

CRACCUM

Auckland University Students' Paper

Vol. 26 no. 9, 24 July 1961. Price 6d. Subscription 2s.

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Procesh Ban?

OBJECTION TO MID-WEEK PROCESSIONS

A recent meeting of the Auckland Metropolitan Fire Board decided to support Traffic Superintendent N. A. Lake in his plan to ban all mid-week processions in Queen St, except Civic ones. This, of course, would affect our procession.

Auckland's Fire Chief Drummond, when interviewed, said that processions such as the University's were a hazard to the emergency services of the city. On several occasions the Fire Brigade had been diverted during processions, but due to good liaison with the Traffic Department. Oh, and by the way, they had managed to get to Queen St fires with a minimum of delay.

However, due to the shambolic nature of the last University Procession, a serious situation could have arisen. Especially since fires in Queen St are liable to become important affairs.

This, of course, does not allow for the inconvenience caused to the general road user or to public transport.

Apparently civic parades are to be an exception to the proposed ban on mid-week processions. However, this recommendation of the Fire Board has not yet been accepted by the City Council.

New York with a population of nine million has its tickertape parades down Broadway. It is difficult to see why Auckland, the 'last, loneliest, lousiest slum in the South Pacific' cannot.

CRACCUM REPORTER

Are You a B... or an A, or an O?

It does not really matter which of these blood groups, or any others you belong to. What does matter, however, is that you are prepared to give a bottle of your blood on Thursday, 3 August, when the Mobile Blood Transfusion Service visits Varsity.

They rely on us to keep up a steady supply of blood at this time of the year and this is one very real and very important way that we can show that students have a social conscience.

If you are under 18 you will need written authority from your parents to allow you to make a donation.

The process is painless, and cannot do any harm to anyone who is in a reasonable state of health. It will also give you a valuable opportunity of discovering your own blood group, if you do not already know it.

The service will be operating (sic) on the Common Rooms from 8.30 a.m. to 3.30 p.m. Donors are even provided with free tea, biscuits and iron tablets.

BOB CATER

Women's Shangri-La

At the end of a long corridor lies the women's Shangri-La. Yes, it's real, girls!

This is your scrumptious new women's common room, uniquely furnished and painted in attractive blending colours.

The fibrolite exterior of Hut 6 is forgotten the moment you step into the delightful interior. You are warmed and intrigued by the exotic banana-shaped heaters. You swim into a state of easy relaxation.

The charming decor is based on walls of sea-horse white and pastel green. Attractive rugs lie nonchalantly at your feet. And as you enter, your eyes positively fire with the jazzy red, green and blue flashes of the peacock curtains swaying in the gentle breeze which flows through the pleasant windows opening on to the spacious lawns of your University.

But come, you must choose where to sit. Luxurious armchairs and soft divans are arranged in comfortable groups about a low coffee table scattered with the latest magazines.

The whole picture is one of restful contentment, of palatial comfort in spacious surroundings.

The brilliant designing has been done by that group uncommonly called 'Women of House Committee', guided by the charmante Ann Hilt. This cosy den has been created as a retreat from the hurly-burly of the male world.

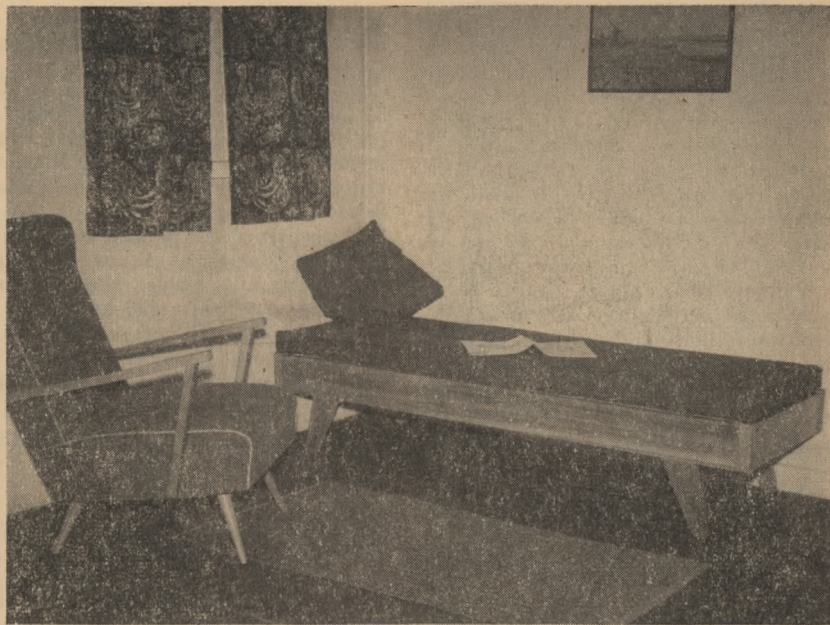
Well girls, see you there in this secluded spot, sunk in the modernistic armchairs, restfully reading and exchanging pleasantries with relaxed ease against a background of dancing peacocks.

CRACCUM REPORTER

RUSSIAN STUDENTS' TOUR

Auckland University students will be able to meet the Russian student delegation on the evening of 25 July.

The Russian students, who are here on a goodwill tour, will probably speak for twenty minutes each on this occasion.



NEW LUXURIOUS SETTING FOR WOMEN STUDENTS

W. A. Taylor

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FENCE DAUBING

The corrugated fence of Government House has received a liberal coat of paint, not white monochrome, but a black daubing which in tall letters subtly suggests that Auckland should ban South African goods. The actual words of the platitude are:

BOYCOTT S. AFRICAN GOODS

It is hoped that this cathartic painting has relieved the feelings of this anti-apartheid fanatic.

CRACCUM REPORTER



W. A. Taylor



GET OFF MY BACK!

THE UNIVERSITY IMAGE

'By united effort the university should be able to fill a greater role in the general life of the community'.

Sir Douglas Robb, Chancellor elect, last week urged the University to assume its proper role in the city, which it had not done in the past.

The University is the centre of learning, of higher education. As such it is an institution that deserves the highest respect from the community at large.

Auckland University will not and cannot dominate the city as do the universities of Oxford and even Otago. The city is too large and its functions too varied, and Auckland University has not acquired the dignity necessary to set it in importance above the other New Zealand Universities.

Little effort is made to set up an image of learning in the eyes of the public. Attention is attracted by way of 'feelthy' capping and a few workdays. On these occasions students prove that their lives are not entirely those of book-worms and that they have a certain unselfishness where their University is concerned. Why capping celebrations and workdays are held, is not clear.

It is an academic image that the public wish to see and admire. Men in administrative positions and staff managers realize more than ever the value of a University education and it is commonly accepted that in twenty years' time, gradu-

ates will be the brains of this country. The self-made man is losing his former power.

In this modern age the individual is finding it more and more necessary to specialize and it is in specialization that the university deals. However, a 'broad mindedness' is also of vital importance and one would imagine that graduates, having had the opportunity to take an active part in all spheres of varsity life, would be more aware of matters of generalized knowledge and have a wider grasp of common principles.

This is not so, however. Students abuse their privileges and only a small proportion actually take advantage of the wide range of activities and facilities which, though inadequate, are offered them.

The narrow-minded graduates which are 'turned out' by the University do not represent to the public an adequate University image.

The University should not grow into an institution for the narrow-minded development of specialists' brains. Nor should Auckland sit back and allow the University to be known as a borsal for bawdy intellectuals.

In the eyes of the public, 'intellectual' is almost a dirty word. It is for the University as a whole, administration, academic staff and students alike, to prove that this is not so and ensure that Auckland University assume its proper role in the life of the community.

EDITOR



W.A.T.

YOUTH WELCOMES MAYOR

The Auckland Metropolitan Junior Council is a good example of youth on the march. Its reception for the Lord Mayor and Lady Waley-Cohen, of London, will be the first of its kind in New Zealand.

The reception will be held in the Auckland Concert Chamber, on 24 August, at 5.20 p.m. The programme includes a welcome by the Junior Council President, Maori action songs, an address by Mr D. M. Robinson, a bracket of New Zealand ballads from *The Mariners*, and finally the address of the Lord Mayor of London himself.

The A.M.J.C. is inviting university students to the function. Invitations will be obtainable from Mrs Irene O'Hara, Town Clerk's Secretary, or Miss Nancy Mullin, of the Town Hall Enquiry desk. Owing to the demand for seats, it would be advisable to collect invitations without delay.

Why did the Chicken cross the Road? Lake's Laxative and discover answer Page 10.

Hostel Accommodation

The standing committee of the Auckland Anglican Synod is investigating a proposal to accommodate students close to St Mary's Cathedral. It was suggested that four buildings be converted at a cost of £10,000.

Professor Chapman, a member of the standing committee, thought that the government would provide at least a pound for pound subsidy.

These hostels would be in operation by March of next year, it was hoped.

CRACCUM REPORTER

The views expressed in this paper are necessarily those of the Auckland University Students' Association.

New Booking Procedure

By the time you read this a new bookings system will have been adopted by MHC.

Although the same number of forms as before will have to be completed there will be some reduction in the amount of writing necessary.

The most important innovations are:

(i) A time limit for the completion of forms. Previously tentative bookings (all bookings are tentative until the forms are completed and returned were valid until the event occurred. In many cases clubs did not notify MHC of their desire to cancel tentative bookings and thus other groups were needlessly excluded from the use of unused facilities.

