

The Magnet

For Men's Wear
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Salient

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Leaders in the Field
of Athletic and Sports
Equipment

Briscoe Mills

Cnr. Victoria and
Hunter Streets

IF YOU WANT PEACE— PREPARE FOR PEACE!

It seems clear to me that it is utterly wrong to introduce peace-time conscription in New Zealand today. Both practical and moral considerations lead me to this conclusion. It is because I feel that all of us who care for the welfare of humanity will want to weigh the question carefully from as many points of view as possible prior to voting in the referendum, that I ask you to consider my reasons.

I take my starting point from these considerations. Both sides of the issue are not being put fairly to the voters. "Salient," 8/6/49, has an excellent article on this.

We have not been given clear factual reasons why we should support conscription. We have been told that all we hold dear, and our very existence, are at stake. I shall suggest later why I think that is not so. We are told Christianity is at stake. I shall later give more reasons for my opinion that, if Christianity is menaced, it is not menaced by Russia alone. Meantime, I remark that it is absurd to regard the conflict between Russia and the antagonists of Russia as being a conflict between Russia and Christianity. This conflict seems to be primarily between Russia and America, and is a conflict between two ways of group self-seeking for material ends. Mr. Fraser has now said that it is Russia which threatens us.

We have no good reasons to believe that Russia is threatening us, and I shall deal with this more fully also.

To Fight But Not To Vote

The persons most directly affected by the result of the referendum, the 18-year-old males, have not been allowed a vote on it. Some people in New Zealand still hold the idea that the Government should govern in the interests of the people affected. Further, if those of 18 are not mature enough to vote, are they mature enough to decide whether they should take part in war or preparations for war?

The Prime Minister and others have tried to suggest that all opposition to conscription would come directly or indirectly from Communists. This is not so. There are pacifists, Christians who regard Christianity as implying pacifism, and others who object to war, and also those who might approve conscription in war but regard it as unjustifiable, or unnecessary, or useless here in New Zealand at the present time.

Some say our thinking and our trifling actions can have no effect upon the big political events in the world. However that may be in some cases, it is not the case here. Each of us has a vote and each vote has a small, but a definite, influence. I shall seek to show how the decision reached by these small votes of ours has tremendous ramifications and raises very deep questions. Vast political movements may be beyond our control—but our vote here and now is absolutely within our control. We must consider well how we exercise it.

The Case Against Conscription

The decision given by the referendum is a political matter in that the factors influencing the decision, and the way it is put into effect, and its immediate obvious effects, will be political. But when we consider all that these things imply, we see that the matter is much more than a political one.

It still seems to me significant to ask what right has any group of persons organised into a State, and still less of course any mythical "state," to ask any of its members to seek what that State regards as its welfare by the means of killing other human beings. These people are in essence the same sort of people as the members of the State who are being asked to kill. (It is always open to those who support such a State's policy to volunteer for active service.)

Less Production

What does conscription mean? Periods of military training. This means, among other things, absence from employment, to the detriment of employer and employee, less production, the cost of housing and maintaining the conscripts, less individual responsibility for reasons including the one that under training conditions the recruit has to make no decisions other than to do as he is told. Physical fitness can be obtained without conscription.

Spurring Destruction

But conscription means much more than these things. Its effect on the conscript is to confirm in him the attitude that the way to settle problems in the last resort is by force, to train him in methods of the most ravaging, and in these days indiscriminate, use of force and destruction. Its effect on the people generally here in New Zealand is closely allied with this. People will see that we have taken a step that has been followed by war when it has been done before. It will encourage in them the ideas that disputes can be settled by violence, that another war is inevitable. It will assist in destroying any hopes of amicable settlement.

Our endorsing conscription would be regarded as a lead by other members of the British Commonwealth. If we bring it in, it will be more easily brought in elsewhere in the Empire. Nor does its effect as an example stop there—other amicably disposed nations will also be influenced.

Perhaps greatest of its effects will be on any possible antagonist or antagonists. Their natural reaction will be to make counter preparations, to regard our act as one of hostility towards them. Their hostility will be provoked. Our conciliatory statements or negotiations (if any) will be regarded as dubious, if not hypocritical, by these nations. The move towards antagonism will provoke antagonism.

These recent years have been witness to chaos and destruction unheard of in more remote history, producing feelings of utter devastation and despair in the minds of people all over the world. Conscription, a step to further violence and destruction, will damn any faint hopes that a few people may be

beginning to feel. Hopes born of experience of friendship near, and sometimes over great distances, hopes born of experience of the values of co-operation and respect for human beings in the work of UNRRA, CORSO, FAO, in the development of trusteeship for backward peoples. Dare we take a part in dashing these hopes yet again?

Let us return to consider the meaning of conscription. We must admit it is a restriction on liberty. Some restrictions on liberty are justified in the interests of preventing harm to other people and achieving the greatest good of the greatest number. This restriction cannot be justified on that ground because in the past it has always caused more harm than good. Because it restricts liberty in this unjustifiable way at the ipse dixit of the State, it is a move towards totalitarianism.

Antagonism Breeds

We know from our experience of other individuals and of groups that antagonism, hostility and violence provoke antagonism, hostility and violence. Conscription in New Zealand is an antagonistic move. It will provoke or increase antagonism in any group that imagines we have directed our action against it. Conscription therefore leads to an increase in the attitude of violence at home and abroad. I repeat it will impair our good faith in negotiation. In short, conscription is a step towards war. A step which some people in the Government ask us to take! If we value human life, human happiness, friendship, and what until recently has been regarded as our way of life, we cannot and must not take this step.

Whose Aggression?

Mr. Fraser has accused Russia of being expansionist and aggressive. It seems to me that Russia has been, in some respects, expansionist, and may perhaps be aggressive. It seems clear, for instance, that less than half of the population of Czechoslovakia favoured the Communist form of government when the Communists took over there. But it seems clear also that the United States of America has done even more that can be regarded as expansion and aggression. To mention only a few instances, America has given substantial military aid to Greece and Turkey. The Americans argued that Greece needed aid to restore her war-ravaged country. So she did. But not all the American loan was used for that purpose. The same argument was urged in regard to Turkey. But Turkey was scarcely touched by any form of physical destruction in the last war. Yet the United States of America made Turkey a loan equal to that made to Greece. As another instance, it can be mentioned that the United States of America has a considerable number of military bases outside her territory. Russia has very few, if any, military bases outside her territory. Expenditure on armament is higher in the United States of America than anywhere else in the world. America gave material and military support to the Nationalists in China. Russia did not give such assistance to the Communists in that war.

To those who say that wars are inevitable, I would say surely we should delay or reduce any moves toward war, because the intervening periods of peace are, at the very least, happier than those of war. To those who say that the more prepared we are now the less sacrifice will occur in the next war, and that our preparation will shorten the next war, I reply that such preparations in the past have only stimulated counter measures, and the cumulative effect has been the devastating wars we have seen.

Must War Be?

But wars are not inevitable. It is the minds of people which (in the last analysis) direct all forces except natural forces. It is human beings who switch the machines on or off. War must be related to the minds of people. We, as people having considerable influence over our own minds and activities, and also over the minds of other people, should throw such influence as we have toward the increase rather than the destruction of human happiness.

Look At The Cost

For our decision, let us try to assess the value or otherwise of war by considering its nature, effects and consequences, and measuring these in terms of happiness of the people in the world (the individual persons, you and I and the Germans and the Indians and the Russians). The consequences of war are conceded by all to be terrible beyond description. Atom bombs, guided

Salient

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1949

OUR CIVIL LIBERTIES

How stands our democracy? A referendum, we thought, was the purest and most direct form of democracy. Mr. Fraser, after a little pressure from Mr. Holland, stated that everybody who wanted to be heard on the question of conscription would be allowed to speak. Yet what is the result? Reports of meetings held by anti-conscriptionists all over the country have clearly shown that our police force has acted directly contrary to Mr. Fraser's public statement on free speech. Meetings have been consciously and purposely mobbed and disrupted without the police intervening to see the rights of the speakers upheld. Meetings have been allowed to degenerate to a point where speakers have had to be taken into protective custody.

