, the arrangements that stood for Graduation Ceremony this year, will stand again next year, i.e. The Gallery will remain closed, and Graduands will still only be allowed three tickets.

★ The care of the football training shed has been placed in the hands of a Committee of two — The Sports Secretary, Mr D. Robinson, and a representative of the football club. The Registrar will act as official arbiter in the event of any disputes. Applications for the use of the shed should be made to the Secretary of the Students' Association.

★ The O'Rorke Hostel Committee and Residents' Association are having a big

headache at the moment, trying to work out the plan of the new building (the Hotel Stonehurst) which comes into use at the beginning of next year. They have to work out the desirable proportions of men to women, and then the buildings in which they will be housed. They have quite a problem.

★ The disposing of the equipment in the Mount Pleasant Hospital building has been a God-send to O'Rorke Hall. Most of the bedding, and a good deal of kitchenware has been handed over to the Hostel. It might be a good idea if the scalpels were used to replace the knives in the dining room. Perhaps then, some impression would be made upon the 'meat' issued nightly between 5.30 p.m. and 6.30 p.m., from the precincts of the 'kitchen'.

★ The Executive is considering the appointment of a Public Relations Officer in order to promote better relations with the Press, City Council, Schools etc., and the general public. Just who this is to be is yet to be decided, but he will almost definitely be a member of the executive. No new position will be created at least until the portfolio has undergone a reasonable period of trial.

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## WITH THE french IN DE GAULLE-LAND

Overhead in the cloisters the other day, "but of course there's no rational being around this place that thinks that de Gaulle is anything but bad . . ." The object of this article is to point out firstly what the French political set-up was before de Gaulle came into power and the situation in France today.

The Fourth French Republic parliament consists of a National Assembly, corresponding to the British House of Commons, and a Council of the Republic, similar in style to the House of Lords. The former is directly elected by universal suffrage, and the latter indirectly by the councils of the communes and department of metropolitan France, Algeria, and other colonies. Any Bill must be approved by both houses, but the upper house can only delay legislation for fifteen to one hundred days, according to their contents, from the date when they were remitted to the Council of the Republic for a second reading. The President (elected for seven years) appoints a Prime Minister (or President of the Council of Ministers) who presents his programme and cabinet to the Lower House, who either approve it or reject it by a simple majority.

In January, 1956, the last General Elections were held for (note the similarity in numbers to the British House of Commons) 626 deputies. They could be classified as follows:

1. <i>Parties of the Right:</i> —	
Independent Republicans (orthodox conservatives)	83
Overseas Independents (wealthy North African Interests)	10
Rural Conservatives (Paysans)	12
Gaullist Social Republicans (U.A.R.S.)	21
A.R.S. (Dissident Gaullists)	7
Poujadists ("No taxes")	52
	185
2. <i>Parties of the Centre:</i> —	
Socialist and Republican Union (U.D.S.R.)	19
Radical and Radical Socialist Party	58
R.G.R. and Centre Republican	14
	91
3. <i>Parties of the Left:</i> —	
Communists	114
Progressives (virtual Communist supporters)	6
Socialists	95
Mouvement Republicain Populaire (M.R.P.)	73
	318

The leaders of the various groups include Thorez and Duclos (Communists), Mollet (Socialist), Pflimlin (M.R.P.), Pleven (U.D.S.R.), Mendes-France (Radical), Pinay, Reynaud (Independent Republicans). The table is short of 32 Algerian deputies, the elections of whom were postponed.

From this table, it can be seen where the problem lay in French Democracy. If all the parties of the Left had combined, there could have been created a "Popular Front, as there was in 1935 under Blum, with a working majority, but since May 1947, the Communists have been excluded from all governments. This has meant that in order to form governments, either the Left has had to combine with the Centre and/or Right; or the Centre or Right has had to seek some assistance from the Left. The Radical Socialists, a middle-class and small farmers' party, democratic, progressive, anti-clerical, and pledged to the defence of private property, held the key position in French politics. They used

to co-operate with the Socialists, but for the past fourteen years have co-operated only with the Right.

We must mention here the system of apparentement, a system of voting in France introduced seven years ago. Candidates of different parties appear, for electoral purposes only, on one list; if their list obtains a majority of the votes cast, all the candidates who appear on it are automatically elected. This system replaced proportional representation, in order to exclude the two non-Parliamentary parties, the Communists and Gaullist Party. The centre parties united with their candidates on one list, and obtained enough representation in the Lower

House to form governments. But in the 1956 election, the system operated to the advantage of the Communists and Poujadists, because the centre parties split into two groups — the centre-right led by Pinay and Faure, and the centre-left led by Mendes-France and Mollet, and thus ran separate lists.