The new system involves automatic cancellation of tentative bookings if the forms have not been completed and returned within 3 days of issue.

(ii) An order form on the Cafeteria Booking form for coffee, tea, milk, etc. Mr White has generously undertaken to supply these items, to advise on the quantities necessary, and to donate the proceeds from this source to the Student Union Building Fund. Mr White appreciates, perhaps more than anyone, the adverse effects cramped conditions in the present Cafeteria have on the meals he provides and he has made a laudable move to remedy the situation by raising funds for the new building.

Also included on the form is a proviso that the signatory will undertake to ensure that no crockery, cutlery or furniture is removed from the Cafeteria. There have been a disturbing number of cases recently of crockery and cutlery being left in the common rooms after functions, in addition to the amounts which are regularly stolen by our more unprincipled brethren.

A meeting for club representatives was held recently at which Mr White demonstrated the correct use of Cafeteria facilities. MHC now feels that there are no excuses for irresponsible use of student facilities and reminds groups that offenders will be barred from the use of all facilities for 6 months and may be called before Exec. who have the power to impose fines.

MHC

What
About
Some
Copy?

Copy Closing Date Tournament Issue is Tuesday, 25 July; published Monday 7 August.



W. A. Taylor

TURTLE TOURNAMENT TROPHY

WILSON'S NOTES

Executive has noted that only the Secretarial staff and members of the Executive have access to the filing system and to current inwards and outwards.

Exceptions will, of course, be made, but those interested have to ask permission to see a particular letter.

It sounds like bureaucracy at its worst, but it does make for more efficiency.

N.B.—Correspondence files are kept behind the door which is supposed to be opened only by the Secretary and Executive members. The Secretary's office is small enough, goodness knows: keep out!

Bob Cater is 1962 Revue Controller and Murray McInman is Capping Book Controller.

Dr Anthony, of the Psychology Department, returned half of his £5 Capping Book prize as a donation to the Building Fund.

Ian McMinn has been appointed Lighting Officer (1961-1962): easily the best qualified person in Auckland, it is a shame that Ian is not a member of the Students' Association.

New AU Bridge Club has sent in their constitution and will be applying for affiliation in due course. Aim of club was stated to be 'to promote intellectual card games in the University'. My vote for the paradox of the year.

OFFICIAL EXECUTIVE REPORT

Ray Moorhead has set up the following Social Committee: the Secretary Irene Lewis, and other members R. R. Allan, M. McInman, M. Jahnke and M. Coburn.

The Executive are holding an afternoon tea on 3 August, to which all the University staff and Council members, plus honours students are invited. Purpose of the occasion is for all those present to mix together, not for the History Department to gather in one corner, the English Department in the next, etc.

Attempt by Bracewell and Rankin to abolish the Cafeteria and Catering Committee failed. Idea was excellent, but those objections raised were valid.

The most important motion passed during the meeting was, 'that the President discuss with the administration, as far as possible, the question of approval of financial assistance to a proposed tour by students to provincial secondary schools and that depending on the results of these discussions, the President write to Council on this subject'. So, a scheme works at Victoria and could do so here. This would help make Orientation meaningful and would interest prospective students in 'the University life'.

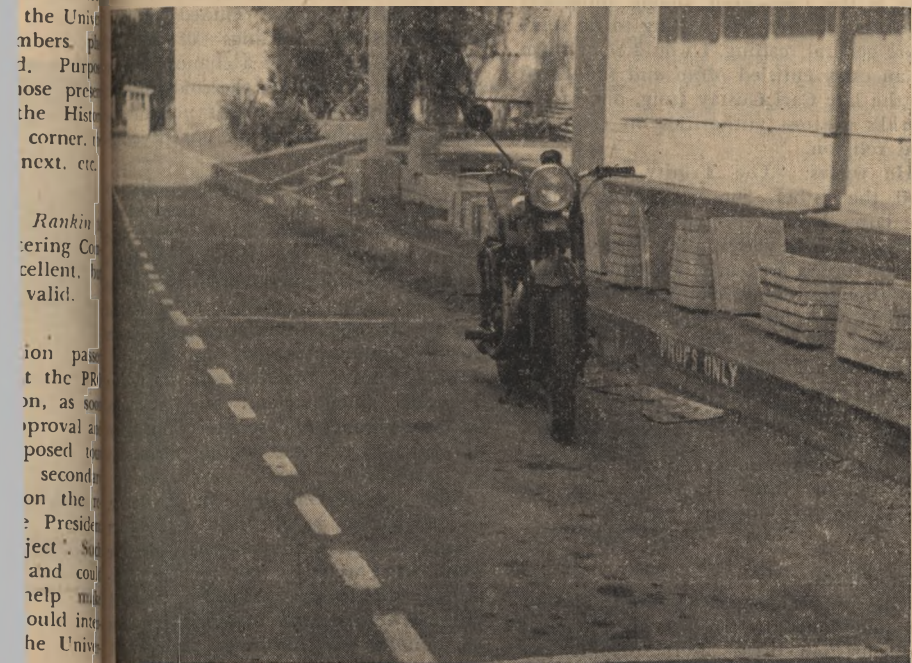
NEIL WILSON,
Societies' Rep.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

- JULY**
- 5 Tues. Lunch Hour Record Recital—Seventh Symphony—Beethoven 'Red-tin Shack' (Music Dept). The Royal Society and Economic Development by Dr Muriel Lloyd Pritchard, Senior Lecturer in Economics LLT. 1 p.m.
- 6 Wed. Dante Alighieri Society, Caf. Ext. 7.30 p.m. Lunch Hour Record Recital. Table Tennis Club, WCR 7.30.
- 7 Thu. Bridge Club, MCR 7.30 p.m.
- 8 Fri. Maori Club, Farewell to Ralph Hotere, MCR, WCR, 8 p.m. Lunch Hour Concert—Fifth Series: Hall, 1 p.m. Works by Student Composers.
- AUGUST**
- 1 Tues. Lunch Hour Record Recital.
- 2 Wed. Lunch Hour Record Recital. Classical Society: WCR and Caf., 7 p.m. Newton and his Contemporaries, by Professor H. G. Forder, 1-2 p.m., LLT.
- 3 Thu. Music Society Annual Concert, Hall, 8 p.m. Historical Society, Caf. Ext, Bridge Club: MCR, 7.30 p.m. Ski Training: 9.30 a.m., WCR.
- 4 Sat. Ski Training: 9.30 a.m., WCR.

N.Z. STUDENTS TO DEBATE IN AUSTRALIA

World.—Two Auckland University students will visit Australia in August as members of a three-man New Zealand universities debating team. They are Messrs M. Hamilton and T. Moore. They were chosen in recent trials in Wellington. The third member is Mr L. Moore, from Canterbury Universities. The main engagement of the team will be at the Australian universities' debating festival in Melbourne.



'We need a solution to the parking problem' (Authorities)

GIANT HOAX

Wellington Newsletter

Just recently, benevolent members of staff decided to make an artistic donation to the new Student Building decor. A welcome idea, since we must admit the flat plaster linings looked pretty sterile and efficiency conscious.

So something like £40 was collected and it was decided, by the staff, to decorate the main foyer. This was all very well and students were respectfully thankful until the statue arrived!

It turned out to be an 'oh, so modern' piece that, to most of us, looked like Henry Moore's interpretation of the Masher from Outer Space. It was entitled *Neuter With Child* and even if one didn't scream with horror on first acquaintance, one was likely to have nightmares about it.

So we were saddled with a monstrous piece of furniture (it certainly wasn't art!) that couldn't in all decency be officially thrown out.

The hue and cry of the student body in general and the constant fainting fits of women students when faced with the 'thing' on a dark evening, prompted the formation of a Vigilante Organization dedicated to its removal.

This all coincided with the visit of the Chilean barque *Esmeralda*, and plans were made with this fact in mind.

Esmeralda Contacted

The *Esmeralda* was contacted and informed that Victoria students wished to make a donation of a small statuette to the Chilean University in the cause of international goodwill, etc. A ceremony to present this was arranged for the next day.

Four officers from the *Esmeralda* duly arrived at 5 p.m. the next day, in full regalia, gold braid, swords, and toothy smiles.

Next, speeches were made by the so called 'President', the daughter of the sculptor was presented, and camera men clicked. All these proceedings were undertaken in a solemn tone and the mock crowd clapped in the appropriate places.

The statue was then wheeled out (it weighs a couple of cwt.) and the looks on the officers' faces at the sheer size of the statuette was only surpassed by the look of sheer horror when it was unveiled, neatly relabelled *The Peace That Passeth All Understanding*. Arrangements were then made for the statue to be transported to the barque. The crowd dispersed quietly and the Chileans went back to their ship to clear a space for the monstrosity.

Unfortunate part of the scheme was that the *Esmeralda* was delayed owing to the death of one of their crew and

as the news had passed around by that time, someone must have twiggled.

At any rate, the statue horror still remains to menace the 'young things' on their way through the darkened foyer. If anyone in Auckland has any ideas on how to get rid of it please let me know. Anything short of dynamite will be given serious consideration.

'EXODUS'.

GAUDEAMUS

The Student International Concert took as its theme the traditional student song, 'Gaudeamus', in depicting the different festive occasions enjoyed throughout the world.

