

Editorial

The Economic Basis of German Fascism.

It is pertinent at the present time to ask such questions as What is the economic basis of national socialism? Is "national socialism", socialism? These questions are vital yet may be submerged or obliterated in an emotional crossfire of blind patriotism. Just as one should ask what is British democracy Is it as one American writer has described "Democracy to me is liberty plus economic security. To put it in plain language, we Americans want to talk, pray, think as we please—and eat regular I say this because there is a lot of nonsense in talk about liberty. You cannot fill the baby's bottle with liberty." Does British democracy in New Zealand, Great Britain, India, etc. measure up to these requirements. The academicians talk glibly of our priceless heritage. . does it fill the baby's bottle?' That is the real test.

So the leaders of the National Socialist party which now rules Germany put forward the following programme in February 1920.—"Abolition of unearned income, smashing of subjection to interest, the complete sequestration of all war, profits, nationalisation of all joint stock companies, participation in the profits of the big concerns, establishment of a sound middle class, immediate municipalisation of the big department stores, which shall be let to small tradesmen, the utmost regard for the latter in the allocation of Government orders, the death penalty for usurers and profiteers." Have the "National Socialists" carried out their promises? Has unearned income been abolished? etc.

Herr Schacht in an address to the Economic Council of the German Academy on November 29th, 1938, said.—"The less there is consumed, the more labour there is for armaments work. On the other hand, the higher consumption rises, the more labour must be allotted to the production of consumers goods. Thus the standard of living and degree of armament stand in adverse relation to each other. The less I need, the more I save, and the more I save, the more I can embody in armaments." Is this socialism? More armaments, eat less, dress more poorly, and work ten hours a day for a lower wage, with higher taxes. Labour conditions in Germany have [*unclear: deteriorated*] even below the crisis level of 1932. A comparison between the incomes of workers and salaried employees and incomes of employers and others reveals that the relative position of the working class to employers and others has fallen by 50 per cent (Workers Income 1932 Index 100, 1937 Index 124; Employers etc. Income 1932 Index 100, 1937 Index 248). Now is the Nazi party a Socialist organisation?

With a platform of pseudo socialism the Nazi party deluded many. Who were its backers behind the facade?

In 1931, the Coal-owners' Association, with Kerdorf, coal and steel magnate, as chairman, adopted a resolution in accordance with which each member pledged himself to pa[*unclear: j*] for every ton of coal sold, 50 pfennigs (about 10/6 at par) to Hitler's association. In 1925 Hugo Stinnes' sons (steel magnates) donated the money to convert the Nazi weekly paper, the Volk- [*unclear: ische*] Beobachter, into a daily. And in 1932, Thysson organised a famous meeting in the Dusseldorf Industrialists Club at which Hitler spoke to the assembled lords of coal and [*unclear: steel*]. His references to "usury," "profiteering," etc. received the enthusiastic applause of the millionaires. In the banking world Schacht and Finck, the former a director of one of Germany's greatest banks, the "Dresdner," the latter financial editor of a heavy industry newspaper, supported the rising Nazi party, gave the Nazis early support. Add the Junkers, Prince August Wilhelm, son of the ex-Kaiser, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Prince Phillip of Hess., Prince von Waldeck, Prince zur Lippe, and the title "National Socialist" becomes peculiar and contradictory.

Hitler was brought to power by a conspiracy of great banks and Prussian landlord nobility, in co-operation with the masters of heavy industry—heavy industry which desired to throw off its burden on indebtedness; heavy industry which sought to use to the full its great rationalised productive machinery, threatened by economic crisis, heavy industry which hoped, with Hitler's aid, to gain by armed aggression, or the threat of aggression, new markets and monopolist, control over now sources of raw materials.

"Germany is marching with Mein Kampf in one hand and in the other the sword, for her advance as the new World Power." Goebbels, Oct. 30 1938.

Between 1932 and 1937 the interests of the Steel trust grew from one quarter milliard marks to three

quarters. It has a capital of 775 million marks. Between 1932 and 1937, net profits in the hard coal mining industry, in proportion to share capital, rose three and a half times; in iron and... steel production, it was multiplied 7½ times; and in metal plants and semi finished products, it rose nine times. And this does not allow for concealment by "reserve funds and depreciation."