In Nelson police stood by while one man was injured and despatched to hospital, another debagged and a third doused in a public convenience. What price civil liberties?

In Wellington the home of three elderly women was besieged at 4.30 a.m. Sunday morning by police wanting to know if they belonged to an anti-conscriptionist movement, and threatening arrest.

A student of this college was intimidated and threatened with personal violence by his local policeman if he did not cease anti-conscriptionist activities.

We feel that it is impossible to reconcile these facts with the ideal of a free democratic referendum. The elementary civil liberties of free speech and of the right to act by your conscience are being suppressed in a campaign which pretends to provide a means whereby those very liberties will be protected from some mythical foreign foe. It would be more to the point, Mr. Fraser, if first we achieved this democracy you talk of, and then proceeded to defend it.

P. F. J.

(Continued from page 1)

missiles, death sprays, flamethrowers, and bacterial warfare offer small hope indeed that the next war, if we have one, will be one whit less agonizing and indiscriminately destructive than the last one. The economic waste caused by war will also have its inevitable repercussions. Hopeless, destitute, despair-pitted, people will again die of slow starvation, of slow burns, of all the ravages and aftermaths of war. Some have said the next war will mean the destruction of what has been called Western Civilisation. Cold reason seems to show that fairly simply. War is never the lesser of two evils.

War has in the past always cost even the victor far more than it has been worth. Measured in terms of wealth or in terms of happiness, or of both, it seems clear to me that it would be better to let an invader walk in rather than risk the terrible agony, havoc, and dying that war brings. The next war will be worse.

Even if this price is said to be worth it, in no case in the past has a war achieved all the things it was ostensibly fought for. War has not worked as a means to a good end in the past. And in the case of us in New Zealand, to restrict freedom by conscription is to deny the very principles for which we ostensibly fought and won two wars (and to give in to totalitarianism after all).

Conscription Not A Total Solution

Even if war were worth it, and did achieve the things the war leaders argue it does (freedom, justice, and peace), it could still be suggested (as a solution to the problem of living together) to only one nation or group of nations, never to the whole world. But isn't it obvious that all people have been born on to the earth, and have to find a way of living-together? A solution in terms of one nation or group, since it does not cover everyone in the world, is not a real solution at all.

Neither war, nor violence, nor preparations for those activities, will ever do anything to help the whole world to live together. These things are the culmination of self-seeking. Self-assertion only makes others respond by the same sort of activity. Since the more we have the more we want, and there are not enough things to satisfy everybody's wants, clashes must occur so long as the policy of self-seeking is being pursued. This applies to individuals, to groups, to nations. In this world of limited bounty, self-seeking leads to conflict and destruction. Conscription prepares us for more direct self-seeking—it envisages action that excludes co-operation. Do we not recognise from our own experience with individuals that aggressive activity on our part never produces a true solution? And doesn't our experience of nations in history bear out a similar conclusion?

"We must love one another, or die." (W. H. Auden.)

We are here concerned primarily with nations, however. The way of assertion and violence does not solve the problem—that is, it is not a practical solution. It must lead to destruction. Are there any alternatives? There is only one solution that I can bring to mind. It is the solution of conciliation, co-operation, friendliness. This is the hope that can be realised.

Practical Without Destroying

The first and loudest objection that seems to be made to this method of conciliation and co-operation is that it is not practical. I suppose by this the critics mean not practical on a political (large) scale. The most obvious,

but most necessary, thing to say first in reply to this is: Assertion, aggression and violence have only been practical in the sense that they destroyed millions of people and dealt tremendous hardship, pain and suffering to millions more. Each of these last two sets of so-called "practical" measures have culminated in war, and have merely manufactured conditions in which the surge of more aggression and retaliation, the tendency towards another destructive war, is almost overpowering. Is not any alternative at all worthy of the most sincere trial, the most genuine and firm support, that each and every one of us can give?

Even could I draw you no further than this, I would urge that a vote against conscription has been justified.

The Greatest Alternative

But to those who disagree, and to those who would proceed yet more deeply into the issue, I say: The hope is not as slender as the foregoing might (for you) imply. We have a tremendous alternative. Whether it be in matters concerning individuals, groups, or nations, the method of toleration, co-operation and friendship would work in that it would enable all people on the earth to have as much as is possible of the earth's limited abundance, and would enable people to live in happiness while having their just material share. If we all made up our minds to carry it out, bearing in mind the fact that it involves sacrifices to those who have more than their fair share (and that probably includes us), then it would work. Any step in that direction is a constructive step. As I know of no other courses than, in essence, exclusive self-interest on the one hand and co-operation on the other, any other step seems to me to be tending to destruction. The course of co-operation and friendship (which, I repeat, would involve sacrifices, but none so terrible as a war inflicts upon us) will solve the problems of all people, of all groups, of all nations. He utters a hollow cry for peace who is not himself prepared to give or suffer something for its achievement. We may have to make sacrifices as individuals and as members of a nation. It would mean ultimately that justice would have to be put into effect all over the world so that each person obtained an equal right to live on this earth, though this does not mean that everyone would have to be absolutely equal. Diversity, coupled with true friendliness, makes community possible. This justice is founded ultimately on the Christian ideal of loving one another.

What Christ Did

There are some of us who believe that Christ came on earth to show us, among other things, the way to live together. By His teaching and His life He showed us that it is the way of caring for each other, bearing one another's burdens, friendliness, and love, that enables us to have life most abundantly. References to some illustrations of this life and precept may be of value: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (Matthew 22, 39). "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" (Matt. 7, 12). "But I say unto you which hear, love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." (Luke 6, 27-29.) "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also" (Matt. 5, 38, 39). And Matthew 26, 51 and 52: "And behold, one of them which were with Jesus stretched out his hand, and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the high priests, and smote off his ear. Then said Jesus unto him, Put up thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." These are not isolated instances of Jesus' teaching and examples—they are in harmony with His whole life on earth. Furthermore, they are specific, practical directions. We must meet evil, not by returning evil, but by loving those who would do us evil.

I am of the opinion that Russia is not menacing us. But even if Russia were menacing us in the most terrible way, the course of action of those of us who call ourselves Christians is to vote against conscription. Our action as Christians is to vote against conscription. Our action as Christians should not rest there, of course, but in New Zealand today it may be said to commence there. We must also lose no opportunity of showing our care for our fellow-men, both close at hand and in all nations. Many Christian groups, among them the Society of Friends (Quakers), are trying to do this, and are in small but significant ways bridging the barriers between people and nations. We can take more practical steps by supporting these groups. Nor are groups designated Christian alone in these activities.

The True Loyalty

The method of friendship, indicating so far as the referendum is concerned a vote against conscription, does not mean that we are avoiding our responsibilities to our fellow-men, either in New Zealand or abroad. It means that we think that the best method of carrying out our obligation to our fellows is by being friendly with them over all the earth, and by showing, by consideration in this way of even those who disagree with us, that we think there is a better way of life, a way in which we can, if we will, live together. This course will never avoid the problems of having each individual person follow it for himself or herself. But this point just shows, in one particular, how it is that such a solution as this does not submerge the individual in the mass: it depends on each one of us.

I have put this before you to show that there is a positive alternative to war or preparation for war. We must extend our friendship to the uttermost bounds of the earth.