The 130 students who participated, enjoyed themselves immensely and their ebullience and spontaneity soon overflowed into the Concert Chamber audience.

World-wide in its scope, the concert demonstrated the dances and songs from countries as far apart in culture as Latvia and Tonga. The care and pride with which the students presented items from their various native countries, added to the evening's charm.

Although we know them well, the Maori chants and poi dances were a highlight of the evening.

Other highlights were the parade of Classical and modern Chinese costumes, Indian wedding festivities and a Malayan candle dance, this latter gaining its effect from restraint rather than brilliance.

Fijian Enchanters

Possibly the least spectacular, though most effective offering was the group of songs from the Fijian ensemble. Their quiet, rich toned singing of the exquisite and unashamedly Western-styled 'Water Lily' was breathtaking and beautiful.

In the second half the pace flagged a little owing to an awkward commentary. But this, and a few technical hitches, could hardly detract from the programme of enchanting and enlightening entertainment.

W.D.



A member of the cast of 'Gaudeamus'

CREDIT NOTE SYSTEM ONLY

Those students who have paid their exam fees and either do not get terms, or decide not to sit Finals, receive a credit note, instead of a cash refund.

This credit note may be used only for the payment of examination fees and is valid for two years following its issue. It cannot be put in the bank and must be kept with one's personal effects from time the time it is issued to the time when further fees are payable—at least the best part of a year.

Why is this system in operation? Once upon a time, in the good old days, all examinations were conducted by the University of New Zealand and all exam fees were payable to the N.Z.U. office in Wellington. The issuing of credit notes by N.Z.U. was apparently a custom conducted from time immemorial and when the six constituent Colleges began to set their own examinations the practice was carried on.

However, since a credit note issued at any one college is valid at any other, any change in the system would have had to have been adopted by all at once.

Last year Canterbury University suggested to the others that the system would bear investigation, but support was not forthcoming.

In *Canta*, Canterbury University's Newspaper, a complaint was printed from someone who had lost a credit note. Actually the money is not lost forever.

If a lost credit note is found and handed in, the owner of it may have a refund of the cash which he has earlier paid in its place. However, since a credit note may be used at any university in the country, the Registry cannot give direct credit for it in case it has been used somewhere else, by (shame!) some friend or acquaintance.

Also, if a credit note is lost and not found, or is never used at all, a cash refund may be obtained on application to the Registrar, after the expiry date of the note, which is two years after it has been issued.

The system is not Orwellian Bureaucracy. It is a legacy from our glorious past, when there was doubtless good reason for its introduction, and the system is due for review, although there is no definite promise of it.

N.Z.U.S.P.C.

LITERARY COPY is needed for a projected 'Craccum' Literary Supplement. We will return all material (poems, short stories, etc.) that we are not able to use.

Mail-Bag

Noise

Dear Ed,

I was one of those unfortunate enough to be present at the University Students' Association Annual General Meeting. I was shocked to see the lack of support and general apathy, and also the amount of time wasted in arguing over pointless matters of ideology and policy. Such meanderings showed a greater interest in the finer points of philosophy than in the welfare of the Student Body. This was exemplified by the outrageous motion concerning the extension of motor-cycle parking along the Princes St frontage.

My objection to this selfish suggestion is simply NOISE. As many scholars more qualified than I may tell you, research in the fields of physiology and Industrial Health have shown that a man's ability to concentrate is sadly impaired by an unsuitable acoustic environment. In other words, if this motion is implemented, one's lectures will be even more frequently interrupted than they are now, by the racket of some thoughtless juvenile juggernaut, revving his machine just outside the window.

Take this conservative estimate. If 100 motor-cycles park in the suggested area, within earshot of the Library and rooms 9, 44, 48 and the Hall, there will be 100 arrivals and departures, in all 200 disturbances. Spread over the ten hours of University activities, this amounts to an average of one disturbance every three minutes!

So in this matter, and in any future allocation of parking areas, I beg the Association to remember that cars are generally quieter. After all, is not the prowess of a motor-cycle often judged by its exhaust note?

D. O'CALLAGHAN

Bursary Anomalies

Dear Ed,

The overwhelming feeling of dissatisfaction in regard to Education Department Bursaries derives from a valid basis. Bursary regulations are all but inaccessible to the prospective student. Nothing like the true story is presented even in the New Zealand University Calendar. Here are two important anomalies that can trap the unwary:

If a New Zealand boarding student is handicapped by his parent's absence overseas he is thereupon automatically disentitled to claim his £50 boarding allowance.

The H.S.C. Bursary provides for tuition fees only in restricted cases. An LL.B., B.A. candidate studying fulltime will be required to pay his own tuition fees for his Arts' units. This sum may deprive the student of more than a third of his normal £40 bursary allowance. Those who claim that this fractional amount is trifling must be forced to make a similar admission in regard to the total amount. The majority of students would, in fact, readily agree that £40 covers little more than the text-book bill at the beginning of the year.

Doubtless there are students who could point out even sillier restrictions.

It is time the Government shook itself awake and instituted an immediate review of the bursary situation, if the Parry Report for some unexplained reason is not acceptable to them.

A scale of monetary return according to academic performance should be systematized. Why should a student who passes four units receive only the same benefit as the student who passes half as many? The best students must be encouraged to remain fulltime at university. This can only be achieved by providing reasonable financial compensation to offset the wholesale sacrificial impossibility imposed at present on the fulltime student. Surely scholarship should be encouraged, not stifled at the outset.

It is to be hoped that students will wholeheartedly support any attempt, big or small, to rouse the Government from its inert state in regard to academic matters of ultimate national concern.

B.R.L.L.

Metaphysics in Maths

Dear Ed,

'Metaphysics' is used very much as a term of abuse in contemporary philosophy, and it is therefore surprising to find mathematics trying to claim the title for their study, even if this claim is misguided.

It is surely clear from the definition of metaphysics that any one philosopher can have only one metaphysics, and that his is his highest branch of knowledge. Thus Aristotle calls metaphysics 'first philosophy'.

Surely mathematics is not the only method of analysis: to discuss a work of art in aesthetic terms is to analyse it. Surely also in any branch of maths the basic motions peculiar to that branch are defined, using the basic general motions of an integer, a rational number, etc., and it is hard to see in what sense we do not know what these are.

Any system based on the sort of abstractions I mentioned is in some sense, based on experience, etc, but not in the sense that leads us to call it 'empirical'. I cannot see how the mystery can be in the 'cultural tradition handed on to us' but I would be extremely interested to see Miss Bracewell develop this idea. By the way (in response to numerous enquiries) this is not a personal feud, Brenda and I are just 'good friends' (still).

LES HOLBOROW

Immigration Policy

Dear Ed,

I am somewhat alarmed by the fourth paragraph of Mr Shand's letter, since this appears to provide us with the basis of his ideas on immigration.

Apparently, we must maintain 'the ethnic proportions of our population'. What does this mean? So many whites, so many blacks, so many half-castes, etc.? Certainly, unrestricted immigration would create 'economic difficulties', but what does Mr Shand mean by saying that it would create 'cultural difficulties'?

I am also surprised to learn that Fijian students on the government bursary are forbidden to marry while in N.Z. Such

an order makes it obvious that the bursaries are not primarily for the benefit of the students themselves, though they have earned the right to a higher education and should not have to suffer restrictions of this kind.

N.Z. has been justly described as 'an island of plenty in a sea of want'. I would also like to remind Mr Shand and his colleagues that since the Colombo Plan began operating, New Zealand's national income has increased by at least 40 per cent and the £1 has depreciated. Yet our contribution to the Colombo Plan has remained the same. Hence the value of our aid is falling steadily. Surely New Zealand's contribution to the Plan, and to the welfare of underdeveloped countries generally, should be increasing rather than decreasing.

Y. LATEEF

Dear Editor,

Of the many appalling inconsistencies in Mr Shand's letter the most audacious is his claim that every foreign student 'is in effect, granted a substantial bursary at the expense of the New Zealand taxpayer'. This is true of Colombo Plan, but Colombo Plan does not cover Fiji.

Besides, this statement, like many others in the letter, is uttered without proof and no attempt is made to justify it. Each Fiji student in New Zealand spends at least £NZ300 per year. This money enters NZ from the outside and without the student it would not come into the country. A hundred and seventy-four students thus bring in £NZ52,200 each year. Each student spends at least three years in NZ.

Naturally they spend the money on themselves but nonetheless the money is spent here in NZ. The tourist spends in a similar manner yet he is encouraged to come to NZ for the money he brings, spends and leaves here. Moreover, can Mr Shand prove that it costs the NZ taxpayer more than £NZ300 per student per year? Surely Mr Shand is stretching the horns of the bull too far!

BETE DE SOMME



Trinity

Dear Ed,

Messrs Fauchelle, Wilson, Irwin, Hucker, and Robins may read the Bible doggedly, but they know nothing about the history of their religion. How often this is the case—even among university students. If they are willing to do some more general reading, I would refer them to an essay entitled *Mind and the Earth* by the late Carl Gustav Jung, one of the world's greatest authorities on comparative religion.

He writes: 'The Trinity consists of God the father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the latter being represented by the bird of Astarte, the dove, and was actually called Sophia in early Christian times, and thought of as feminine. The worship of Mary in the later church is an obvious substitute for this'.

