
**THE VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
REVIEW : NINETEEN FORTY TWO**

SPIKE

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AGAIN a war-time economy has reduced the size of SPIKE, and the Editor's tribute to the keenness and willing co-operation of the Literary and Production Staffs must be as brief as it is sincere. Thank you everyone.

SPIKE 1942 reverts to the policy of publishing, in as concise a form as possible, the lists of Graduates and photographs of Students' Association Executives and Graduation groups. It is felt that so long as SPIKE is the only official student magazine, part of its function is an historical one.

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Editorial

HERE IS the essence for 1942 of Victoria College thought, a miscellany, as it should be, of no definite policy. Its only aim: to fulfil the humble duties of a university in wartime, to maintain its standards, to stay alive.

Love and indeed all emotional disturbances have been well kept at home where they belong. This last aphorism, incidentally, has been fashioned by the sage in front of this year's Rostrum, and is a genuine N.Z. product.

But so are the articles and as a consequence all we have to offer you are unadulterated fruits of the brain: you will find few statements here that have to their authors a meaning of the first order. You will find "love at home" and in this paper only the non-essentials, the intellectual waste products, largely of lives focussing in set books and walks home from the pictures. You will find a galaxy of articles inspiring, amusing, instructive and miscellaneous, quite readable even though we admit it, and also sundry verses partly by "our modern poetlings" and other people who have no outspoken communist sympathies and some who have the sympathies but not the guts, partly by the forces of the future.

In spite of all, this issue has its cultural value though less creatively than as a preservative. And no one should suppose that the editorial staff lacks appreciation for all articles promised, submitted, or printed, or that SPIKE is not worth its very reasonable price.

W.S.

Made in New Zealand

I HAVE BEEN requested to "do something on films," something about "the place of New Zealand films in New Zealand culture." Well I am going to by-pass that one—I have seen too much ink and time wasted on attempts to define our local culture, and personally I doubt the existence of an indigenous product.

However, I do think that the present work of the National Film Unit calls for some observations. Any attempts to assess the value of the Unit must be weighed up against its ostensible purpose. From the start of the war it was obvious to a great many people that any attempt at a propaganda programme without using the film was anachronistic. In the Tourist Department's studios at Miramar there was already the equipment and some staff at hand. This point was eventually appreciated and a little over a year ago the production staff of the Studios was supplemented and the National Film Unit created.

In establishing itself the N.F.U. had two main difficulties to overcome: (1) the fact that in the public mind the word propaganda stinks and anything established for that purpose stinks also, and (2) the impression created by the tourist and publicity films with which the Government had been concerned up to that time.

Whether we like it or not propaganda is a recognised part not only of modern warfare but also of State administration at all times. Or as Rotha puts it "... illumination and propaganda are closely related. Propaganda, also, in the long range sense is very near to education, and may be wisely interpreted as a task of development. In fact so closely are the two related that in most cases it would be difficult to define where instruction begins and propaganda ends." A rough yardstick

would classify the good propaganda as informative and the bad as misleading. The argument starts when you pose the question as to whether informative and truthful are synonymous. Two truisms have to be remembered, first that at any time truth is only relative, and second that for reasons of security all information cannot be divulged.

In being informative, therefore, the N.F.U. has to contend with these factors. The question of not giving the whole truth is not, however, so much of a handicap as it might appear. It does prevent the handling of some items that would make first-class film material, but on the other hand there is a well recognised technique, perfected by the British documentalists, of giving "a creative treatment of reality." That is to say by emphasis and dramatisation of the essentials, information can be conveyed and an attitude indicated.

In regard to the difficulties created by previous Government essays in film making the problem here was of a lesser nature. Audiences were called upon to realise that there had been a change of emphasis from the scenic to the serious. Up to a point each release did this of its own accord, but for a full appreciation a new approach to Government films was necessary, and only after the Unit had been going for some months would this be secured. The process was probably hastened however, by the mood of the public who were keenly interested in any war activity.

How well the N.F.U. has succeeded in its first twelve months of existence is in some ways difficult to assess. A paper or journal has some indications of its popularity from its circulation figures, and a commercial film undertaking from its box office returns. Neither of these sources is available and to discover what is the public's real reaction is not possible without some form of audience quiz or mass observation. Personal impressions are that the films are achieving their object of bringing to the public a wider realisation of what fighting a war means, how it affects civilian life, how the forces live and train, and what we are doing to fend for ourselves both from the military point of view and that of production.

Here one realises a further handicap under which the Unit works, and that is owing to difficulties of distribution weekly releases longer than 350ft are not acceptable to the theatres. This means that these items are but a ripple in the pond of a 12,000ft. programme, and audience reaction is in consequence inclined to be slight. A compensatory factor is, however, that they have a coverage double that of other newsreels, so that they are seen by most audiences. As far as production goes this brevity makes for crispness, for it necessitates fast cutting and succinct commentary.

In view of the shortness of the films any detailed analysis of individual news-items would be tedious. Considering the releases as a whole I think that it can be said that the Unit has raised considerably the high standard with which it started. Some of the weekly items have been slight, and one or two of them of limited appeal, but considering the output that was no more than could be expected. The weekly items—they cannot properly be called news-reels—have all been informative, and in some cases have been gems of filmic presentation. In the longer documentary type (500-1000ft) a more consistent standard is noticeable—a natural result of the proportionately greater time spent upon them. In addition to their general excellence they evoke interest in the matter of their diverse treatment.

The first, "New Zealand Munitions," is an excellent example of the informative capabilities of the film. It brought home to audiences just to what extent we were arming ourselves and how it had been achieved. "Homes for Free People" makes a good approach to the housing problem and by the use of news-reel shots very successfully relates housing difficulties to present contingencies. The device used here is not new, in fact it is the basic March of Time technique, but it calls for skilful handling. With "Citizen Soldiers" (Home Guard) the emphasis was on the simple and the straightforward. The "Saturday night soldier" performing his duties (to a background of natural sound) had immense appeal. "Thanks," showing the Valentines, was outstanding for the manner in which its music and commentary were fused with the subject. Music with a slow rhythm and a touch of the macabre, and an impressive commentary spoken by a deep and deliberate voice, matched the ponderous movements of the tanks so that the whole film achieved a most satisfying

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unity. "The W.A.A.F.'s" was a good example of what effects can be produced on the technical side by way of wipes, dissolves, etc. Technical virtuosity does not of itself make a good film, but it was effectively used in this instance. In "The Hurry Up Squad" the treatment was an elaboration of that used in "Citizen Soldiers"—a simple commentary by the men explaining how they had been trained. This again illustrated how a sincere commentary in the first person can establish rapport with the audience and consequently carry conviction. Examples of how films can make direct attempts to propagandise were seen in "New Zealand is Ready," "This Land of Ours," and "Men, Money, and Munitions" which were made to deal with specific problems. Judging by audience reaction they appear to have been most successful.

If it is not possible to discover the exact reaction of audiences to the N.F.U. films and thus formulate an opinion on their achievement, it is possible to compare their standard to that of overseas productions. Their obvious counterpart are the films sponsored by the British Ministry of Information, and comparison of the two is most favourable to the local product. N.F.U. productions have not come up to "Squadron 992," "London Can Take It," or "Men of the Lightship," but then the Unit has not had such exciting material to deal with. On the other hand the least successful of the New Zealand productions have not been nearly as bad as some of the films bearing the M.O.I. title. In other words if the local releases have not reached such heights they certainly have not plumbed such depths.

If it is not possible to define a specific New Zealand culture it can be said that the N.F.U. films do reflect a New Zealand way of thought. In them can be seen a germ of national consciousness. They typify the New Zealander's dislike of cant and smugness, but on the other hand they make no apologies for things New Zealand—which is one of our national weaknesses. They are prepared to stand on their own feet and to point to our national achievements.

If the productions up to the present represent but one year's work by the National Film Unit it augurs well for the future of films made in New Zealand.

O.A.E.H.

DISSERVICE

*Only the quiet and empty lounge
where I stand at the great wide windows
smoking an aimless cigarette.
Around and behind me the hotel is hushed.
The indolent airmen stroll carelessly down-town
in the hush of almost-evening after rain.
Rain-washed streets and fresh lawns,
birds singing of the coming spring
but the lounge lies sullen and stale
exhaling the soul of a million cigarettes
while podgy arm-chairs mock,
in their emptiness
those of my friends who have been here too
—no matter in what town they were—
and now are killed in war.*

*Indolent, bored—when I should be careless and young—
dissatisfied in the depths of my heart
I smoke my endless cigarettes
waiting for each day to pass
while the slow war drags on.*

—a.

Our Heritage

Being the Journal of Billy Badegg dedicated to the memory of Jackie Marmon who found immortality as scum in the Parliamentary Papers, to Dicky Barrett, of the pub of that name, to James Heberley, alias Worser, of the bay of that name, to Jack Guard who inveigled a war-ship into bringing back his wife, and to all the rest of that gallant company who with Billy Badegg form the cornerstone of our heritage of culture.

MY MOTHER had thirteen children, that is, there were thirteen when I left home, what happened after that I dont know, dont care either, for that matter. Anyway so far as I know there were seven boys and six girls in that order and I was the seventh boy. By the time I arrived my mother was a bit sick of having boys and a bit fed up of my father too I reckon. Well my father died soon after I was born. He was drowned at sea, washed overboard when he was drunk so my mother said anyway I never saw him. Well my mother was not long in finding another sailor and then she began having girls. The eldest one was two years younger than me and by the time the sixth arrived I had gotten a bit sick of it so I ran away to sea to fight the Frenchies. But I didnt fight the Frenchies I only fished out of Grimsby and my master was a rough one. But that was better than six girls or more in a London yard. I was fifteen before my seven years apprenticeship on the fishing smack was done and then went on board a smart little schooner Creole Captain Jangle bound for the West Indies. She was a smuggler I found out after Id been on her a day or so and we had cleared the Channel. I was in high spirits thought I was a made man, plenty of rum for me and fine silks for any wench I fancied. But all I got out of that run was a bloody grey parrot what wouldnt even swear. So I shipped on board Atlantis bark bound for the South Seas. Her master was Captain Joe Snivels and it was a whaling she was going but I was off to what the swells call romance. Well I had to wait a time or two for that I had a fight with a cove and my knife got stuck in his ribs accidental like and he sort of didnt get over it and I got stuck in irons until we got to the fishing grounds they put me in the boats that went after the first spout and we were stove in and was left in the water for hours and finally they picked me up and set me in to try out saying if I didnt get going theyd melt my blubber too. They didnt put me in irons again as they were short as all the other men in the boat that was stove in was drowned so I had my worth and worked up to boatsteerer and was very full of myself but fed up with fish when we stood too off a pretty little island all palm trees and I went ashore to fill the water barrels but the girls were most obliging and quite fetching and I thought Id got romance and I didnt go back on board. They looked all over the island for me but they did not find me under the coconuts a girl piled on top of me, she was a good girl but as the only white man on the island I had a place to keep up. A chief of my importance had to have several wives they were good girls separately but all together they was firewater besides I got fed up with having nothing but women to worry about. I had a double barrelled gun I had gotten off the ship but when I ran out of powder the natives said I was no good chief any more, and I got fed up with nothing to do, women fighting and trouble generally and when the Nigger Lass ten months out from Nantucket stood to for water after I had been there a couple of years I left me women and me worries and went a whaling again. She was a right merry little bark was the Nigger Lass and right merry men she had aboard her. The second day on the whaling grounds we caught eleven fish and the grog was served round after each fish we cut in and by the time we had cut in eleven of them we were getting pretty happy and the Yankee Captain was as merry as the rest of us and called for his fiddle and said now boys for a dance and the mate took up his flute and together they made sweet music and the cook beat time on his drum and away we danced on the blubbery decks and when the Captain was tired of playing he said now Steward Grog O now boys light up and to work and to work it was. Then we sailed for new grounds and made for the east coast of New Zealand where we took a few fish in the bays and