Krupps declared that nett profits, during the years 1910-18, amounted to between 55 and 60 per cent of gross receipts. In 1937 the Deutsche Volkswirt proclaims "A record in reception for Krupps." And it must be remembered that all dividends are taken by the Krupp family only. The net profit on a ton of coal in the Ruhr has risen from 15 pfennigs in 1933 to 34 pfennigs in 1936. Hitler came into power in 1933. Socialism?

And so on. One could go on quoting fact after fact showing the development of capitalist monopolies in Germany. Exit the Jews (the wealthy Haniel concern absorbs Jewish-owned Rhenia Inland Navigation Co. Exit Austria. Exit Czechoslovakia and also the German industrialists' competitors;

This is the scene behind the screen of Hitler. What can the democracies offer the German people? Political and economic freedom for the working man?

M.L.B.

1940 Spike 1940

Shortly the annual magazine of V.U.C. will be on sale in the college. This year it has been printed by the Caxton press, who made such a splendid job of Rostrum. Spike will cost 2/-, and for the merit of contributions, its interest to students as a record of the year's activities; and its typographical excellence, is well worth the price. Miss Kate Ross is in charge of distribution, and copies may be ordered from her in advance. Leave a note for the rack in the Women's Common Room.....

Buy Spike.....

Important Notices

Military Service of University Students

The Minister of National Service has agreed, in the case of those students whom the University authorities are unable to credit with a pass at the end of September, arrangements will be made with the Man-Power Committees where by on [*unclear*: pregention] from the students concerned, territorial training will be postponed until after the November examinations.

The Registrar of the University of New Zealand has informed N.Z.U.S.A. that each college is itself empowered to grant degree passes on the year's work and it therefore seems that if a man is listed in the ballot he should in the first instance apply to his Professor to see whether he will be credited with a pass, in the degree examinations, if he then learns that he has, to sit Finals he should apply immediately to the local Man-Power Committee for postponement of service until after November.

End of Year Dances 1940

On Friday October 4 there will be an informal dance to as an end-of-term celebration and Gym House-Arming. Price 1/6. For those who are going home, to sit Finals, this will be your last Varsity function of the year. Forgot swot for a night—Come to the Gym House-Warming.

Final Dance. This will be hold in the Gym on Friday November 15. Subscription 6/- double.

Old students will know the joyousness of this final dance of the year, when examinations are at last finished and the

Long Vacation, beckons. You who were freshers this year, freshers no longer, should come to enjoy this, the best show of the year.

Watch the Notice-Boards;

[*unclear*: Gymnasium]

Students will notice that the Gymnasium has just been painted and thoroughly renovated. You are Asked to Co-Operate in keeping the Gymnasium Clean and Tidy. After, all, it exists solely for your use and convenience. Now lights have been installed—are there off when you have finished with them. The kitchen has been [*unclear*: remodelled] leave it as you find it or in better condition. There is new paint inside—take pride in

keeping it fresh and clean.

[unclear: Spike 1940]

Each year a small devoted band labour for the good of the many and produces [unclear: Spike], the annual literary magazine of this college. It is the duty of every student to purchase one. Price 2/-. On sale next week. Copies may be ordered in advance from Miss Kate Ross, Miss Dorrell Bennett, or Mr. Suker.

Literature and Society

Modern Books Discussion.

A few weeks ago, Modern Books, the Wellington cooperative bookshop, invited all friends and supporters to a hearty wrangle over thrillers and what to do with them. The final trend of that discussion suggested a new subject, which was taken up on Wednesday, 18th September, at a well attended meeting, with Dr. J. C. Beaglehole as referee, to see fair play.

"Should literature today, to be of real worth, have a social reference and purpose?" was the subject.

Mr. F.L. Combs felt that it should. In any age, he remarked, fixing the audience with his eye, the great men, the great writers, had been supremely representative of the spirit of the age, and could not cut themselves adrift from their own times without losing something of their own quality and inspiration. The spirit of the present age was marked by an urge to return to something - which if not communism, was at least communalism - the social consciousness and sense of solidarity which had existed in medieval Christendom, just as it had in primitive tribal societies, and which had been broken down by the rise of Protestant individualism, competitive capitalism, and laissez-faire liberalism. He was particularly in favour of modern American literature, which he said had a vitality and a realism lacking in English work of the same period.

