

Salient

An Organ of Student Opinion at Victoria College, Wellington, N.Z.

VOL. 6, No. 4.

WELLINGTON, APRIL 14, 1943

Price: THREEPENCE

THE BEVERIDGE PLAN

... Jerusalem

In England's Green and Pleasant Land.

What is the famous Beveridge Plan? What does it propose? Who started it? Once a week the press gives an account of this or that party's attitude towards it. "Salient," in view of the general ignorance on so vital a question, presents a summary of the plan.

June, 1941, saw Sir William Beveridge, K.C.B., etc., declared Chairman of a Parliamentary Committee to survey existing schemes of social insurance. Beveridge's brainstormings have resulted in a 100,000 word folio, the Beveridge Report, containing the most revolutionary programme for social security proposed in any country since Labour hit the high spots in New Zealand in 1935.

Broadly, Beveridge demands compulsory State insurance for every man, woman and child, irrespective of occupation, class, creed or income, in order to abolish for ever personal want or insecurity. Many existing friendly societies, insurance companies, etc., would be incorporated in a unified whole, directly administered by a Social Security Minister, assisted by competent experts and research men. Immense savings in administrative costs would obviously result.

The Plan provides:—

1. Complete and comprehensive State medical service for all citizens, covering hospital, specialist, surgical, pre-natal, post-natal and convalescent treatment.

2. An allowance of 7/6 per week for the upkeep of each child (except in some cases, the first).

3. Sickness and unemployment benefits graded to the needs of both the patient and his dependents.

4. Retirement pensions for all, beginning for men at 65, for women at 60.

Who Pays?

The plan is paid for:

(a) By weekly contributions of about 5/- per person, deducted each pay-day, and shared between employer and employee, much as it is in this country.

(b) From the Exchequer, to the tune of up to £500,000,000 annually, of which about £300,000,000 is already being spent on comparable services which will be superseded.

Thus, only an additional £200,000,000 will be required from the Exchequer, a ludicrously small sum compared with the benefits to be obtained, and the huge sums which have been raised for Social Insecurity (i.e., war purposes. London alone contributed 100 millions to "Warships Week.")

The scheme is practicable, set forth by a man with a genius for numerical exactitude.

THE THREE V's WHAT ARE THEY?

We know that V is for Victory, and every one knows Vive la France (under de Gaulle), but the three V's aforementioned are quite extraneous. These three V's contain the whole history of a tremendous event which happened to Victoria, an event akin to the descent of God upon many, something which shook the world:

The first dread rumour of the approaching cataclysm was a notice posted on the boards, warning students to forsake all corridors at 3 o'clock, the seventh day of April—leaving them bare and desolate. Something great and mysterious was going to happen—something which must be unobserved by profaning eyes. The notice was signed by the Principal.

On the Tuesday surprise grew pregnant. On the seventh day of April a new star shone in the heavens; the Chief Librarian had appeared in a blue suit and thus upset the Zodiac. Mr. Hudson was seen to be similarly attired.

SUSPENSE

The suspense became unbearable. What was the terrific calamity, this unseen visitation for which the corridors were made a desert, and for which Mr. Miller had to appear in a blue suit?

In the chem. labs. demonstrations were unrecognizable; overalls shone white—and one could scarcely open one's eyes for the dazzle on test tubes and retorts.

What had brought about this metamorphosis in the Stygian depths?

In such a brief outline as this we cannot show how every contingency likely to impair the social security of an individual is provided against. Two exceptions are notable, however:

(a) the case where income is so low as to be insufficient for support (e.g., petty shopkeepers and retailers), and (b) should mass-unemployment again blight industrial England. With modifications to remedy these deficiencies, the Plan, if acceptable, would bring about a rebirth of England—and the "Merrie England" of old, Shakespeare's "Silver Isle," would become a reality.

Will it be approved? Can it be enforced? Or will the Plan be pigeon-holed, and sabotaged by the action and intrigues of vested interests?

Watch the press for the rise or the fall of the Beveridge Plan!—J.Z.

LORD CLIVE

What I like about Clive
Is that he is no longer alive.
There is a great deal to be said
For being dead.

EDMUND CLERIHUE BENTLEY.