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filled our barrels and then called in at the Bay of Islands for pork and water. It was a grand place the Bay in those days everyman for himself and the devil take the hindmost and the ladies of the place were most condescending and took up their quarters on board and I saw it was the place for me and the next voyage out I stopped there and did very well for myself too. I started off in a small way mind you helped old Ben turner in his store and his grog shop and got enough to start on my own and before long mine was the finest of all the grog shops in Kororareka. I grew a garden round mine with roses and things in it and right pretty it looked, and my grog was the best in the Bay and my girls were the best in New Zealand. I must tell you about my girls I knew what sailors wanted when they came to port after a year at sea and whatever the missionaries said about me I reckon I did the men more good than the reverent gentlemen who would only speak to us to curse us. We weren't the sheep of God they said but the tools of the devil they didn't want us for sheep they only wanted their black sheep and there black sheep were mainly goats though they didn't know it. But the girls were good enough for the pious gentlemen indeed they were they went over to Paihia in a canoe one day when a new missionary arrived and the little beauties danced and waggled themselves in front of him laughed at him and called their pretty calls to him and the old fool ran into his house and locked his door and shouted through the keyhole at them to go away they were the tempters of the devil how they laughed how we all laughed. But the good days will not last for ever and the good days of the Bay were going fast the missionaries were bad enough but they left us alone but then the governor came it was all right while he stayed with us but he moved down to the Waitemata to his flash new capital and all his precious sheep followed him and the Bay was not what it was and then Heke got excited and started having tantrums and causing trouble not that I blame him altogether the Bay was not as it was so there was nothing for me to do but to follow all the other sheep so I moved south too and started out again. But it wasn't the same I had a flash pub in Queen Street and welcomed the gentry to my table and bowed and scraped to the fine ladies in their carriages and it was good morning Billy and how do Billy boy from everyone but I didn't care much for being respectable. Me old Martha had stayed at the Bay she wouldn't come down to the fine city she said but the boys I had four of them came down with me fine big lads they was and proud and though the pretty ladies and military gentlemen called me Billy and would condescend even to pass the time of day me boys was only good enough for holding horses carting bags up the stairs and carrying the pretty ladies over the mat and to be sneered at for thanks. They couldn't get a white man's pay as labourers and they got plenty of curses in that snob city and they got fed up and cursed me for me blood in them and cursed their mothers blood in them and cursed the white men and went back to the mat and now the wars are on I guess they is fighting against those fine military gentlemen who once sneered at them and I reckon I don't blame them. I wish I could have gone too in a way oh yes I'm respectable all right now and got all the money I want but its not all it might be. I went up to the Bay when the boys left me to try and get old Martha to come back but I only arrived in time for her tangi and her people didn't want me so back I came and here I am and having nothing better to do I thought I'd write it all down. Those were good days at the Bay.

Gratiana

Amice,

This is the letter of a fortunate man and an unfortunate lover. What I expected with every new spring has happened at last: little Gratiana has vanished leaving us an unopened copy of the poems of Tennyson and a dirty shoelace I wound round my finger at school when I was thirteen. This is her testament to culture; she has lived in it with intelligence for a few years in disguise; she

talked with us about theatres and picture galleries and especially during the winters I could have supposed at times that her barbaric past had faded from her and that she was at home with us. However she has not abandoned much by leaving us King Arthur and this shoelace, she never really profited by our poetry and judged badly. In summers when her face was darker and stronger her subdued wildness was undeniable and my fears yearly increased until last year she vanished and no one, not even her parents, knows where and with whom, in the dark of the night among the half lighted lanterns in a poor district. I waited for this like a peasant and in the meantime have tried (how dully!) to tie her to this place with books and discussions.

Yet I have been changed greatly by her, begin to speak her simple, rounded sentences and the styleful popular idioms, plastic and peculiar; acquired much of her wild, unsystematic ways, but never mastered as much of the barbaric as he must have done who found her at the moment of her flight. From his wildness I could not hate him but saw how everything came out as it was long before determined.

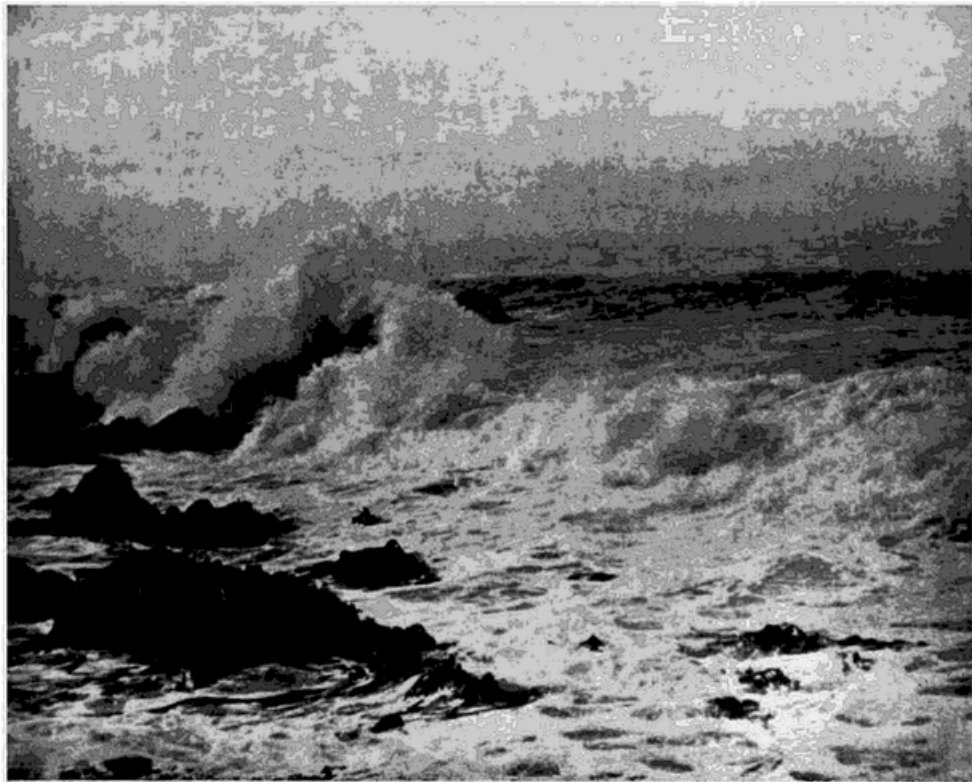
Then, Gratiana and a life of emotion gone, I settled down and found the distance to philosophise my desire away. It had been more beautiful than anything I was to attain to afterwards, but I gradually thought to see the error of always struggling for what I was not, for the Grace of Gratiana, for what I called my liberty, and of seeking lighter ways. I wished to move to some state of peace between the poles and I found a new community there: the community rejecting all senseless yearning for freedom and lightness, rejecting desire and rejecting repulsion, sprung from a heaven of laziness or, perhaps, of poetry. It was the order of the fancy free.

At that moment I made a discovery that greatly pleased me then, but seems futile to me now. Maybe Gratiana did never belong to that world where they kill the sick, beat the neurotic, despise the melancholy and yet are fragrant and only desirable. I still remember the phantasies of that. No one could ever imagine Gratiana unhappy. When she entered our friends stopped from their disputes and quarrels. She belonged to the order of the lazy fortunate ones, of the seriously trivial, of the fancy free. When she tried to tell of her troubles her friends patted her on the shoulder and said: Is it necessary for you, Gratiana, to be worried about having no worries? We would not value you the more for being like us and besides, we do not take your complaint very seriously. You seem to possess your tie with the eternal naturally (they would copy Kafka) without striving you belong half to Happiness. But we of this earth—we have no natural connection with Grace, we have to fight hard for it. And if we honour you it is for that reason, and so we don't like you to say that. It disappoints us.—So we would be all for the natural, and with primitive waterblue eyes would muse upon the blessings of the problemless. We misunderstood her: she must have belonged to my new world the fortunate lovers spurn and the fortunate ones do not know; part of the order of the earnestly earnest, whose symbol is the dance: belonging half to earth and half to heaven. There seemed to be some evidence of that in the stories that still penetrate to us. For scattered messages and mutilated anecdotes sometimes still try to disturb my rest.

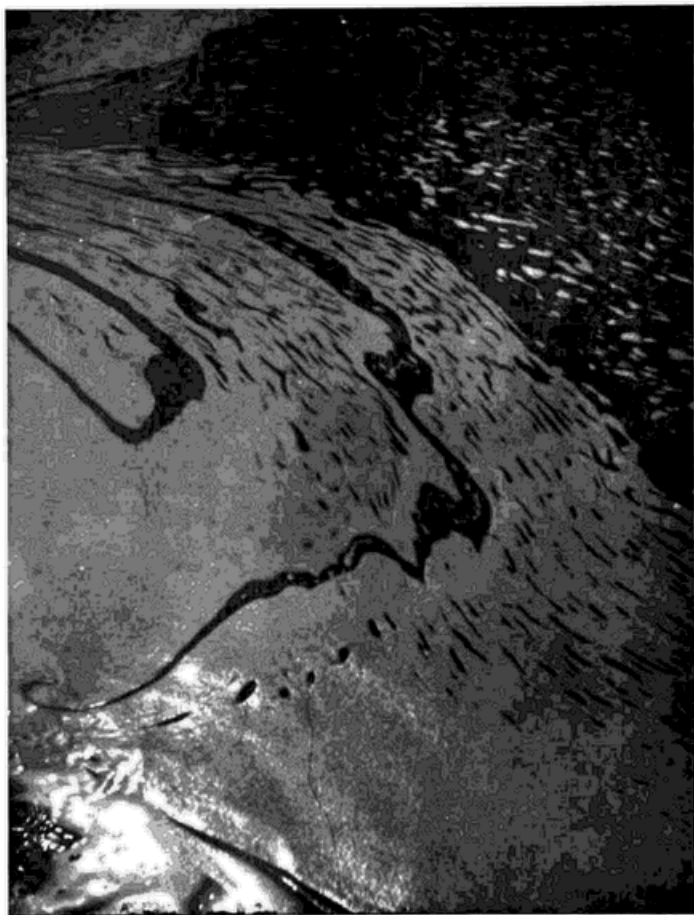
They tell me how she appears at dances, suddenly striking with unknown movements and strange exotic rhythms; how everyone then looks for her and calls her but she has suddenly vanished, to some place miles distant where desires were playful, no deep thoughts were evoked, to escape the sickness of the striving. For she had learnt that that sickness bred malice. She was like a smile in a moment passing and fading, determining the fates of many.

Other strange things are told of her that reach us as confused legends. Some of them are fantastic and I think untrue. One tells that she was born upside down and that it is prophesied she will die by choking on her tongue. A poetic lover may have made the tale up because he thought that no terrestrial cause could affect her. But the most delightful is the following.

It is the story of a Scavenger Hunt and it occurred on a big liner. With the list of objects as it was presented to the players something was strange, that was clear. The articles weren't just ordinary attributes of the passengers that had been lying around on board for some time: there was a size 13 shoe amongst them. Nobody had even been observed to shovel so large footwear over the



B. B. GIVEN



decks. Stranger still, there was a tomahawk, the complete works of Juvenal, a Tiroler Hat with a green feather, a Woolworth bead and an old boys ring of Athens Yokohama high school wrapped in violet paper, a half smoked Balkan Sobranie cigarette stained with sealing wax, a green loin cloth symmetrically adorned with two deep yellow parrots, various exotic cosmetics and other luxuries, and a picture of the Axenstrasse (you know, the famous lake view near Lucerne, where my aunt was photographed on her honeymoon trip) painted by a girl in her teens. It will not amaze you to hear that none of these could be found and that at midnight the searchers were as near to their aim as at the beginning. The intelligent fathers, the sons of thirteen who have already an opinion on everything, the cunning mothers wishing to emulate their husbands, the old maids seeking a refuge in card games and cross puzzles, the imitation detectives—they had all returned to their very own berths; the lovers who wanted to impress their sweethearts, the sweethearts who wished to substantiate their contempt for their lovers, the ones who sought in pairs and laughed and flirted and did not care a button for the articles on the list—the happy ones insusceptible to new exotic charms—they had all finished their search through the boat at the upper deck hidden in darkness and abandoned themselves to what some call our lower and others our higher nature.