Mrs. Sylvia Smith objected to the "should" of the subject with its restrictive implications. Soft-voiced, she whispered that "real worth" in literature meant surely durable worth, values not for an age, but for all time", values which were a matter of art and not of subject matter, and which depended on the freedom of the author to write as he pleased, and the reader to follow his own tastes and interests. Good literature of course would reflect the society of its time, but incidentally and not deliberately.

Mr. Jackson-Thomas declared that in his opinion, books, instead of being symptoms of the disease of society, should be its doctors. Literature today could not be of real worth unless it flowed with the great movement towards socialism so outstanding in the modern world. The writer as a complete human being, should also be an active and conscious influence in this movement.

Miss Cicely Hefford argued that it was not a bad thing in literature to be a symptom of the diseases of society. The doctor's diagnosis was impossible without observing symptoms. Books should give a picture of modern society, the society the writers know and were part of, and so far must have a social reference. If the writers probed evils or suggested solutions their work would have a social purpose, as so much fine literature of the past and present certainly had. The danger was that consciously purposeful writers might sacrifice the human truth of their work to their aim as propagandists of one kind or another, but this was chiefly a fault of writers who in any case would not have written great books.

An argument about "art for art's sake" literature developed, and spread to the audience, and was only interrupted by a large and bountiful supper.

C.H.

Sports

Harriers.

N.Z.U. Cross Country Champs, Christchurch August 17.

The N.Z.U. cross-country championships were held over a sea of mud interwoven with about forty barbed wire fences. A small river farther [unclear: impeded] the progress of our struggling representatives. Scott and O'Connor were our star performers finishing fourth and eighth respectively. Scrym and Davey Cairns, in 13th and 15th placed, found the heavy going a bit much for them. Frank O'Flynn did very well to finish the course,

as he was a sick man for the week prior to the race.

Auckland deserve our congratulations on a fine win, especially [*unclear*: Kofoed], who was the first to win this race twice. He led from start to finish, and his time (38min. 47sec.) was one of the fastest registered on the course this year.

The Dixon trophy went to A.U.C. (21 points), with Otago 27 points, and Victoria 38. Otago won the Carmall-Jones Cup for the South Island with 22 points to Canterbury's 33.

Endeavour Cup.

The Endeavour Cup sealed handicap race was held on September 7th. A drizzling rain and a slippery track down from Tina-kori did not make any easier the task of covering eight miles. Some runners were lost for a while in the maze of the paths, and Collins and Morton took a jaunt through the cemetery to lengthen the run. On the a mended times, Reece Smith won the Cup, after a sterling performance. Holmes was second, O' Kane third and Morton fourth.

O'Flynn (50 mins.) scored the fastest time, followed by Scrymgeour (50.7), Scott, [*unclear*: Holmes], de la Mare, [*unclear*: Newall] (married life hasn't killed his pace), R. Smith, Daniell, Morton, and Collins.

Annual Dinner.

The Club's annual dinger attracted a record attendance of Harriers and friends to the Grand [*unclear*: Kotel], where a 'good time was had by all. A party of about a dozen harriers and harriettes took a bus to the Lower [*unclear*: Kutt], where they joined the Hutt Valley Old Boys in a dance. We understand that Mark Hoffman is going to build a dam. Went any help, Mark?

Next Saturday

Mr. Sherwood expects that every harrier will accept his hospitality at [*unclear*: Paekakariki].

Tramping.

No notes are at hand from this club, but we understand that a party of its members spent part of the vacation at the chateau. Their Labour week-end trip is advertised elsewhere in this issue.

Ruru Shield

The Ruru Memorial Shield contest was held last Saturday between teams representing Weir House and the Rest, and was played in a veritable mud-bath. The surprising feature of the game and one of which the Weir House forwards might be justly proud was the way in which they more than hold the Rest's pack (all of whom were members of the First XV). In fact had it not been for Greig's magnificent fielding and kicking of the greasy, ball they might easily have won the game. Towards the middle of the second half Weir was going well, only to disappoint its croaking supporters of a try.

Of their pack it would be unfair to pick out any player, but one cannot help paying tribute to Kilpatrick and Cummings for the way in which they put it across the old hands of the First XV. Larkin was particularly sound in the House backs. Have you ever thought of becoming a goal kicker, Tommy?

After the match afternoon tea was kindly served by Miss White, Sir Thomas Hunter in presenting the Shield to Bourke said that he was sorry that they had won again. He was superstitious and had felt sure Weir House would win the seventh contest.

