

S.C.M.
 Saturday, Aug. 9
 At the New
**CASHMERE
 COMMUNITY
 CENTRE and
 METHODIST
 CHURCH.**

Salient
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**"Christian Church
 and Secular
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 Speakers:
MR. & MRS COCHRAN.
 Time: 7.30 p.m.

MODERN POETRY EXPERT REVIEWS LIT. ISSUE

"Nothing but Praise . . ." Says Miss Stevens

LET me first say that I have nothing but praise for the enterprise. It is good that students should be writing and should want a printed outlet for their work; it is good that V.U.C. life includes, besides daily swot and sweat, the Museums, Art Galleries, French Maid Coffee Houses, pub crawling, parties, poetic interests, and Kinsley reading which are reflected in the Literary Issue. It is good that the rest of us are sufficiently interested to buy out the first 1000 copies. If I speak plainly about individual contributors, it is because I believe, with the Editor, that the "most urgent need of New Zealand writing is intelligent literary criticism." You may not think my comments intelligent, but they will be honest, and should provide suitable subject matter for those cosy sessions in the Cafeteria of which Mr. Dronke writes so enthusiastically.

Some things in the Literary Issue would be worth reading anywhere. Mr. Baxter's *Moa Hunter* for instance, and Mr. Paterson's *The Puppet Master*. The rest are "creditable" for a student production. As Mr. Baxter is the Senior Author of the Literary Issue, I shall discuss his contribution first.

Moa Hunter is a complete poem, with its own setting and mood, its clearly defined form offers a smooth logical progression. Mr. Baxter springs no surprises of imagery, but works by exploiting precise detail. The most successful stanzas are the first and the last; the first calls up with vivid economy the necessary "given" picture about which the meditation circles; the last makes the comment which the first has set moving in the reader's mind, and then, with "but passed on to the room that held Scabbards Oriental," shifts to a more distant focus in which we see the episode as a whole. The "wave-burnished seashell" of the final line, by recalling the "sand-scoured" bones of the opening, dismisses the skeleton as just another object for that detached contemplation which the poem suggests is somehow inhuman.

The central stanzas do not have sufficient concentration, and leave me uncertain of their emphasis. Stone Age man is at ease with death, as never with life? Then should not the primeval life evoked be nasty, brutish, and short—not romanticised? Or is Mr. Baxter merely drawing a picture of that life? If so, his pictures are loose and thin. Has his chosen outward form left him with space that had to be filled? To continue cavilling—why is November darkness specified? Perhaps this is a private reference, but is November in New Zealand notably either dark, or stormy?

"Lay in swans down a willing bride." I feel there is incongruity here, that an attractive phrase has tempted Mr. Baxter away from the core of his idea. "Barebones, Adam," with his sharktooth necklace is sunken deep in "millennial night," yes—but, "as in swansdown a willing bride"????

There are other infelicities. "Turned, turned to his pallet." Why this repetition? Does the word need emphasis? Is the man turning in a restless tossing? (no, clearly not). Is he turning away from fear to seek comfort? Where does the stress come—on the pallet, the fears, the mate, the sleep—and if on sleep, how is this "otherwise"? And the "kahawai in their green treasurehouse." Isn't this a loose use of words? Is it the hunter's treasurehouse or the fishes? (Perhaps the twist on the idea is justifiable.)

Other comments could be made, but there are enough to suggest that, good though *MOA HUNTER* is, it is not excellent. Mr. Baxter has weakened the poem by the thin romantic water-colouring of the middle stanzas.

Tantalus, and The Seallion, are

TO A YOUNG CHILD

Ah, child, you do not know what tangled tales
 Lie hidden in the woods, under what
 Rosebush the fabulous kangarooster rails,
 Nor can you guess until those cheeks grow pale.

Except in some Johnsonian nightmare:
 Of desire, both bright and dark, despair
 At ashen flanks, breaking into cave.

Child, over what unfathomable pits, black lakes
 You journey, take the Alice-in-Wonderland
 Mirror, transforming flesh into stone, stone into cakes,
 Which edible, of innocence partakes.

O, I have heard the muffled drum and sound
 Of trumpets frenzied like homunculus,
 And sunk in dark yet milky depths of death that round
 And wretched pebbles bear to nightmare's ground.

The tangled woods are with me now and fears
 Lend bulbous to night's orifice cannon
 And bloody round, a multitude of carmine spears,
 Tips dripping with the pearl-regret of tears.

Child, let the sleeping kangarooster dream
 For dirt and drum of violence is its rest,
 And childhood's GENTLE waking leads to mountain streams
 In Arcady: other the gibbet's nightmare dream.

—Freud.

equally interesting. Tantalus has the compression which *Moa Hunter* lacks and is a really good poem. Significant detail, skilfully modulated sound and rhythm, all serve the total meaning. There are memorable things—"stonefast in the lock of despair," the image of the bear "Shaggy with death, savaging his rag of pretence," and the Donne-ish intricacy of the last line.