Only a few young men were left, charming aristocrats, men of the vaguely seeking mind who have no special fancy. They had determined to stick to it. And when it had grown very late and nothing yet was found, one of them looking over the items on the list in a dreamy way remarked: Does not it sound like a novel? A small mutilated tale, just clear enough, by its exotic names of little common luxuries of far off women—women enveloped in the same colourful strangeness as the articles on the list—to evoke a kind of longing after unexplainable ecstasies. Clearly all these articles were reminiscences of some past glory: glories of a proud mistress of Peru's bravest Indian chief, clues to a mysterious murder in Calcutta.

The other interrupted him and said there were no dozens of such women aboard anyway.

There is more than I read in this list, the young man replied. All these women have very much the same character: they seem to move equally beyond human trouble. Youthful pictures of the Axenstrasse are the awkward expression of a hidden wildness in a girl we tamed only for a short while. The Woolworth bead, and a high school ring perhaps left by error I credit to a soldier somewhere in the South Sea Islands (for that is the price commonly paid in those districts). There may have been "platonic" friends in her weak moments to account for the quaint books and so on. My only conclusion is that these articles belong to one woman..

And as it was late in the night and these young men were very susceptible to new attractions they accepted this fantastic version—a thing the lovers on the deck could never have done, and reading through the fragments of their queer novel discovered more and more about their new nixy. They realised that they needs had to find her, that their liberty was at stake. Some appearance had struck them, entirely independent from their own life, utterly refusing to accept any truce with the striving, leading a dancing existence. Love is always adventure, they loved her as born from a new element, as Peleus loved the daughter of the unsailed sea: an exploration, aimless and absolute.

In this way Gratiana's dreadful power was established and the wild search began, more desperate than ever, quaint, romantic and with the laughter of every adventure that is still only half understood. She was not amongst the passengers, nor in the passages, nor in the lounges. The tension grew. They ran to the provision rooms, through the kitchens, past the stupid stewards who understood nothing, charming young men as alien to hysteria as to any irregular behaviour, opened cupboard after cupboard, only to find terrified cooks there protecting their heads with saucepans. "Where is the green loin cloth with the yellow parrots?" Beg your pardon? . . . This was fatal.

Suddenly they saw a figure coming up the main stairway. There were parrots in her eyes and a childlike admiration for Indian chiefs and in her face infinite gentleness and chastity and the ruthlessness of the Calcutta murder and indifference to human fate and ignorance of human morals and an insufferable grace and frightful happiness.

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They had never seen her that way though they had known her; there was no time to observe her accurately; so rapidly she ran up the stairs; and when they recovered from the lightning of her grace and followed her she had long vanished. Maybe a sparrow drawn wagon had taken her off from the top deck.

So they saw liberty itself leaving them just like a bird who narrowly escapes the salt on its tail. The story goes that they afterwards started a colony for natural men in Tahiti. (I don't know whether they were amongst those who dressed once a week before going to the movies, but it is not impossible.)

Gratiana's cruelty moved me more than than her liberty in that story, the cruelty of every ideal not yet longed for. For if we see what in some future time will be our desire we think it barbarous, ruthless because of natural conservatism. Gratiana, feeling that, and also from resentment perhaps of her life amongst us, planned some revenge. I will not stay long in that careless order, for how then could I so much admire that malice? And also—most difficult of things—one should be entirely unmoved if at the end of the dance the partners again sever. To some it is their nature to be fancy free, to others it is a passing period, and after that the admirations become painful again. The illusions, the fantastic images like larvae from a poisoned pond rise in unsuspected ways and penetrate their lives.

A happy period in a way but very immoral. The only thing that creates morals is a fancy and we have none. Few things deter us since few attract us. The fancy free stray among all men, chancing and advancing, and they all arouse the same fantasies. They appear and disappear as simply an immaterial fragrance. Yet some of them are all the time awaiting some new desire, a new sadness, a new object for their inactive fancy.

Now I can admire malice once again. I feel the urge for new affections, a new period at hand. The radiomicrometer detects the light of a candle, however hidden, at a distance of miles. So I detect what may perhaps attract me. Emotions within me grow for any trace of beauty, as yet all smothered. There may be a fertile one soon and it will grow very large and make me forget, maybe spurn the realm of Gratiana. That will give us a moral foundation too, and all we need to be a good citizen.

And will you miss us Gratiana?

E. SCHWIMMER.

FOR A GIRL COMRADE

*Here is no lending; no return is due
For the last losing or the greatest gift.
Within this Convent, clouded by decree,
You may not sigh or sue for what you left.*

*Brain chiselled, finely fashioned in the round
By the keen edge of a thousand wills,
Ready for ambush, swift to hear the sound
Of living laughter in the mellow walls.*

*Within this Convent, let the quiet nun
Lead you and leave you, unresisting now,
Cut off your hair, sing farewell to the sun,
And take the last unalterable vow.*

RONALD L. MEEK

Walt Whitman against Fascism

Courage yet, my brother or my sister!

Keep on—Liberty is to be subvert'd whatever occurs.

IT IS FIFTY years now since Walt Whitman died. And yet now for the first time we are really beginning to understand him. This is because ours is the generation he wrote for. It has been reserved for us to appreciate him against the background which he himself would have wished most, a background in which Democracy is beginning to assume a meaning. The context in which Whitman speaks to us now is the context of Democracy struggling for its life. We can understand what he was getting at because we are living what he was getting at. Whitman has many meanings for many men but he is chiefly the great bard of Democracy, on a deeper reading—and to those who loved him before us it does not seem to me History permitted that depth—all the time the poet of Democracy.

How fresh he is to-day. How very much more contemporary than any of our contemporaries. Look for instance at his "O Star of France," again not particularly well-known, a poem that is not found in the anthologies. Doesn't the parallel strike you straight away that it's more than the France of 1870 he's writing about?

Star crucified—by traitors sold,

Star panting'der a land of death, heroic land,

Strange, passionate, mocking, frivolous land.

But there is another France we know of, and which Whitman knew of, the real France of Voltaire, and Marat, of the Communards and the Fighting French of De Gaulle and of Gabrielle Peri, the France which he and we find sacred because

In that amid thy many faults thou ever aimedst highly,

In that thou wouldst not really sell thyself however great the price,

In that thou surely wakedst weeping from thy drugged sleep.

In his "Song of Myself" Whitman said

I am for those that have never been mastered

For men and women whose tempers have never been mastered.

Is not the one lesson, the one certainty in these distracted and uncertain years this? That men and women can never be mastered. Isn't this what Mikhailovich has taught us, and the Czech students, and the Norwegian school-teachers, and the French hostages, and the Polish saboteurs, and the Red Army, and Rhineland priests and our own New Zealand mates (some of them still unsundered even now in the hills of Crete) and the ragged dogged partisan bands of three-quarters of the earth?

For all these, for all the torn and beaten people who will not be still, Whitman wrote their tremendous justification—"To a Foil'd European Revolutionaire." How magnificently it goes

When there are no more memories of heroes and martyrs,

And when all life and all the souls of men and women are

discharged from any part of the earth,

Then only shall liberty or the idea of liberty be discharged

from that part of the earth,

And the infidel come into full possession.

Then courage European revolter, revoltless!

For till all ceases neither must you cease.

Why is it that after ninety years Whitman seems to be writing here now? In what does this remarkable immediacy of his lie, the feeling that he's leaped from the page and marching alongside us? Why understanding Whitman do we understand our times? The reason is of course that

Whitman had the open secret of immortal verse making. He shared with Milton, Blake, Burns, and Shelley the conception (how vulgar it must seem to our present day poetlings) that "the true attitude of a great poet is to cheer up slaves and horrify despots." There is only one permanent theme in literature, a theme as lively as life itself because it is life, the theme of men struggling to be free. Whitman rarely has any other note; he never felt that any other was needed. To him Democracy itself is struggle, nothing finished, rounded, complete. Unlike the Editor of "The Dominion" he finds himself unable to define it. "We have frequently printed the word," he says, "yet I cannot too often repeat that it is a word the real gist of which still sleeps, quite unawakened, notwithstanding the resonance and the many angry tempests out of which its syllables have come, from pen or tongue. It is a great word whose history, I suppose, remains unwritten, because that history has yet to be enacted."

Yes, though he may have been as Thoreau thought "apparently the greatest Democrat the world has seen" he couldn't say what Democracy was. But he knew very well what it wasn't. It wasn't class society. His picture of the new "City of Friends" is the closest he got to explaining the sine qua non of his Democracy.

Where the slave ceases and the master of slaves ceases;

Where the populace arise at once against the never ending audacity of elected persons;

Where fierce men and women pour forth, as the sea to the whistle of death pours its sweeping and unript waves;

Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority

Where the citizen is always the head and the ideal—and President Mayor Governor and what not, are agents for pay;

Where children are taught to be laws to themselves, and to depend on themselves;

Where equanimity is illustrated in affairs;

Where women walk in public processions in the streets the same as men

Where they enter the public assembly and take places the same as men

There, he says, the great city stands. Is it surprising that in the world's first classless republic Whitman should be held in high esteem? Mind you Whitman promises no new world orders. He lays down no blueprints for the coming Society. Though so intelligent a critic as van Wyck Brooks can remark that his Utopia is very inferior to William Morris's he rejects Utopianism as deviously as Marx did. He makes himself plain enough.

Have the past struggles succeeded?

What has succeeded? yourself? your nation? Nature?

Now understand me well—it is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary.

Vice-President Henry Wallace in what is perhaps the finest address of the War criticised those who had described this century as "the American Century." "This century," he said, "is the Century of the Common man." And it is because he is the poet of the common man that Whitman is the poet of the Twentieth Century. He knew us better perhaps than we know ourselves.

I see this day the People beginning their landmarks (all other give way)

Never were such sharp questions asked as this day;

Never was average man his soul more energetic, more like a God.

Years of the modern! Years of the unperform'd.

Your horizon rises—I see it parting away for more august dramas;

I see not America only—I see not only Liberty's nation, but other nations preparing.

I see tremendous entrances and exits—see new combinations—I see the solidarity of races.

Stalin has said "only the people are immortal, everything else is transient." Because he was out of the common people, because he stayed with the common people, because he determined "without yielding an inch the working men and women were to be in my pages from first to last," Whitman put immortality into his pages.



SNOW SHADOWS

R. L. OLIVER



PROSPECT

K. J. McNAUGHT

S P I K E

What is the test of a poet? Surely this, that the real poet speaks to us from the grave. The greatest poets help us from the grave. Old Walt is giving us a hand along to-day. Everything in Whitman is a battle cry against Fascism. Every line he has is a slogan of resistance. Until the indomitableness that breathes through them breathes through the Democracies, until New Zealand feels as intensely as he did, that

Whoever degrades another degrades me
we shall not win the War.

J.W.

YOU CAME TO WENSLEY

*And I found happiness again
with you
in those enchanted Southern days.
After the night-trip south,
close intimacy of wind-stormed cabin,
came a new day on a frosty wharf;
a new day in a new world.
Time was swift-restless*

*in that old town so tranquil-spiced;
even the tall library above green playing-fields
hastened us on
until our train was rumbling through the dusk
and, that evening, by a country fire,
our travelling was done.*

*And then, three days of golden weather,
true Canterbury days that were of richer gold
because I shared them all with you.
So you and I together, in that magic car,
flew over countryside and town
in gay companionship with new-old friends.
But in the Wensley fields lay peace,
gentle among the new-born lambs,
and long-loved horses making holiday.
At night the splendid Alps, in gleaming moon-snow
kept watch, while in poplar-whispering dreams
we slumbered side by side.*

*So life dwelt in perfection
until, so tragic-soon for me,
back from delightful days with you
we made our swift return.*

My memories remain.