Maybe next year.

Table Tennis

Entrants are requested to play off the first rounds of the club championships as soon as possible. A table has been set up in the Lower Gym, and players are requested not to move it upstairs.

The Club congratulates Miss Dawn Croxton, a player last year, for her success in the provincial and N.Z. championships this year.

Buy Spike Sike Spike Spike Spike Spike Buy Buy Buy Buy Spike yyyyyyyy Vol. 3. Ho. 7. Printed and published by the Victoria University College Students' Association, Salamanca Rd., Wellington, on the 12th of September 1940

Joynt Scroll

Debating Contest

The annual Inter-University debating contest for the Joynt Scroll was held in the Training College Hall at Wellington, on August 3rd.

At 3 p.m. the first contact was begun between Canterbury University College and Canterbury Agricultural College, the motion being "That a [unclear: declining] birth-rate is to be deplored". Despite fact that the audience consisted only of the judges, officials, [unclear: pressy] and four [unclear: enthusiastic] young ladies a condition which made speaking very difficult - a high standard was set, both matter and in manner and in manner.

In the evening, the attendance was large and appreciative. Interjections, if seldom pertinent, were frequent and witty.

The first motion "That party government has failed", was defended by Massey Agricultural College while, Victoria University College took the negative. Mr. D. M. Smith, the opening speaker, managed to introduce humour without seeming to force it. Exhorting his [unclear: audience] to purge their minds of any taint of party feeling, he proceeded, after defining his terms, to denigrate the party system. This was not difficult. Allowing the necessity for discussion, he endeavoured to show that party government was not the way to safeguard it. Loyalty to party is placed above personal conviction; the party's policy must be accepted in all details so that a particular legislation may be passed with the approval only of a minority. "Votes of individuals in the party", he declared, "count for nothing. The party system becomes collective dictatorship".

Mr. Sheehan began defending a rather difficult position by explaining that the bigotry bigotry deplored by his opponents was not due to party. Britain, he pointed out, has been a model for other democratic nations and our noble British Empire itself and the period of the Pax Britannicus (gender!!) were at their zenith when party government was strongest. "Massey College"; he declared, "is spreading defeatism in our midst". Mr. Sheehan admits that democracy is limited at present. After producing some examples from history of effective criticism by opposition parties, he made the striking statement "that democracy and representation are mutually dependents". No proof was offered for this astounding claim. Mr. Sheehan finally declared that with the party system we can procure all necessary political changes peacefully. We wish we could share this optimism.

Mr. R.D. Bamford after a somewhat unimpressive beginning, warmed to his subject and argued effectively, and with, vigour. Democracy, he thinks, will come out on top not because of party government, but in spite of it. The negative look not only at England but at the whole world, and at the present time. Democracy, can be used as a blind for anti-democratic policies as in the case of Germany. Here party organisations were responsible for numerous devices for influencing voters. The classic example is the Reichstag fire. The [unclear: Fascists] in Italy were first a political party. The efficiency, of to talitarian states was commended. Though discussion is necessary, there is no advantage to be gained from inter-factional hatred. The slowness of action in democracies is due to party ties. (An interjector subtly amended this to "Old school ties"). Mr. Bamford finally clinched his arguments by demonstrating that in times of peril parties are submerged in a coalition. In our country, this certainly shows the failure, of party government, though not necessarily the efficiency of coalition.

Mr. Bowyer then continued Mr. sheehan's arguments. He stressed the opportunities for criticism, claiming that the cabinet depends for its existence on the majority off opinion. It was Mr. Bowyer who was responsible for the remarkable statement that "party government alone stops the government from becoming a mob". Is Germany's government a mob? or Italy's? or Russia's? Anyway now that parliament is broadcast. The fate of Mr, Menzies in Australia, whose party carried some unpopular legislation, was cited.

In summing up, Mr. Sheehan pointed out that minorities should not be suppressed, as under fascism, as they ware important to the state, (What about Communists?) He also pointed out that Adam Hamilton had really quite an important part to play in the government (we'd suspected that). Replying to the charge that the man was subject to the rule of the party, he asked who formed the rule of the party, rule of party.

Mr. D. Smith protested that Massey do not advocate totalitarianism but rather a co-operative government. The opposition should not be looked on as a necessary evil, but, as a co-operating factor in government. "History show", concluded Mr. Smith, "that member may not disagree with a party and remain of that party".