The Seallion is in structure similar to *Moa Hunter*—contemporary episode, reflections arising from contrast with the past, a return to the present, the poet's comment. The opening quatrain is notable for its consonantal capers, effective enough in suggesting disgust and suffering, and then with another—"Oh, otherwise" we slide into the contrast. This action is weaker. Mr. Baxter makes large gestures, but what do they mean? "Priest of Delphic mystery," "bridegroom of silence" (Keats?), "maelstrom's cradlesong" (who cradles whom?). I do not suggest that romantic imagery should be logical, but there is an emotive logic, and sometimes the intellect too demands satisfaction. The image of the seallion, "bridegroom of silence," strong to break the grave ice-hy-men, born of the immortal sea, his "bride and mother", is an effective contrast to the "clown and hobo stranded on the dunes." But where does the sudden identification with "Truth" in the 13th line come

from? Seallions rot, and so does "Truth." Nothing in the first 12 lines however, leads the reader to suspect that this is Mr. Baxter's theme.

NO ELIOT

I find an easy but unsatisfying emotional rhetoric also in *Lament*, by Mr. Campbell. It is a poem full of echoes, deliberate no doubt in the phrase lifted from Nashe. "Death has moved across her brow/like mist; and like a swan the bright-

The Editor of the Salient Literary Issue denounces "the prevalent bazaar-committee attitude" towards criticism and illustrates it by quoting the remark, "It is so kind of Mrs. Jones to sing for us—we mustn't be critical." Asked to review Salient's venture, I have taken his warning to heart. I do not intend to be soothing about "Mrs. Jones" merely because she burgeoons on the local clay patch.

cadence or not, the image works. I am not sure however of the success of the free association sequence, moon-alabaster-tide-mirror-shadow-sun, etc.

WHENCE THE EMOTION?

Mr. Paterson's *In a Brown Bird* is another poem of this Romantic Revival, with the rhetorical weaknesses of which I have noted in *Lament*.

It is notable for its careful manipulation of sound effects—which I find artificial because I do not see where Mr. Paterson gets all this feeling from. When G. M. Hopkins writes of his "morning's minion, kingdom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-draw Falcon", he is writing of Christ, as well as of a windhover. No such impressive analogy is made in Mr. Paterson's poem, and I think that the emotion conveyed in the sound effects is in excess of what one can be expected to feel for a *Brown Bird* in the Dominion Museum. If more is intended Mr. Paterson has not made it clear.

The Puppet Master is a different matter. Here Mr. Paterson succeeds admirably. His form is just right; the stanza echoes back upon itself monotonously with the two lines added where the ear expects a quatrain finish, and this reinforces the steady unemphatic movement given by the changing sounds and by the apparently unending grammatical sequences. ("They think not of the audience nor will/While wheel and gasket, sickle and spade,

The Kinsley Kult

MISS STEVENS, in her review of Johnson's poem, "Those Thousand Women" suggested that it was a by-product of the Kinsey Report; she also suggested that we might soon be due for a B.Litt. thesis on "The Kinsey Kult in Modern Literature." Although we fail in this we do have the pleasure of printing a poem by a well-known young university poet. Writing in a Johnsonian style, this poet, who makes his attitude clear by signing himself "Freud," has produced a poem of many undertones—just how many we leave it to you to judge.

the cogs / That move the wheels that move the strings need oiling still.") The central image of the puppets is not new, but Mr. Paterson explores the cliché afresh, making an application to workaday Wellington here and now rather than refurbishing the old generalisations about Man and Fate. His attention to detail is rewarded by success in all but the last two lines, where vague words and ambiguity suddenly slur the crispness of the presentation. Who are the "patient chained kings"? Who is to praise and sing? And why "look out every thought of peace"? As I read the poem, it is lack of purpose, lack of freedom, rather than lack of peace, which makes the puppet world what Mr. Paterson feels it to be.

KINSEY BY-PRODUCT

Mr. Johnson, the Junior Senior Author of the Literary Issue, has three contributions, two poems and a reported talk. *Arrival From North Armoria* is a surge of words, bound together by the Tristram-Isside reference and the dark emotive suggestiveness of the allusion.

THOSE THOUSAND WOMEN is a by-product of the Kinsey Report. (We will be due soon for a B.Litt thesis on "The Kinsey Kult in Modern Literature.") Both these poems I think protest too much. Mr. Johnson wallows in passionate adjectives, in Swinburnian nouns of

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Salient

Pamphleteers Forbear!

THE proper theme for this editorial in the light of past events would seem to be the motions passed at the last Special General Meeting. But "The Evening Post" covered that meeting in a general and fair fashion on Saturday night and those persons really interested—the ones who turned up—already know the result. The idea of a referendum to decide some especially contentious matters is one which should have been ratified before this, though doubtless there will be still much argument on the validity of decisions reached by this method.

One feature of the recent happenings which seems to us to be unnecessary is the various pamphlets issued by the two opposing political groups in the College. Although it is only a personal opinion we think that much of the emotive material in the Charter Society's literary offerings would not do much to further the cause of the true-blue empire. One can only praise the Socialist Club for their forbearance in not replying to the provocative name-calling in a similar manner. Although pamphlets which attempt to play on the emotions of the many intellectual six-year-olds in the College may be justified by the results gained it would be more than possible that they would antagonise most thinking people. However, some pamphlets were distributed for the purpose of informing the student public on the various issues at stake, not to direct the gullible on the way to vote or to cast unfounded aspersions at various political adherents in the College. Such informative pamphlets are the only type which we think to be morally justified. It is not enough in a university college to stay just within the bounds of the law of libel; pamphleteers must be governed to the finest degree by the laws of good taste. Even if they be unwritten on paper they should be indelibly impressed upon the mind of every student.