Students worming their way through library tomes were interrupted; they would be asked to stand up; questions might be asked them; they would be civil; Marxist text books would be hidden away. The fiat had gone forth indeed.

For whom were they to stand up?

At three o'clock all was in readiness. The corridors were a morgue—in the common rooms card-playing had stopped, hushed voices waited in dread uncertainty.

Just after the hall clock had struck the hour a car drove up—a policeman stood by the door—some people climbed out. It was for them all these notices, all this ceremony, all this pomp, had taken place.

Now can you guess, dear reader, the meaning behind those mystic symbols? Now can you solve the enigma?

The problem is simple: look again!

The first V is for Viceroyalty.

The second V is for Visits.

The third V is Victoria University College.

Weren't you honoured?

ELECTION RAMP!

A patchy house made some show of listening to a debate on the motion, "That this house is in favour of general elections this year." Mr. Campbell opened the debate with much vigour and matter, some of which was relevant. His three main arguments were against anticipated opposition, but by no means destroyed his opponents' case. For the affirmative Mr. Armstrong urged that the war should hold first place in our minds today. A new speaker, Mr. Mackenzie, had better matter than presentation, while Mrs. Mary Boyd had both poise and material.

Highlights from the floor were: "The public is a great big fickle baby"; "Politics, like rugby, is a game where two teams stand up and throw mud at each other." Mr. Daniells enthralled the audience by his attempts at the Indian rope trick.

Speakers were placed by Mr. Parker, judge for the evening, in this order: Mr. Campbell, Mrs. Mary Boyd, Messrs. Ziman and B. O'Connor, Miss Cecil Crompton, and Pte. Nathan. Mr. Parker, in his summing up and criticism, demonstrated the flaws shown by most V.U.C. speakers.

LEND-LEASE IN IDEAS

One of the most striking characteristics of the development of science in the last twenty odd years has been the growing awareness among scientists themselves of what the verbally daring call interdisciplinary co-operation. This is a rather barbarous phrase to indicate the fact that the older academically defined delineation of knowledge into scientific subjects or university departments is now more of a hindrance to understanding knowledge and teaching than it is a help. Perhaps the phrase also indicates something of a revolt against the dangers of ever-increasing specialization. At any rate, it does mean, from the more positive angle, that today research and teaching in any one subject are being cross-fertilized by new insights and points of view borrowed from or suggested by other workers in other related fields—a sort of lend-lease in the field of ideas, if you will. Thus medicine is becoming more psychology conscious and a new field of study, that of psychosomatic medicine, is holding out ever-increasing possibilities for the understanding of disease symptoms. In a similar fashion, sociology is drawing more and more on the hunches of social psychologists, psychiatrists and anthropologists for both the raw materials and the concepts with which and from which a more powerful science of human relations may one day be built.

IN EMBRYO.

At long last something of this interdisciplinary co-operation is becoming apparent in New Zealand. Even here in Wellington, to be exact. Under the sheltering and elastic wing of the Royal Society of New Zealand, Wellington Branch, there has been born a Social Science Section. This section now takes its place alongside the older, more respectable sections devoted to the study of astronomy and biology, geology and technology.

INTEREST AND TREPIDATION.

There are some of us who watch the birth of this new section with large amounts of interest mixed with pretty big chunks of trepidation—interest in the possibilities of getting together and discussing new ideas and insights which are new to us but common-places perhaps in advanced research in other fields—trepidation when we wonder whether there are enough people here in Wellington to help the infant grow to useful childhood. Of one thing, however, we are sure: that a good many physical

(Continued in col. 4, page 2)

The mosquito knows full well,
small as he is,
he's a beast of prey.
But after all
he only takes his bellyful,
he doesn't put my blood in the bank.

D. H. LAWRENCE.

SALIENT STAFF

Editor: CECIL CROMPTON.
 Literary Editor: D. M. SAKER.
 Sports Editor: A. V. O'BRIEN.
 Staff: A. ALPERS, K. T. FOWLER, S. GRUBER, H. LOEB, D. OLSON,
 LAURIS SCOTT, J. W. WINCHESTER, J. ZIMAN.
 Distribution Manager: D. YEN.
 Business Manager: HILTON BIRT.
 Press Bureau Correspondent: BEVERLEY WILLIAMS.