Mr. H. L. Gibson, representing Otago University, opened the motion that "the U.S.A. should take a permanent place in European politics". In a speech remarkable for sincerity and vigour, Mr, Gibson displayed a

degree of patriotism which must have been the envy of many a reprobate Victorian.

Beginning with the assertion that we are fighting a war to destroy a system incompatible with our ideals, that U.S.A. is largely responsible for this war because of her desertion of the League of Nations and refusal to apply economic sanctions to Italy, he proceeded to claim that public opinion deems it insecure to maintain isolation. U.S.A. is fighting for the same ideals as Britain, and if Britain is defeated, U.S.A. will be dragged into the cess-pool with the rest of the world. Her neutrality is becoming less strict, owing to the lifting of the arms embargo. Whereas Europe is a cess-pool of conflicting ideologies, America is a last haven of freedom (Oh! Steinbeck!) Mr. Gibson's argument's must stand or fall on the validity of calling England's fight a just one.

Mr. Smith of Auckland commended the sincerity of the first speaker, but mentioned that it was entirely beside the point. We English, he said, suffer under several delusions: that our nation is the best nation; that we know what we're doing; nobody else does; that other nations want war, we don't; that this war is a righteous war, that the possession of certain territory is essential to the well-being of a certain state. These delusions lie [unclear: beneata] all Mr. Gibson's arguments. In Mr. Smith's opinion, the only terms on which U.S.A should enter European politics was Federal Union. Nations should not set their neighbours' houses in order before their own.

Mr. Smith was a more deliberate and phlegmatic speaker than his predecessor, and this method of delivery afforded a pleasing variety.

Otago's second speaker, Mr. Dick, dealt with the economic side of the question. His object was to show that contrary to the beliefs of his opponent, America can enter European politics.

Miss Morrell, Auckland, considered that Mr. Gibson's attitude was well summed up in the sentence "England expects every American to do his duty".

Mr. Smith in summing up brought in an effective topical reference to the umbrella which was demented to Auckland University College spire. Of similar use would be a cementation of Europe with U.S.A. In his attractive blunt way he asked, "If Europe wants raw materials, why doesn't she behave?"

In reply, Mr. Gibson mentioned the cosmopolitan nature of America's populace, pointing out that here is a basis on which to work for an international outlook. In reply to Miss Morrell's aphorism, he countered that every American knows that today "Every Englishman is doing America's duty". Both nations stood for the same principles which many European nations had jettisoned.

Dr. Beeby in delivering the decision of the judges said that they were unanimous in essential points. They judged partly by the effect on the audience, parity by the adaptation of the speakers to their audience, Mr. P. J. Sheehan was adjudged the best individual speaker, Mr. Gibson and Mr. K. W. Orchiston being second and third respectively. Victoria University College was judged the best team, Otago University second and Canterbury College third.

The judge also commented on the individual speakers. Mr. Sheehan was selected particularly on account of his appropriate gestures, good use of pauses and effective voice modulation, The outstanding feature of Mr. Gibson's speech was his sincerity. Mr. Orchiston was commended for his fighting spirit and vigorous delivery.

Items were rendered by Misses Vesta Emanuel and Loretta Cunningham. Both artistes were ably accompanied by Miss Joan Wo Herman.

An enjoyable evening was completed by a tasty supper followed by a dance.

* * * * *

An ostrich, feeling lonely, went off into the desert in search of company, All he met were eleven ostriches, with their heads in the sand. "Just my luck", he sighed, "nobody about".

Subaltern, to camp cook: "Ah - and what have we in the shape of cucumbers?"

Cook: "Bananas".

How long is a piece of string?

* * * * *

But because one, does not want to follow Western thought into this dilemma, one none the less recognises the value of its achievements. One would not have the world discount them and retrogress in terror to a primitive state. It is simply that one recoils from the Western intellectual's idea that, having got himself on to this peak overhanging an abyss, he should want to drag all other people... on pain of being dubbed inferior if they refuse...up after him into the same precarious position.

That, in a sentence, is my case against Western values.

Paul Robeson

Be a good boy, now. If you are naughty, look out... for the white man will get you!

Mother's Saying in New Hebrides

££££££Spike, the Victoria University College Annual Review, publication date 1st October, Watch for it.££££££££££££

Literary Columns

Gavotte.