There will be no report of the Special Meetings in "Salient." The up-holding of the "status quo" is not an event of sufficient note to merit the already over-supplied space of "Salient" when the interested members of the Association have already been informed in various ways.

—T.H.H.

MODERN POETRY

(Continued from Page 1)

emotion, in "poetic" phrases and words whose power lies in the precision with which past poets have employed them rather than in his lavish undifferentiating use of them—"when sun invaded moon", "Whiteness of dreamlike love", "dragon-need", "animal flanks", "hipless knees", "kissing lips", "unremembered rain", "great blank breasts", "Suicidal city."

This technique defeats itself. The battered reader ceases to react. He is told too much and too often. Sometimes this violent manner erupts into a fully effective poem, but not I think in either of these, though North Armoria begins well. A final query about Those Thousand Women, third stanza.

Do gangsters notch up their kills on the barrel of the gun? (If so, what with, a hacksaw?) Or did Mr. Johnson need a rhyme?

Three other writers contribute poems. Mr. Polson's is romantic in impulse and technically immature. The sage may be said of Miss Thom's. Miss Adcock evokes, in the Georgian manner, a self-contained fragment of experience, delicately rendered for its own sake.

PROSE POEMS

Then there are Mr. Baxter's Prose Poems. But I have already said so much about Mr. Baxter that he will pardon me if I say of these only this, that the modern preoccupation with sin and corruption seems to me to require for its expression more than "prose-poetry" provides. Either you want the internal discipline of poetry, which can suggest more than it says, or you want the extended space and time which drama or the novel offer. In addition, this prose carries for my

ear persistent derivative echoes, particularly of Auden. Mr. Baxter seems here to be speaking someone else's language—a pity, for his thought and feeling are mature.

OTHER WRITERS

So much for "Mrs. Jones's" singing. About her prose remarks, Mr. Mitalfe's short story has point and shape, moves along smoothly in a relentless present tense, and etches in a well-known local character. It is not superbly done. The style has no particular strength, and the story takes too long to tell, but it is as good as stories which have achieved "Listener" publication.

Mr. Cody's notes on Modern Art cry out for the illustrations that accompanied his original talk. Without them, and with an inadequate knowledge of the subject, I cannot presume to criticise. (Perhaps Salient has an Art Expert?) [We have it is Mr. Cody.—Ed.] Mr. Scott's discussion of Mr. Glover's poetry—also prepared as a talk—is interesting and stimulating reading, but surely too unorganised for publication in its present form? It should have been redrafted for readers. The critical material in it is worth a better presentation.

There remains Mr. Hutchings on "Chance and Courtly Love." This is a type of academic essay favoured in College publications overseas, and would require an academic discussion which Salient would hardly have space for. Mr. Hutchings has the great merit of taking literature—even that of 1385—seriously as an integral part of life, thought, and belief. Though readers of the Literary Issue may have boggled at the article, it was well worth inclusion.

—JOAN STEVENS.

August 1, 1952.

The S.G.M.

SIR.—Because of the precipitate action of the chairman in accepting a motion which in effect gagged the whole discussion of the "germ warfare" question in its early stages, the points which it had been my intention to make at the meeting perforce remained merely ideas. The chairman has therefore himself to thank that these now appear in a more disgruntled form.

Let me state at the beginning that I share Mr. Curtin's opinion that the Chinese charges are probably lies, and I tend to believe, as contended by Mr. Kevin O'Brien, that they are part of a propaganda campaign. But how best to defeat such intentions than by an impartial enquiry? As I saw it the essential point of Mr. Curtin's little homily (pinned on the common-room door before the meeting) was that support of the original mo-

tion would, by inference, commit the association to the furtherance of the views of such as Dr. Hewlett Johnson. I entirely disagree. Surely an impartial enquiry would be the best means of revealing the true position of the Dean, and if the charges were proved to be without foundation would greatly assist in reducing whatever influence he possesses. But in his speech, Mr. Curtin changed his ground and devoted himself to proving that the charges were false. Messrs. Goddard and Foy denied this—all three could well have been ruled out of order.

For the issue before the meeting was not whether the charges were true or false but whether support for an impartial enquiry would necessarily commit the association to a particular viewpoint. Indeed, it is fatuous for a few hundred, or any number, of students at V.U.C. (Continued top next col.)

to presume to pass judgment on a world issue, and moreover, in less than an hour and on the basis of piecemeal and third-hand "information."

However, as students and citizens, and especially since New Zealand has troops in Korea, we have the right to demand that the veracity of the charges be investigated. And so to Mr. K. O'Brien's argument, which was relevant but negative. The idea that a minority cannot commit a compulsory body is, in my opinion, finally untenable. After all, the whole of the functions of this association are determined by a minority—the executive itself is elected by what, on any standards, is a small minority, usually some 500 students, or roughly 25 per cent of the student body. This is a fact, though we may deplore it. It seems that if we are to act in any way it must be by an overall minority, and those who have not the interest or energy to participate in student affairs cannot complain if their silent inactivity is taken as tacit consent. If they do not agree with any action (e.g., the result of the election of the present executive) let them participate in college affairs and oppose it, if only by voting. And perhaps the type of student activity which Mr. K. O'Brien deprecates would be the best way of rousing the "dull grey flood." If so, it would perform a valuable service.