The case against conscription in New Zealand today, then, is briefly this: We are faced with antagonistic activities between nations which are difficult to assess. The referendum makes it necessary to consider what these facts are, and also the implications of our decision. The State's compulsion to killing cannot be justified. If wars are inevitable we should delay them. But wars are not inevitable. Conscription must be considered in the full light of its consequences. From these I have shown why conscription leads to war. War produces more harm than good in the short run and in the long run, and so far as both victors and vanquished are concerned. Violence and war never bring human well-being when all the consequences are considered. Any alternative must therefore be better. Even so, more hope can be offered. The method of conciliation and friendship can work, and wherever it has been tried faithfully it has worked. I suggest we can make it work, and that if we make it work we will achieve the greatest possible well-being for people on earth. Conciliation will work if it becomes love in the Christian sense. Christ's spirit and teaching and life show this, and also give us specific advice as to how we should act in regard to evil or possible evil. There is a better way than conscription—it is the way of friendliness; of caring for all people. For us at this time, whether Christians or not, this means many things.

IT CERTAINLY MEANS WE MUST VOTE AGAINST CONSCRIPTION.

—E. B. ROBINSON.

The following was the address by Professor Murray at Graduation Ceremony, 1949, to the Chancellor.

HONORIS CAUSA

Mr. Chancellor, it is with a deep and humble sense of privilege that I come forward to ask you to confer on Ronald Syme, a scholar of international repute, the highest honour which the Faculty of Arts in this University can bestow.

Ronald Syme was born in this country, and was a student of Victoria University College, who graduated with great distinction in the University of New Zealand. The brilliant promise which he showed in his classical studies has been amply fulfilled by his subsequent career as a student at Oriel College and as a Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford. The many articles which he has published in learned journals on various aspects of the early Roman Empire show originality, insight, learning and scholarship which have earned him the admiration and respect of students of Roman History throughout the world, and have brought him the coveted honour of a Fellowship of the British Academy. At the present time the finest fruits of his scholarship are his magnificent chapters in the Cambridge Ancient History on the Frontier Policy of the Early Roman Empire, and his brilliant book "The Roman Revolution," hailed by scholars as a masterpiece, in which with skill and clarity he describes the complicated interplay of character at the time when Rome and her possessions changed from a republic to an empire with a firmly founded Principate. These works have put Ronald Syme in the forefront of those scholars who study the history of ancient Rome, and they are an achievement which amply justifies the honour which the University of New Zealand has decided to confer upon him. But Ronald Syme has applied his powers of mind with equal distinction in other spheres. During the late war he served his country well in difficult and delicate tasks in South Eastern Europe and the Near East.

It is pleasant to record that strong confirmation of the decision of this University to honour Ronald Syme has recently come from the University of Oxford, which has elected him to its Camden Professorship of Ancient History.

With the one regret, Mr. Chancellor, that Ronald Syme is not here in person to receive the honour, I pray you to honour his native land and the University in which he first began the higher studies, by conferring upon him in absentia, on behalf of the University of New Zealand, the degree of Doctor of Literature Honoris causa.

THE OLDEST TRADE

Penny wise . . . money flies
By any other name, a pound of flesh
On the round-a-bout
Pace the floor
Pay again
Don't you hate to be alone?
Get her on a telephone
By any other name, a pound of flesh
Penny wise . . . money flies
Where's your will?
Come man, speak
Get up, stand on your own two feet.
I know, . . . I can't!
My flesh is weak
On the round-a-bout
Pay again
A pound of flesh, . . .

—Oakden Davies.

SANCTUARY

Nights endlessly
it stares at me—
huge poplars swaying in the wind
bending down to find
their balance in the sky again;
and clear tributaries joining the main
muddy torrent washing clean
the stones, seen like gems through the
murk.

Sanctuary, my love, for a moment in
your arms
that alone can charm
away the shades of a lit-up dark
that gives no rest; that start the spark
of a wafting gleam
of mellow colour, seen
and felt vaguely in the mind
as warmth; stopping the ceaseless grind
of thought against thought—
Night never ending
I seek.

—Ralph Unger.

H. C. EVISON.

Lack of space unfortunately prevents us from completing Paul Zilch's series of articles this issue: the last will be printed next issue.

Our Heritage Reviewed

Dr. Beaglehole has written a history that is both readable and accurate—a rare achievement in the Twentieth Century. It is more than that: it can justly be called a scientific and artistic triumph. For in "Victoria University College"—modestly subtitled "An Essay towards a History"—one can find not only profit but delight and even excitement. Dr. Beaglehole has something to say; he says it. In short, he can write.

The College Council gave him a difficult assignment. He could have very well produced a kind of academic "Social Cocktails" on the one hand, or a paraphrase of the College Calendar on the other. He chose instead to give us a true history, balanced, philosophical and amusing.

Victoria's Sons

Consider the difficulties. Just what is Victoria College to be proud of after 50 years? Is it to be congratulated or blamed for Sir David Smith, Sir Bernard Freyberg and Mr. Will Appleton? Sir David solemnly assured the Students' Congress that the second-year American University student was the finest product of Western civilisation! Sir Bernard tells the people that anybody in New Zealand who doesn't agree with the social opinions of himself and his lady is a foreigner, while in his ten thousand speeches his Worship has never given cause for the slightest suspicion that he has ever come in contact with an institution of higher learning. Is it a source of pride to Victoria that it has turned out a regiment of men who defend right and wrong impartially for money—that is lawyers? I don't think so. It has always seemed to me that our College should be proud that it helped to educate a Gordon Watson, who became Secretary of the Communist Party, and who died gun in hand, fighting in Italy the things he hated in his own country. It has no reason to speak well of the type of man whom he satirised in his "Epitaph for a Liberal" in the 1937 "Spike" thus:

You were a gallant speaker
For freedom and for right
You were no common coward
Until you saw the fight.

There are students and ex-students of the College who would deny the right of people like Gordon Watson to belong to the RSA. No doubt such political ghouls will remove his name and those of his comrades from the rolls of honour for the indecency of having died for their right to live.

One of the chief joys in Dr. Beaglehole's book is his delicious characterisation of the early staff. There are not many living novelists who can picture human beings so well as he has drawn Rankine Brown, von Zedlitz and the late lovable Prof. Kirk. His account of the Reverend Horace Ward and his management of the library is sheer Dickens. Nor has he overlooked among the mighty ones "Brooky" and Gerry Strawbridge.

Big Omission

Dr. Beaglehole apologises for not having said much about "courses of study, 'stages,' options, syllabuses, set books and text-books." Well, I for one, would not like to have seen anything omitted from his 320 pages but I cannot help but feel that the most important things to cover in the history of a University are what is taught, why it is taught, and how it is taught. It would have been most instructive, for example, to trace how Victoria College arrived at the position where its students can solemnly hold Shelley to be mad and Milton bad, to prove by figures that the tenth child is not as bright as the first one and that the luckless lad who is born in Te Aro flat is not so intelligent as the one nourished on Kelburn Parade. Moreover, how has it come about that the defenders of a Lysenko can be pursued with the vindictiveness with which once the Bench of Bishops assailed Darwin

and the Inquisition, Galileo? The discovery in Salamanca Road fifty years after his death that there had once been a man named Karl Marx and the desperate attempts to explain him—or rather explain him away—should also furnish rich material for the historian of ideas.

Tradition Of Heresy

Readers will notice a thread running through the book which also is a thread running through the story of Victoria—freedom of speech—to some "an academic shibboleth," to others the life-blood of the place.

They will notice that, since 1915, what is sometimes considered to be a tradition has never been very safe in the hands of the official representatives of the College. In 1915 Victoria, as Dr. Beaglehole puts it so well, "found itself at odds, not merely with the community of its own University district, but with the whole of New Zealand." I refer, of course, to the von Zedlitz case. The story of this bad business with its connotation of shame for the ruling caste of New Zealand and of honour for the College is here told fully for the first time. As Dr. Beaglehole says truly: "There is nothing in the College's record of which its men and women have the right to feel proud."