A few bars of music, and the whole scene lives again. A gavotte by Gluck - I don't know its name - I heard it on the wire-less about time, and now it is associated indissolubly with that August afternoon.

It had been raining drizzling miserably cold. I had been feeding hay to the cows - there they were standing round on the soaked grass, munching, munching loudly in the sudden stillness, for the rain had stopped. There was a break in the clouds over in the west above the mountains - the sun flowed through a gleaming haze," braiding the tattered edges of the grey-black cloud with a fringe of dazzling silver, while streaming rays transformed the wet trees and hills below, gliding the dripping and the hushed leaves in sudden liquid magnificence. A bird's lyrical note echoing, and the cows munching hay - the scent of the hay - warm and dry..... The notes of remembered music ecstatically and the whole scene throbs; with life. Peace.... the cows placid contented at their hay nature resting breathless gasping after the rain.... Peace....

And it was just at that time that war was throwing the world into another mad frenzy of ignorant hatred - the music recalls that, too - not so vividly - [unclear: me rely] the dazed feeling - the frustrated fury at the madness of those responsible - a stunned, almost [unclear: so thing] determination to resist their vile hymns of hate. That music - its whispered message, is not hate, though hate fills, the columns of a, delirious press. "We must hate Germans"- Gluck was a German - we must hate Gluck -we must hate Gluck's countrymen.' Oh! mad! mad! mad!...

And here was nature in garb of lambent glory, gilded by the fingers of the sun as life is gilded by youthful dreams - until the war destroyed it all - destroyed it all. The vision is fading - the Clouds have imprisoned the sun once more behind their grim black veil - the fields are wet and cold - a shivering breeze - the vision has gone. But the war - keeps on.
Georges de la Tour Noire.

October.

The Photographic Club's screening of "October" recently was probably for many of us a first introduction to Soviet Cinema. From the very beginning the Soviet leaders have recognised its importance. The decree Nationalising the cinema industry was signed by Lenin as early as August, 1919, and from that time onward, cinema operators have recorded every phase of the joys and sorrows of the U. S.S.R. The heroes of these " films were the masses. Lenin himself once said, pointing to the workers and peasants gathered near the. Kshesinska palace in Petrograd in 1917, "Film them, for they are making history!" This attitude has not been confined to the U.S.S.R although it was there that it had its beginnings. In England, for example, it has become the ever-growing Documentary movement.

"October" is perhaps the supreme example of a film without hero or plot. In it Eisenstein has succeeded in finding high artistic form for the most stirring deeds and ideas of the people's Revolution. As he himself says, his endeavour is "To put an [unclear: and] to the conflicts between the language of logic, the system of concepts, and the language of images". Though he had made two previous films, "The Strike", and "Battleship Potemkin", it was in "October" that his concepts reached completeness.

The film was not without its faults, even allowing for the limited resources available to the Soviet cinema to grapple in 1927. Eisenstein himself has repudiated the film as being without emotion. Nevertheless, it is seldom that anything as good appears on a Wellington screen. Even in such films as "The Grapes of Wrath", and "The Good Earth", the characters lack the reality of those of "October". To some of us, the presence of so much unwashed humanity on one screen was somewhat of a shock, and seldom have dead people looked so terribly dead as the girl left on the rising bridge. Particularly notable was the architecture of the film. After the lath and plaster of American and European studios, the solidity of the buildings and statues was immediately apparent.

If it is necessary to single out one portion of the film as being "the best", the honour will have to go to the scene in which the bridge is raised, cutting off the workers' quarters from the centre of the city. The reflections on the girders of the bridge - the running feet - the rails of the tramway - the horse -the dead [unclear: girl's]- The cutting grows more rapid, the movement ceases. The cor of the girl, a small white speck, slides down the grey expanse of the bridge. The dead horse splashes into the river.

Notable also is the simple ending - Lenin's words, "The power is ours. We commence the reconstruction".

The Photographic Club did wonders with the gymnasium in converting it into a cinema for the occasion, but they should take care next time to see that the commentary is audible (for we hope that there will be a next time. A film like "October" cannot be completely grasped in a single sitting), and also rearrange the music for the last three reels. Possibly, the audience would have listened to the overture if the lights had been dimmed, even it was highbrow stuff from the Carnegie collection.

Art.