There was also an inherent contradiction in the Curtin-O'Brien case as presented, the latter maintaining that a minority could not commit the association to any view at all on contentious political matters, and the former using just such a minority as the meeting constituted to endorse a particular view. For in both putting his motion and in his reply, Mr. Curtin rested his case on the opinion that the Chinese charges were false ("... if you believe they are lies, etc.) and the vote, to my mind, was taken on that basis. Thus, Mr. Curtin used a minority to commit the association to a definite view, albeit, a negative one, on germ warfare, and I can see no difference of principle in that from the action of the movers of the original motion. The first minority committed the association to the view that an enquiry should be held, and the second minority (admittedly larger than the first, but still a small minority) to the view that an enquiry was not justified, i.e., the mixture as before.

Finally, the question as presented by Messrs. Curtin and O'Brien was anachronistic, and they may have the satisfaction of knowing that they are well behind liberal world opinion. For the United States itself has accepted the principle of an enquiry, and in fact proposed the International Committee of the Red Cross, a body which was rejected by China and the Soviet Union. The question is now, therefore, not whether there shall be an impartial enquiry but what shall be the examining body? The Chinese have made the charges. The onus, just as in a libel suit, is upon the United Nations to demand an impartial investigation, and in this case to propose the tribunal to conduct it. Obviously, such a body must be acceptable to both parties. The Chinese have rejected the International Committee; the U.N. has rejected the evidence of the "Democratic Lawyers." If the Communists reject all proposed bodies acceptable to the U.N., then we and world opinion generally will draw significant conclusions. And it was to assist in resolving the issue to such terms that the original "germ warfare" motion was passed.

B. M. BROWN.

Oh, Tell Me Please

SIR.—Before the matter is dead and forgotten, I too, would venture to humbly raise my voice in gentle protest against your eminent and discerning dramatic critic. In his "review" of Hamlet, he made a statement, which I humbly suggest, sir, is a little inaccurate. And since, in his reply to a letter in your journal, he again mentions "the curtain-call habits of the Repertory," I felt some query need to be raised.

Therefore, sir, I would timidously venture to question his statement concerning curtain-call habits, and most humbly request some conclusive evidence to support his claim.

Could some indication be given, sir, as to which custom is antiquated. Should the actors no longer leer and simper? Has the bombardment of either flowers and applause ceased? I repeat (in conclusion, could you persuade your critic to substantiate his claim that this apparently antiquated custom, has now ceased in the modern English theatres.

More humbly yours,

—DEB RIPPITORY'S SPOOK.

V.U.C.'s FASCISTS

SIR.—For many years now we have been hearing much of the activities of an alleged Communist faction at V.U.C. In view of the events of the last week, however, it seems that we must now take notice of a potentially far more dangerous group, the V.U.C. fascists. At the Special General Meeting last Thursday night, these people, unable to convince a majority of students present of the validity of their case, attempted to prevent the majority from expressing and acting upon its opinion by staging a walkout to deprive the meeting of a quorum. To quote one of their own propaganda sheets, "Defeated by democracy they stooped to subterfuge." What makes the incident even more alarming is that prominent among their numbers was a member of the present executive. It also appears that, outside the door, they prevented a student from re-entering the hall until after the count had been taken.

It might be argued that these people are merely a collection of irresponsibles. But when, as happened here, irresponsibles are organised, so that their individual energies are channelled for the attainment of a common goal, we have, in essentials, the nucleus of fascism.

—A.

A Barbarism

SIR.—I have recently heard some derogatory criticism of that painting by Sybil Johnson which has broken all the laws of form. You must know the painting of the "Chemistry Lab." It strikes one in the left eye as one leaves the library. Doubtless these critical bodies lack artistic insight; they fail to see the point of this work.

Arabs who break the law are decapitated and have their heads hung on lamp-posts. In like manner this painting hangs as a warning and example to potential artistic lawbreakers as no better example of a wicked painting could have been chosen. It has broken all the laws of form, colour, texture, technique and good taste.

It should be tolerated only so long as its use as an example is recognised.

E. L. KEORBER.

Goofy's All Right

SIR.—The exception which Mr. D. S. G. Price takes to my recent article on comics is based on a number of misapprehensions.

The concluding reference to Walt Disney concerned only his production of Fantasia; Goofy, and other creatures dear to Mr. Price's heart, were not mentioned or referred to implicitly. Nor did the quotation from Margharita Laski mention Walt Disney.

I did not discuss the attitude to sex of any Elizabethan playwright, but since Mr. Price has brought the question up, I would suggest that an important difference between the plays of Ben Jonson and Kuttie Komies is that the latter are pornographic where the plays are not.

—P. M. BURNS.

A Matter of Faith

SIR.—We delved into G.A.'s letter; we digested the contents; we deplored the fact that in the display of mental gymnastics, G.A. has given for our enlightenment, he has unfortunately tied himself into a knot on the "parallel-bars" of rationalism and intolerance. G.A. is confused; and he has a persecution complex—a member of the E.U. refuses to notice him.