Editorial

Army Education and Welfare Service

Throughout history one witnesses the peculiar phenomenon by which the rich give to the poor with one hand, earning thereby the reputation for charity, and take back with the other. A notorious example of this malpractice is that of the English public schools. These schools were "public" because they were endowed by their founders, some large-minded, others with guilty consciences, for the education of the poor. See what they are today! In our own country we have Wanganui Collegiate, originally endowed as a school for natives of the Pacific Islands, usurped by the whites—and a certain class of whites at that—while the natives are hounded from its respectable precincts.

So with the W.E.A.—a workers' education scheme, but how many workers attend the lectures? Take any census and you will find that 75 per cent. of the attendances are by bourgeois intellectuals.

At the moment the Army Education Service is supplying the wants of the workers in the army, who comprise the great majority of the army. It is an excellent scheme as it stands in embryo today. It will grow, and may in due course take the place of the bourgeois W.E.A.; but let the workers see to it that it remains THEIR scheme; let them beware lest, as always in the past, this scheme become the happy hunting-ground of a class other than their own!—D.M.S.

Hobby Horse House

The state into which Victorian debating has lapsed is amply demonstrated by the last debate, and others. Never has the standard fallen so low.

Admitted that formal debate is unsatisfactory as a means of arriving at truth. In debate an opinion is black and white, right or wrong. No compromise is the anvil clanged by all speakers, positive and negative. Emotional thinking, crooked arguments, are the passwords to success. Hence, it would appear that the value of debating practice is not in correct information or valid opinion, but in the exercise it affords to students who intend entering the so-called learned professions. The past success of our Society in this aim is made clear by the number of stalwarts who have risen to the bench and made names for themselves amongst that parasite class whose business it is to give a happy colouring to opinions not their own.

MORIBUND

Even in this somewhat paltry object modern debating at V.U.C. is showing itself a failure. The aim of past speakers, to disguise a bad case in reasonable clothing, is now de-

funct. Instead, we find speakers consistently haranguing on that side of the subject which most nearly approximates to their own religious or political creed. The committee may be at fault—or it may be due to individual speakers: the fact remains that speakers from the floor (and they are most to blame) seem to regard the Gym. platform as a small corner of Hyde Park and thump their box accordingly. In the "Election" debate examples of this were glaring.

BANDS OF YAHOOES

Another undesirable phenomenon is the division of the audience into well-defined, rowdy "bloes" which conduct themselves in the manner of a third-class electioneering rabble. Apart from the puerility of most interjections, the presence of organised bands of Yahooes—they are nothing else—gives the speakers little incentive to persuade and leaves a bad taste in the mouth for any visitors.

It would be salutary if judges could forego the practice of fashionable compliments and deliver the goods—as Mr. Scotney did at the conclusion of the first debate, making it obvious that members of the Society today are completely unworthy of the traditions established in the past.

SCIATTICUS.

SHADOW OVER NEW ZEALAND!

Venereal disease and its prevalence in New Zealand is of importance to every one of us!

This was the theme on which Dr. Hubert Smith, Medical Officer of Health in Wellington, spoke to a crowded room on April 7th at the third exec.-sponsored lecture this year. After a brief introductory talk on the forms of the disease, Dr. Smith had three films shown dealing with a factory lecture on V.D. in the U.S.A., the results of the disease, and the weapons available. The New Zealand figures in respect to the age distribution of the disease showed that 25% of the sufferers were under 20, and 50% between 20 and 30. The number of patients attending the clinics in 1941 were 2½ times the 1938 figures. The American figures were sufficient to make the public authorities conscious of the threat to the nation, and campaigns have been launched to inform the public of the symptoms and treatment available. Our New Zealand Health Act only ensures that treatment once entered upon is continued. Much U.S.A. State legislation requires blood tests for pregnant mothers and as a pre-requisite for marriage. Dr. Smith suggested that individuals here could apply this principle voluntarily. He stressed that it was pre-eminently a subject for young people. "Learn all about it! It's your business!" The standard of the discussion and questions that followed was high, and one student requested Dr. Smith to inform the student body if we could give him any assistance in this field. In concluding, Dr. Smith urged us not to be Pharisaic but to say with Pepys: "There, but for the grace of God, go I!"