How the war has changed the average man's opinions on art! Before the outbreak he did not think much about it. He might have wandered up to the National Art Gallery of a dull Sunday afternoon, paid his sixpence to leave his umbrella at the counter whether he wanted to or not, and wandered through. But, he did not really see much. He concentrated on not losing his way in the maze, and if he saw the same picture twice he realised that he had made a grave mistake. Unless it Was a nude.

He saw in his "Life" or "Picture Poet" now and then coloured photographs of Old Masters, or good modern work. He quickly passed on to the pictures of the latest and juiciest murders, or wars, if there is any difference. There is not much photographically, anyway. Or the latest photographs of the nude.

He might even have encountered, at one stage of his disturbingly thoroughly dressed passage through life, some Medici reproductions. Sources quite independent of the producers say that these are very good reproductions, so perhaps they are. But this does not penetrate to the average man. Rembrandt and Terboch languish dustily on the walls of the entrance hall of Victoria College. A cartoon by Minhinnik would be more appreciated.

But now the average man in New Zealand has found a work of art which he appreciates, heart and soul. It is not a great work, as works of art go. It is only a reproduction, and, a very small

Book review.

A man and his wife. Frank Sargeson

It has come at last;—the spirit that is animating innumerable writers in America and many in England has at last descended on one writer in this little backwater, on one solitary man who writes as he hears and as he pleases—Frank Sargeson. His book is a collection of short short stories on the title "A man and his wife", and it is one of the most significant publications in the history of this country's literature.

Those stories have not the fascinatingly flippant backchat of the Saroyan technique. Mr. Sargeson has cut adrift from this sort of effrontery, which certainly amuses, but at the same time leaves one with an impression of glittering vanity-emptiness. He has not suffered by his repudiation of this sort of humour. His stories now possess a solidity and truthfulness which wins your sympathy almost before you know you had such a commodity. He has you just where he wants you, and his grip does not [*unclear: slacken*] nor yet is it a Chinese burn. He is as delicately balanced as Katherine Mansfield (may her tribe increase) upon that point of "dainty equilibrium" that is, alas, so inaccessible. And Mr. Sargeson is never coarse, and in fact many of his lines have the crystal ring of clear poetry. They toll of the old, unhappy, far-off things.

His characters are jagged—rough-edged, and coloured black. Yet they are united in some subterranean fashion by close bonds, which would extend to every New Zealander. They act like hearers, dockers and clerks, and they talk like shearers, dockers and clerks. Yet they have something of the universality which makes a nation out of a cosmos of individual personalities. Hence Mr. Sargeson's importance, and the reason why you should have him on your shelves. You will read him again and again.

To praise a writer is of little value, and to censure is positively useless, yet I cannot leave you to Frank Sargeson without commenting on the uniform lack of colour that is displayed in all these stories. Here is his fault, if we are to find fault. New Zealand is a land full of colour and Mr. Sargeson is black, yes—most monotonously black, with one or two patches of grey. However this is his peculiarity and in a way it makes him what he is. With this I leave you to him;—Mr. Sargeson.

Wellington Training college Choral Society. Annual Recital

"they ... talk like clerks"

I've been charged to write a report about the concert. Was not so bad after all; even very good. Like it all right. A good choir they have got. I say. I bet there wasn't anybody in the audience who didn't enjoy those Russian folksongs. And there was a crowd of people, I tell you; never seen so many in my life at a Training College concert. But I'd better go through the items one by one, otherwise somebody may be hurt.

Well, they started with a pretty nice choral recital called "Rolling down to Rio" by a man called Edward German. You'd like to jump up and dance or whistle to that tune. Gee, and did it have swing. Then our good friend Vesta Emanuel stood up and refused to sing "Mono but the lonely heart" by Tchaikowski. Instead of

that she gave us a Brahms song and famous "Impatience" by Schubert. She was quite first class that evening and sure, nobody could object to her choice of songs. Just the right stuff for her voice, keeping a lot in reserve and just giving us a tickle by the idea what a noise she could make if she only would. Good on you, Vesta. And then we (at least I) made the discovery of Joan Wollerman. Ever heard a fine song like Sea-[unclear: Wraek]" by Hamilton Merty? An she was good to look at too, pity somebody told me afterwards her [unclear: whato conclis] were artificial; but he may be a liar. I liked them anyhow. Last your I remember, I thought a bit of Roll out the Barrel when listening to him, but this year he was o. k. only when it came to the bass-notes the bottom dropped out of his voice. Still, he was good and we liked Vaughan Williams. 'The sky above the roof'. (Just to show you that there is modern English music just as good as anything else ever composed).