Three Poems

I

REMEMBERING NIETZSCHE

*When the Word flamed on night,
when the Deed shadowed day
no sweetness stained the light
and the cloud was grey.*

*One had been found to shift
the stones on the frontier,
the Word found Flesh, the swift
Furies, a victim there.*

*From that private fate
rose vaster agony
when nations learned too late
its justified decree.*

*People who'd lived in peace,
armed against second birth,
felt every purpose cease
and were alone on earth.*

*A hope of finding grace
in necessary crime
served the need of the race,
did not redeem the time.*

II

THEOPHANY

*When the listless phrases sprawl
Among the ruined hours
Sometimes, as on silence, fall
Echoes from unkind shores.*

*Then dead words live and in some face
Ghosts writhe beneath the pulp—
The bombs drop near the hostile base
The shattered children yelp.*

*Sunlight poised above doomed snow
Awaits the sacrifice;
Scrawled notes in gas-filled rooms may show
Surprise and grief at this.*

*The moon for which the lover whines
May probe and not anoint
As on its corrupt home it shines,
Avenging, innocent.*

SPIKE

*Who sees the momentary blade
Glisten in time's defeat
Knows all that he has loved betrayed,
His hatred put to flight.*

III

*There is a strange forgiveness in the lie
that once kept ghosts outside the magic ring
and saved the lonely rhetorician's cry
from all the fury of the empty spring.*

*Time's pity for the aliens in its state
renewed the hope that they themselves had banned
promised new pain and freed them from the fate
of beasts and gods without a fatherland.*

*Now as but victims of its kindness seem
the variations on the sirens' call,
the unrequited passions for the moon—
while the inviolate climax of the dream
laughs in the grief of every city's fall,
rides in dark triumph down mind's afternoon.*

H. WITHEFORD

THE LIBERAL : LAST PHASE

*We who sought truth desperately in far places
are forced to fall back from the old attack
and hide our faces.*

*We were not organised for death
as these were: therein lay
the subtle danger of the middle way.*

*We cherished still a "superiority of mind",
disdaining force:
and so were ultimately left behind,
of course.*

*The casual sloth of our interminable arguments
left us unready for the onward march
of great events;*

*They brought the bomber and the tank to bear
on our untried hypotheses, and these
were taken unaware.*

*"As being in a different category,
incomparable", we said;
but we were then already dead.*

*And though unquestionably we meant well
we found no nearer parallel.*

—ANTON VOGT.

Aunt Marxengels

NOW, you learned economists, professors emeriti, aesthetic dabblers, and rabid revisionists, gather round, and I'll tell you all about a lovely game that you can play. It is called Aunt Marxengels. A peculiar name, you say? Ah, but it is a peculiar game. Aunt Marxengels is a very great improvement on the older game of Aunt Sally, on which it is based. In Aunt Sally, as you will all be aware, there is a large wooden head which stands above a ledge, some five feet from the ground, and you take a ball and throw it, and try to knock the head down, getting as a reward for your labours gifts in the shape of chocolates, coconuts, and cigarettes. Now this game, although very pleasant to play, has a number of very grave defects. In the first place, the head is usually made a bit too small so that you miss it more often than not, which is very wounding to your vanity, especially if there are ladies present, and, if continued long enough, may cause very grave psychological ills to the organism. Secondly, Aunt Sally caters purely to the Death Impulse in mankind, manifested in the love of destruction shown by the player, and this tends to produce severe neuroses.

But Aunt Marxengels is a much nicer game. In this game, *you build up the head yourself* before you knock it down. And naturally, you make it pretty big so that unless you're a real dud you won't miss. So, in Aunt Marxengels, both the Death Impulse and the Life Impulse are provided for, and the psychological ailments resulting from the prolonged playing of Aunt Sally do not appear.

Let me explain a little more fully, in case some of you cannot understand. You take a piece of three-ply, and make out of it the rough shape of a head. You then get some paint, and put the likeness of features, hair and beard on it. And here is the opportune time to expound to you the first and perhaps the most important rule of Aunt Marxengels. *You must on no account make the face look like the real Marxengels.* If this rule is not very carefully followed, you won't be able to play the game at all.

What's that, Professor? Oh yes, there *was* a real Aunt Marxengels. Just as there was probably a real Aunt Sally, many years ago, before even you were thought of. She was a dangerous old lady, and her portrait is kept locked up among the State archives. It is, of course, because she was dangerous, that we use her likeness as a figure-head in this wonderful game.

(‘Frederick Engels . . . held the innocent notion that the (housing) problem would be solved eventually for the proletariat by a revolutionary seizure of the commodious quarters occupied by the bourgeoisie. This notion was . . . fantastically optimistic . . . extremely naive . . . an impotent gesture of revenge . . .’—Lewis Mumford, ‘The Culture of Cities.’)

‘As it is not our task to create utopian systems for the arrangement of future society, it would be more than idle to go into the question (of the housing problem) here. But one thing is certain, there are already in existence sufficient buildings for dwellings in the big towns to remedy immediately any real “housing shortage,” given rational utilisation of them’.—Frederick Engels, ‘The Housing Question.’)

At this stage you might find a difficulty arising—indeed, I notice a few of you looking a little blanker than usual. I said that the first rule was that you should on no account make the face like that of the real Marxengels. And you're asking, in your customary pertinacious manner—how can we carry out this rule if we don't know what the real lady looked like? How can we avoid the dreadful danger of making a face by chance that just looks like her? Well, you needn't worry—that danger is easily overcome. When you're making the face, don't go right into it without a little thought. Don't give your imagination full play, but go around the fair-ground, and have a look at the Aunt Marxengels side-shows. You'll find they're all somewhat similar, the same beard, the same nose, and so on. Just stick to the general type, and you'll be all right. They've been play-

ing this game for a long time now, you know, and they've learned all the tricks.

'(He (Marx) did not foresee the creation of a new white collar middle class'.—Arnold Lunn, 'Revolutionary Socialism'.

'In countries where modern civilisation has become fully developed, a new class of petty-bourgeois has been formed, fluctuating between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, and ever renewing itself as a supplementary part of bourgeois society'.—Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, 'Communist Manifesto'.)

And now you must learn the second rule of Aunt Marxengels, a rule which is almost as important as the first one, and infinitely more attractive. When you're constructing the face, make it as ugly as possible. The nose should be askew, the eyes should squint violently, the brow should be abnormally low, you need not worry at all about verisimilitude, because those who're going to watch you play know even less about the real lady than you do. And, after all, it's only a game, after all. Making the face deformed and twisted has a very wholesome psychological effect on the player. He feels within his Inner Self, or Psyche, that by striking something which is hideous, and knocking it down, he is assisting to wipe out some of the evil and violence which stalk through this world of ours to-day.

'(When we come to look at history in detail, we find that its fits very ill into the ready-made framework of the (Marxist) . . . theories . . . A thousand cross-currents deflect the stream . . . personal intrigues . . . love of power . . . religious enthusiasm . . . party strife . . . play a part in determining events'.—C. E. M. Joad, 'Philosophy of Morals and Politics'.

'The determining element in history is *ultimately* the production and reproduction in real life. More than this neither Marx nor I have ever asserted. If therefore someone twists this into the statement that the economic element is the *only* determining one, he transforms it into a meaningless, abstract, and absurd phrase'.—Frederick Engels, 'Selected Correspondence of Marx and Engels'.)

The next rule is now to be learned. (Come on, now, listen to what I'm saying, and put that "Scrutiny" away.) It is rather a delightful rule, and attracts many people to the game. When you're throwing the balls, there is no real need to stand outside the prescribed barrier. You may, if you like, go inside the barrier, and fire at point blank range. This, of course, greatly enhances your chances of success. You can also, if you wish, use your neighbour's balls as well as your own, and you will find that he won't mind in the least. This sharing of resources, this socialisation, as it were, of the weapons of attack, conduces greatly to the popularity of the game, and infuses into it a spirit of camaraderie and good-fellowship which is stimulating in the extreme. (Please attend—that noise in the distance is only a bus.)

'(There have been Marxian parties which seemed to have thought . . . (that) the victory of the workers . . . is independent of our actions . . . Their attitude, although unreasonable, was probably quite strictly Marxian'.—Raymond Postgate, 'Karl Marx'.

'The philosophers have only *interpreted* the world in different ways; the point, however, is how to *change* it'.—Karl Marx, 'Theses on Feurbach'.)

The last rule of this great and noble game is this: always look behind you before you throw the ball. (That bus *does* make a noise, doesn't it?) There are a number of malicious people who might try—I'm sorry I can't shout above that noise—it's getting louder—where are you all going—God Almighty, it isn't a bus at all!

RONALD L. MEEK

Prose Judgments

FROM MANY excellent critics I have learnt much about the Spirit of the Age as reflected in literature. At various times I have been tempted to talk and write about it myself; but if the articles and sketches I have been reading have any bearing on the subject I shall be forced to change my views.

Don't imagine that I wish to be insulting. What I feel is that either I am far too young and irresponsible to act as judge, or else I must belong to a dying generation which once thought itself modern. If I am so incredibly old I must be totally unfit to criticise the prose of those who are engaged in debunking the debunkers.

On second thoughts I think I must be too young and irresponsible. It must be so, because in the majority of the contributions I could find little trace of conscious debunking. They reminded me occasionally of the nineties of the last century, of sentimental stories in forgotten magazines and of fireside lectures delivered by great-grandfathers with side-whiskers.

What I had sadly expected was to hear echoes of the writers of the Twenties, to read sketches of the disillusioned and the blasphemies of the rebellious, to listen to dissertations on the futility of life and to feel frustration soaking into my bones.

I was not sorry to be disappointed, but I did not anticipate that the contributors would find earlier and cruder models. For I had hoped to read some vigorous passages on the New Zealand scene, to discover that the writers were at least conscious of the necessity of thinking in terms of real experience and the lives and thoughts and aspirations of ordinary people, that they wanted to say something and say it boldly. I had hoped that they would be writers of the Forties or at least of the Thirties.

Most of the sketches and articles were quite different from anything I had expected or desired. The writers were more concerned with expression than with content. Instead of feeling the urge to say something, they worried about how they would say it if they had anything to say, and, quite frankly, they had nothing to say. Some were pretentious and pedantic, some were painfully smart or heavily obscure, some were ponderous and some were sentimental and romantic. Most of them felt that they were entering for a "literary competition."

But the chief trouble was that they attempted to write about subjects which can be successfully handled only by the most skilful of writers. Let me refer vaguely to the rejected manuscripts. The scented prose of the Nineties is not easy to imitate and hardly worth the time which it takes. No one can learn to write well merely by making patterns of words. It is dangerous to talk about God or dialectics, about beauty or grace unless one is prepared to discipline one's thoughts. Why do so many writers prefer to neglect the things about which they know something in order to write noble nonsense about abstractions? There is a difference between wit and wise-cracks. Fantasy leads to wordy platitudes and obscurity more easily than it leads to sudden illumination. Nor is it sufficient to have the hint of a dramatic situation or a vague sentimental thought in order to produce a short story or sketch. The writer must show that he himself is interested in people and things, the ideas and emotions before he can expect a reader to be interested in his writing.

If there was the germ of an idea in the Anti-aesthetic Paradox it was spoilt by the form and the expression. *Marche Hongroise* was not sufficiently worked out to become completely intelligible or moving. *Operational Flight* was written easily and without affectation, but was little more than a slightly dramatised newspaper report. Made in New Zealand was an honest piece of work in which the author discovered for himself that there was little to be said. Our Heritage was a brave attempt at indirect satire which failed because of its form. If it had been longer it would have been boring, short as it was and without particularisation, it lost its value.

With some hesitation I place Aunt Marxengels and Walt Whitman Against Fascism first. I say with some hesitation because in both are crudities of style which sometimes offend. But both are

unpretentious and successful in what they set out to do. The writers show that they are interested in the world around them and not merely in patterns of words or faint thoughts and feeble emotions. They sound as if they want to say something and say it vigorously not because a literary competition demands it, but because they have something to say.