But in 1924 the College Council refused to re-appoint Prof. von Zedlitz. It was as Dr. Beaglehole says: "The petty tragedy of men who feared to do a just thing." The Council has been pretty petty ever since. In 1933 it did everything but grovel on the floor. All Doctor Beaglehole's observations on this period are biting sharp as any honest historian would have to make them. I find particularly manly and honourable Dr. Beaglehole's remarks on his own non-appointment to the Chair of History in 1935—a decision of the Council not uninfluenced by the Commissioner of Police. He says:

" . . . the Council in making an appointment to the staff, was to show itself moved by a political bias which men had proudly thought alien to this college; and the fact that it nevertheless made an excellent appointment cannot exonerate it. Fortune, whose blind favours have so often passed Victoria by, has also on occasion been kind."

Buy it Yourself

I am afraid I have said very little about Dr. Beaglehole's book for the readers of "Salient"—that is because I want them to buy it for themselves. You cannot precis it. If I have said perhaps a little more about my impressions of the College than about Dr. Beaglehole's the fault lies with Dr. Beaglehole, for he has a remarkable capacity to suggest trains of thought. It is not the least of his merits.

Congratulations are also due to Frances Fyfe and Nancy Taylor for their index. It's a gem.

IN DEFENCE OF THE AMERICAN FILM

I make no apologies for introducing an article on the "pitchers" into a journal with the pretensions of "Salient." [We live and learn.—Ed.] It must be obvious to many that the film is the greatest device men have yet stumbled upon with which to propagate truth. Properly handled, the film could oust literature itself in reflecting the true spirit of a nation and in moulding also the intellectual life of that nation. In asserting this I am not forgetting that literature has held unchallenged sway for a few centuries or more.

Film in Our Time

The end of the war brought an unprecedented boom in the European film industry, and so Hollywood has been compelled to hear criticism from within and without. It has submitted meekly to castigation from overseas critics largely inspired by an excess of nationalistic pride. More surprisingly, it has lost its head and in the midst of an acute spell of inferiority complex it has ground out a 'very coarse grain of thrillers, "naughty" comedies, and Westerns, many of which are unworthy of whatever tradition sophisticated Hollywood may acknowledge in a weak moment. To imagine that the shrewd movie bosses, always with both eyes on the box-office, could ever misjudge their audiences is indeed difficult, but I think that they have—and badly. . . . For once in their cynical lives they have aimed too low.

Now from the preceding remarks one could justifiably query this article's validity as a defence of the American film industry, but the complaint given to suggest that the most recent fare from Hollywood is an exaggerated example of admittedly ever-present weaknesses. It is not a true reflection of the general standard of the industry. I am basing this article on the output of a sane Hollywood, paradoxical though this phrase may be, a Hollywood which will reappear very soon, when the old cocksure self-confidence has overcome the present self-conscious restrained attitude.

Laurels To Hollywood Commercialism

I hand Hollywood the rather greasy palm in the commercial cinematic competition because Hollywood above all else is honest with itself. Unlike the British film industry, it does not produce one pearl and much paste and claim that the lot is the genuine oyster. It rarely strives consciously to be artistic—when it does it flops—for its executives are shrewd enough to know that a materialistic people like the Americans have little capacity either for producing or appreciating a film of piercing artistic inspiration. Instead they rely on a

consistent standard of competency on which the average movie-goer of today can rely. The Americans have achieved much by this honest recognition of their limitations—and have not received the praise they have deserved. A "Way to the Stars" is all very acceptable when it comes, but I thank heaven above for sparing me from the acutely class-conscious efforts of the British film in between the master-pieces—the pattern is depressing and unoriginal—Oxford-accented heroes, ingratiating servants, tacit suggestions of the superiority of the English way of life, the interplay between the upper class and the lower class, and, worst of all, minor characters who look and talk as if they had just been borrowed from the local repertory show. They make an unpleasant contrast to the accomplished American minor character players. These are true artists, craftsmen in their own right, restrained, natural, giving the impression that they have been pressed into service as they strolled around the set chewing gum. Men like Frank Faylan, William Bendix, Gene Lockhart, and Dan Duryea are counterparts of genuine hunks of humanity known in our own life. Women may recoil from the fish-like expression of Duryea but that is the very proof of his reality as a character—the instinctive reaction of any normal person who might happen to meet him unexpectedly.

To regain the main road again, I must reiterate my gratitude to the Americans in providing an entertainment to which I can generally turn confidently when the Press has informed me that there are no master-pieces around demanding to revive my Hollywood-drugged soul.

Up with Yankee Humour

American humour has no counterpart in present-day cinema. Indeed, the honesty of the American film has been very largely due to its humour. The wise-crack so beloved of Hollywood has very often been deliberately aimed at allegedly sacred national institutions in order to please an international audience—so we find Bing Crosby stating in the "Emperor Waltz" that he is "a Presbyterian, a commercial salesman, and a member of the Junior Chamber of Com-

merce," with such an earnest note in his voice that smiles of derision bubble upon the lips of the audience [bubble-gum?—Ed.]. Perhaps one of the main reasons why American humour is unsurpassed is that it is the humour of the new world—it is irreverent. It does not, as does the English manner, mock existing institutions with the implied proviso that they really are the best you could hope for, so that the audience is lulled into remarking upon the "honest candour" of British films. Rather do they openly attack anything which to them is founded upon a false base—so we find Danny Kaye in "The Secret Lives of Walter Mitty" relentlessly exposing the various legends of the deep south, the impossible heroic hero and the casual reticence of the English with ingenious mimicry of a Texan gambler, cocking his thumb at the old melodrama of the sea captain who stayed at the wheel despite all mishaps—

"Come down Cap'n"

"I'm all right, I've only broken my arm"

and gleefully satirising English reticence in the RAF officer who upon being faced with the seductive query of a rumba girl—"You like me, huh?"—replied as he gazed longingly at the maiden—"Rather!"

No Screen For Problems

In the screening of social problems the Americans are not so honest as in other matters. However, much the same could be said about most other film-making countries. Nevertheless, despite studied avoidance of sensitive issues, e.g., the negro question, Hollywood has at times shaken off its qualms and produced a "Grapes of Wrath"—the pitiful saga of the exploited fruit-picker in California—a picture which it would be very difficult to excel in acting ability, direction and general purpose. One might counter perhaps with "Love on the Dole" but the final taste in the mouth left by the latter was one of depression, of morbid submission to the conditions surrounding the characters while "The Grapes of Wrath" ended on a note of challenge with more than a hint of rebellion.

My generalisations proceed from a weekly attendance at the theatres [or cinemas?—Ed.] and from the impressions constantly received from viewing the different films of different countries. The first essential of art is verisimilitude, i.e., the device of art should truthfully represent what it sets out to portray. Bearing this essential in mind I think that despite its lapses into nauseating sentimentality, crude melodrama and bedroom comedy, Hollywood achieves a more reliable standard of performance than any other film centre. Sometimes it even embellishes its consistency with a masterpiece IN THE EUROPEAN TRADITION. Some day perhaps it will summon up enough courage to give the critics what many of them have sought—a searching exposition of the negro question.

B. J. O'MEAGHER.

Study in Still Life: Children with Dog

The next car swerved away too late
a still bundle of black fur
blood from the crushed head
slowly staining the asphalt
and on the pavement the children
with a sudden sickening appreciation
of death
prancing and whimpering with joy a
moment ago
being taken on that adventure
across the road to the grocer's
now crushed pushed over the brink of
eternity
and on the pavement the children
tears smarting beneath the eyelids
stand incredulous before the finite world.

ALEC BRYAN.