Sir, your correspondent stated that the E.U. had not understood the human race; true, does any man, does G.A., does G.A. understand his own self? At least the E.U. are seeking, to know the only one who does understand the human race: Christ.

You want a proof of the existence of God, G.A. You know of course that the Pauline Epistles were written only 30 years after the time of Christ and the Gospels some time after this (40 years). These are sufficient proof that Christ lived. We find that Christ regarded himself as the Son of God. Either He was right or wrong, and if He was wrong, either mad or bad. Christ's life, teaching an example disprove these two latter possibilities. Do you want further evidence? Consider the believers of every age who by their experience of faith not only think but know there is a God. It is their faith and hope against your forcible views, whatever those may be or may not be.

Faith, "the substance of things

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Mr. Braybrooke on the Christian University

WHAT, for a Christian, is the mission of the University? Not, certainly, to foster research into the sociology of the bicycle or anything else whatever that hasn't so far been researched; and much less to be a forcing-house for more and more technicians, suggested Mr. E. K. Braybrooke, senior lecturer in law, to a recent joint meeting of the Student Christian Movement and the Catholic Students' Guild in the Women's Commonroom.

Something far removed from the reality of Victoria College emerged from his consideration of possible aims and ideals for a modern university.

For a Christian, the mere raising of material and cultural standards of living, the aim of the modern democratic-cum-technological university, could not be adequate.

The liberal ideal of extending the frontiers of knowledge in any conceivable direction with a sort of childlike, eager curiosity, was a more subtle temptation than mere materialism, Mr. Braybrooke said. In fact, "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil" was the primeval temptation. To stay comfortably in a university, reasonably well-supported by the community, and spend one's time digging out stray pieces of knowledge in case they might, someday, prove useful was not satisfactory as a Christian ideal of life. The scraps of information might not prove useful—and could not a Christian be better employed?

The Christian-Hellenic type of university, typified by Oxford and Cambridge, offered more hope in spite of its many faults, Mr. Braybrooke considered. Confining itself to a relatively narrow field it had been criticised for simply grinding out over and over again the same amount of knowledge, instead of advancing the cause of scholarship. It had been tied to the maintenance of a particular social structure, and had therefore produced a blinkered kind of thought (the sort of attitude that could reconcile Christianity and slave-owning) and had become a finishing school for the sons of gentlemen.

The practical value of this type of University, however, was that it transmitted an important cultural heritage, the Christian and Greek traditions, to all who passed through it.

Nowadays in many countries was being raised the issue which stirred "Sabbent" last year: a cry for staff and students to disclose their views on fundamental issues, Mr. Braybrooke said.

What was at bottom wrong with the modern university, however, was that subjects taught either had no relation at all to the fundamental issues that the Christian taught to be enquiring about, or, if they did, were not taught so as to answer these fundamental questions (e.g., history, which ignores such questions as "How does God's judgment work itself out in history," apart from a few exceptions like Professor Herbert Butterfield.)

The mission of the Christian university, on the other hand, should be to contemplate the totality of man's knowledge with a view to answering the students' fundamental questions about the nature of man. Places which consider themselves to be doing fundamental research really neglect this, the most basic of all.

What kind of staff would the ideal university need? It was not always true that the University teacher was a man devoted to his work. Most were not indifferent to the rewards of the economic system in which we live.

"If the university were the place it could be you'd probably have to staff it with people who'd live on the same standard as our clergymen today; who really regarded themselves as having a mission to teach, to enquire into basic issues and communicate the results of their enquiries to other people," declared Mr. Braybrooke. In practice nowadays, university staffs tended to fall down as far as teaching went, and the great teachers among them were the exception rather than the rule.

Students at such a university would have to come prepared to devote themselves without much hope of gain or pleasure, to the same quest.

What impact would such an institution expect to have on the com-

munity around it? The community, which believes the function of the University is to prepare students for the battle of modern economic life, probably wouldn't like it at all.

To meet their objection, the University would have to be regarded, and to regard itself, rather like a special branch of the Church, going about its dedicated task prayerfully and following the Biblical injunction: "Do ye not be conformed to the world but be ye transformed by Christ Jesus."

Discussion was keen, most students agreeing that only a Christian society—or at least one far more so than New Zealand at present—could produce a Christian university. Students had to keep in mind that ultimate aim, however, and work for it with an apostolic spirit and earnest approach to their studies, bearing in mind the hierarchy of truths and concentrating on the most important.

They should remember, as an ideal university would, that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

—P.H.

A MATTER OF FAITH

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hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" cannot be entirely rational. The mind takes us a certain way on the road to truth, it does not carry us completely there. It can't provide us with the proof or "scientific demonstration" of this, the most important step we take in life. "Whatever that step may be, it is bound to stand for any of us, initially at least, as a certain way of setting our personalities and confronting the universe: whatever answer we give, we make a venture of faith."

—R. M. JANSEN,
—C. G. HUBBARD.

P.S.—To those worst men who oft give the best evidence—"Be not wise in your own conceits. . . . Get wisdom and with all your getting, get understanding. . . ." Proverbs.

A Critic . . .