What brought about the appointment of De Gaulle as Prime-Minister of France? At home, the people saw that the parties could never enact legislation on crucial matters because there was too much party division. The actual cause for the inability to enact legislation however, was due in part to the Constitution of the Fourth Republic which was framed in

## . . . fascist pigs . . .

Another Point of View.

"The question is not: democracy; the question is: democracy for what?" These words of Trotsky's were particularly applicable to France before de Gaulle; they are also particularly applicable to a France with de Gaulle. For de Gaulle, whatever his friends may say, has abolished French democracy. It is true that French democracy never worked; that French democracy was leading France to bankruptcy; that French democracy was helping perpetuate the most atrocious and most human colonial war that has stained the annals of French military history. But democracy in France is not different from democracy in Britain or democracy in America, or democracy in New Zealand just because the parties that participated in French elections are nearly ten times as numerous as they are elsewhere. If our approval of political systems is to be determined solely by pragmatic considerations, let us look at Hitler's Germany, at Mussolini's Italy, at Stalin's Russia, at Kadar's Hungary: they work very well and far more efficiently than French democracy does or ever has done. The truth is that those who welcome de Gaulle are more concerned about France staying squarely right wing in her politics and remaining firmly among the pathologically hysteric nations signatory to the NATO collective suicide pact, than about democracy.

What has paved the way for the destruction of French democracy? The General Secretary of the French Communist Party, M. Duclos, whom the New Zealand papers were very careful not to quote, was quite right to accuse the non-Communist parties of deliberately contriving the surrender of power to de Gaulle. For it is here that Trotsky's question becomes relevant: can a democracy admit to the same rights and privileges as other parties' political organisations whose principal object is the thwarting of the popular will democratically expressed? The question that in New Zealand is used as an argument for the banning of the Communist Party is in France an argument for banning of every party except the Communist one. The Communist Party is, or was the biggest Party in the French Parliament; yet it is as important as if it never had more than a few hundred supporters. The

politicians have conspired to divest it of any power it might have any claim to possess; not because the people oppose it, but because the politicians oppose it. For there is agreement on the policy of the Communists —, and even these efforts cates social reform: so does the Socialist Party, and M.R.P., who, if combined with the Communists, would have a majority: yet what important social reform measure has ever been passed by a French government since the war? The overwhelming majority of Socialists and Communist voters want Algerian independence conceded: yet any efforts by the Communists—, and even these efforts have been erratic — towards this end, have been treated as treasonous. Yet who is really behind the treason? It is not a matter of who is loyal to France and who is not; it is a matter of who express what the people think is loyal to France and who do not. Those who believe that under democracy, absolute power can never corrupt because it can never be absolute should investigate one or two French moderate politicians. It is they, the so-called moderates, who are in fact the extremists; it is they, who nominally oppose dictatorship, who exercise it; it is they, who claim to be liberal, who in reality are guilty of the worst totalitarian excesses. Pflimlin asked for a vote of confidence: a vote of confidence of two-thirds of the House excluding the Communists. Behold the final corruption of a politician! Sunk in the mine of corruption, compromise, practical manoeuvre, constitutional amendment, anything smacking in the least of constitution legality to veil from himself and those whom he ruled without their consent that he was dictator; finally so convinced by his own propaganda that a vote of confidence from those who really represented the people was sufficient to send him begging to be allowed to resign to President Coty.

de Gaulle has not abolished French democracy; he has only brushed aside the disguise of a dictatorship. Of course he has recalled the "moderates" to power: who, better than they, to advise him in the technique of dictatorship? Now at last the French politicians can be dictatorial without excuses.

—O. J. GAGER.

fear of a Communist-dominated State. It specified two-thirds and three fifths rather than simple majorities on most legislation and this has tended to weaken the Executive and create a strong legislature. Also must be mentioned the lack of discipline in most parties (except the Poujadists) which has caused last minute defections, and defeat for governments.

Now the economic situation must be considered. As soon as any finance minister attempted to bring about any "tightening of the belt" policy, he usually was defeated. Thus budget deficits usually had to be met by Exchequer loans rather than by increased taxation. The vacillating policies, continual friction, even corrupt practices (and here the Communists have not always been free from blame) have helped to diminish the prestige of the Fourth Republic, and of course when you add to this the loss of Indo-China, Morocco, and Tunisia, it is little wonder that the French people would feel susceptible to change. They wanted to "win" for a change, a feeling which has unfortunately cropped up in French history since the time of Louis XIV.