House Discussion

Despite a bed and breakfast regime, one Weir House institution not only has survived but has taken a new lease of life. The three discussions held so far this term have been marked by a doubling of the average attendance of the last few years, and the institution of supper, for the first time since before the war. Discussions are held every second Sunday evening in the "common-room" and generally last about 2½ hours. Every effort is being made to get first-rate controversial issues discussed and an attempt is being made to alternate the "talk" and what Sir Howard calls the "Altercation." The speaker in each case speaks for about half an hour, the remainder of the time being taken up with questions, discussions and supper.

Early in the term W. J. Scott spoke on American universities, and many residents were forced to revise their opinion of American student mind, greatly derived from Hollywood and "Salient." Ormond Burton led a discussion on compulsory military training with an attendance of 40. The subject was lifted completely from the mundane plane on which it is usually discussed, and the issue became the fundamentals of Christian

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belief. The subject certainly stimulated discussion and sparks were flying at times. Despite a considerable measure of disagreement there were few present who were not stimulated to a consideration of their position on this issue (if only to reinforce their prejudices). The third discussion, led by James Bertram, was concerned with China To-day? Mr. Bertram explained the present situation and the events leading up to it.

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This was a case where prejudice decidedly got the worse of it. The distinctly Chinese elements in the Communist movement were emphasised for those who overstress the Marxian angle, and those who fondly imagine that "after all they aren't real communists" were sadly disillusioned. Most of those present were quite surprised to learn that the USSR between 1937 and 1941 supplied more arms to Nationalist China than did the United States between 1941 and 1945.

At present the Discussions Committee is looking for a fourth speaker (or rather a fourth subject). Student life without discussion is a waste of time. If it were not for discussion then full-time students, especially arts students, might as well be out earning a living, as a correspondent in the last issue of "Charta" thinks they should be. Some attempt is being made to correct the intellectual vacuum which W. H. Oliver in the Anniversary "Spike" so rightly attacks. Discussions are held only once a fortnight, and our peak attendance was only 45 per cent. of the House, but at least it is an attempt to get down from the Ivory Tower.

K. L. G.

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Once More Into The Breach . . .

LYSENKO HITS LONDON

The import of the Lysenko controversy is more and more stirring the British scientific world, although the Press rage has subsided somewhat. The social implications of the Soviet biological theories are also receiving deep attention among all progressive people here.

Last night I attended a symposium on the controversy addressed by three prominent scientists and I should say there were over 600 people present—including Professor Haldane. I see there is another meeting to-morrow night at Clerkwell Green.

The occasion of the meeting last night was the recent arrival from Moscow of a 631-page book entitled "The Situation in Biological Science"—the English translation of the proceedings of the Lenin Academy of Agricultural Sciences of the USSR held last August. This book may well go down in history as the most important book in biology since Darwin's "Origin of Species." Typical of the Soviet Union, it is being published in enormous numbers and the English edition is available here at the low price of 9/6.

Social Implications

The first speaker was Dr. Alan Morton, a plant physiologist. He pointed out that last year's Conference was only the crowning point of a 20-year-old controversy, that the 700 scientists present were specialists and experts in their own fields—biology, agronomy, etc.—and that they were not ignorant of classical genetical theory, having in fact all been trained in it. Further, they almost all realised the social significance of the questions they were discussing. The world faces something of a crisis in agriculture and food production—particularly the capitalist world. With Socialism firmly established in the Soviet Union the order of the day is now "On to Communism." Communism requires the full satisfaction of all our material requirements and the key to this problem is agriculture. This problem the USSR faces with confidence and Dr. Morton contrasted the pessimism of a recent American book "Road to Survival" with the optimism permeating the report of the Lenin Academy proceedings.

Attack On Chromosomes

Dr. Percy Brian, a micro-biologist, then went on to the heart of the technical problem. The likeness between parent and offspring has been attributed to the passage of genetical

material-genes. Modern geneticists do not say that genes wholly determine the character of the organism which is the product of the interaction of genes and environment. But all say that environment has no effect on the gene itself. He then emphasised the interconnection of phenomena, that modern science finds itself, dealing with processes, not things, that cell metabolism is a constant flux and interchange of material and asked if the assumption that such genes, like surging rocks in a moving ocean, did not seem a little strange. The Conference report showed the existence of a tremendous body of experimental evidence supporting Lysenko well known to the scientists participating but not known here. It was found that stock and scion inter-effect each other and a proportion of the seed of one carries on the effect. Plants were "trained" by changes of environment affecting their various stages—by such means a spring wheat with 28 chromosomes became a winter wheat with 42 chromosomes—in a discrete step with no intermediate stage. If experimentation is carried on in the right way environmental changes can become hereditary. Hereditary transmission of environmental effects do not take place of course in an absolute way.

Brian questioned whether heredity is a product of chromosomes or of the whole protoplasm, and mentioned that Geoffrey and Schroeder of the USA had produced some very damaging criticism of the former. He said that there were two attitudes among geneticists here:

- (1) Rejected the Soviet views as having no supporting facts.
- (2) Accepted changes due to environment but only in a random way—X-rays, violent chemicals, etc.—and not adaptive.

(Haldane later in discussion ran through a whole list of environmental changes which western geneticists had shown produced heredity changes—water, oxygen, etc., as well as X-rays, etc.—and asked where was the western assumption that environment has no effect on the genes.)

Others suggested that chromosomes are not in the genes but throughout the protoplasm. Although there is here a slight convergence of Lysenko and the classicalists the basic difference remains.

Brian then dealt with some relevant aspects of micro-biology. An important practical problem here is the training of micro-organisms to resistance to drugs. Gale experimented with micro-organisms in relation to resistance to penicillin and found discontinuous change that cannot be explained by selective mutation. Flenschelwood of Oxford found certain effects which could be explained better as a direct effect on the organism and not by chromosome theory. Auxiliary hypotheses to the chromosome theory may enable present theories to be bolstered but they become more and more obtrusive and less and less a useful guide to future investigation and an explanation of observed facts.

The Russians admit that much remains to be done and that Lysenko has not a fully cut-and-dried theory to replace the old, but this is never so with new theories.

"Hilltop" has emerged from its birth pangs, its erstwhile naked form now clad in a bold and virile cover drawing by John Drawbridge, symbolic one hopes of the contents. "Hilltop" bears the imprint of the VUC Literary Society, but a glance down the list of contents fails to reveal any contribution by a VUC undergraduate. This, the cynical will remark, is just as well. This issue has in fact a representative collection of New Zealand writers, principally from among the poets. There are just on 40 pages of material, none of it banal, little of it of great note. On the whole it is sustained on a level quite the equal of "Landfall," or any other local literary paper. Perhaps the most important feature is the absence of any pretensions or "precious" literary excursions; there is, indeed, a pervasive virility which the editor will do well to maintain. It is clear that greater discrimination has been exercised in the selection of contents than was the case with the first number.

Never Fear

The Editorial is devoted solely to the Conscription issue. It is a statement of attitude rather than a reasoned case, and while no doubt many

Glow and Glitter

The real life and soul of this number of "Hilltop" lies with the work of the poets. Of it all I find the poem "Seagulls among the Mountains" by Charles Brasch the most attractive, though Baxter's sonnets, particularly "Sea-Change," are remarkably good. Their underlying technical excellence gives them a sense of ease which greatly enhances their intrinsic worth. In each of Campbell's three poems one finds that individual words seem to assume an especially sense. There is a gem-like quality about much of his poetry which marks him off from any other New Zealand poet whose work I know; some others glitter but few glow with the peculiar beauty which makes this distinctive.

Pat Wilson's long "Views of History" occupies seven pages and for the most part is sustained fairly well. His frequent naive style is suspended here chiefly on pure whims.