SIR,—I can't let D.B.S. get away with his ill-judged criticism of John Curtis's acting of Rameau in the Training College's "The First-born." (Please note the correct title, D.B.S.) A "tendency to recite" can hardly be a bad fault in an actor delivering lines by Christopher Fry—or by Shakespeare, T. S. Eliot, J. M. Synge, or any other poetic playwright. What would be the point of attempting a purely naturalistic delivery of lines that were never meant to represent ordinary speech? The good actor combines both poetry and naturalism—he puts his lines across convincingly, but still retains their beauty. John Curtis managed to do this more efficiently than the others in the play. How a critic could fail to notice this just beat me.

—E.H. BELFORD.

. . . And An Answer

SIR,—Apparently, Mr. Belford, several things "just beat" you. Of course a "tendency to recite" is a bad fault. Just because the medium of the play is poetry, it does not follow that it should be recited as such. I'm glad that you mentioned T. E. Eliot because I can refer you to a short essay of his called "Poetry and Drama" in which he points out that poetry in a play is but a means to an end. It must justify itself according to the law of dramatic relevance, and not merely be good poetry shaped into dramatic form. If it only gives the audience the pleasure of listening to fine poetry, then it is superfluous.

—D.B.S.

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To help students who want vacation or part-time work, the Exec. is organising a Student Employment Service. Before advertising for remote employers or talking to near ones, we need an estimate of the number of students likely to make use of the service immediately or during the Christmas vacation.

If you are interested please register at the Exec. room

HOFFMANN'S SCHIZOPHRENIA Opera Thru Magnifying Glass

WHAT a disappointment! I hesitated to write about "Tales of Hoffmann," a chromatic, vulgar mess of technical pretentiousness, when the simple and moving "Brief Encounter" is showing in town at the same time. One is a sincere work of real art; the other a self-conscious piece of artiness. But "Tales of Hoffmann" has more popular appeal.

Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger have always had my admiration as experimenters in the cinema, but their work is often spoilt by too many lapses into bad taste. "Stairway to Heaven" and "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp" showed this and when the team decided to film ballet in "The Red Shoes" all their virtues and shortcomings were there. "The Red Shoes" was a great commercial success and the producers were encouraged to film opera. They chose Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann"—a good choice.

In its plot and atmosphere there is plenty of scope for fantasy. The work consists of a prologue, three acts and an epilogue. We discover that Hoffmann loves an opera singer, Stella, but in competition with Councillor Lindorf, who gains possession of a note from Stella to Hoffmann asking him to meet her after the show. Unaware of the message, Hoffmann tells his convivial tavern friends the stories of his previous love affairs. In Act I he falls in love with Olympia—so blindly that he is unable to see that she is only a doll. Hoffmann only realises his folly when Coppélius, angry at having been cheated by the dollmaker, smashes Olympia. His second love is Giulietta, an agent for the magician Dapertutto who steals people's shadows and their souls. She persuades Hoffmann to part with his reflection as the price for her love. Hoffmann kills Schlemil, Giulietta's real lover, and gets the key to the enchantress's room. But discovers her floating away in a gondola with—presumably—her next victim. Poor Hoffmann again has fruitless love in the third act, this time for a delicate singer, who has been forbidden to sing by her father lest she should die. However, Dr. Miracle, through his magic, forces her to sing and she falls dead, leaving Hoffmann to mourn her loss. The three acts end and so to the epilogue. Stella comes to the tavern from the theatre only to find Hoffmann in a drunken stupor. The last he sees of his love is her walking out of the tavern with the wicked Lindorf on her arm.

The film accepts this plot with little alteration but there are some lamentable additions, mainly as vehicles for dancers Shearer, Helpmann, Massine and Tcherina. The film has a promising beginning. I agree with Alan Dent when he says that the right idea of suitable decor

NOW. Registration is free until after the August vacation, after that a small fee will be charged. And registering does not bind you to anything.

THE SCHEME

The aim is solely to create a service for students, not to encourage extramural activity. We cannot forecast to what proportions the Student Employment Service may grow, but intend experimenting at first with a register system, which should be almost self-operating.

In one register, open to students at the office at any time, will be listed the jobs available, with details of times, conditions, remuneration, etc. If one appeals to you and you have not already registered, you will do so, paying a small fee after the August holidays, and be given the name and address of the employer. (This method will save ten students badgering the same employer!) A second register will be kept for students who wish to register themselves as available at set times for certain types of employment; employers will be referred to this and asked to contact the student who seems suitable.

The success of the whole scheme obviously depends on student co-operation. Employers will be asked to report unsatisfactory employees; but we hope we'll never hear of any, because every student who doesn't do a job he has agreed to take, or who does it badly, lowers the reputation of the whole Employment Ser-

(Continued on Page 4)

is the shot of "the crowded weather-cocks of Nuremberg in silhouette against a wan and livid sky." But as soon as the film's first act begins so does the decline of taste in its decor. Why all those bright yellow gauze curtains in a scene that is meant to represent a dollmaker's workshop?

This act I must admit is, if not true opera, almost a sheer delight. The dancing of Moira Shearer as the doll, the handling of the dancing puppets, Massine as Spalanzani, the dollmaker, Helpmann and Ashton. But why—oh why—such decor?