However, I notice in another letter that Mr Denham remarks: 'In the course of very extensive theological reading, I have never noticed the Holy Ghost referred to in feminine terms'. Therefore is Professor Jung also displaying his 'real ignorance' of the matter?

TONY MONK

Dear Editor,

I do not understand why some of your correspondents are so shocked to hear the Christian myth of the Trinity referred to in sexual terms. Christian symbolism often derives from sexual

symbolism. In the text of the *Benedictus*, for example, Christ is the bridegroom, the Church is the bride, and the baptismal font is the womb of the Church. Are your correspondents surprised at this?

It also seems likely that Mr Monk's critics are guilty of mistaking a psychological argument for a theological one. That human beings are inclined to visualize the Trinity as a family relationship is perfectly understandable psychology. But this does not imply that the Trinity actually exists in the way we conceive it. It is the old problem of how a man going to describe something so far outside his everyday experience as God when communication with other men is only possible through human words and ideas.

I would maintain that these questions can be discussed from a psychological point of view, without necessarily assuming any religious (or irreligious) convictions. This is what Mr Monk attempted to do in his article, though admittedly, not in a very scientific manner.

M. DAVIES

Royal Family

Dear Ed,

Mr Thomas implies that there is poverty in England, because England is a 'Welfare State'. The term 'Welfare State' is used in so many ways that it is little more than an emotional catchphrase. For example, New Zealand, described as a 'Welfare State' by the *Herald* in this morning's *Herald* that conditions as bad as in any city in Auckland, according to a report by the Metropolitan Junior Council. The Junior Council estimates that more than 3000 aged people desperately need de accommodation.

Does the welfare state in England provide as much welfare as our own? Recently Mr Macmillan modified the medicine scheme, in order to incur the already astronomical amount of money he is spending on defence. The cost of each atomic weapon purchased by the British Government would finance a lot of slum clearance or the building of several new schools.

Perhaps I am misinterpreting Thomas's letter, when I imagine him to be saying that there is no poverty in England. Or perhaps we disagree as to the meaning of 'poverty' (another emotive term). I should like Mr Thomas to write at greater length, to clarify his ideas—and to tell us exactly which section of the community he is referring to as 'the least desirable'.

CHARLES IVES

Kuwait Shemozzle

Dear Ed,

What a tragedy it is that honesty, the largest sense, has eluded mankind. The incessant bawlings of so-called 'statesmen', whenever a chance for a sort of quick match on the cold-war arises, point to the urgent necessity for us to re-examine some of our basic attitudes.

It is a poor thing when friendly nations cannot huddle together in defence of common interests. I refer to the recent shemozzle in Kuwait. British response to the sheik's request for was met with a barrage of mudslinging and diplomatic obscenities from the leaders of the Communist bloc.

This is not an isolated case, nor is it one-sided phenomenon, but it is a clear relief the sort of degradation of principle rampant among the leaders of the world.

Many of us here will, in the future, become leaders in our chosen fields. Let us strive not for the present lamentable trend. Let us strive for the perfection of sophisticated banalling of men but for an integrity of spirit, breadth of thought, a tradition of probity, and above all, honesty.

DENIS BROWN

PAUL'S
BOOK ARCADE
49 High Street

★

Text Books
Art Books
Good Books

★

in fact . . .
a collection worth seeing

CLEAN-UP WEEK

The junk is lined up at the very edge
Of neat suburban lawns, each pile alike.
So much has needed cleaning up, it's Sunday
And it's raining . . . Still no collection.

Cold and detached, I coast the concrete street
Appraising, with a beachcomber's eye, the contents
Of wrecked cartons. Units of machinery
Sprawl in defeat where damp newspapers droop
Historic headlines. Empty uniforms,
Gin bottles, mattresses, and nylon stockings
Stripped of illusion, share the holocaust.
But more grotesque are disconnected cogs
And wheels which still lean desperately towards
A hollow wireless whispering hollow words.

A face looms up. Jaws open and it speaks:
'Hey, what are ya doing? That rubbish belongs to me'.
(There is probably a body concealed in the sack)
'Get the Hell out of here or I'll call the police !'
He says, waving some rusty steel. I scam
His home and lawn, and hope that some more thorough
Clean-up collection may descend upon
His concrete dwarfs and wrought iron bric-a-brac.

Cursing his metal soul, I hurry on,
To watch the darkness fall on rows of scrap.
Tapped lightly by the streetlamps, objects stir,
And in a dream I see them resurrect,
Cogs flying together from a thousand dumps,
Tools beating bodies out of metal flesh,
Machinery dancing madly in the air.
I stumble. Broken units drop and crash.
Hollow faces leap out everywhere.

H. SEARLE

ZOO FIELD TRIP Week at Whangarei Heads

'And now, gentle reader, let us hasten to the beach; the tide is near its ebb, and yonder rocks baring their shoulders to the sunshine, seem to rest themselves in grim repose.

This is the time for work. Come boy! the fishing basket and the muslin landing net, a hammer and an iron chisel. Mind, too, you don't forget the large glass jar with handles made of rope, wherein to put what specimens we find'.

Thomas Rymer Jones: The Aquarium Naturalist 1858.

Such were the thoughts which occupied the minds of twenty-eight senior Zoology students as they prepared to study marine life at the Whangarei Heads. The week long field trip was supervised by Professor Morton, Doctor and Mrs Miller, and Doctor Prendergast.

The students were not looking for rarities (all too common about the University, anyway), but were to study marine life prior to the establishment of an oil refinery at Marsden Point and to collect data for a future publication about the New Zealand sea-shore.

Three different environments were studied. The first was a sheltered environment, the second, an exposed environment, and the third, an intermediate environment.

The sea-shore is the meeting place of land and sea. This makes it the most

complex of all life's environments. On a single stretch of shore, the population differences at low water level and high water level are roughly comparable with the inhabitants of plain and mountain tops. The zonation of life which spreads over thousands of ascending feet on land, on the rocky shore, is telescoped within a few score yards.

Recordings Made

The sea-shore was directly observed as the tide receded; fronds of seaweed were lifted, stones were over-turned, rock pools probed, and the sand and mud dug into. The students found that shore life has a real beauty. What impressed them most was that beauty was greatest in its natural setting. The sea anemone expanding and contracting at a touch, the graceful swimming of a sea prawn, and the scurrying of a hermit crab in a safe hiding under a shell encrusted with brightly coloured sponges were all sights breathtaking in their natural simplicity.

Approximately 200 specimens were removed from their natural habitat daily. These were to be identified, studied and discussed. Each was carefully returned after recordings were made.

One of the most common species was the rock oyster, *saxostrea glomerata*, and oddly enough, these were ignored by the students, who were too well fed by Mr Sera, the camp's first-class chef. However, remnants of this species were brought back to Auckland embedded in the feet of an unfortunate few.

Combat With Octopus

The octopus proved to be a fascinating individual (especially to a certain member of the party), and such a relationship between the two was established that human and octopus engaged in memorable combat, the octopus emerging unharmed and the human covered in black ooze.

'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy'. These thoughts were well regarded by all. Professor Morton was so impressed with the atmosphere of the expedition that he remarked 'I wish the Mayor of Auckland and certain other public men could have been present to see just what a student community is really like at close quarters'.

Incense to Idols

'After the raw deal that we are receiving from England, over her entry into the European Common Market', writes Mr Monk, 'one wonders whether New Zealand might not be a little more independent of its Old 'Parent'.

In reply to Mr Monk's articles which deal so derisively and childishly with the Royal Family, I would like to say several things.

In criticizing England's proposed participation in EEC, Mr Monk would do well to remember that the Commonwealth is no longer ruled by a despotic ruler. He should concentrate his criticism on the Government of Great Britain and not upon the Royal Family, for today it constitutes merely (and I hope it will forgive me) the symbolic figurehead of the Commonwealth.

I do not know why Mr Monk is so sorry for the Royal children. They seem perfectly happy to me. They have been brought up to perform a task and they are exposed to the glare of publicity; but they thrive on it, and are more natural and unassuming than the children of any film star. (Their parents have also remained happily married for longer than most!)

Mr Monk seems to take it for granted that we, and from this I assume he means the New Zealand University student, need to idolize someone. I have never felt any urge to idolize anyone in this world. Idolatry? Do we worship the Royal Family as idols? No, I submit that we take an intelligent and lively interest in them if we think about them at all.

In the middle of his article Mr Monk has inserted a large portion of Theological musing which he has mixed up with his main topic. Besides containing an inaccuracy this would indicate that he has nothing constructive to say.

Mr Monk speaks of the 'extravagance' of the Royal Family. I maintain that the Royal Family's total expenditure over a period of ten years would not amount to the salary of a top grade film star in a single year. Apart from this the Royal

Family does not depend upon the 'Common Purse' for its income. The Royal income is based upon the Crown's own possessions and these have become strictly limited with the passing ages. The income does not interfere with, or distress the people of England.

What right have we to say that it is excessive when New Zealand has slums, poverty and dirt just like England. Should Mr Monk not turn his mind to problems at home and ostracize the 'Upper Income' bracket in New Zealand?

Finally, do we students of the New Zealand Universities, professed intellectuals, feed our struggling intellects upon such stereotyped trash as PIX, TRUTH, 8 O'CLOCK and others similar?

Mr Monk may sit down during the playing of the National Anthem if he wishes. I for one will continue to stand up.

PETER LOUGH



Colombo Hall, the new residential hostel planned for students at Massey College, Palmerston North. This building is to be financed by the Government.