The poem's justification lies mostly with the fertility of the poet's imagination. Hubert Witheford's poems I found at times rather diffuse—perhaps because of much of his imagery is rather more subtle than the others. Arthur Barker's translations of Ronsard, while suffering from the dehydrated symptoms common to almost all English translators of alien verse, are nevertheless very pleasant.

HIGH ON A HILLTOP

Lively and Virile

The short short-story is perhaps one of the most difficult literary forms. Brian Sutton-Smith's "Before the Jubilee" is convincingly written, but relies for its point on the all-too-common "kick" ending. Such stories delegate greatest significance to the particular "situation" rather than the people who comprise it. To the extent that this is so I find the story lacking. Barbara Thompson's note on the marionette theatre is refreshing.

The overall impression that this number of "Hilltop" gives is one of liveliness and virility. Scrupulous editing is essential if a young paper of this nature is to survive and take shape. One would like to think that here is something more than a momentary flash in the literary pan, to be extinguished when the present burst of enthusiasm dies. Is there something more enduring at the source than just enthusiasm? This number would lead one to suspect that conceivably there is.

In conclusion, a word for the printers. Little fault could be found with the type and setting, indeed, compared with the first number it is a transformation.

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OUR SS

— or Satchel Snatching for Beginners

It is alleged that a certain high official in the naturalisation section of the Internal Affairs Department has been transferred to the Prime Minister's Department to head a Security Bureau. Rumour is persistent, and when it has the added support of probability in the context of time, we can safely give credence to it.

Albert Einstein, world famous scientist, and the great literary giant Thomas Mann, were both refugees from Hitler's war-mad fascist dictatorship in Germany. Einstein has already denounced the "militarisation of American civil life" as an ill omen, and Mann has declared that "as an American citizen of German birth . . . I am painfully familiar with certain political trends—spiritual intolerance, political inquisition and declining legal security; all in the name of an alleged state of emergency. This was how it began in Germany. What follows was fascism, and what followed fascism was war."

It Can't Happen Here?

While we are being told, in a shrill, hysterical voice, that we are menaced by foreign "totalitarianism," the very machinery of totalitarianism is being set up under our noses. Mr. Holmes has his satchel rifled, police envoys attend political meetings, the Press and the Associated Chambers try to bully us into military conscription. And now, albeit muffled by locked doors, we hear the birth-cries of a secret police.

New Zealand has had its experience of "security police" before. Back in the phoney war days, there was an individual by the name of Major Foulkes. Besides "snoopers" in bar-rooms and political meetings, "Foulkes's Foxes" searched the homes of pacifists, communists and other "seditious" persons—in many cases plundering books and papers for "evidence."

The tale is told of how two of these people paid an uninvited call on a leading Communist in Wellington, and in searching his book-cases, passed over in silence the heavy Marxist works, but seizing a copy of "Nicholas Nickleby" with joyful cries of "Ah! a Russian book!"

A Slow Poison?

Over the past few years, it has been fairly evident that the powers that be were thinking along the lines of establishing a new gestapo. Remember the demonstration on Indonesia on July 31, 1947, and the role played by the police? In Sydney, the similar demonstration a few days before, had some more sinister implications. There, police basher gangs mingled with the crowd, assaulting and carrying off demonstrators, without provocation or the shadow of authority, to third degree them in neighbouring cellars. One "interrogation" reported went like this:

1st Constable: What's your occupation?

Student: Student.

1st Constable: What's your nationality?

Student: Australian—Jewish extraction.

1st Constable: What are you studying?

Student: Medicine.

2nd Constable: I wouldn't like to have one of you Jewish bastards operating on me.

That just testifies to the type of brainless thug our little Hitlers are willing to employ in their service.

In the last months of 1947, the police took a hand in the breaking up of a stopwork meeting in the Wellington Government Printing Office. During the Carpenters' dispute in March, 1948, Union officials in Auckland were "interviewed" by detectives—no criminal charge had been laid.

Witch-hunting in the civil service, introduced in the States by the great Harry two years ago, has since spread to New Zealand.

The Public Service Commission (13/3/48) claims to exclude from "positions involving secrecy" (there are declarations of secrecy for most jobs in the Public Service) and the "safety of the State" anyone "in active association with organisations the objects or methods of which conflicted with the national interest." This is dangerously vague and implies a secret police dossier on every member of the Civil Service. Declarations of this kind were made in France in 1940, but proved more successful in persecuting patriots than quillings. The Holmes and Deynzer cases are familiar to us all.

"Our Free Land"

Street meetings have now been banned in Wellington. As Mr. A. C. Barrington said in Court (July, 1948),

"The City Council has a duty to . . . facilitate assembly and discussion", but they prefer to ignore it.

While they are sweeping discussion off the streets, the political police are sitting in on meetings of organisations which they consider, apparently, to be "dangerous."

Thus last February the present writer had the unpleasant duty of removing a plain clothes man from a meeting of the local branch of the Peace and Anti-Conscription Federation. Peace, I believe, is in the interest of this as of any other nation. Conscription is to be submitted to a referendum of the people. How, then, can the gestapo claim that this organisation is seditious? And if they don't, what prompts the honour of such visits?

Loudly Mr. Fraser screams about "police states." Yet in his own Prime Minister's Department he has set up the nucleus of an S.S. that would nail down the very coffin-lid of our already declining liberties.

Student Congress passed a resolution in January opposing all attacks on civil liberties and intellectual freedom and to police interference with political, religious and industrial liberties. Truly, NZUSA Annual Conference has let the student body down badly by failing to support this resolution. But that must not stop us students from giving it the support of our action now.

Remember Thomas Mann's words. And remember, too, that fascism is just as bitter in its attacks on the universities, as bastions of reason and independent thinking, as it is on the very trade union movement itself. Don't fool yourself. It can happen here.

"God defend our free land," sings our national anthem. But remember, God helps him who helps himself. Wake up, New Zealand!



July 27: Visit to the studios of "Perry Photographer" by the Photographic Club. See the main notice-board.

Roll up to the Hockey Club dance in the Gym if you don't like Photography.

Aug. 2, 4, 6: Marjorie Lawrence sings in the Town Hall. Reduced rates for students. See main notice-board.

Sept. 21: Combined Tramping Clubs' Ball in the Majestic Cabaret. Dress optional.

WAR THE INEVITABLE?

While the issue of conscription is being hotly debated, it might be worth while to consider quietly whether it matters very much if we have conscription or not. Cast aside emotive camouflage which tends to obscure discussion of this topic, and whether Communist, Conservative, Pacifist or Militarist, let us see whether peace on a world scale is ever likely.

So then, the matter seems to resolve itself into this question: is warfare inevitable?

I would suggest that while warfare is not necessarily inevitable, aggression is—whether it be physical or in fantasy, directed against animate or inanimate objects. A well-known hypothesis in connection with frustration and aggression seems relevant. It is maintained that aggression is the "primary and characteristic reaction to frustration." Now this frustration is engendered by patterns of infant care, feelings of economic and social insecurity, and in sum, by the laws, mores and institutions generally. We realise, of course, that restrictions are necessary to get along with one's fellows. In fact, society forms an "in-group" within which sanctions and expectancies arise, so that Justice will not consist of the rule of the strongest, and so that we may enjoy the benefits resulting from some measure of co-operation.

Obviously, all countries and groups of people must have restrictions for social living. While these are outwardly accepted, there are indications that through repression of many of man's egotistic desires, to the mores, through fear of punishment for transgression, and through frustration by members of our group upon whom we are dependent, tensions and hostility arise. "Each person has a rugged history in which frustration, hostility and fear have all played roles."

The security of the group must be preserved, so men must find some legitimate venue for their hostility. Any one individual might work some of the energy off in athletics, vicarious reactions to films, social service and so on, but in the main, these avenues do not provide sufficient relief for the masses.

In the international scene, different patterns of culture—often with antithetical political ideologies—create further tension and misunderstanding.