The interesting fact appears to be not that de Gaulle became Prime-Minister, but when he became Prime-Minister. The events in Algeria, and the definite support of the Algerian Committee of Public Safety (and it is hard not to compare it with the 1793 Committee!) probably pushed de Gaulle into power. Nor do I feel that many Frenchmen were really surprised. The Communists held their rallies and demonstrations, but all appears quiet today — a bland acceptance of the truth of dictatorship. This proves that the actual thought of having a de Gaulle in power is not a new one to France, but as they had been thinking of it for so long, they were surprised when he eventually arrived.

It has been suggested at this University that de Gaulle is a nasty dictator who loves power. Nothing could be further from the truth. Even the Communists knew he would do nothing dishonourable — their feeble demonstrations (egged on by fanatical University Students?) came to virtually nothing. Also, he has not absolute power. I feel that, unlike a lecturer here who compared him with Louis Napoleon, de Gaulle appears to be the exact facsimile of Louis Philippe. France is now under one flag, one man, and one class. The last is naturally the dominant factor. Louis Philippe was controlled by bourgeois interests, and obviously de Gaulle is today, also largely resting for support on the middle class, and their policy is largely a "status-quo" policy, as was that of Guizot's and Thiers.

Finally, we must come back to our "voice" in the cloisters, and here I must strongly disagree with him. Democracy has proved a failure in France. Harsh, cruel words, perhaps, but unfortunately true. Since this is so, what else? A communist dominated state? No, a recent "gallup" poll showed that only 10% of France would like to be communist-dominated. A dictatorship? No, this is not possible, and I predict that if de Gaulle tried to make his position stronger, he would be eliminated. Thus there is but one alternative — government by a Prime-Minister and a few selected ministers (as France will have for the next 5 months). This may be undemocratic, non-progressive, and all the other adjectives that leftist factions love using, but is it as bad as that? At least it is better than the comic hour of the political scene — the French political system, until de Gaulle became Prime-Minister.

—J. L. HUNT.

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# The Reserve Army of Intellectuals

*When wilt thou save the people, Lord  
O God of mercy, when?  
The people, Lord, the people;  
Not crowns and thrones, but men.*

So ask the first lines of a famous hymn. In vain because God has never saved the people. He has been used, as the Methodists used Him during the Napoleonic Wars to prevent the people being worked up about being killed in factories, or about being slaughtered on the battlefields in the interests of British Imperialism. But if religion has been the opium of the people, it has not lacked competitors: the latest and most dangerous is Soviet Bolshevism.

For Heaven it has substituted the Soviet Union; for Hell it has substituted capitalism. Instead of maintaining that faith is the atonement necessary for salvation, it maintains that faith in Soviet foreign policy is necessary; instead of proclaiming salvation through a Christ whose teaching has been carefully codified by someone else, it proclaims salvation through a Marx whose teaching has been carefully codified by someone else. They both maintain the right of the individual believer to interpret the scriptures as he pleases; but in practice both limit the individuals free choice to the way he chooses to apply a set dogma. To both creeds doubt is a sin and any ill effects of belief an illusion: both deny that there is any virtue in man and maintain that he must purge himself of his sins on the one hand through obedience to his Church interpretation of the Bible, on the other through obedience to his Party's interpretation of Das Kapital.

These are the modern gospels. No wonder those who have the courage to be honest with themselves, the integrity to have faith in reason, the optimism not to despair of man, have rejected them. For if we have no faith in reason, how can we justify to ourselves any belief? If we have no faith in man and his abilities to achieve what he desires, what motive have we for action — in any sphere, religious or secular? If we are honest with ourselves, can we ever commit ourselves to believe in dogmas which we refuse to allow ourselves to admit may be possibly wrong? Yet it is no accident that in the vast majority of countries in the world it is respectable, it is praiseworthy, it is virtuous to believe in these gospels of ill tidings. It is no accident that he who dares to doubt is a sinner. We who must believe are faced with creeds that are inherently incredible: and we are told we must believe them because it is socially respectable so to do.

Yet we are men and women who have been educated to think. Our occupation in society will be to think. We are only useful to our society if we think. But we cannot. The social ideology in the fabric of which we must do our thinking has proved insufficient. We have nothing to sell to society but our thought: and society has robbed us of our intellectual tools. We are intellectual but expropriated. We are the proletariat, with nothing to sell but our power to think: and the contradictions of our capitalist society prevent us from even selling to it what is

necessary to it for its own survival. We are slowly turning into a reserve army of intellectuals for which society has no use: the similarity with Marx's reserve army of labour cannot escape us. We the intellectuals are the first proletarians: the first to threaten society: the first of the class thrown up by society to satisfy essential social needs, whose own needs, whose own social function, boomerangs back on society. We are the first communists with nothing to lose but our chains.