THINGS TO COME

Thursday, April 15th.—1 p.m.: Gramophone Club; Music by Dvorak. 7-9 p.m.: Boxing Club Night. Professional coaching. Tim Tracy's Gymnasium, 193 Willis St. Regular Thursday feature.

Saturday, April 17th.—5-8 p.m.: Tea Dance in the Gym.

Monday, April 18th.—8 p.m.: Third talk on "How to Listen to Music." Mr. H. L. Greenwood on "Symphonies and Sonatas." Room C.6. 7-9 p.m.: Boxing Club Night. Regular Monday feature.

Tuesday, April 20th.—8 p.m.: "Marx To-day" by Dr. Harold Silverstone, of the Wellington District Committee of the C.P.N.Z. This is the third of the series of lectures promoted by the Exec. Questions; Discussion; Supper in the Gym. 7 p.m.: Glee Club Singing, Room C.6. Regular Tuesday night feature.

Wednesday, April 21st.—12.30 p.m.: Glee Club Singing, Room C.6. Regular Wednesday mid-day feature.

Thursday, April 29th.—1 p.m.: Gramophone Club. Music by Cesar Franck. Room C.6.

Club Secretaries are responsible for notifying "Coming Events," c/o "Salient," regarding all club fixtures by Wednesday preceding publication.

SALIENT

From the Middle East

Awards and Distinctions

CAIRO, January 11.

The following immediate awards to members of the Second N.Z.E.F. are announced:—

Military Cross: Captain A. M. Caughley; father, Mr. R. Caughley, Wellington.

Military Medal: Lance-Sergeant D. M. Hatherley; father, Mr. S. H. Hatherley, Wanganui.

Lance-Sergeant Hatherley, who is 25 years old, left New Zealand with the first echelon. He was employed by a firm of Wellington solicitors.

Captain R. S. V. Simpson has recently been appointed A.D.C. to General Alexander.

THE CAFETERIA

THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES

The cafeteria is a branch of the Students' Association. This perhaps is a surprise to many.

A committee of six administer its complexities, while Mrs. Clausen is employed as manageress. The aim of the committee is to give the best service possible within the means of our limited facilities. The kitchen is too small and labour is hard to obtain, so there has to be a compromise. Also there are the additional complications of Weir and Training College changes.

The committee wants the students to know that any limitations that have been and will be imposed in the near future are absolutely necessary. You see, dear student, you are going to lose "cakes" and maybe hot lunches. You will have hot drinks and soup, rolls and sandwiches in the middle of the day and at afternoon tea. The evening meals will not be curbed in any way. It is suggested that as many students as possible bring their lunches to be eaten in the Caf., supplemented by soup, tea, etc.

Weir House Only

The committee regrets very much in having to support the order that Weir boys do not have their evening meal in the Cafeteria. Differentiation among students is undesirable—especially when some of your needs may be greater than those of some other students—but the Caf. just cannot take everyone, and of all the solutions within reason this seemed the most fair.

(Continued from col. 4, page 1)

scientists are now realising that much of the mess the world is in today is the result of a failure to think in terms of human problems, scientifically analysed. And that as a consequence of this, the world is going to get in a still worse mess if the help of social scientists is not asked when next we have an opportunity of settling the peace of the world. If the new infant social science section can do anything in the way of making people more socially and scientifically conscious it will have served its purpose well enough.

For those who might be interested in attending the section meetings (and they are of course free to all) please note that the meetings are to be held on the second Tuesday of each month from May onwards in one of the Biology Block class rooms. The notice board will give further particulars in due course.

E. BEAGLEHOLE.

SHORT STORY

Old Mrs. Reardon

Old Mrs. Reardon had said only that morning that she knew that Gilbert was well; it was more than a premonition; it was a direct message through the sky. "Dolly," she had said to her old friend over the beautiful morning teacups, "I feel it in my bones. I'm going to hear from him today—this very day."

So old Mrs. Reardon, so old and so fragile that it seemed that she would crumble if she were touched, lived out that day in trembling anticipation. She felt so strongly that news would come that the passing of the postgirl right by her gate left her quite unperturbed. It would be a telegram; a wireless message from the Vatican; anything, but it would come.