This hostility is aggravated by the externalisation on to the "out-group" or other peoples, of internal dissatisfaction. Here is the opportunity for preserving "in-group" solidarity.

(Continued on opposite page.)

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(Continued from p. 6)

while providing an expression for the aggression toward the "out-group."

NO SOLUTION YET

It does not appear that we and everybody else in the complexity of civilised life have found a lasting solution to aggression necessarily aroused by social living. We have, it is true, short-term substitute responses, but no general outlet which can reduce tension for the individual personality, and thus reduce the chance of war for the mass.

Some suggest that tension is whipped up by press and radio. To the contrary, the position seems to be that any propaganda expressed by these means is a symptom rather than a redressing of the tension.

So we seem to be helplessly geared for aggression, and hence for war. The question then arises: what stand shall the individual take? I shall suggest that we shall probably derive more egotistic pleasure from going down fighting than by going down peacefully.

The idealist pacifist might suggest that we use non-violent resistance. However, the population of a small country like ours would soon be absorbed culturally. In other

words, we would simply become a "host" (in the biological sense) for an aggressor.

Maybe this is just hastening the eventual extinction of our civilisation. I suggest that ultimately we shall go the way of all other civilisations and in the end, life as we know it, will probably become reduced (as Freud suggested) to start again. Why? I can't imagine. Maybe there is some primal inevitability of matter which endlessly causes its own restructure.

IRRATIONALITY OF MAN

So the situation is this. No satisfactory equivalent for aggression leading to warfare seems to have been found. Conferences between national representatives seem to fail because the different patterns of culture forming frames of reference for each one isolate him from the others. A common meeting ground cannot be found in human "rationality," for we are always at the mercy of the irrational and emotive bases of our thought.

Man seems to be left with his egoism, which perhaps is simply a refinement of the primitive. Our egoism, which is responsible for our existence, will extinguish us—perhaps to start again—who knows?

Maybe the rather sparse audience who heard this year's Plunket Medal won by Harry Benda didn't realise that they would be told "The standard is as high as ever" in the judge's summing up. Personally, we were surprised to hear it.

Orating at any time may be pretty thin in effect; in a half-empty hall, it can sound somewhat bombastic. This is probably why Harry Benda was placed first, for his speech had much more of sincerity, much less of theatricality, than any of the others. N. D. Ferguson, who was second, also gave the impression that he cared about his subject, and M. O'Brien, in third place, tackled Smuts with less than the usual eulogy.

NO MATHEMATICS

Plunket Medal 1949

The judges (Mr. Meltzer, Mr. Somers and Mrs. Matthews) were not making "Mathematical" assessments of the speakers. They remarked, through Mr. Meltzer, that they were concerned with the whole effect the speeches had on the audience. This explained their choice of Harry Benda.

He was much more at home on the subject of Thomas Masaryk than any of the others on their themes; his speech had a rather pleasant informality about it, and he did get over the idea of the man with his aim of truth at all costs. It was not orthodox oratory, certainly, but it was effective.

brickbats as bouquets at this pillar of empire: the result was a quite rounded impression of a complex personality.

Of the others, Lindsay McDonald was possibly the best orator. Schweitzer, too, is not an unusual topic for the contest: but the aim of oratory is surely lost, however good one's technical facility in oratory, if the audience don't get the impression that the speaker really believes what he is saying. And it is hard to overcome that with such a stock subject. Mr. F. Curtin has undoubtedly improved since last year's "Salient" commented on the histrionics he dis-

(Continued on p. 8)

ARE THE REDS GOING TO EAT US?

Speaking at the Town Hall on Monday last week, Frank Langstone remarked that "listening to the Prime Minister at the Labour Party Conference, I thought the Russians and the Chinese were just outside in the street." It is on this obsession that we are to be stampeded into the barrack square. Strange that we can forget so quickly the trust and friendship of our war-time alliance, and become infected with the contemporary American epidemic which U.S. radio commentator Johannes Steel referred to in the Forrestal suicide case—"America suffers today from paranoia closely paralleling that of Hitler Germany." War preparation and red-baiting certainly point the way.

Will We Eat Them?

Professor Rhodes of CUC gave some telling facts with regard to American bases surrounding the USSR, and the absence of any overseas Soviet bases.

That is an important part of the story, but it is only part. For the rest, I can recommend no better source than the thesis of American scholars Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn, "The Great Conspiracy."

First published in February, 1946, and reaching four editions by June, 1947, this book describes in easily digestible form why the Soviet Union fears the "West," but why she can herself have nothing to gain by waging war. In case you did not know, the governments of Britain, France, Germany and the United States spent the 24 years from 1917 to 1941 attempting by open armed hostility and by sabotage and slander, to overthrow the Bolshevik Government, because the very existence of a government seriously pledged to the institution of socialism was a potential threat to the interests of all the privateers of the globe.

Black Record

The tale reads like a detective yarn. How many of us knew of the career of the British spy Captain S. G. Reilly, and his record of underground activities against the Soviet power? How many of us knew that the master writer Maxim Gorki was done to death by the agents of Nazism? Or that a Fascist hireling, Yagoda, had risen to the rank of Chief of Police in Soviet Russia?

No book describes so exactly in its historical perspective the tie-up between all the anti-Soviet forces of the world—the German Nazis, the American big business interests, the so-called "Trotskylats," and individual malignants like Jan Valtin, Charles E. Lindbergh, William C. Bullitt and their kind.

The Russian people have had a hard time trying to have their form of government recognised by the outside world.

The first signs of recognition came in the form of armies of intervention

from England, France, Germany, Japan and America, supporting the Czarist nobles Wrangel, Yudenich, Kolchak and Denikin. But the tough resistance of the Russian people, and the indignation of the rank and file of the very invading armies, soon forced their withdrawal.

From then on, the chief tactic of the criminal west was the building up of a strong Germany and a strong Japan to "contain" Bolshevism. We all know what that policy led to.

Do you wonder that the Russians are suspicious of the diplomacy of the US and Britain—especially when they see the new building-up of Germany and Japan, the military loans under the openly military and anti-Soviet Atlantic Pact?

Sayers and Kahn began their chronicle of events with Colonel Raymond Robins of the American Red Cross setting off on his secret intelligence task of "keeping Russia in the war" in 1917. They close with an interview with the same man thirty years later. This is what he says:

They Want Peace

"Soviet Russia has always wanted peace. Lenin knew that his great domestic programme would be deflected if not destroyed by war. The Russian people have always wanted peace. Education, production, exploitation of a vast and rich territory engage all their thoughts and energies and hopes. The greatest Minister of Foreign Affairs in our generation, Commissar Maxim Litvinov, worked ably and steadily for collective security until the Anglo-French appeasement policies towards Mussolini and Hitler made collective security impossible.

"Soviet Russia exploits no colonies, seeks to exploit none. Soviet Russia operates no foreign trade cartels, seeks none to operate. Stalin's policies have wiped out racial, religious, national and class antagonisms within the Soviet territories. This unity and harmony of the Soviet peoples point the path to international peace."

Read this book, and see if you still think the Reds are going to eat you.

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LET'S HAVE IT!

With the approach of August thoughts naturally turn towards Winter Tournament and our prospects for same. We hope that all clubs are well under way practising for this. Our next issue will be a Tournament Issue and I appeal to all club secretaries to send in form guides so that the college will know how to place their bets.