COLOMBO PLAN TENTH ANNIVERSARY

July 1st was Colombo Plan day, commemorating the tenth year of the plan's operation.

Students were in the fore of the celebrations with a concert, 'Gaudeamus' staged in the Town Hall.

The Colombo Plan was originated at the Prime Ministers' Conference at Colombo in January, 1951. The intention of the foundation members was to thwart the vast problems which threatened the hopes of Asian peoples for a better life. These problems were found in the post-war damage, neglect, and economic stagnation found in many parts of Asia.

To the N.Z. student, the most noticeable feature of the operation of the Colombo plan is the number of Asian students at Varsity.

These students are chosen after sitting rigorous examinations set by the University of Cambridge, for study overseas in certain professions which are vital to the economic advancement of the country. To ensure that their lot is as little worry to them, financially, as possible, they are given a generous allowance of £8 a week throughout the whole year, not just the University year. If their course is longer than three years they are given home leave, air fare home and back.

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1861 — A CENTURY OF PROGRESS — 1961

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A Burnt-Out Case

Graham Greene has in his latest novel, 'A Burnt-Out Case', written the book that critics have been awaiting for some time, a book that they can describe as pure Greene, typical, but also very disappointing.

It seems that every acclaimed novelist whose career and reputation extends over a considerable period must at some time be humbled. The obvious example is Ernest Hemingway, whose *Across the River and Into the Trees* was mercilessly bombarded by critics who had for years acclaimed everything to come from Hemingway's pen. Now *A Burnt-Out Case* has been seized as the example which will readjust Greene's former, apparently unassailable position.

It is perhaps significant that these reappraisals always occur after critics and scholars have dissected the bulk of the author's work and formulated scholarly interpretations of the author's 'purpose' and his 'message'. In this they usually have an advantage over the mere author, who hesitates to make such claims but instead writes books.

Writing the Same Book

It is an oversimplification, but a statement of general truth, to say that Greene has been writing the same book over and over again for many years. This is not uncommon, and Greene himself has said 'Every creative writer worth our consideration is a victim . . . a man given over to an obsession. *A Burnt-Out Case* is the latest exploration of Greene's obsession. If Greene himself fully understood the nature of this obsession he would no longer be its victim and he would either stop writing or . . . As it is, Greene is still exploring. The critics who accept any of the many analyses of Greene's obsession are no longer explorers.

The 'understanding' critics recall Greene's description of himself after 'successful' psycho-analysis, 'wringing dry . . . I could take no aesthetic interest'. When one critic writes 'In the novel we see all the elements which gave his earlier fiction its disturbing force, the fine balancing of paradoxes, the hunted man, the exotic and seedy setting, but they are ghost-presences, and enormous competence has taken over from a profound obsession', we wonder how he has summarised (and solved?) Greene's obsession; but we, if we are still as unenlightened as Greene, turn with enthusiasm to the novel itself.

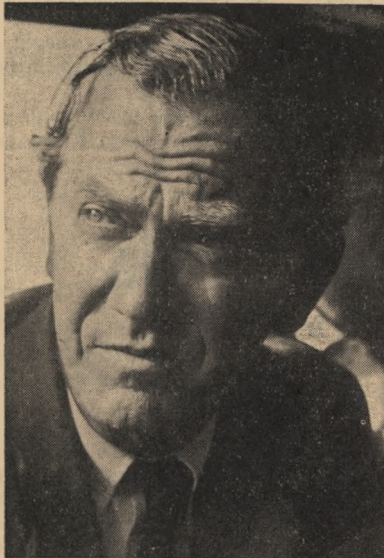
Africa

A Burnt-Out Case takes us again into Africa, this time the Congo, or rather Greene's Congo, a region of the mind. Our companion on the journey is a European who is travelling as far as the river boat will take him. He appears indifferent to his destination and is reticent about his past. He is a man who has come to the end of suffering as he has come to the end of everything else. He gets off the boat and finds himself in a leper village. The fate of the lepers does not move him but he recognises, in what is termed a 'burnt-out case'—a leper who is cured but has gone through the first stage of mutilation, a physical paral-

lel to his own mental state. The stranger is the burnt-out case of the title. Greene has expertly achieved his setting; rather than a background it is the human situation made scenic.

Greene represents reality vividly on even the mundane level. But it is of course a deeper reality which is Greene's subject. Greene is one of the few modern writers of note to retain a deep sense of religion, and this is at once his value and his liability.

His writing is valuable because it expresses a great mystery, the mystery of morality and of religion, but a religion very different from orthodox Catholicism. Greene accepted Catholicism, but although he is by his own definition a



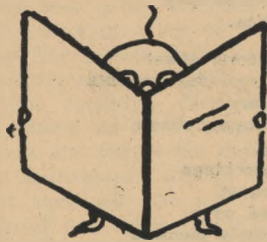
— Courtesy Auckland Star
Graham Greene

Catholic, that religion cannot explain him. Catholicism is something added to Greene. He says himself: 'Religion might later explain it to me in other terms, but the pattern was already there'.

Explanations of any writer and his works are dangerous, in Greene's case explanations are many but unsatisfactory. His art, like all art, defies analysis because it is mystery—there is always the unknown.

Primitive

Africa is the dark continent, land of the unknown, Mecca of the twentieth century. Our civilization in all its complexity has lost something and there is a return to the primitive; in painting, in literature, in music, twentieth-century man seeks his lost heritage. Greene has written about his journey in Liberia: 'This journey, if it had done nothing else, had reinforced a sense of disappointment with what man had made out of the primitive, what he had made out of childhood . . . there was something in that early terror and bareness of one's needs . . . The sense of taste was finer, the sense of pleasure keener,



the sense of terror deeper and purer'. Greene seeks reality, and his reality requires a sense of supernatural evil. The supernatural is vital to Greene's work and the supernatural is revealed in the primitive.

...In *A Burnt-Out Case* there is ample evidence of a distaste, almost a disgust of civilization. This Congo is corrupted by the advance of the white man: 'Men were beating old tins they had salvaged from the mission, tins of sardines and Heinz beans and plum jam'. In the church which is as hot and public as a market place, the European saints are pale like albinos in the dark continent. A small group of natives sing their own hymns, proud songs of superiority, and all the singers wear peaked caps that advertise Polo beer.

The Stuff of Civilization

In contrast there is the simple dignity of the old leper who is going to die the following day and whose only regret is that he is unable to die in his own village: 'One should die in one's own village if it is possible'. Compare him to the Englishman, whose hair-oil poisons the night, and who talks anxiously of dying. The stuff of civilization—*Time* magazine, material with printed designs of match-boxes, soda-water syphons, telephones, or other gimmicks of the white man, drug stores and all the latest movie magazines, including pictures of Brigitte Bardot—taints even Africa.

Greene uses images drawn from civilization to describe the most distasteful importation from Europe—white men: a character is 'like the kind of plant people put in bathrooms, reared on humidity, shooting too high. He had a small black moustache like a smear of city soot . . .'

But civilization has a more important function in the novel than supplying images, it is an active force: 'Somewhere a telephone began to ring—a trivial human sound persisting like an infant's cry through the rain'. Civilization is always there, waiting to advance . . . The traveller has left civilization behind, the falsity, the deception and the over-ornamentation; he listens to the ancestral voices and has memories. He recognizes that 'We've grown up rather badly. The complications have become too complex . . .'. The dying leper 'couldn't die peacefully in a room furnished with a radio set and a picture of the latest Pope; he was prepared to die only where his ancestors had died, in the darkness surrounded by the smell of dry mud and leaves'.

Ambiguous

Greene develops plot and character with superb skill. The timing is more than effective and the narrative unfolds simply as each event is unobtrusively prepared for and described. The style is faultlessly easy, the work of a true craftsman. The work is rich in irony, e.g., the multiplicity of meanings in the simple statement 'Thank God you aren't finished like

NOTE

Apart from the reviews by Don Binney and Alan Taylor, I wish to disclaim all responsibility for the Literary and Arts section which appeared in *Craccum* No. 8, since I did not select or edit the other material.

LITERARY & ARTS EDITOR.

EDITOR WANTED FOR CRACCUM, 1962

Applications are now open for the editorship of 'Craccum' for 1962. Candidates should write to Neil Wilson, Societies' Representative, c/o Students Association office, giving details of experience, qualifications, interests, etc., no later than Monday 7 August. Applicants will be expected to attend a meeting of the Executive early in that week in order to be interviewed. Experience is desirable but not necessary, since the person appointed will be invited to join the present staff for the final two issues. Single and joint applications will be accepted.

REMEMBER — CLOSING
DATE IS
MONDAY, 7 August.

the riots were'. And it is often very funny. There is the constant play of the unexpected, the subtle revelation of a strange character trait of the development of the action. The familiar themes of religion, love, hope and peace are delicately woven into the context and the whole is a most thought-provoking, and entertaining novel.

If it is, like all of Greene's novels, very ambiguous offering, that is something to be thankful for—as the traveller says, 'I hate simplification'.

And again, to quote him as he responds to the question 'Have you any stories to tell?'—'No, I only know one. Let us appreciate this one, an attempt to give dramatic expression to various types of belief, half-belief and non-belief in the kind of setting, removed from world-politics and household-preoccupations, where such differences are acutely and find expression', and the critics to their psycho-analysis.