When evening came and a soft rain began to fall on the concrete paths outside her front door, her hopes fell a little; just a little, because she was so sure that news would come, that had an angel fluttered down her path bearing a harp in one hand and a letter in the other she would not have been surprised.

By the time she usually went to bed, the soft rain had become a heavy downpour, lashing the trees like whips, while a real Taranaki gale moaned round the eaves and vamped in the cabbage trees. Old Mrs. Reardon was very worried; her thin, white hands could hardly keep still and she kept saying: "God won't forget; God won't forget"; but as she wearily divested herself of the long black dress and stiffly climbed into her cold bed, she thought secretly that God must have forgotten and perhaps—perhaps something was wrong. Indignantly she pushed away the thought, so disloyal and mistrustful. There was still time—of course there was still time; but she had so wanted it to be today.

No one will know whether old Mrs. Reardon slept, because the old sleep so quietly it is hardly to be told from death.

Meanwhile the storm had grown to tremendous heights and the hail beat and burst on the roof and away up the river, there was a roaring and a crashing as the flood waters licked at the banks with ugly brown tongues.

The wind agitated a little twig of a konini tree outside old Mrs. Reardon's window and it beat a wild tattoo on the pane. The sound it made was like that Gilbert used to make with his knuckle as he passed after a dance or a party, to let them know that he was home safe and sound. The noises were so similar that old Mrs. Reardon woke up in a tense agony of suspense. "That noise! That was Gilbert; he must be home. Home!"

Old Mrs. Reardon threw off the thick eiderdown and the blankets and would have flown to the window—would have flown, but for the chair which, in her hurry, she had forgotten, and which was standing in the middle of her bedroom. Old Mrs. Reardon, even when she fell, did not remember the chair, but kept calling to Gilbert: "Come in, lad, come in. It's raining!"

And as she lay, the twig which had made the sound reminding her of her dead son, beat a wild tattoo—like knuckles—just like knuckles, on the pane of glass.—D.M.S.

[This variation on a well-known theme, as Marsyas might say, is only included because no other material was submitted. Apologies.—Ed.]

If music be the food of love . . .

Twelfth Night

What does one ever say about Shakespeare? He's bawdy as usual; there's a riot of a drunken scene which has to be experienced to be believed; there's some graceless punning; there's much silken, silver ado about love and so on and so forth, and the Repertory (in these days of couponising) went to town with the costuming. That's what it was, William Shakespeare! And "Of course we had to come, darling. I always come to see Shakespeare!" was heard from flute throats, and camouflaged by wholehearted snores all through the evening.

Joking apart, though, it was well worth seeing. Modern dramatists can't touch the licentiousness of the Avonside man; no, not even Sheridan Whiteside, as Woolcott's burlesque, has the vituperative excellence of Sir Toby Belch. But the Repertory weren't suave enough—they did not have the final gloss and the convincing veneer—though far be it from me to say for one moment that the parts were not well conned; they were. As for the scenery, it was too good to be true. If faith, it was elegant!

The individual acting was worthy, with certain headline exceptions. Sebastian must have pulled a string or two for inclusion in the cast, and neither Orsino nor Olivia were entirely "compos." Of the histrionic plums Viola carried away the fairest number, her voice being heard clearly in every nook and cranny and her manner being excellent. The clowns clown well (Sir Andrew even over-clowned), and if there's any one person I like in this play it's Sir Toby, that wine-swilling, beer-topping, foul-mouthed, pretentious braggadocio—a genuine Englishman if ever there was one!—D.S.

WORK THROUGH JOY

I.S.S. WORK DAY

Thanks are extended to all those who generously gave up all or part of April 3rd to work for the I.S.S., and those who will be working on April 10th and 17th. Many of the jobs had to be postponed on account of the weather, and others because there were not enough students to do them on the original day. Rather than turn these surplus requests down, we promised that they would be attended to as soon as possible, so once again the familiar notices are on the notice board. We hope the applicants will not go unsatisfied.

Engaged Couple Wanted

Apart from a few minor incidents, such as one girl expecting to do shopping and gardening finding that she was meant to do "chopping" and gardening, and a request for an engaged couple to look after "the house and children so that they can have a taste of what home life will be like," the day went off well. Proceeds bulletins are being posted on the main notice board.