Indoor

Table tennis is an indoor sport which is rapidly gaining popularity in New Zealand. The traditional game of ping-pong is disappearing and being replaced by one of the world's fastest indoor sports. One has only to watch an "A" grade match to see real speed. A certain amount of fussiness is seen in the higher grades over the shape of the ball, height of the net and lighting; this is necessary for the enjoyment of a first-class game. Table tennis can be strenuous. In the lower grades, i.e., from H to D inclusive, competition matches are always played with one game to 31 points advantage, advantage meaning that the winner must be at least two points ahead of his opponent. The game could go on indefinitely after 31 points on condition that the players get alternate points. The higher grades, i.e., from C to A inclusive, play three games to 21 advantage. The winner of two out of three sets wins the match. In open competition the lower grades play three to 21 and the higher five to 21. Rules are rigidly adhered to in open and handicap competitions. A rally rarely lasts more than seven or eight consecutive shots; in the world championships there is a limit of about 50 on the number of consecutive shots made in each rally. A game can last no longer than 20 minutes and at the end of that time the set is awarded to the player with the highest score. Many scorn table tennis as a child's game, but without complete concentration it would be useless to play in the high grades. A good player is thoroughly exhausted generally after five sets with an equally good opponent.

A skilfully-used bat can produce unbelievable contortions of a ball and it takes concentration, speed and accuracy to return a heavily driven ball. The lighting over the table must be perfect and the table must be painted dull black or dark dull green. Some people play very well under adverse conditions (poor lighting, non-circular ball, etc.), in consequence of which standard conditions must be maintained. Many different balls are used, but for the sake of standard, a "Barna" is used amongst the best of players. Lights must be 70 or 80 watts and 6 feet above the table. From these few facts and the knowledge that 20,000 or more people go to see the world championships at Wembley every year, it can be seen that table tennis is a very competitive sport. Table tennis is in fact the national sport of Hungary. It is interesting to note that this year is the first year that England has held the world title since about 1925. The world title holder is now Johnny Leech.

In The Hills

The Tramping Club has been stepping out lately! Since King's Birthday week-end these energetic boys have been floating round in the vicinity of the Alloway-Dickson Memorial Hut. The regular presence of Hughie on the trips held lately seems to deserve special commendation. Apart from Hughie, 23 members of the club helped to put the finishing touches on the hut and on Saturday, 30th April, the hut was officially opened by the club vice-president, Bonk Scotney.

Although the weather was fine the week-end, we believe, was wet.

Strong representations from other clubs helped to make the opening a real success. Congratulations to Bill Cameron as building supervisor and his two predecessors as well as all the willing helpers who put in so many week-ends in the building of this Victoria away from home.

Rock climbing instruction was held on June 18-19 at Titahi Bay under Phil Gardner (VUCTC's Chief Guide). It is reported that this is one of the best organised trips the club has arranged. Anyone intending to do any of the Christmas trips would be well advised to attend the next instruction course at Titahi and the Alpine Instruction Course at Ruapehu in August. Watch the notice-board.

Up In The Air

On Monday the first of August a meeting of all those interested in flying will be held. The meeting will take the form of a talk and lantern slides on the "History of Flight" given by Prof. Richardson. The first meeting, which was held last week, shows that there are many students who are keen to learn to fly and as the Wellington Aero Club are prepared to meet with us in order to discuss ways and means, it seems that flying will be well within the means of most students. All those who are interested should come to the Biology Block and hear the talk. The Club Committee will be elected at the meeting. Come and see who will get the Joyride!!

Soccer

The only game played for three weeks was against Miramar Rangers who we defeated 2-1. Although very little passing was done on both sides, the game was nevertheless an interesting one and played in a fine spirit. Ted Meuli was once again outstanding in scoring an excellent goal from each wing. Jack Walls was his usual hard-working self, but his tendency to get involved in arguments with the referee appears to be of doubtful value. Lin Bateman, the goalkeeper, was sound—and a feature of his game was his excellent goalkicking and punting which seldom failed to find the half-way mark. Another young player, Ron Gray, making his debut in the Senior team, gave a good account of himself and was decidedly unlucky not to score a few times. He also sent across one or two copy-book corners.

Since last issue the Juniors have not played. If they beat Miramar Rangers next week they have a fair chance of winning their grade. We hope the absence of Ron Gray will not be felt too much.

With August drawing closer everyone is thinking about Tournament but it is unlikely that for reasons of eligibility and availability we will field a strong team this year.

Hockey

Our congratulations go to those members of the Men's Hockey Club who have been selected to represent Wellington. Two members of the Senior team, Ting and Laurenson, played in the match last Saturday when Wellington defeated Canterbury. Unfortunately we have had no notes from the club but we believe that the Senior team is high up in their grade and that the other teams are all doing very well. All this goes to show that Victoria should do very well in Hockey at Winter Tournament.

First Fifteen.—Their's, like the All Blacks, is another hard luck story—lost to St. Pat's O.B. 9-11, drew with Athletic 3-3, lost to Petone 9-10, but might, with luck, have won all three games. Each of the two came on the call of time, one by a really fine penalty goal, the other by a converted try, so that, granted a small mistake in time, the team would have been in the Jubilee Cup competition instead of merely having every opportunity of winning the Hardham Cup competition.

Jarden, the team's leading points-scorer, has again been selected to train for the Wellington B representatives.

Second XV.—An unlucky loss to Trentham Army, a thorough beating by Tawa, and a defeat of Oriental, a

effectiveness. Stronger defence would be an asset.

Sixth XV.—Though the social team has suffered from the demand of teams which should know better they have yet recorded two wins (I think we told you about them last time, when one was by default but it is as well to make sure), and gained the distinction of being the last team to use the track of mud known as Kaiwarra Park before the Rugby Union closed it.

AUC vs. VUC

Played at Kelburn Wednesday, July 20, before a large and interested crowd. Teams—VUC: McIvor, McLeod, Isaacs, Jarden, Peters, Valentine, Mackay, Jerman, R. Shannon, Porter, Smith, Petch, Stone, Wilkin-son and Cullinane; AUC: Kawharu,

ON THE BALL

strong team, is this side's recent record. One has the impression that the play is not sufficiently directed towards the forwards where the real strength of the team lies.

Third XV.—Three losses have been sustained, partly owing to the fact that the backs, in some positions, are not up to the standard of the forwards.

Fourth XV.—They of the recently deflowered line met their first defeat and, it is to be hoped, their last, from Marist on Saturday. They are a very competent all-round team which has been considerably shaken by injuries and absence.

Fifth XV.—This team show a regrettable tendency to play well until half-time, when all decide simultaneously that they have had enough for the afternoon and relapse into in-

Horn, Carr, Aimers, Weston, Carter, Apperly, Wales, Penman, Brett, Cox, McKenzie, Stewart, Houllahan, Robinson.

The final score, 28 to 8 in favour of Victoria, roughly indicated the run of play. Like Victoria in Auckland last year, the Auckland team was by no means at full strength. But the Victoria team, scoring 8 tries to 2, fully deserved its victory.

The game itself was not one of the most inspiring, as it contained too many errors, but many good tries were scored.

Scorers for Victoria were Jarden (3), Petch (2), Smith, Stone, and Ballantyne, Jarden converting one and Ballantyne the same.

Auckland scored two tries and converted one.



HOW THE HUT WAS BUILT.

PLUNKET MEDAL—cont. from p. 7. played. But a little more connection between his very personal attitude to Jan Masaryk and the peroration strung on the end would have improved it. W. Hume, on Colenso, suffered from somewhat careless diction and a few remarks which certainly wouldn't have got away without interjection in the Gym. (And by the way, surely there was no need for him to be quite so horribly, horribly Victorian in his comments on Colenso's "lapse from morality.") R. Jermyn did not make a memorable speech, certainly not as good as he could have, and he didn't really seem like winning at any stage.

And the standard? Well, maybe the lack of an audience didn't help things much: maybe the judges felt (and we can't help agreeing with them) that there's a lot of difference between being oratorical and being effective: maybe effective oratory is good oratory.

The day of the rabble-rousers, the blood and thunder speakers, has passed. We, at least, are quite contented.

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