H. WINSTON RHODES.

Verse Judgments

I CANNOT TELL how much in my own notion of the poet's job in New Zealand is personal myth, not transferable, so I hesitate to make general observations on the kinds of experience which have seemed important to the writers of poems for SPIKE. To me, for instance, the struggle of the New Zealander to be born in a situation full of destructive possibilities—at times I would say probabilities—is so urgent a challenge to imagination that I do not see how it can escape the kind of perception we are entitled to expect of a poet. All the more, when it is less and less possible to disentangle personal from social situations, I should have thought a New Zealand writer would welcome this challenge, as a way to real responsibility. Naturally, then, I am disappointed to find in the more serious of these poems only such generalised attitudes as might occur to young men anywhere in the world; not borrowings or imitations, strictly, from contemporary poetry abroad, but abstractions from the big movements of notions a New Zealander can entertain without incongruity. The particular stimulus seems to be evaded. The throwing off of the naive journalistic fancies about "New Zealand" poetry will have been wasted effort if it is replaced by an idea of poetry as neutral ground, like scientific inquiry, in which significant work may be done without regard to place and people. I am afraid of our repeating, in modern guise, the pioneer cycle of pallid derivative verse, followed by a sentimental local reaction.

I could have wished that "—a", who uses New Zealand place-names so unaffectedly, had managed a complete poem; but in four of his pieces I see only sentiments juxtaposed, one seeming always a device to support another. His images are prosy, lacking the single direction of energies a poem requires. His "England's Green and Pleasant Land" tells less than the title (there were "dark, satanic mills" in Blake's day), the rhythms straggle, and the hyphen becomes a vice.

I could have wished, too, that the poem I choose as most satisfying, most solid (H. Witheford's "Remembering Nietzsche") was less an example of the trend I have already criticised. But its strong and confident rhythmic patterns distinguish it clearly, and there are no assertive devices. It is not a remarkable poem, but does succeed in conveying something of a contemporary mood through the dolorous blast of abstractions. The transition in the first line of stanza 4 is a little worrying. The fault may be mine, but I cannot make the symbols of Mr Witheford's sonnet hang together; and in "Theophany" the images are out of control—"Ghosts writhe beneath the pulp." And the last line of stanza 2 has a grossness which he cannot intend. Such strong medicine as the half-rhymes "pulp, yelp," can be taken only by a poem of really powerful constitution, and then only with a shudder. This over-insistence of the device seems to me a notable fault of Mr Meek's "Power." In "Can strangle the Word/Or wrangle with Reason," the device is too heavy; the rhythm sustains it, but the statement is uneasy about it. For within the metaphor, "bomber or sword" etc. may very well be said to wrangle with Reason—unsuccessfully, Mr Meek means to say. I think that throughout this poem the devices have been bought too dearly, failing a corresponding subtlety of mood and statement. Both Mr Vogt's poems end where a poem might begin. Certain comparisons and categories are noted down, as it were, in verse form; one is aware of tensions, but of no imaginative development or exploration. "Death is Neither Here nor There" is mostly self-deprecating clowning, and some of the rhymes are really bad. "The Liberal: Last Phase" is interestingly constructed, but has

alarming collapses into cliché: "... the onward march/Of great events." However, it has some of the single direction and purposiveness which I am making my tests.

"Remembering Nietzsche," then, is my suggestion for an award: the others I have discussed are those which I feel call for a defence of my preference.

ALLEN CURNOW

Photographic Judgments

FROM THE exceedingly low standard of the entries for this year's photographic competition, an all-time low only emphasized by comparison with the really good work which appeared in SPIKE last year, it would seem that the decease of the Photographic Club has killed photographic art at V.U.C. Almost without exception the prints submitted show a deplorable lack of imagination: in many cases the technique is downright bad.

While I hesitate to honour any print in the group with a *First* label, I place *Second* an untitled seascape by B. B. Given. This print shows an artistic conception superior to the rest, and some sense of tonal values. *Third* place I award to the same competitor for his "?", an original and pleasing study. Three more prints by the same competitor fill *Fourth*, *Fifth*, and *Sixth* places.

I commend "Prospect," by K. J. McNaught, as a bold attempt which almost succeeded. The icicles in the centre of the print detract from the effect. "Snow Shadows," by R. L. Oliver, is a print which should show up quite well in reproduction; and "Fellah," by A. R. Anderson, an interesting study marred by the hand being badly focussed.

I recommend that the V.U.C. Photographic Club be revived. From the evidence before me individual effort is no substitute for the stimulus of group discussions, lectures, competitions, the submission and unlimited criticism of prints and processes. A Club visit to the exhibition of Camera Club prints at present on view at the Public Library could have been most profitable. And wartime shortage of materials cannot be blamed for the disappointing quality of the photographs submitted to me.

G. PERRY

POWER

*Not bomber or sword
Or treason or poison
Can strangle the Word
Or wrangle with Reason.*

*Not though the dead
Awaking should weaken
The will to the deed
By burning and breaking;*

*Not the whole earth
With weeping and warping
Can stifle the birth
Of splendour now sleeping.*

*Only the I,
The traitor, the martyr,
Can redden the sky,
And harbour the hater.*

RONALD L. MERE



FELLAH

A. R. ANDERSON



J. B. AIMERS, LL.B.

President New Zealand University Students' Association

Committee-member V. U. C. Students' Association

President V. U. C. Debating Society

Bledisloe Medallist

Plunket Medallist

Member first New Zealand University Debating Team
to tour Australia

Reported Missing, Presumed Drowned, December 1941

Democracy and the University

IN SOME WAYS I am disappointed with the University. Perhaps I had expected too much. Perhaps I did not realise that the University is a part of society and that the disinterested pursuit of truth so nobly advocated by Mr de la Mare was only another idealist's dream. The reasons for my disappointment varied. In the first place it is not a very democratic institution, that is from the point of view of the students that attend. Its government is vested in the hands of College Councils and Professorial Boards, in the former case an odd assortment of individuals whose actual relationship to the University is small, while the latter body is a group of experts in their own particular spheres, whose main function is teaching. The bulk of the University, the Students, is comprised of young men and women whose primary purpose is to study set books, write set essays, and record what knowledge they have obtained once a year. As a result of the latter they obtain certificates in science, in commerce, in law and so on. Proficient in the theories of those who write the set books, mark the set essays, and grant the certificates, they may be likened to the plumber or electrician who passes his examinations and may be competent at plumbing and electrical work, but whose view of society is distorted by ignorance, prejudice and superstition.

The makeup of our social organisations has demanded that the individual shall be disintegrated yet integrated into a form of action that is beneficial to those who control the economic life of the community. Few scientists are politicians and too few politicians are scientists. University courses are so arranged that a Bachelor of Medicine may be an ignoramus as far as politics or economics are concerned, and on the other hand a Bachelor of Commerce may be equally ignorant of evolution or biology. You therefore find economists and lawyers who believe in the innate superiority of the Anglo Saxons and chemists and physicians in the "survival of the fittest."

To remove this disintegration it seems that we have to do two things. First of all to make the University democratic and secondly to have some plan of action to give the undergraduate a co-ordinated basis for his studies.

To extend democracy we have to make our institutions democratic not only in the economic but also in the educational sphere. How can we practise democracy when even the more intelligent section of the community does not know what it is or how it operates? Our Universities at present are not places of education for democrats: instead there is remote specialisation and control and each cog turns away without knowing what the machine is doing as a whole.

To-day a great deal of emphasis is being placed on the task ahead of youth to build the New Order. But little is being done in higher educational circles to facilitate this. Although in New Zealand production councils have made little headway, in Great Britain they have done much to increase output. This new democracy in industry has made working people feel that they are part of industry and not isolated cogs turning with dreary routine. In the University at present there is this same routine and cog-like precision. What if the production council scheme was applied to the University?

Adequate self government of a University could be composed of faculty councils, an all-University Council, and a Principal with his or her administrative assistants. Each faculty council would comprise the dean of the faculty, the lecturers and the elected representatives of the students, and this council would discuss the running of courses, methods of teaching, new kinds of practical work and other similar questions. The principal would be assisted by the All University Council composed of representatives of each faculty council and of the students. By this method the gap between the government of the University and the student could be bridged. The student would then feel that he is a member of an organisation of which he is a working part and not merely an automaton attending lectures and reading set books.

The general discontent with University organisation of both graduates and undergraduates has cry-

stalled into collective demands for curricular reform, and the investigation committees convened at the various University centres have drawn up comprehensive reports. But apart from publicity in college newspapers, little notice has been taken and to all intents and purposes the recommendations have fallen on stony ground. With active student participation in University government such a result could not have been the case.

One of the basic reasons for the lack of democracy in our highest centres of learning seems to be that as they are at present organised they are training grounds for the specialist. And the specialist, however adept at his specialty, may be as I have already said, an ignoramus when confronted with other problems of society. Indeed the most ardent and vocal advocates of democracy, and keenest students of politics and economics are more often not University educated but self-educated. My personal experience from observation and contact is that while graduates may labour under the title of a Bachelor of so and so or Professor of such and such, in fact quite often their understanding of the forces of society is limited by what they have read in the daily newspaper.

So I would pose this question "Should the University continue to turn out mechanically certified teachers, lawyers, accountants, and scientists, or should it endeavour to make the members first of all socially conscious?"

It is an urgent question because in its answer lies our future. Failure in the past for individuals to have some social consciousness has lead us into the quagmire of the present. Reconstruction is on the lips of all but who can reconstruct without first knowing the whys and wherefores of society. The special facilities of a University make it an admirable organisation for the study of society and a source of action for reconstruction.

The best method would be to introduce a compulsory general course for all students during the first year or two on the lines of the Orientation classes such as the larger Universities in the U.S.A. have instituted. Similar general courses are also a feature of an undergraduate's earlier years at University in the U.S.S.R. These studies, which are accompanied by seminars and discussion groups, deal broadly with

(1) *General Science*. A study of the major findings and work of all sciences and their practical applications in industry, medicine, etc.

(2) *Sociology*. (a) A study of the major social problems and other effects of technological advances on social structures. (b) A study of the problems of government and administration. (c) A study of the economics of society.

(3) *Culture*. A study of the fine arts, music, literature, and drama—broad historical surveys which do not neglect recent developments.

All these subjects are treated in an interesting manner and are related to the general social background. With a general course such as this as a basis the dangers of specialisation would be obviated and the student would be fitted to take his or her place as a responsible citizen on the completion of studies.

The present conflict has brought forth many changes in the field of industry. It has made people realise that only by co-ordinated action and thinking can fascism be defeated. The University can and should play a vital part in building the "New Order" by reorganising its government and by making adequate provision for every student to become in some degree socially conscious.

B.

Salient 1942

LOOKING through six numbers of *Salient* together, from March 26 to July 31, I must confess to being much more impressed than on any occasion when I read a single copy, hot from the press. The paper is certainly much better than it was last year, though it ought to be better still.

Two protests I make for a start. One is against the increasing amount of jargon that has appeared in the paper—very often left-wing jargon, but by no means exclusively so. "Dynamism" is a great word, isn't it?—but half the time it doesn't seem to stand for anything. "The complete cultural and moral degradation of those who accept such rubbish tends to be accompanied by political cretinism useful to the enemies of society": the only possible answer seems to be "You've said it, brother." Surely in a university institution it ought to be possible to write with more freshness and precision than this—even if writing with freshness and precision also involves thinking with freshness and precision? Really, I suggest, if the controversialists who figure so largely, and so rightly, in the columns of *Salient*, must have a model for their prose style, they would do much better to read Swift (the original author of *Gulliver's Travels*) or the editorials in the *New Zealand Listener*, rather than so much of the exegetical pamphleteering of the C.P. of the U.S.S.R. I don't object to the reading of such exegesis in itself, of course—it's highly necessary, useful, and sometimes salutary; but I do like precision, I do like clarity, I do like pungency and I don't object to wit.

My second protest is against the insidious miasma of Christian names that seems to be creeping over the College, in common with the rest of our unfortunate country. Can't we have a little more dignity in our less informal appearances before the public? Must everyone be Jim and Dick and Betty and Ron and Les? It's bad enough on College notice-boards, but in *Salient* it stabs me to the heart. I may be wrong over the matter; perhaps one gets this way as the arteries harden. On the other hand it may be another aspect of style.