"SALIENT" ASKED

Professor Murphy if he had bought a subscription to "Salient." The worthy professor, famous (or notorious) for repartee, was at no loss for a come-back:

"Salient's too advanced for me," was his polite sarcasm.

VIDETTE

*A blood-red sunset. Like an avenging God
The sun plants cruel red feet across the world
And drags blood dripping fingers down the skies—
Across his mouth a sneer of hate is curled.*

*Unearthly stillness on the battlefield. Stillness of death.
A few sprawled corpses. The Sun God leers
On twisted bodies pitifully young.
Across the churned up earth there seers*

*The trail of a death-bearing shell.
Humanity's a word in this mad world where man kills brother
The cynic god laughs in the skies—
"See how these Christians love one another!"*

PHYLLIS SPELLER.

V.U.C. CATHOLIC STUDENTS' GUILD

We have not appeared in these pages before, so perhaps we had better tell you about ourselves. To V.U.C. we are scarcely one year old, but strictly speaking we are 21, going on 22. Our founder, Rev. Fr. Gilbert, S.M., once Rector of St. Patrick's College, was a graduate of V.U.C. and Senior Scholar in Latin in 1908, so that although St. Patrick's is "the rock from whence we were hewn," V.U.C. is also part of our ancestry. As our parent Guild consists of graduates from everywhere, students from V.U.C., T.T.C., dental nurses and others, a University section was formed so that we could affiliate with the Students' Association. Our whole organisation is being affiliated to Pax Romana, the International University Catholic Student Movement.

What do we do? Well first what we are not. We are not a debating society—some of our members are keen on debating but that is their own affair—we are not a purely social club, nor are we a society for the study of one particular subject, say sociology, or ethics, or philosophy. We exist, according to the design of our founder, to enable our Catholic members to give a reason for "the Faith that is in them," and our non-Catholic members a rational explanation of that Faith in its relation to University life. Also, because we are not in a position to establish a hostel, we endeavour to give our members an opportunity for community life. We are located at St. Patrick's College, which, through twenty odd years, has become part of us.

Our meetings? We hold them on Sunday, a time-honoured custom, and live up to the tradition of "Gaudeamus." First, we have an intellectual session during which Catholic principle in regard to say, education, science, history or some other University subject is considered. Then that "cuppa" with conversation!

After that we recreate according to the prevalent vogue—once it was play-reading, now folk-dancing. T.T.C. inaugurated this, V.U.C. were dubious, even scornful; now as keen as anyone! As a variation, our General Guild holds several dances a year. Now you know us a little better.

"Changes in the population of primitive societies are caused by war, famine, plague and contact with Europeans."—Dr. E. Beaglehole.

OYEZ! Extrav.

WE NEED YOUR HELP

Actors, Dancers, Singers, Clowns—
Ticket Collectors, Ushers, Chuckers-out.

Any student with ambitions in the above or other channels should attend a

Casting Meeting, Thursday, April 18,
7.30, Gym.

THANKS AGAIN . . .

More letters of thanks for the parcels sent from the staff and students last year have come from V.U.C. chaps in the M.E.F. and the R.A.F.

Harold Sivyer writes: "Whenever we meet here there is almost invariably the question: 'Have you seen So-and-so? What's he doing now? Seen any more V.U.C. people?' And so it goes on."

Sgt. Malcolm Macaskill says that it's almost as hard to catch up with correspondence as with the enemy, things are moving so fast.

Harry Sansum praises the choice of a light tasty cake with something to smoke, which they found preferable to heavy tinned foods.

Thanks also from Lieut. Stuart Wilson, Major R. T. Young, Private John Blandford and Arthur Ashley-Jones, and from England, Flt. Lieut. Charlie Kerr.

*There was a young woman called Hebe,
Who kept a young tame ameba.*

*This small piece of jelly
Would climb on her belly
And tenderly murmur "Ich liebe."*

SCIENTISTS FOR THE CITIZEN!

If there is any moral responsibility of the scientist at all, it is that he should spend a part of his time, or see to it that more than sufficient scientists should spend more of their time, in studying normal and everyday problems of our own lives, as actually lived in houses and factories, pubs and chapels and shops in this sort of civilisation. Above all, it is a job of the scientist to find out, in this field, what people do want, do get, don't get, and could get to want.