T. H. McWILLIAMS

MAIN PRODUCTION 'OTHELLO'

'Othello', produced by Mr. Day, will run for six nights at University Hall, beginning on August.

The role of *Othello* is being taken by Bill Tawhai, captain of the Maori and *Desdemona* will be played by Lader Sansom, who was Stella in last year's production of 'A Streetcar Named Sire'. Till von Randow is *Iago*.

Other members of the cast include Gareth Nichol, Helen Aldridge, Hart, Rodney Denham and Dick Johnston.



Rodney Denham
Bill Tawhai plays Othello in AU Drama production

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF BEOWULF



Beowulf, scourge of the (sex) fiends.

recent years, many Scholarly studies of Beowulf have appeared in the academic journals. However, so far as we know, no one has yet attacked Beowulf from the psychoanalytical point of view.

This is a surprising state of affairs, when one realises that few works of English literature are as really psychoanalysable as this Anglo-Saxon poem, so pregnant with dark Freudian meaning, so tantalisingly spiced with suggestive symbolism. The story of Beowulf has its origins in primitive folk mythology. (The legend probably be traced back to a primitive god of 'peace, trade, and fertility.') Unfortunately for the eager psychanalyst, these folk elements have been thoroughlyalogued in an edition of the poem by J. Klaeber. The reverend father, for example, to the legend of a heroic arm which stretches into houses to carry off human beings (especially children), until it is finally seized and broken off by a famous warrior.

The imaginative psychoanalyst, trained on fairy stories, should have no difficulty in suggesting a number of likely interpretations of this legend. (It is doubtful, however, whether anybody will outdo those of Freud. Cf. the Collected Essays, for his paper on *The Monster's Arm: a study in primitive religious symbolism*.)

Weak Conjugation

Some rather startling comments on the private life of our hero have also been made in a poem by Mr Kingsley Amis. Grendel's mother was 'Beowulf's kind woman', remarks Mr Amis (hinting darkly that the term 'weak conjugation' is not only a grammatical meaning).

Plot

The poet tells us that Hrothgar's hall is visited each night by Grendel, a sub-human monster of extra-large size. He gobbles up any of Hrothgar's retainers caught sleeping there. Hrothgar is alarmed. He is getting on in years; he can't afford to waste men, yet he doesn't wish to give up the valuable hall.

Help arrives in the form of Beowulf, once a sluggish adolescent, but now (after defeating some sea monsters in an underwater wrestling bout by night) renowned as the strongest man in the kingdom. When evening falls, Hrothgar and his wife retire to their room while Beowulf remains in the hall to meet Grendel. He hears Grendel approaching

in the darkness, and with his bare hands succeeds in ripping off the creature's arm. This limb is exhibited next morning in the hall, to the delight of Hrothgar, who announces that he has 'gained a son' in Beowulf.

But now Grendel's limb is recovered by a female monster—not his wife, but his mother, who comes up from that realm of infantile wishes, the dark pool of the unconscious.

Beowulf engages the beast with Hrothgar's sword, but this proves ineffective. However, he succeeds in killing her with a 'magic blade'. As soon as this happens, a flame spurts up 'filling the place with light', and the blade melts to white icicles. But Beowulf is able to return to Hrothgar the hilt of the sword on which is inscribed the legend of Genesis.

Dragon

In the last section of the poem, the ageing Beowulf is required to do battle with 'the worm that flies by night, in the howling storm' (to quote Blake). A dragon has ravaged his kingdom and has burnt down his palace. To uphold the dignity of man, Beowulf goes forth to kill the monster. Though the heat of the combat proves fatal, he succeeds with his dying strength in plunging a dagger into the beast's belly.

During this combat, he gains a son and heir—a young warrior, who comes to his aid in the same way Beowulf once came to help Hrothgar. But, because the dragon's mound should never have been opened, Beowulf's people must fear an uncertain future.

Banned

Well, there is the plot. It may appear a harmless one to those not experienced in the methods of psychoanalysis (if there is anyone willing today to admit that he is still in this unhealthy state. As for the more symbol-minded reader, we hope that, even in this brief summary, he has tasted something of the dark Freudian allegory which makes this poem so popular among scholars of English.

Our aim has been to restore Beowulf to his former, pagan glory. Much will be achieved, we think, if we succeed in getting the poem banned from the library and from the English course, on account of its suggestiveness.

T. MONK

Brunnhilde is Wotan's Uncle

Mr J. Nathan's attempt to explain the 'Ring' cycle as 'the embodiment of Wagner's philosophy', though deserving of a pitying admiration, indicates a lack of appreciation of Wagner's purpose in writing the tetralogy.

I think it is very doubtful whether a discussion of the *Ring* in terms of Wagner's philosophy has any validity; but even if it has, Mr Nathan devotes only one paragraph of his 600-odd word article to anything approaching Wagner's philosophy—an extraordinary dissertation on the symbolism of lines and circles, which, Mr Nathan asserts confidently, 'one can see in the music' (sic). This gem is set in the midst of a long and involved synopsis of the *Ring* plot which reads like a cross between an Anna Russell version and Patrick Campbell's exposition proving conclusively that Brunnhilde is Wotan's uncle.

Many of the misunderstandings of Wagnerian music drama so prevalent today stem from the numerous paragraphs of glib, facile generalizations in books of musical appreciation—for which Mr Nathan's article could be mistaken as an example. The only way to find out what Wagner was really aiming at—as Gerald Abraham says, 'a horrible one'—is to plod wearily through the turgid pages of *Oper und Drama*—the sinai tablets of Wagnerian music drama.

Universal Art—Work

In this work Wagner discovers the essential error of opera up to his time—that the means of expression (music) has been made the object; and that the object of expression (drama) has been made the means. He condemns the in-

dividual arts on the grounds that they 'merely indicate'.

He wants a unified, universal art-work (*Gesamtkunstwerk*)—one single Art compounded equally of 'tone language' and 'word language'. To do this the 'tone-poet' must choose the right type of subject—one in which 'the action is completely justified in character and scope by the feeling that prompts it'. Judged from this point of view, the ideal subject is the legend: 'concentrated, inexhaustible, externally true, but more intense and elevated than anything in everyday life'.

Oper und Drama is first and foremost an *apologia* for the *Ring*; and at the same time the tetralogy (with the exception of *Gotterdammerung*) is the only work which embodies the principles set out therein.

True Light

When the *Ring* is seen in its true light, and as the embodiment of Wagner's

artistic theories, Mr Nathan's observation that 'the *Ring* has been treated here in an unusual way' becomes the understatement of the century.

The fact that Wagner's following of the rules set out in *Oper und Drama* became less rigid as the cycle progressed, the music assuming domination over the other components of the *Gesamtkunstwerk* merely makes Mr Nathan's statement that the 'musical side has not been treated as much as some would like, but this is at it should be' even more absurd than it would have been. In actual fact there is not one reference to the music of the *Ring* in the whole article.

I make no comment on his parting shot—that 'Wagner is not a musician's musician but a musician for everyone'. Possibly only after a 6 a.m. cold shower could I distil any meaning from this statement.

G. W. J. DRAKE

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SUNDAY SPORT

Recently there has been considerable controversy over Sunday sport. Two opposing viewpoints are given here, and we would be pleased to hear anyone else's views on the subject.

FOR

Over the last few years there has been an increasing tendency to stage sports of one kind or another on Sundays.

This has met with severe criticism in some quarters, which I think is quite unjustified.

Those who oppose this practice do so on the grounds that the Bible says we should rest on the Sabbath Day. However, surely the definition of 'rest' in this context is 'change of occupation', a diversion from usual weekday employment, and a rest from mental activity. I can think of no healthier, more harmless change than playing sport.

To those who say that Saturday is the traditional day for sport, might I suggest that in Saturday sport the 'play to win' element is uppermost, whereas Sunday sport is of a more diversionary nature, played purely for enjoyment, without a competitive spur; in other words, a true relaxation.

If taking part in sport on Sunday is sinful, then so, too, is lawnmowing, gardening, letter writing, and, for that matter, all activities; yet there must be few people these days who would object to any of these.

Several opposers of Sunday sport say that it is not casual games of tennis, swimming, etc., that they object to, but organized sport of any kind. Surely, however, if they condone Sunday sport in one form, they should not condemn any sport on Sunday, since the principle remains the same, whether the sport is organized or not.

Mischief for Idle Hands

'Satan finds mischief for idle hands' is only too true a saying, and I am strongly in favour of sport on Sunday if for no other reason than that it keeps adolescents

off the streets, thus preventing many acts of vandalism and loitering which could otherwise take place. One has only to drive past the domain at Freeman's Bay on a Sunday afternoon and see teenagers enjoying a well organized game of Rugby, soccer or whatever it might be, and to meditate on what these youths, many of them so-called 'teddy boys', would find to do otherwise, to realize what a worthwhile thing these games are.

Besides sport is one of the best teachers we have. Unselfishness, reliability, consideration for others, self discipline, are all attributes one wishes and expects to find in Christians of today. What better way is there of developing these traits than per medium of sport? And what could be more logical than to do so on a Sunday?

Not for a minute am I advocating sport to the exclusion of Church or of any other form of worship. Religion is an integral part of our lives and should not be treated lightly. However, Church attendance and Sunday sport are perfectly compatible; Church services are usually held in the morning and evening, and organized sport almost invariably takes place in the afternoon.