That finishes with protests, and I come to the good things, and to what may be described simply as significant phenomena. The paper has really shown some life, and has seen the life of students as part of the life of the world. It has thrown its weight around with a fair amount of enthusiasm, and its articles on army education were really worth doing. You might say that *Salient* is on the side of the future—if you were quite sure that the future were not bound up for *Salient* with this unfortunate jargon. On the whole, perhaps there has been a bit too much second-hand politics; vituperation against the fascist aggressors might have been varied by more analysis of our own defects at home. But that sort of thing, of course, if it is not to be simply libellous, cannot be written with the same effortless aplomb as broad generalities about all the -isms we are afflicted with.

I was hoping, after the first number, that "culture" might be taking a new lease of life at the College. The onslaught on Housman and the boosting of Rilke seemed to argue that somebody was reading serious books; but the impulse died out. Do students lead an independent intellectual life? On the evidence of *Salient*, I frankly don't know, though I would suppose not. But wait on, the film reviews were always worth reading. Maybe our culture, our intellectual living, will in the end stem from the film. There is G.M. in the *Listener*; and there is the gentleman in *Salient*.

J.C.B.

Graduates, 1941

MASTERS OF ARTS WITH HONOURS.—Bray, Douglas Harrison, *Second Class in Philosophy*; Clark, Cynthia Lesley, *First Class in English*; Daniell, Mary Raymond Wynn, *Third Class in Latin and French*; Fraser, Betty, *First Class in French*; Johnson, Elma Helen, *First Class in English*; Ross, George McKay, *Second Class in Mathematics* (1937 examination); Wade, Robert Hunter, *Second Class in Economics*, in *absentia*; Gallagher, Charles Vaughan, *Third Class in Mathematics*.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Adams, Robert Arthur, in *Philosophy*; Corkill, Ronald John, in *English and French*; Coxon, Erle Anderson, in *History*; Edwards, Douglas George, in *History*; House, William Norman, in *History*; Mentiplay, Cedric Raymond, in *History*; Morrison, Alexander Wyndham, in *Economics*; Sweeney, Terence, in *French*, in *absentia*; Allan, Hector Frank, in *History*.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Baumgart, Ian Lawrence; Birrell, Elvia Margaret; Caird, Millicent Gwenda (nee Ennis), Corner, Frank Henry; Culliford, Stanley George; Fuller, Kathleen Marjorie; Gosling, Colin Leslie; Grimstead, Eric Douglas; Jackson, Thomas Bernard; Kirkby, Edward Leonard; Masters, Stanley Ernest; Maysmor, Edna Durie; Pahl, Paul David; Quinlan, Hilma Marjorie May; Reed, Randolph Craig; Saker, Dorian Michael; Shaw, James Allan Sutcliffe; Todd, John Douglas; Whitlock, Sydney Broadley; Wilkinson, Janet Elaine; Witheford, Hubert.

in *absentia*.—Anderson, Noline Brooke; Clapham, Noel Pavitt; Clark, Arthur Frederick; Ferguson, James Taylor; Frankish, Mary Sybilla; Higgins, Henry Robert Walker; Journe, Terence Harry; Parker, John Francis; Street, Joyce Frances Elizabeth; Wilson, James Harrison.

MASTERS OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS.—Collins, Frederick Darien, *First Class in Chemistry*; Jamieson, Norman Danford, *Second Class in Chemistry*; Ongley, Patrick Augustine, *Second Class in Chemistry*; Osborn, Joy Ellen May, *First Class in Botany*; Winstone, Ernestine Alice, *Third Class in Chemistry*.

in *absentia*.—Martin, Gordon Calder, *Third Class in Chemistry*; Wellman, Harold William, *Second Class in Geology*.

MASTERS OF SCIENCE.—Barker, Arthur John David, in *Botany*; Dale, James Atkinson, in *Mathematics*.

in *absentia*.—Thompson, Barbara Mary, in *Chemistry*; Willett, Richard Wright, in *Geology*.

BACHELORS OF SCIENCE.—Betts, Frederick Francis; Browne, Mervyn Leslie; Collin, Rex Newton; Dale, John Murray; de la Mare, Peter Bernard David; Gandar, Leslie Walter; Henderson, Cedric Lynn; Hansen, Roy Penrose; Kerr, Walter Francis; Kuchen, Jack Owen; Lomas, John Peter; Love, Jack; Malcolm, Marion Evelyn; Marsh, Beryl Muriel; Merwick, George; Matthews, Barbara Dawn; McKenzie, Edith Esther; Ralph, Patricia Marjorie; Ramage, Colin Stokes; Shannon, Raymond Thomas; Wallace, Garth Morton; Williamson, Edwin Andrew; Williamson, Hudson Miles.

in *absentia*.—Emmett, Sefton Thomas Alva; Oliver, Arthur Pleasant; Robertshawe, William Ashborne; Thomson, Jean Gertrude; Wicks, John Sutherland.

DOCTOR OF LAWS.—Masengarb, Oswald Chettle,

MASTER OF LAWS.—Hercus, Allan Gordon, in *International Law and Conflict of Laws, Real Property, Trusts*.

BACHELORS OF LAWS.—Aikman, Colin Campbell; Bergin, Joseph Bernard; Cornford, Peter Anstie; Doole, Thomas James; Matthewson, George William; Alexander; McGavin, Patrick Connolly; Pearse; Morgan, Maurice Lewis; Ogilvie, Lindsay Barrie; Till, John Walter George; Wilson, Justin Frank.

in *absentia*.—Warren, Percy Holdsworth.
MASTERS OF COMMERCE WITH HONOURS.—McAllister, Ian David, *Third Class in Economics and Economic History*; Stacey, John Samuel, *First Class in Economics and Economic History*.

BACHELORS OF COMMERCE.—Brewer, Gordon William; Carroll, Robert Ross; Higgins, Patricia Hope; Hogan, Desmond Leo; Kelly, Hugh William; King, Eric; Mahood, Thomas Stanley; McEnnis Jack Ivesagh; Ombler, Stanley Abbot; Pavitt, Norman Harry; Roberts, Ian McLaren; Stevenson, Nancy Isobel; Taylor, Arthur George Emmanuel; Webb, Roland Dudley; Wilson, James Oakley, in *absentia*.—Bown, Ernest Leonard Guy; Civil, Harold Keith; Cocks, Donald Arthur; Ryan, George Theodore (1939).

DIPLOMAS IN EDUCATION.—Meads, Owen Samuel (1937 examination); Willoughby, Herbert Jeffcote.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES

THE SIR GEORGE GREY SCHOLARSHIP:

P. B. de la Mare (M.Sc.)

SENIOR UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS:

D. M. Saker (equal, Greek)

P. B. D. de la Mare (Chemistry)

THE JOHN TINLINC SCHOLARSHIP:

J. D. Todd

TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP IN ARTS:

Betty Fraser (M.A.)

THE SHIRCLIFFE FELLOWSHIP:

F. D. Collins (M.Sc.)

THE SIR ROBERT STOUT SCHOLARSHIP:

P. B. D. de la Mare (M.Sc.)

THE LADY STOUT BURSARY:

Patricia H. Higgins

ALEXANDER CRAWFORD SCHOLARSHIP:

B. G. M. O'Donnell

EMILY LILIAS JOHNSTON SCHOLARSHIPS:

I. D. Morton

Florence M. W. Robinson

LISSIE RATHBONE SCHOLARSHIP:

Ruth M. Dowden

JACOB JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIPS:

F. D. Collins (M.Sc.)

N. D. Jamieson (M.Sc.)

BUTTERWORTH'S PRIZE:

J. V. Scott

CHIEF JUSTICE'S PRIZE:

No award

BRUCE DALL PRIZE:

I. D. Morton

JOHN P. GOOD PRIZE:

A. B. Dodson

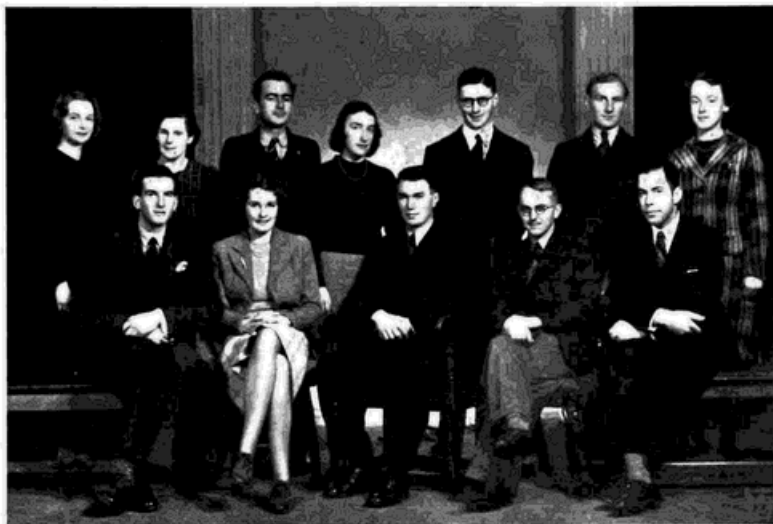
NEW ZEALAND INSTITUTE OF CHEMISTRY

No award

MACMORRAN PRIZE:

B. G. M. O'Donnell

PRIZE:



THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1941

Back Row (from left): Miss Ann Eichelbaum, Miss M. S. Sutch, R. N. Collin, Miss Beatrice Hutchison, P. Taylor, D. Cohen, Miss Janet Bogle.
Front Row: S. Devine (Honorary Secretary), Miss E. Durie Maysmor (Women's Vice-President), J. R. McCreary (President), M. L. Boyd (Vice-President), W. Rosenberg (Honorary Treasurer).



THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1942

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Front Row: Miss Ann Eichelbaum, L. Starke (Honorary Treasurer), Miss Janet Bogle (Women's Vice-President), Cpl. M. L. Boyd (President), J. W. Winchester (Vice-President), Miss Mary Mackersey (Honorary Secretary).



THE GRADUATES, 1941



THE GRADUATES, 1942

Graduates, 1942

MASTERS OF ARTS WITH HONOURS.—Corner, Frank Henry, *First Class in History*; Saker, Dorian Michael, *Second Class in Latin and Greek*.
in absentia.—Grinstead, Eric Douglas, *Second Class in Latin and French*; Parker, John Francis, *Second Class in French*; Waite, Ralph McFarlane, *Third Class in Philosophy*.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Arnold, Harry Coleridge, *in Philosophy*; Danilow, Nicholas, *in French*; Durning, Francis, *in History*; Ferguson, James Taylor, *in Philosophy*; Reed, Randolph Craig, *in Education*.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Armstrong, Ernest Alexander; Bade, Beatrice Frances; Bogle, Janet Stewart; Davie, Alison Maxwell; Dixon, Haddon Charles; Dixon, Mary Vera; English, Winifred Irene; Farnham, Waldour Ross; Ferguson, Barbara Fergus; Fox, Raymond William; Harrison, Helen Mary; Hollyman, Kenneth James; Huggett, David Forey; Macmorran, Glen Watson; McLean, Ian Ronald; Moroney, Charles Andrew; O'Connor, Maureen; Robinson, Florence Marie Winifred Lynette; Riddell, Gordon George; Ross, Kathleen Sutherland; Scott, Robert Ronga; Simson, Dorothy Margaret; Stone, Sylvia Helen; Webster, Marion; Williams, Mary Patricia.

in absentia.—Becroft, Alison Cree; Evatt, Leo Reginald; Higgin, Gurth Wedderburn; Lindsay, Maureen Daisy; Macaskill, Patrick; Miles, Alan; Munro, William Alexander; Young, William Robert.

MASTER OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS.—de la Mare, Peter Bernard David, *First Class in Chemistry*.

MASTER OF SCIENCE.—Freeman, Douglas Haig, *in Chemistry*.