WINTER TOURNAMENT

For the past fortnight energetic negotiations have been in progress for a Winter Tournament to be held here in Wellington between the four Universities in men's hockey, harrier, women's hockey and basketball.

The men's hockey club will definitely be holding a tournament as Auckland University hockey club and Canterbury College hockey club have already accepted our invitation. As yet no word has been received from Otago, but it is hoped they will follow suit. The hockey section of the tournament will be one of the best seen for many years, as Auckland, Canterbury and Otago are the champion teams in their senior competitions. Victoria is exceptionally strong this year and our hopes are high. The harriers have some very promising runners and have already had success in a three-quarter mile race. The basketball team is much stronger than last year and so is the women's hockey team.

It is hoped to have a Tournament Ball, an event which only comes to Victoria once every four years. The clubs who are endeavouring to pull this tournament off want all students to join in and make it a big success. We will want, more than anything else, billets. Try to help us out. Everyone who can possibly take a billet please do.

Lists will be posted on the notice board and students who are willing to take a billet please put your name and address on them.

Everyone do your best and keep the green and gold flying. The proposed dates for the Tournament are the 14th, 15th and 17th May, which is during the second week of the first term holidays. It is not very far off, so rally round.

BASKETBALL

The Basketball Club seems to be flourishing once more. The prospects at the annual general meeting did not seem so good, as although last year's team turned up in force, there were only two freshers present. The election of a fresher member for the committee was therefore postponed. At the first practice, however, many more freshers turned up, and we are glad to welcome them to the club. There is still plenty of room for new members, so if you would like to join, even if you have had no previous experience, all you have to do is to come along to the practices. These are held in the Gym. every Tuesday night at 8 p.m.

An opening tournament will be held by the Wellington Basketball Association towards the end of April, and the regular Saturday matches begin on May 1st. Also an Inter-University Tournament is to be held in Wellington during the first term holidays, and we hope to have the full support and enthusiasm, not only of club members, but of all students who are interested in Basketball.

MARXIST DISCUSSIONS

Those interested are asked to contact J. W. Winchester, A. V. O'Brien, or Cecil Crompton per letter rack. Sunday evening, at 7.30 in private house. Next Subject: "Socialism in Practice in the U.S.S.R."

THE GREAT DIVIDE

Double crossings, level crossings and crossings-out—these you've heard about, but what you've never heard about is a Southern Crossing in weather such as Wotan turned on the week-end before last.

Otaki kept us waiting in its gutters like pot-bellied Maoris of old, gnawing the nail of hurry and crunching fish and chips. Nevertheless, the delay gave the moon time to walk into the spaces of heaven and as we climbed from Otaki Forks the dew shone silver in an orgy of romanticism. Fields loomed up at 1.30 and so to our sleeping bags. "Rise and shine," says the American army. We rose, and the sun shone (and Mr. Oliver did the cooking). Pack up, gentlemen, it's time to pound the leather to Kime!

At Kime there was no snow-drift behind the door and no iced tarn. But the tarn-water tasted like elixir in the sunny hollow. At eleven o'clock we hitched up for The Great Divide.

There were just three mountains to be seen from the Field Peak (excluding Taranuvian pimples)—Tapuanuku, the Kaikoura King, Egmont, a shadow in the sky, and Ruapehu, a Nirvana above the clouds. Trampers stood short-circuited and gazed at the vision.

Hector, Atkinson, Aston, Alpha; yes, we trod them all, a glorious fandango round the Dress Circle; the stage was well lit.

Alpha Hut witnessed one more hell-brew, and cocked a grimy ear to the old familiar songs. Sleeping quarters were more congested than hell was when Satan cast his fecund eye over the teeming multitudes.

The remainder of the crossing passed almost without incident.

... and no fish

Wellington Rowing Regatta, April 3rd, Maiden Fours—Third, V.U.C.

V.U.C. entered a team in a large field of competitors including Wellington, Star, and Petone rowing clubs, Waiouru and Air Force teams. The V.U.C. team was Cornik, Naylor, Cowles and Bogle. The course was one mile in a hard southerly breeze and a choppy sea, from Point Jerminham to Taranaki Street wharf.