All in all, I feel that the whole question of Sunday sport, for or against, boils down to this: Let those 'against' abstain for they are quite within their rights, but let those 'for' enjoy their Sunday sport, without interference, because, as I have pointed out, one can be at the same time both a good Christian and a firm believer in Sunday sport.

JUSTINE WALTER

AGAINST

In viewing the question of Sunday sport from a Christian viewpoint it may help first to see what constitutes the Sabbath and what the place of this 'day of rest' is, in Christian practice.

Read Exodus 31:12-17, where we find that 'the Lord spoke unto Moses, saying Speak thou also unto the children of Israel, saying, Verily my Sabbath ye shall keep, for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations'.

We see then, that the Sabbath is a token of God's covenant-relation with Israel, profanation of which is a breach of this covenant-relation. Eventually the keeping of the Sabbath was to become a distinctive mark of Judaism and the negative aspect of total abstention from work became uppermost.

What relevance has this to the question of Sunday sport, the playing of organized matches, the holding of organized practices, and spectatorism? Just this. By allowing such activities to encroach on the Sabbath (our Sunday) we are hindering men and women from maintaining this day as one of worship, quiet, rest, fellowship, and general spiritual up-building.

But you may say, 'If Christians want to go to Church, spend Sunday resting or visiting friends, let them, but what of those who would prefer to take part in, or watch a cricket or football match? Is their personal freedom to be hindered to the extent that they are unable to do such things?

To this I would say, whether people go to Church or not, and even if a number of people do wish to indulge in sporting activities on the seventh day, shouldn't the day be kept free of other organized activities, in case people may want to worship their Creator?

Despite obvious efforts in the past to keep Sunday free of organized sporting activities, there has been over the few years, a growing tendency for various sporting bodies to encroach on this day for matches and practices.

Certainly the temptation to use Sunday (perhaps the one day in the week heavily scrawled upon in our appointment diaries) for sport is great, but how great, too, must be the temptation for families in heavily built-up areas to encroach on the vacant park and recreational land building sites. Yet what a heritage would be lost as soon as one person is permitted to do so! So it is with Sunday.

Nibbling at Seventh Day

If it is a day for unlimited and unhindered sporting activities, why do sporting authorities simply seize the day as quickly as they can? But, if Sunday is for another purpose, then let us admit that purpose and stop nibbling at one day in seven in which quiet and rest must predominate.

The very fact that sporting bodies have hesitated in seizing Sunday for their own would seem to indicate that some at least are respecting or are at least concerned with, the maintenance of the Sabbath as a day of rest.

Man is given five days in which to work to provide food, clothing and shelter as well as to find entertainment and cultural benefits. The sixth has been made free of work for the recreation of the body as well as for finding excitement (spectatorism) and entertainment.

But what of the Seventh? This is essentially God's day and it exists so that men and women may renew that which will keep them in a state of spiritual health during the rest of the week. It is not to say that contact with God is necessarily confined to Sundays, however, just as bodily recreation is not necessarily confined to Saturdays.

Few people, I feel, would object to playing of games, swimming, etc., on Sundays, but it is feared that it is organized activities that will cause the Sabbath to become another Saturday and seriously hinder the spiritual activities of worship and the making and deepening of friendship both within and without the Christian Church.

P. J. WOODCOCK



Aussie League Captain Brian Carlsen tackling a N.Z. player in the 2nd Test Match.

— Courtesy 'Auckland Star'

FARLEY CUP (SKIING) RESULTS

The annual race for the Farley Cup was held at Mt Ruapehu on 9 July in adverse conditions and with a general lack of organisation. The visibility was so poor that only one run was held.

The Course of eleven slalom gates was set by Ray Copp, the Varsity Ski Club Instructor.

Results were:

Bob Strevens (33 secs) 1st, John Horrocks (35 secs) 2. Roger St Clair Brown (36 secs) 3. Adrienne Rhodes and John Strevens (39 secs) 4th equal (could be ugly), Geoff Feast (40 secs) 6th, Pearce St Clair Brown (41 secs) 7th, John Pezaro (46 secs) 8th. Barry Hobman did not complete the course.

Brian Carlson, captain of the touring Australian Rugby League team, described N.Z. to us in one word—yes, you've guessed it—'wet'! Well, if they must choose the wettest June in 100 years...

Two Defeats:

The team was on tour for four weeks, during which time they lost two matches: in the first test they were beaten 12-10, and in the last match of their tour Auckland defeated them 13-8. However, by squaring the test rubber with a 10-8 win in the Second Test, the Australian team has retained the Trans-Tasman Cup, as well as an unofficial ranking of second to England in the World Championship. France and N.Z. are the other

two countries which compete for the unofficial title in the Rugby League world.

Standard Varies:

Brian said that in the general opinion of the team the standard of N.Z. Rugby League was high in Auckland, but low elsewhere, as such formidable scores as a 66-3 win over a Hawke's Bay team would seem to indicate. Asked about the crowds, he said that they had been disappointingly small compared with Australia, where it was nothing to play before a crowd of 60,000. However, Rugby League is, of course, Australia's chief winter sport, and stands on the same plane over there as Rugby Union in N.Z.

Soccer, Rugby Union and Australian

Rules are also played, though to a lesser extent; the latter has its greater following in Victoria, and Rugby Union is dominant in the Universities.

The team had enjoyed its month in N.Z., Brian said, and wished the team the best of luck for its forthcoming English tour.

JUDO CLUB meets on Wednesdays at 7 p.m. and Saturdays 9 a.m. in MCR.

★

Did you know that the Judo Club in the habit of leaving bits of fluff hind?

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BLOODSHED

Because of his relative isolation it is the average New Zealander's misfortune to be denied the opportunity to travel extensively overseas. I was therefore very fortunate to be invited to Ethiopia, under the auspices of the United Nations. Air travel included stopovers at Sydney, New Guinea, Bangkok, Colombo and Aden.

The Eastern part of the tour is both oppressive and depressing. I witnessed conditions such as are typical of underdeveloped, over-populated countries, at a time in my life when the sights I saw would most readily imprint their indelible mark on my mind. It takes only a few hours to shatter the sense of complacency which typifies the majority of New Zealanders; only hours to destroy an attitude acquired in a short lifetime of comparative ease in a civilized society.

When one is unused to such sights, it is easy to forget the dead baby floating in the Bangkok canal? The emaciated man whose ulcerated leg was festering with maggots? The young girl who was brought to you by her brother for the price of a bottle of 'Coca-Cola'? The man in filthy rags, pleading for alms, brushing your coat with a bound-up, maimed limb? The exhibitions of open defecation? The people, neck-deep in the stinking, open sewage canals, hunting for their feet for articles in the sludge? The small Arab boy sitting naked still in a mud puddle, with his mouth and nose encrusted with mud, yet bearing all with such a quiet endurance that the onlooker is humiliated to be a witness?

Aggrevating, unforgettable experiences! The final destination, Ethiopia, was not a complete escape from this situation. The same problems exist there, just as they exist in all countries which have not received the benefits of experienced and practical advice, financial aid and, above all, universal education.

When I was in Ethiopia, too, that I became involved in a situation which is bound to occur amongst a people whose rising standards of education inevitably affect their attitudes until disgusting social conditions become an enigma to them, a national disgrace incompatible with the standards of ordinary human decency. The young Ethiopian intellectuals, returning from scholarships overseas, would feel deeply the contrast between their truly civilized society and feudal Ethiopia. In America, the Continent, and

Great Britain, industry was established, trade was widely developed, science was working miracles, and the populations enjoyed definite freedom. In feudal Ethiopia, however, could be seen the horrible backwardness of the national economy, the slavery of the peasant, a general widespread ignorance, and the licentiousness of despotic power arising from the landed classes.

This contact with the outside world aroused the thoughts of revolution in the minds of the educated Ethiopians, and in the minds of the hand-picked bodyguard of the Emperor, Haile Selassie, himself. The ideals for which they later laid down their lives ranged from a revised programme of constitutional monarchy, through the emancipation of serfs to the distribution of land among the peasants.

The revolution suddenly and dramatically took place. I was in the middle of the fighting. I saw men die, and many more dead. At times my own life was in jeopardy. It was at these times that I developed an overwhelming repulsion towards the business of killing. This was civil war, when for three days and nights brother fought with brother until the wailing of the bereaved women in black could be heard incessantly through the crackle and roar of light arms and tanks.

But the revolution, lacking in first-class organization and the vocal support of a terrified public, failed. One felt, however, that this was only the first in a long series of struggles to attain Ethiopia's freedom.

Haile Selassie returned in triumph to Addis Ababa, the capital. But the triumph had a hollow ring. In his victory speech, the Emperor drew attention to the scholarship of the rebel leaders.

'We sent students abroad for higher training... we educated them... gave them authority. Now they have repaid us with treachery, bloodshed and banditry...'

But the Emperor is too wise not to know very well that what might have

been treachery to a regime, was also a fight for the kind of freedom to which all humanity has a right.

Earlier this year it was reported that the Emperor, in an enlightening speech, decided to delegate much of his prerogatives to his minister. This is, admittedly, a start; but in itself, not enough. While the people of Ethiopia elect the parliament, the Emperor selects his ministers and these are not selected from Parliament. Rarely is a minister also a member of Parliament. Thus there exists a strong council of ministers selected by the Emperor and not responsible to Parliament, which has very little power.