BACHELORS OF SCIENCE.—Beavis, Graham; Brittain, Frederick Vincent; Broad, Enid Rosalie; Carter, Joyce; Clarkson, Kenneth Gordon; Cumber, Ronald Alan; Dawbin, William Henry Ivo; Ekdahl, Miles Oscar; Grigg, John Lawrence; Harpur, Robert Peter; Hands, Bruce Berghan; Hyslop, Robert John; Jones, Barrie Russell; Leahy, Joseph Emmett; Lees, Alexander Clark; Lowe, John Sandlands; MacGill, David Armitage; Morton, Ian Douglas; O'Donnell, Barrie George Michael; Oliver, Robin Langford; Seelye, Ralph Nicholson; Swedlund, Bernard Esklin; Te Punga, Martin Theodore; Ward, Robert Kelvin.

in absentia.—Butchers, John Barnard; Hough, Roy Frederick.

MASTER OF LAWS WITH HONOURS.—Aikman, Colin Campbell, *First Class in International Law and Conflict of Laws, Contract and Torts, Negligence, etc.*

BACHELORS OF LAWS.—Bisson, Gordon Ellis; Burnard, Rex Whittington; Gazley, William Vernon; Hall, Walter James; Oldfield, John Anderson; Scrymgeour, David Ross.

in absentia.—Woodhouse, Arthur Owen.

MASTERS OF COMMERCE WITH HONOURS.—Mason, Brian Rex, *Second Class in Economics and Economic History*.

in absentia.—McEnnis, Jack Iveagh, *Second Class*

in Economics and Economic History; Robertson, John Maurice, *First Class in Economics and Company Law*.

BACHELORS OF COMMERCE.—Anderson, Alexander; Cole, Gordon Howard; Dean, Allan John; Hely, Arnold Stanley McMath; Houtt, Bernard William Joseph; Rosenberg, Wolfgang; Spencer, Norman; Young, Joan Hawthorn.
in absentia.—Moore, Penwill James; Thurston, John Benjamin.

DIPLOMAS IN EDUCATION.—Marks (*nee Heford*), Margaret Cicely; Wood, Joan Myrtle.

DIPLOMAS IN PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.—Atkinson, Leonard Allan; Davin, Thomas Patrick; McFarlane, Charles Archibald; Moriarty, Michael James; Reid, Keith Gilvaine; Rodda, Adrian George; Scott, Kenneth John; Smith, Thomas Richard.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES
THE SIR GEORGE GREY SCHOLARSHIP:
 B. G. M. O'Donnell (B.Sc.)

SENIOR UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS:
 I. D. Morton (*Chemistry*)
 M. T. Te Punga (*Geology*)
 Glen W. Macmorran (*Education*)
 W. H. I. Dawbin (*Zoology*)
 K. J. Hollyman (*French*)

TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP IN ARTS:
 F. H. Corner (M.A.)

TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP IN LAW:
 C. C. M. Aikman (LL.M.)

TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP IN COMMERCE:
 S. N. Braithwaite (M.Com.)

THE SHIRTCLIFFE FELLOWSHIP:
 P. B. D. de la Mare (M.Sc.)

THE SIR ROBERT STOUT SCHOLARSHIP:
 Florence M. W. L. Robinson (B.A.)

THE LADY STOUT BURSARY:
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ALEXANDER CRAWFORD SCHOLARSHIP:
 Sarah T. Cramb (ARTS)

EMILY LILIAS JOHNSTON SCHOLARSHIPS:
 R. H. F. Denniston
 Gwyneth C. Jolly

LISSIE KATHBONE SCHOLARSHIP:
 Joan E. Taylor

JACOB JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIPS:
 P. B. D. de la Mare (M.Sc.)
 C. C. M. Aikman (LL.M.)

BUTTERWORTH'S PRIZE:
 F. D. O'Flynn

CHIEF JUSTICES' PRIZE:
 No award.

BRUCE DALL PRIZE:
 I. Lowe

JOHN P. GOOD PRIZE:
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BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY: *President*, W. Dawbin; *Secretary-Treasurer*, H. Marwick; *Committee*, Pat Ralph, Janet Ross, R. L. Oliver.

BOXING CLUB: *Club Captain*, H. E. M. Greig; *Secretary*, R. L. Oliver.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS' GUILD: *President*, B. M. O'Connor; *Secretary*, Sheila Moriarty.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY: *Chairman*, I. D. Morton; *Secretary*, R. N. Seelye; *Committee*, Joy Underwood, I. C. McDowall, R. A. Scott.

MEN'S COMMON ROOM COMMITTEE: Jas. W. Winchester, G. Marwick.

WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM COMMITTEE: Alison Macmorran, Margaret Orr, Isabel Langford.

CRICKET CLUB: *Club Captain*, A. V. O'Brien; *Deputy Club Captain*, E. W. Burnard; *Secretary*, D. N. Y. Olson; *Treasurer*, D. H. Bray; *Committee*, O. J. Creed, P. D. Wilson, G. Craig, F. R. Bray.

DEBATING SOCIETY: *President*, Professor F. L. W. Wood; *Chairman*, J. W. Winchester; *Vice-Chairman*, Beatrice Hutchison; *Secretary*, Mary Mackersay; *Treasurer*, V. O'Kane; *Committee*, Gladys Vance, Barbara Wall, W. Newell, D. Saker, J. Witten-Hannah.

DRAMATIC CLUB: *President*, H. W. Williamson; *Secretary*, Cecil Crompton.

EVANGELICAL UNION: *President*, N. V. Ryder; *Secretary*, B. F. Bade.

FOOTBALL CLUB: *President*, Professor E. J. Boyd-Wilson; *Club Captain*, H. E. Moore; *Deputy Club Captain*, A. P. O'Shea; *Treasurer*, P. A. Taylor; *Secretary*, O. J. Creed; *Team Officers*, J. B. Annand, J. T. King; *Committee*, R. I. R. Skelley, J. A. Carrad, G. R. Swinburn, M. T. Te Punga.

GRAMOPHONE COMMITTEE: Janet Bogle, Irene English, Maureen O'Connor, Maureen Lindsay, Joy Drayton, Ann Eichelbaum, Nara Bohson, Mary Mackersay, G. Bogle, J. Money, A. O. McLeod, A. M. McLeod.

HARRIER CLUB: *Club Captain*, P. B. D. de la Mare; *Vice-Captain*, G. Rowberry; *Secretary-Treasurer*, I. D. Morton; *Publicity Officer*, Reece Smith; *Committee*, F. O'Kane, M. O'Connor.

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WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB: *Club Captain*, Daisy Filmer; *Secretary*, Sheila Mason; *Treasurer*, Mavis Davidson; *Committee*, Marion Marwick, Ruth Russell, Pat Ralph.

LAW FACULTY CLUB: *Chairman*, C. C. Aikman; *Secretary-Treasurer*, K. G. Gibson; *Committee*, Jane Collier, R. W. Burnard, K. Matthews, B. J. Cullinane.

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PHOENIX CLUB: *President*, H. Witheford; *Secretary*, E. Schwimmer.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT: *President*, June Holmes; *Secretary*, Betty Woods; *Treasurer*, G. Ward.

SWIMMING CLUB: *Club Captain*, E. B. Hands; *Secretary*, R. Hyslop; *Committee*, Helen Harrison, Betty Walton, G. Johnston, J. Shanahan.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB: *Secretary*, R. Hannan.

TENNIS CLUB: *Secretary*, M. O'Connor.

TRAMPING CLUB: *President*, R. L. Oliver; *Secretary*, F. Evison.

WEIR HOUSE COMMITTEE: *President*, M. T. Te Punga; *Secretary*, G. R. Swinburn; *Treasurer*, J. B. Annand (until June), L. L. Pownall; *Committee*, J. E. Feast, C. A. C. Wiggins, P. B. D. de la Mare.

College Clubs

War has reduced the membership of most sports clubs at V.U.C. Some students have been called up, others excluded sport in favour of all-out cramming for degrees, or home defence activities. The eclipse of Tournament has resulted in a lack of competitive incentive in clubs such as the Athletic and Tennis Clubs. Security regulations have directly caused the Rowing Club and the Defence Rifle Club to cease functioning. The decision of Tournament Committee not to award N.Z.U. Blues—a measure designed to prevent any lowering of standards—has had the unfair result that many sportsmen have not obtained the recognition to which their performances entitled them.

The more cheerful side of the picture shows great enthusiasm among the weakened clubs, especially the winter sports clubs. In the second term Men's and Women's Hockey teams and a Basketball team trekked to Auckland to participate in a revised version of the annual inter-university hockey tournament. Discussions have been heard concerning the suggested appointment of an Honorary Physician to the Students' Association. Miss Helen McDonald of the Y.W.C.A. has conducted weekly day and evening gymnasium classes which have been attended by about 30 women students.

A successful innovation has been the co-ed weekly practices of the two Hockey Clubs under the able and enthusiastic coaching of Mr B. B. Hands. The Men's Hockey Club fielded teams in the Senior and Third Grades in the Wellington Championships. In spite of losing several members the Senior team, under the captaincy of E. Raine, ex-Otago player, met with moderate success. In the first Representative match of the season, J. Kiddle and I. Ting played in the Wellington team which defeated Army. The Thirds team has struggled along with several promising young players, some of them new to the game. The team which travelled to Auckland for the

Winter sports tournament was defeated.

The Women's Hockey Club, fielding teams in the Senior B and Junior Grades, had one of the best seasons for some years. The Senior team was runner-up in its grade championship and had five members gain representative honours—Misses Davidson, D. Pegler, M. Marwick, Russell, and D. Filmer.

The Basketball team this year consisted, with one exception, of young players new to Senior basketball. Under Miss P. Higgins' coaching they managed to give good account of themselves, and after dominating the game were unlucky to be held to a draw against A.U.C. at the Winter tournament.

The Harrier Club this year celebrated its tenth anniversary with an afternoon tea and teams' race. Many past and present members of the Club were present, as well as the Club's many friends who continue to support and popularise the Club by donating afternoon teas and holding invitation runs. The Sherwood Cup was won this year by David Hefford, with Frank O'Flynn finishing first for the third year in succession. The club entered a team in the Dorne Cup race.

Table tennis continues to be played but enthusiasm is not organised and club nights have been irregular. This club has not maintained the promise of its first season three years ago, but perhaps the use of the Gymnasium by Home Defence Units may be partly responsible.

Reduced from eight teams to three, the Football Club has just managed to carry on. During the season forty-six men played for the First XV and the other teams experienced similar difficulties in fielding a side.

As might have been expected the Seniors were good but inconsistent. Three young forwards in Harris, Caldwell and Grayburn showed much promise, and among the older players, Murphy, Johnson and McLennan were always sound, Murphy capping a great season's play by winning a permanent place in the Repe. At no time during the season did the team meet a back-line equal to the Te Punga—Patrick—Skellery—Swinburn combination, and if Tossman and Hadfield had been regularly available as wingers many more games would have been won. Patrick received Rep. honours and Skellery and Swinburn can only be deemed to have been unlucky. It is a tragedy that players of this calibre should be deprived of their N.Z. Blues.

The second fifteen was a chopping block for the Seniors, but nevertheless performed well. Bennett, Baines and King showed up in the forwards, and Fleming, Richmond and Williams impressed in the backs.

Thanks to the captain, Igglesden, the Thirds battled on manfully and scored some good wins. Igglesden was well supported by Milburn and Todd in the forwards, and Roberts, Paki and Cooper were members of a serviceable back-line in which Macalister proved to be a class five-eighths in the making.

A tribute is due to the outstanding work of the Club Captain, Henry Moore, without whose enthusiasm, skill and tireless efforts the Football Club would probably not have been able to function.

Petrol rationing, travel restrictions, and the exigencies of Service have prevented the Tramping Club from exploring much new territory, and Sunday trips figure more frequently in the Club's syllabus. The major trips of the year were the attempted winter ascent of Mt. Arête—when the members of the party experienced the second of Wellington's two major earthquakes somewhere near the summit—and a Hutt Forks-Quoin-Alpha traverse.

Last season the Boxing Club was not active, but one member, M. W. Wishart, would have been unlucky—on his performances at an outside gymnasium—not to win his weight championship if Tournament had been held.