The second act comes and with it an array of vulgarity: dozens of dye-dripping curtains, wax-dripping chromatic candlesticks, frightening figureheads and, yes, even half-naked women barely covered by purples, reds and greens. The camera also competes with almost all the trick-photography in its repertoire. Is it any wonder, then, that the plot and players fighting against such a display of technical ingenuity have a hard time of it? But, alas, they go too far. They strive to outdo their heavy neo-Gothic background and the result is that we see opera from the wings. Exaggerated make-up, exaggerated naming but not, thank Thomas, exaggerated singing.

A sickly episode is an altogether overdone film. Nevertheless Ludmilla Tcherina, dressed in ink-black tights, succeeds in not looking ridiculous and gives, in the part of Giulietta, a performance that I shall not easily forget.

Nor shall I easily forget the mis-handling of the third act. If the second act was dramatic then this, set on a Grecian Isle, is lyrical. Such an act, then, must have a background made up of mainly soft colours and simple structures. But of course we don't get it: There is still the tendency for the grotesque, still the desire to startle. It's all very clever perhaps, but not moving as it should be. Perhaps the producers wanted a background that would run parallel to the hideous Dr. Miracle; but wouldn't a contrast have been more effective? Nevertheless, there has been more serious attempt to treat this act as straight opera and I must give credit for that. I shall try and ignore all the ruinous trick photography.

If the whole film had been treated as straight opera there would be more artistic unity instead of a haphazard potpourri of two art mediums. Apart from the ludicrous sight of Helpmann or Shearer performing ballet turns and at the same time singing at the top of someone else's voice, the added ballet sequences succeed only in holding up and obscuring the main flow of the opera's plot.

Not that the added sequences are always relevant. For example: The Dragon Fly ballet is too abstract and too much of the modern school to fit into the setting of a 19th century opera house. Nor are they always good ballet: the Stella ballet at the end of the film, for example. "Tales of Hoffmann" is a film suffering from a sort of cinematic schizophrenia, and it's only because of Sir Thomas Beecham who handles the musical side, that the film is not a complete failure.

Advice to all opera lovers: obliterate the visual mess on the screen, i.e., close your eyes and concentrate on listening to the sound track. "Prospero" Beecham gives us music that is "full of sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not," says Monk Gibbon, and I wholeheartedly agree. But his singers do well, too. Rounseville, as Hoffman, is both tender and strong; Ann Ayars as Antonia, is dramatically lyrical; Dorothy Bond as Moira Shearer's outer (or inner) voice and Bruce Dargavel as Helpmann's are the right voices for the parts.

Advice to Hein Heckroth, the art director, and Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger: a world of fantasy cannot be created by trick photography, a galaxy of chromatic dyes, gauze curtains and papier maches. No amount of technical ingenuity can compensate for lack of imaginative inspiration and artistic restraint.

Further advice to the producers: I like my opera neat.

—Ian Rich.



SOCCER TEAM CHAMPS! TWO TO PLAY BUT VIC ASSURED PROMOTION

By defeating SWIFTS 2-1 in a closely-contested match Varsity won the First B Division championship and are assured of promotion to First Division. The unbeaten victors, with two games to play, have a lead of five points over Swifts, who have one match to play. The other teams in the grade are well behind. The championship table reads:

Goals					
P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	Ag.
12	11	1	0	51	10

In perfect conditions the Senior XI met their old rivals, Swifts, who were out to become the first team to topple Varsity. As a result the green and golds had their hardest game to date. V.U.C. just managed to win a fast and lively encounter but they were not at their best on the small and firm field.

Although both wings Spiers and Gray played energetically, the latter was decidedly unlucky on several occasions not to score. Big centre Aldridge worked very hard and made a brilliant opening for Spiers to crash the ball into the net. Preston was sound in the first spell, moving up swiftly with the attack, but tended to lag behind in the second stanza—for a player of his class Preston seems to lack real speed.

The previous week, in similar conditions Varsity had found Petone Tech. Old Boys difficult to score against. Nevertheless, Walls collected two goals with glorious left-foot drives and half-back Reddy secured his annual goal with another left-foot shot.

Glancing at the current season this observer comes to the following conclusions:

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(1) The senior team plays far better on a full-sized and wet pitch.

(2) There has been a decided improvement in the forward line with 51 goals in 12 games to its credit. But more tigerishness and persistence are needed in front of goal.

(3) Despite the fact that only 10 goals have been scored against it, the defence is vulnerable at several points. Perhaps the lack of strong opposition has developed a sense of complacency.

(4) The success of the team is in no small measure due to the untiring efforts of the coach, Mr. R. Cocks. His presence at the practices has ensured a full attendance almost every week and he has made the players pay greater attention to their training. Mr. Cocks who is an ex-Wellington representative, makes some observations about the senior team:

"Despite the success of the senior side there are some aspects of the play of individuals that could be improved. Richardson, right back, is a most consistent player but he would do well on occasions to use ground passes to his wing or inside forward instead of always lofting the ball into the centre. Watson, the right wing, sends over some great centres but seems to lack determination when it comes to goal scoring; he is an excellent shot and should have more goals to his credit. He does not receive enough close support from Preston, his inside man. Preston is a great worker but if he made the ball do more of the work he would find that he would have more dash available when he comes to the attack.

Too often this season good constructive movements have fallen down for the want of more pressure in front of goal. The centre-forward cannot press home these movements without support. When the forwards learn to shoot LOW, QUICKLY, HARD and OFTEN Varsity will be a really formidable side."