We are communists, yes: but what guarantee have we that we alone can change our society? This: that no society which is founded on a lie can stand. Any society must of necessity fill the needs of the people who are members of it: to do so it must discover the true facts about men and women, their needs and the world around them: otherwise any society can do nothing. Our society must continue to produce men and women who can think, or it will cease to be a society: what they think does not matter, it will be determined by the nature of the world about which they think. One need not be a determinist to appreciate that one cannot think about what does not exist. If society suppresses such thought because it threatens social foundations society is doomed. And it is those who know, those who understand who will build the new society.

This new society will be the final society. The final society because capitalism more than any other society rests historically on the compulsion it places on men to discover truth. The man without money is subordinate to the man who has: the latter can exploit the former to the limits of his capacity to produce social wants.

If capitalism cannot make men understand the world about them, no society can. And that understanding is fatal to capitalism. For the first time men will create their own society, a rational society, that does not depend on superstition to uphold it. An international society, because created by men who are more concerned with truth and reason than national prejudice. A free society because for the first time the social foundations may be called in question without endangering the common welfare. It is this society that Marx, Luxemburg, and Trotsky prophesied: it is this society that, whether we like it or not, we ourselves are creating.

—Owen Gager.

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## NEO-DARWINISM IN PRACTICE

The world of sport is essentially a realm of competition, whether between teams or among individuals. Nowhere are there two aspects of competition better realised than in harrier-running, a sport which copes for the ambitions of the individual and for the co-operative spirit of the team.

With more and more athletes attracted to harrier-racing, the competition is greater and tougher, and the standard thus higher. In Auckland — recognised as the top harrier centre of New Zealand — the struggle for representative honours is decidedly the survival of the fittest, with much emphasis on the "fittest".

Despite those odds the University Harrier Club generally among the top three or four clubs in team events, has contributed three harriers of provincial standard.

is reaching the form which not so long ago made him the fastest junior miler in New Zealand. After three times winning the annual Round the Bridges Race in Hamilton, he has proved himself a runner not to be overlooked. He has to his credit also, Auckland junior representative honours.

These runners together with A.U. Harrier champ. Bill Robertson (who in previous races has defeated Riddiford, Tizard, and Andrews), will form a very strong nucleus for Tournament team.

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Perhaps the most prominent of these is Graham Riddiford, who last year came fourth at Tournament. Riddiford was chosen to race in the annual Auckland versus Northland fixture, and despite the really gruelling conditions at Whangarei defeated the best talent Northland could produce to win the event in near-record time. Given time to reach his peak, he stands every chance of gaining a place in the Auckland team which later this year will compete in the National Championship at Invercargill.

After showing fine form in the two trial races Phil. Andrews ran his way into the Waikato senior team which raced against Auckland recently. Although he ran disappointingly on the day, he should, like Riddiford, shape well in the approaching Auckland Championships. It is on the results of this race that the team for Invercargill will be selected.

Chosen to run for the Auckland Junior (under 19) team, Matt Tizard finished right near the front in the Auckland-Waikato race, held this year at Te Rapa. Only two of the Auckland runners, in a team of ten, beat him home — and that is no mean achievement, for the junior talent in Auckland is possibly unsurpassed in the country, as the National Champs should prove.

Mike Macky was unfortunate to have sustained a leg injury earlier in the season, but working to a strict schedule, he

and may well be seen in Invercargill for the Nationals.

On Tuesday 17th June, the Scientific Society held a well attended A.G.M.

The formal business of the meeting was quickly dealt with. It included the election of officers for 1958-59. They are President: Professor Brown; Vice Presidents: Dr. Hall and Miss P. Smythe; Student Chairman: A. Poletti; Secretary-Treasurer: Miss Rue; Committee: Miss G. Ellis, Miss Reid, Messrs D. A. Morrison, S. Whineray, P. J. Lorimer, D. Head.

Professor Briggs, who from his student days when he was Student Chairman, has taken a keen interest in the Society, was elected a Life Member in recognition of his services.

A number of constitutional amendments were also approved by the meeting. They included the sections relating to the name and affiliation of the society, the nominations for the election of officers, and the business of an A.G.M.

This business concluded the meeting then viewed an outstanding film "Time and Eternity" in which by means of high speed and time lapse photography and other novel techniques, many of the problems of time and space, space-time and relatively theory where dealt with.

—A. R. Poletti.