Such a system must change. With political reform will come economic, and ultimately social, reform. The best answer to the problem, which is obviously complex, lies in raising the standards of education. It is only by education that the people will know what is right and wrong about the way their affairs and lives are being administered, and it is



Haile Selassie

only by education that people will develop the yearning to belong in a civilized and free society.

I have returned to New Zealand a more sober and thankful person. Sober, because I have seen how other people have to live. Thankful because I am not one of them. But it is the responsibility of every one of us to be aware of the usurped and wretched way some human beings are required to live, to shake ourselves from our apathy, to be not merely tolerant, but active in recognizing how others are forced to fight and die to attain such ordinary standards of happiness as we have habitually taken for granted.

BARRY LOVEGROVE

FORESTRY and recreation

Part of every New Zealander's heritage is the joys of forest and stream. Campers, trampers, anglers, shooters, picnickers, and caravanners—all like to get away from the clock-ridden daily round to the fresh air and beauty of the bush.

It may not be obvious, but until the conservation policies of the Forest Service replaced the wasteful practices of the past, there was grave danger that this heritage might be lost. Each acre of forest destroyed by fire or indiscriminate milling makes it harder to meet the demand for the solace of solitude—a demand that increases every day with our expanding population. To meet its responsibilities in the protection of State forests, the Forest Service exercises its authority with wisdom and restraint. While unauthorised entry to State Forests is prohibited by law, a liberal policy of issuing permits enables organised groups and individuals to make extensive use of these popular playgrounds for recreational purposes.

Forestry is forever



Issued in the interests of forest protection by The New Zealand Forest Service.

STARTLING REVELATIONS Never So Much...

NZSUPC

Nowhere in New Zealand there are two people—no one knows who they are and they might be difficult to find, but they are national heroes. For on their backs rests the whole economy of New Zealand.

This startling piece of inside information is freely available to any who would consult the New Zealand Year Book.

The total population of New Zealand is given as 2,176,224. Now try subtracting the non-productive sections of the community listed below and see what happens!

Persons under age of 15	675,914
Persons over 60	280,150
In services and hence do no work and therefore do not count	22,428
In prisons, borstals, etc.	3,065
Employer (paid for no work)	69,503
Unemployed	9,625
Persons with private income (wealthy loafers)	78,918
Managers, foremen, administrators, clerks, etc., who do no work but are given a salary	128,461
Police (enough said)	3,520
Teachers and varsity lecturers and other educational types who don't work	21,904
Clergy	8,845
Judges, jurists and other parasites	2,927
Wharfies, railways, etc., etc.	42,004
Post office (no comment)	8,309
Other Government employees not already mentioned (e.g., Ministry of Works, etc.)	502,197
Married women not accounted for as yet	307,553
High School pupils over 15	3,207
Drunks, bums, no-hopers, Varsity students, burglars, car-converters, confidence men	6,493

Total in the above categories 2,176,222

This leaves two people to do all the work and it's about time the other one came up with ideas.

—Copy Boy

Lake's Laxative

University students, finding the gambling atmosphere of the common rooms not conducive to peace, have seized on the latest opportunity to while away otherwise dull University hours.

The new rage is a variant of the ancient terror, 'running the gauntlet'. Students are calling their game 'Lake's Laxative'.

The idea is to wait until dusk and then dash across the Princes Street pedestrian crossing in a mad attempt to gain access to the other side.

That so many fail to reach their goal is an indication, so far, of a certain want of appreciation of the rules of the game.

Plunged into Darkness

Many participants wait for a break in traffic (indicated by Princes St being plunged into darkness) before springing off the kerb and galloping blindly into the black. But this method spells disaster!

Before the unfortunate fellow reaches mid-point he is bound to blunder far off course. This sets off a sort of frenzied panic which impels the great majority to charge, screaming and gesticulating, straight towards the lights of oncoming cars.

There are some participants, too, who select a promising break in the traffic, and peering into the gloom, creep carefully forward on all fours, determining

their course by the stars. Sadly, four have been apprehended by travelling vans and destroyed at the city pound.

Bound off the Curb

Experienced competitors in the game admit that the only really safe way is to wait until a car approaches the crossing when its proximity can be determined as a matter of yards, then to bound off the curb with a tortured cry directly under the wheels.

Not only will the motorist carefully avoid Princes St in the future, but in the resulting confusion of blood, fibias, glass and hair, other competitors can slip across to the other side, unnoticed and unharmed. This, of course, requires a selfless devotion to one's fellows, on the part of the deceased. Such men are all too rare.

The person who fails to enter into the spirit of the thing is one to be despised. Why, we heard of a fellow who took a ferry to Devonport, came back across the Harbour Bridge and cut through Albert Park to reach Pembridge. Such men destroy the very foundation of the ideal, 'sport for sport's sake'.



BRIDGE MARATHON

The Auckland University bridge team, attempting a world record for marathon bridge playing, was forced to retire after 43 hours' continuous playing owing to the illness of one of the contestants.

In attempting to break the record 75 hours set by a Capetown team, the Auckland students attracted a crowd of breathless spectators who watched with fascination as round after round was played. The four male students interspersed eating and drinking with their playing, pausing only for due necessities.

Many interesting games of Contract Bridge have been played in attempts to break world records. One game in a Glasgow shop window in February, 1960, was stopped by the police because of the obstruction caused by the watching crowds. This particular game between three Scotsmen and a Dutchman lasted 74 hours.

The game in Hut 7 was this University's attempt to become known the world over. It is a pity the game could not be finished.

CRACCUM REPORTER

Freedom from Hunger

Have you ever realized that two-thirds of the world's population are starving?

Have you ever realized that the other one-third have so much food that they waste it?

NZers, obviously, come under the second category.

From 1960 to 1965 the Food and Agriculture Organization (along with other active UNO groups) are arranging a campaign known as *Freedom from Hunger*.

This scheme is a positive one; it aims not to feed the hungry, but to allow the hungry to feed themselves. It aims to do this by improving methods of growing and marketing food, by land development, by education of primitive Asian farmers, by development of natural resources.

This campaign can only work fully if support is given by each country; it has been suggested that this support is best arranged by the setting up of a national committee within each country. New Zealand (long the home of advanced social services) has, naturally enough, no

New Club

Students are invited to participate in this novel game, and it is rumoured that a 'Lake's Laxative Club' will be formed in the near future. There is no need to think that the Traffic Department will install efficient pedestrian lights and spoil our bit of fun.

Only the other week, a student managed to distract temporarily a glazed-eyed traffic officer from frantically sticking pink flappers on anything remotely metallic. The student pointed to lack of lighting and smiled sweetly. The cop patted the student indulgently on the head, turned him round and pushed him glibly under the wheels of a passing bus.

We sympathize with the student. He was a club member and the Traffic Department might have let him die a more glorious death. Meantime the feeling seems to be to get that run down feeling try 'Lake's Laxative'.

CRACCUM REPORTER

Ed: Since this article went to press, the Belisha beacons on the pedestrian crossing have been put in working order.

WINTER TOURNAMENT MASSEY'S FIRST

This year the Winter Tournament will be held for the first time at Massey College, and from information received arrangements are well under way, and every effort is being made to ensure that Massey's first tournament is a big success.

The sports venues have already been allocated and hired, and matches have been arranged with either the Palmerston North or the Manawatu representative teams. The site of the drinking horn contest will be the Standard Brewery.

Although the roll at Massey is only 500, the successful sales of this year's Capping Book, and the well organized procession, indicates that the Tournament will not suffer in comparison with those of the other larger centres.



DAMN THESE BRACES

Not only was June wet and windy, Parliament opened

Standing in that wind they call the cloisters the day, my feet in puddle water as I waited to the overcrowded caf., around at the rainy posters and felt comfort my misery in these w

I exceedingly regret there has been such getting proper University in the City of A The honourable gentlemen

wrote that in 1919 was Sir Robert S like to think that wherever he is, regretting.

Never mind, there's at least one thing is up to the minute around here and Strev's phenomenal filing system, complete with shocking pink plastic This has every conceivable category complaints about the filing system.

THE SERPENTINE

We understand that the Rowing expressed definite interest in the on lake which has appeared on the fant phant grass plot in front of the Phys

The 'Star' tells us why we need while Princes Street plans new buildings for next year's crop of young erford — the best of whom will end up in Aussie, U.S. or U.K. Hardly worth the bother, does it? Once erected buildings of course will rapidly become so temporary, then semi-permanent presto, we are lumbered with them

Talking building-wise, what about chapel display? One sketch looked barn, another like a space-station, another like a broadcasting studio. of them would be preferable to the Georgian and Gothic-weddingcake might get.



Time was when those stairs used to the library. You can always tell students who have not been row while . . . they all get caught! was really going places.

TOO MUCH — Esmeralda. Thank they've gone. Now I can read the peace.

GULBERT and SILLIVAN — now they copyright, the N.Z.B.S. has gone ben Just seen a pale pink car with egg yellow number plates. Eugh!

WHAT A BLOW!

Top of the restricted imports list trumpets. Canaries of the World

Miss Mabel Howard asked the what was being done about the im of canary seed, the shortage of causing concern among bird fancie

DID YOU KNOW?

The upstairs ones have lovely pin

Class distinction?

The unkempt look that young thin for is obtained by running an e through the hair every morning.

TONY M