—By "Corner-Kick."

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ONSHOW DECISIVELY BEATEN VARSITY LEAD IN JUBILEE CUP

ALTHOUGH not providing the thrills expected, Saturday's play was, however, most satisfactory from Varsity's point of view. Marist's defeat of Wellington and Varsity's victory over Onslow left Varsity two points clear and only three games to play. Jubilee Cup prospects look very bright.

A firm ground and a still day should have, according to all calculations, ushered in spectacular football. But if that is what we thought awaited us at the Park on Saturday we would have been disappointed. A team whose backs are noted for their sound defensive play, but not for their attacking ability won too great a percentage of the ball to provide an entertaining fare of Rugby.

For after a short time Steele's putting of the ball in the scrum became a mere formality. Any doubts about Judd's advancing years affecting his hooking ability were soon dispelled. McKenzie at five-eighths did not aid matters by working the touchline at every opportunity.

The Varsity forwards met their hardest opposition to date. But although never completely mastering the Onslow pack they provided their equal in the tight and shaded them in the loose.

Fisher and Clarke in the loose provided an efficient harrying force against the Onslow inside backs. Clarke's speed and his greatly improved defence may yet insure him of a permanent place in the rep. team.

Murray in the back of the scrum gave another fine display. He shadowed the Wellington number eight Elliston in all phases of the game. In addition his quick breaking from the lineout gave Steele yet another problem in an already somewhat crowded programme.

If Varsity annex the Jubilee Cup this year their success will be due in no small way to the manner in which their forwards hunt as a pack. Frank Hill and Stewart in the front-row to Murray in the back of the scrum they have Saturday after Saturday chased the ball with never slackening vigour.

The Varsity inside backs had little opportunity to show their attacking prowess. Savage once again played the role of tactical director. The more is seen of Steele and Savage

the less secure becomes the former's place in the provincial side.

Saturday's game threw the light on another facet of L. Jarden's play—his defence. His solid tackling proved too sound for McKenzie, the main fault that could be found in an otherwise sound display was his badly timed passes.

Fitzpatrick attempted few deviations from set play, being content to follow the general tactics which appeared to consist in feeding the three-quarter line at every opportunity.

A general comment with regard to the five-eighths play was that when kicking for the wings they did not kick deep enough. Fitzgerald's strong kicking when he moved into the five-eighths position after Fitzpatrick was injured, appeared to be more fruitful.

The most enterprising player on the field was Fitzgerald. Towards the end of the second half the crowd were often raised to their feet with Fitzgerald's sidestepping and proping.

The year of plenty in which Wellington Province as a whole and Varsity in particular find themselves, was emphasised even more by Battell. Representative football does not seem far off for this player. This must have passed through many minds after Battell's display on Saturday. He further encouraged this train of thought with his try. A long throw in by Muller gave Clarke possession. He passed to Battell who moved quickly upfield towards the Western Bank side of the posts. The Onslow cover-defence quickly appeared, all making for Jarden. Then 10 yards short of the line, with everyone expecting him to transfer to Jarden, Battell straightened his run, and scored between the posts, leaving four Onslow players marking an unconcerned Jarden.

Braithwaite on the wing for Onslow kept Jarden under close surveillance, allowing him no opportunity to break clear.

Osborne gave another sound display. His sure handling threw into bold relief Smith's too frequent lapses.

—Sports Editor.

NEW EXEC. VENTURE

(Continued from Page 3)

vice. And the few employers who trust the Service, the less effective will it be in finding jobs for students who may need them urgently.

The venture is organised solely for the benefit of students; the more you use it, the greater will be the advantages it will be able to offer. Eventually we may even be able to hunt out just the jobs students want as they want them, find them careers, and show them job opportunities after they have graduated.

To get the Service fairly started before the summer vacation, we want right now to know approximately the amount of student labour that will be available. So if you contemplate working at Christmas time, and have not yet decided what you are going to do or where you are going to do it, make the most of this opportunity right away. Give us your name, and we will give you our assistance.

Melbourne University reports: "We provide vacation work and an odd job service for students wishing to gain experience or earn money while studying. About 2500 students have been placed through this section in each of the last two years.

"Apart from being educative, vacation work provides valuable part of undergraduate education, besides giving employers a chance to get acquainted with students. We get very many letters from employers speaking in appreciative terms of our people, and many students take up permanent employment with employers to whom they have returned year after year for vacation work. The willingness of our students to tackle any type of work, however menial, has done much to break down a prejudice which undoubtedly existed here against university men and women ten years ago."

American students in most colleges are helped by their college Placement Officers not only to find part-time jobs—baby-sitting, etc.—but also to find permanent employment when

they graduate. Many aim to have every graduating students placed in permanent employment before they actually leave college.

Colleges often employ fairly large staffs to handle this work, and usually are able to insist on references from prospective employers. Students are interviewed about their experience in past jobs when they register, and the college sets a "tariff" for such jobs as baby-sitting, and acting as a waiter. Students are often employed in college cafeterias, libraries, and to assist in various departments. For students who want to spend the vacation as waiters or waitresses in summer resorts, special courses in the art are held, so that no student goes out absolutely "raw" on the job.

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