In the junior team Maplesden and Ryder rowed and won, and also in the senior team for the Star Club, in which race they came fourth.

Subscribe TO 'Salient'

A Year's Issues for 2/6

Posted, 3/6

It is Your Paper!

Support it by subscribing
and contributing.

IN DEFENCE OF JAZZ

Hot Jazz, both in British countries and America, has suffered insults, patronage and distortion at the hands of classical musicians, but rarely an intelligent study. Classical critics, in considering it tolerable, ephemeral, or just holiday music, according to temperament, ignore the fact that genuine "Hot Jazz" is based on the blues and is expressive of the agony of an oppressed people. Against such critics we defend the view that jazz is a type of folk art, unusual in that it is a city creation, drawing heavily upon the primitive music of the American negro.

COMMERCIAL JAZZ

Firstly we must draw the line against a diluted form of the authentic art, "commercial swing," an exploitation of jazz in the most profitable and usually the most insipid channels. Paul Whiteman has much to do with the vogue for refined and devitalised jazz, as has Tommy Dorsey.

IMPROVISATION

The first characteristic of genuine hot jazz is improvisation. To understand this we must first dislodge the prejudice that fine music can only be created by that extreme division of labour, the composer, the performer, and the passive listener. Here the performers are themselves the authors, as amply demonstrated in the spontaneous ensemble playing that many bands have achieved. The outcome of group improvisation by the performers ("jamming") is often a thick counterpoint, in which each instrument follows its own line with continual movement and without clashing. The music is so much a part of the players that they listen with one ear and play with the other, so to speak, and impart a peculiar musical tension which gives tremendous vitality. Associated with this is the novel element of "swing," a kind of rhythmic momentum or carry-over from one phrase to another, more compulsive than anything we know in Western music.

INSTRUMENTAL TECHNIQUE

The third characteristic lies in the "hot intonation" of jazz instruments, a feature inadmissible in classical music but imparting to jazz its special character. It is produced by a sharp attack, sustained vibrato, with constant use of the glissando, and lends a tone rougher and more uniformly intense than that attained in classical music. Sustained emotional intensity is produced not only by the above but also by the "blue" note, the fourth characteristic. The third and seventh in all Negro music from spirituals to hot jazz are not pitched steady. They are "worried" wavering between flat and natural, and

contributing an especially poignant quality.

CLASSICAL FORM?

Lastly there is some resemblance to classical "theme and variation" form, although the theme is usually so familiar that it is assumed rather than set out in full. The variations are played by three or four hot "soloists" and the piece ends with an "all-out" ensemble. These are the foci of musical intensity in jazz, and when used in this, the most flexible of musical forms, may well serve as one of the musical expressions of our age.

K.T.F.

If it's Sports Goods

You'll find them at

THE SPORTS DEPOT
[WITCOMBE & CALDWELL LTD.]

45 WILLIS STREET,
WELLINGTON.

"For All Good Sports Goods"

Students—

Modern Books

12 WOODWARD STREET

is the

BOOKSHOP FOR PEOPLE WHO
CARE FOR THE QUALITY OF
BOOKS...

Literature - Art - Politics
Novels - Periodicals

French Maid COFFEE SHOP

STUDENTS! Do you know
we sell

Coffee : Flapjacks
ICES

AND SPECIALISE IN

SALADS

Can you write? Do you want something published?

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT NEW ZEALAND WRITERS SHOULD HAVE
THE OPPORTUNITY OF HAVING THEIR WORK PUBLISHED?

The Progressive Publishing Society

has been established to encourage New Zealand talent. To the man or woman who has something significant to say, it will offer a new outlet for expression. Hitherto, opportunities for the publication of such New Zealand material has been limited. NOW YOU CAN HELP US to remedy this by becoming a member. The Society is co-operative. Control is based on membership, not on capital invested.

HELP US TO HELP NEW ZEALAND WRITERS.

JOIN NOW.

Membership is 20/-. The deposit is 5d.

Applications to MODERN BOOKS, 12 WOODWARD STREET, WELLINGTON, C.I. or
THE PROGRESSIVE PUBLISHING SOCIETY, Box 956, WELLINGTON.
Office: C.M.L. BUILDINGS, CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON, C.I.