The Swimming Club held weekly meetings whose success was due largely to the support of a contingent from Weir House. A B Grade polo team was the only team to beat the championship winners, despite losing members during the long vacation. In J. Shanahan, winner of the Points Cup and Men's Championship, the Club had an outstanding swimmer who was beaten only by a touch in the Wellington Championships by the New Zealand champion. Enthusiasm was less marked among women club members but a number of promising freshers attended meetings. The Club's two representatives in the Peek Shield harbour race completed the course but were unsuccessful in regaining possession of the Shield, which the Club last held six years ago.

In place of the annual inter-faculty sports the Athletic Club last season held an evening handicap meeting at Kelburn Park, on Tuesday, March 31st. The decision not to hold Tournament, together with the loss of numerous club members, no doubt accounts for the slackening of support for this Club, and training was spasmodic and unenthusiastic. The Club announces that it has appointed a Publicity Officer, so next season we may hope to see the Club "boosted" into its old popularity. Perhaps the moment has arrived for women athletes to be admitted to the Club?

Commencing with a Freebers' Tournament on March 7th, the Tennis Club had a pleasant season of "social" tennis. With no places in Tournament teams to be won, ladder competition was leisurely and uninspired.

All championship events except the Men's Singles were, however, completed with the following results:—

Women's Singles: Nancy Turner.

Women's Doubles: Gladys Rainbow and Pauline Monkman.

Mixed Doubles: Nancy Turner and J. Crawford.

Men's Doubles: J. Crawford and N. Foley.

The Cricket Club fielded teams in the Senior, Second and Fourth grades of the local championships, and had an undistinguished season. Attendance at practices dwindled as the season wore on, and the club's early successes were not maintained. However, to preserve three out of the five pre-war teams is in itself an achievement and the Club has no reason for dissatisfaction.

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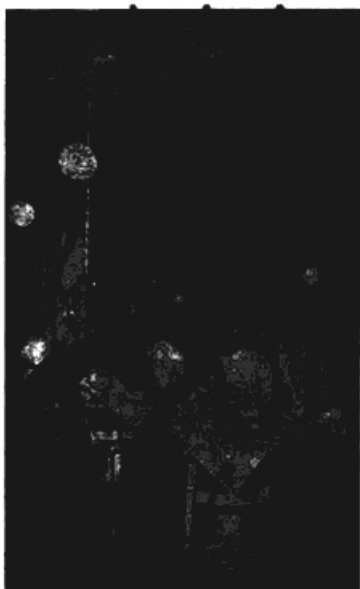
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College Culture In Memoriam

(A report of V.U.C. Non Sports Clubs activity in 1942.)

I

Introductory

I was requested by the Editor to compose an epitaph for the clubs with intellectual tendencies, or rather the non sports clubs of Victoria College. As I received replies from some of the secretaries to whom I wrote for specific information, it appears that the secretaries (in as far as they are not flowering in secret like the violet) still are all aloof—the lonely barren remnants of a once blooming garden.

I fulfil with reluctance the clause in my commission that my article should be "critical rather than straight reporting of event". I lack the right wavelength, I fear, to rebuke my comrades for their apathy (one needs some special wavelength for that), and it also seems that those remaining at college in wartime should not emphasize that it is so dull. However, intellectual activity such as there was has not been healthy.

The Manifesto was published in pamphlet form and successfully attacked imported prejudice; it gave a kind of centre to the student world. The large group of neutrals filling every society shifted from a superficial dislike of socialism to an even more superficial support. A great change took place; the Red point of view was no more that of the attacking adventurer, it became a recognised view in words if not in implications. This difference calls for a difference in policy such as is necessary whenever a revolutionary movement begins to become accepted. The public is getting near to the doctrine and the sincere academic approach is again desirable. The crude heralds who had eliminated their individuality lose their influence.

Victoria did not change: instead of the confidential tone of people saying the things they mean to people who are their friends, we have still, as in the earliest period of socialism, the oratorical hollowness of people shouting their borrowed ideas to what they simply consider a mob to be converted.

"This is not a good society" I heard at one debate. "This is a bourgeois society," and "We can go safely to bed to-night for Stalin is watching over us." Such remarks are out of place. I even feel some bluff, some insincerity in them. So I do with the passionate outcry in Salient against Fascist suppression of liberties when the Council decided to have Capping in C3, and even with the pugnacious promise in the same periodical to raise a glass (the Editor's) for Victory.

II

General Clubs

The sickness of the University Red has caused the death of the Society for the Discussion of Peace, War, and Civil Liberties, and the coma of the International Relations Club. When asking for the reasons of the inactivity of the latter I was referred to the president, Mr J. Winchester. The secretary, Mr J. Winchester, received me unkindly and explained the inactivity of the club was due to the committee members, especially to Mr J. Winchester. He also mentioned the lack of inter-

est in the club of most of the members; there were few, only one in fact, and of these particularly Mr J. Winchester appeared very uninterested. Mr J. Winchester refused to send in a report.

The Phoenix Club enjoyed two functions. On the first one a short story of Mr Turner's was read three times, in different intonations. It has a social tendency, as it gave an instance of the demoralising effect of riches. Some people approved. The second feature of the night was a talk by Mr E. Schwimmer on T. S. Eliot. He was stopped soon by Mr Brook. There were six people present, if you also include a person who was present secretary, Mr Schwimmer, but there were seven if you also include Mr McL., who was present during a small part of the meeting lying prostrate on the table with his feet in the air, but who left five minutes after Eliot started. Mr Turner did not appear. The second function was an address by Dr. J. C. Beaglehole on "The War and the Artist." There were then fifteen people present.

The other clubs of a general nature are the Dramatic Club, the Debating Society, and the Glee Club.

Nobody can relate the achievements of the Drama Club, without the pious reflection upon the irony of fate. The irony of fate caused the staging of "Where's that Bomb?" to be interrupted by an air-raid warning. It caused the lack of male cast for the major production to be aggravated by an extremely virile modern spirit in the Drama Club committee which caused the choice to be evolutionary and pugnacious. It effected finally that when a play both female and pugnacious (*Love on the Dole*) had been discovered, copies mysteriously vanished from all libraries, and the one script, unable to flee in time, had been sent to the binder, and it is still there. Fate could not prevent, however, a performance of "Machine Song" (Coppard) and "Villa for Sale" (Guitry). Thus the sad story of the Dramatic Club is told, at the moment still unbowed by the bludgeonings of chance, but soon we fear—in the eloquent words of one of our ablest anti-capitalist debaters—tottering to its dismal grave.

The debating club has been a little more lively. There were debates on the confidence in the Churchill Government, on Irish neutrality, the place of religion in post-war reconstruction, whether New Zealand was civilised, and liveliest of all, whether the Chamber of Commerce was more or less likely to save the world than the Communist party. That was the one day of my life I would have disliked to be a commercial man. The subject discussed seems to me to raise an exactly as irrational comparison as for instance the question which laws were the most important, the laws of Plato or of Maxwell—or whether Radio-activity is more useful than the co-operative movement. I suggest these subjects for next years' programme.

The right subjects for discussion were chosen, social and political, but students did not show a real interest in them and little knowledge. The way of discussing was often paradox, in some cases deliberately paradox. The worst common logical error was a very general, primitive one: drawing conclusions from examples and atrocity stories. Worse—I don't know whether the speakers cared

overmuch for the opinions they voiced. It is a pity that such a healthy element in student life should be eliminated in this way: What is the use of "free speech" if people have nothing they really wish to say?

The Glee Club however is a happy place: it is all alive again. We hear every week its unmarred felicity resounding from twenty-five carefree chests in the shape of "old choral numbers, more ambitious songs and modern jazz." The Glee Club's main activity is the annual concert and dance, and this seems socially to have been a success.

III

Scientific Societies

As New Zealanders are more interested in facts than in theories they tend to frequent their science clubs more than the generally cultural ones. The war healthily stopped the superficial interest in the latter. It is interesting to note however that the chemical society asked for original addresses and was extremely successful. This practice should become more general and seems to me at the present stage even more instructive than asking outside speakers.

The Mathematics and Physics Society has not submitted a report. This is a pity for I looked forward to it to solve the mystery what it has done during the two years I have been searching for it in vain. I am quite sure that many are as eager as I to join these Elusian sages.

The Biological Society sent me an impressive list of activities. There were six lectures of outside speakers on topics chosen to have a general interest: Dr. Li on plant introduction and exchange, Count Wedsicki on Polish universities, talks on blood transfusion and insect ecology, and other matters also suitable for non specialists.

Excursions are an integral part of club life; there was this year a week end trip to study the vegetation above Fields hut. This is also the second year that the society publishes its annual magazine, a record of information gained in field work and an attempt at spreading general knowledge of biology.

The Chemical Society had a most satisfactory year. I mentioned the success of the talks by junior students on topics like Vitamins, Explosives, and even on Carcinogenic Compounds, which is a deep organic subject, I hear. The lectures of outside speakers were also popular (leather tanning, glass blowing, and soil chemistry) and they were well attended. A further innovation this year were screenings bearing on theoretical Chemistry. In addition the society visited the gas works.

The Law Faculty was less active. It organized an amusing and instructive lecture by Mr Justice Blair on "How to conduct a case in Court," and participated in inter-society debates on legal subjects. As usual it supplied its "Supplement of the N.Z. Law Journal" prepared by students. There was also a farewell tea party to the president, Professor James Williams, who departed to Sydney.

IV

Religious Clubs

It is a pity that the modern world is no more able to discuss, or as Ramsey put it more precisely, "there is no discussable subject of the first order."

"I do not wish to maintain that there never has been anything to discuss, but only that there is no longer; that we have really settled everything by realising that there is nothing to know except science. And that we are most of us ignorant of most sciences so that while we can exchange information we cannot usefully discuss them as we

are just learners."

We unhappy free thinkers cannot sit up and discuss abstractions till three o'clock at night so easily, not from lack of interest but from a notion of ignorance subconsciously undermining our enthusiasm.

But those who are religious have their foundations, their satisfactory assumptions. They can discuss and they like to discuss. And so, now in this time of crisis the free thinkers have given up public discussions almost entirely, because when all was told they were to them not essential—the religious clubs still function and from their biased standpoint find matters for dispute.

One new religious club has arisen this year to scatter the bones of the disillusioned, the V.U.C. Catholic Students' Guild, a university section of a larger club of that name already existing. It has had forthrightly discussions on Communism and Religion, Evolution, Medieval Society, and suchlike subjects. I very much enjoyed a lecture by Maria Dronke entitled "An Approach to Poetry" that was organised by the club.

The S.C.M.'s main functions were a study circle on God and the World, and lectures on the Apostles Creed and Evolution and Christianity; also the Easter Congress and a tramp over Johnson's hill. The absence of some of the most energetic of its members restricted the club's activity, but did not, however, cause any lack of enthusiasm.

The S.C.M. and, even more, the E.U., has—paradoxically—exhibited a definite tendency towards the terrestrial this year. The E.U. advertised its House Party "Enjoy our fellowship." Its secretary wrote rebukingly "We consider our fellowship useful rather than ornamental," when I had told him to think of his club as in relation to the universe (no more than a small ornament). The modern world sacred and secular, seems to consider community a way to grace, at least partly, agape's terrestrial projection. I doubt whether it could not be to a large extent agape's substitute, a superior narcotic, a distraction nobler but of the same order as the picture theatre. Fellowship prospers, more now than ever, in the same way as narcotics do.

However, the E.U. concentrated on more perennial facets of religion as well, discussed "Man and Sin" and other things at its weekly meetings, went to collective church services, and organised an annual May conference, a joint effort of all colleges with lectures from outside speakers, layman and clerical.

V

Conclusion

The general doubtfulness of the use of fellowship is a matter that does not need settling if we wish to state that fellowship was surely of no significance at our college this year. The causes are:

a. Most people here belong more intrinsically to some outside unit than to the university—units, I suppose, with a greater weight of tradition than university life, which is still an exotic in New Zealand social existence.

b. There were no discussion and debates sufficiently sincere to be at all cordial, so that there was no incentive at all to leave the units in which students were originally divided. It would have been the exchange of something real for something uncertain.

The clubs could try to remove these causes by arranging their activities to be more personal. The Chemical Society gave a good example of that. Our first end, to create some college culture, can only be reached by making our discussions a kind of emotional centre.

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