Ever heard anything like the "Overture on Yiddish, thomos" by Prokofiof? Then reds were certainly pleased that the man who composed this sparkly bit of work is a [unclear: Soviot] Russian. Funny that then underdogs should be able to produce anything fine like that. [unclear: Clarinet], string quartet and piano gave us an exciting suite of sad thomos and merry melodies all loosely women together and did the audience applaud enthusiastically afterwards

During interval went out and got some fresh air, as awfully sticky inside. Thom Training Colt go people should look for a bit better ventilation, anyhow afterwards they sang that "Power of Sound" they've been talking such a lot about. And fair dinkum it was a first class performance. Of course, we were a bit tired after all that singing and playing but still we could enjoy the tunefulness and melody of that cantata. Would have boon better though to play it twice over, once to appreciate the words and once to listen to the music 'cause both are equally important. That after "[unclear: Jesu], joy of man's desiring" by good old Bach and an orchestra piece called "Handel in the Strand" - some what in the way of "Mr. Bach goes to town - rather amusing; closed the recital.

And when after the end people shouted "Good old [unclear: Tomm]" it was quite clear that we all have to be thankful again to Mr. Young of Training College. Thank you, Mr. Young and all the ones that participated. Bo.

some folks I know are always warried
that when they die they will be burlled
and some I know are [unclear: quick elated]
because they're going to be cremated

reproduction at that. It had little variety in colours - red, yellow, green and white exhausts the choice. There is no depth to it, nor has it a foreground comparable to many a second-rate amateur water-colour. Granted the splendour of a regal crown has its place, but the gold has become tarnished, the jewels dulled. The whole is unrelieved black. In the other corner is a signature, a hastily scrawled signature, a signature for a cheque rather than the masterpiece which has captured this newly built nation.

Across the body of the work is printing, heavy black type, with figures down the side. A very symbol of mass production. And for a background, small fortunately, but jarringly present, the oft-repeated words "New Zealand Government". Surrealism? No. Surrealism never had the hold on the people that this has. Surely it is a tragic condemnation of art appreciation in New Zealand that the most sought prize in the land should be that mass-produced, art-less miniature, the Petrol Coupon;

Enter Without Knocking

Here is the pawn-shop, ladies,
Here you can buy
Ideas for a penny, gods for a sigh.

Evaluate
The postulate.

Flags drape the walls.
Around are robots who repeat old laws
For record purposes;
Weaving new patterns
At confident pace
Embellish, embroider
The trade-mark base:

Here is the pawn-shop,
Here you can buy
Ideas for a penny, gods for a sigh.

But one day, they know, the wheels will grata,
The flags will be their pall,
The broker's blandness stumble
Incoherent to its fall.

The postulate
Found syncopate:

Here is the pawn-shop, ladies,
Here you can buy
Sleep for a penny, death for a sigh,
Freedom for ever from knowledge's eye.

Film Review - the Grapes of Wrath.

"And we whom winter days oppress
May find some work to hand....."

While conserving the main lines of John Steinbeck's novel, the film version of "The Grapes of Wrath" is given a [*unclear: rather*] different orientation. It seems as though, in their attempt to avoid the "blasphemous coprology" of the book, the screen-adaptors have also - unconsciously, no doubt - hinted that the life the lower classes, like its language, is not always quite so bad as it would seem, and that even if it is, no one can help it: the picture ends on a rather unjustified note of hope - the remnants of the Joad family are on their way to 20 days steady work; and, at the beginning, we have the naive statement that the events to follow are "due to economic circumstances beyond anyone's control.

Apart from this, however, the film is excellent. In scenes such as Tom's parting from his mother, towards the end of the film, it would have been fatally easy to [*unclear: ruin*] the character- presentation and the value of the story with typical cinema hysterics and gooey sentimentality; actually, this is one of the best scenes in the film. A similar scene is that in which Mully tells Tom of the "peaceful liquidation" of the surrounding farmers.

The characters are excellent - Henry Fonda as Tom Joad gave a very convincing and powerful performance it would have been very easy to make a slapdash Gable Job of this role. Casy, too, is very good - his is a rather symbolic character, and John Carradine had the ability to portray it well. Ma Joad is a much more powerful character than Pat taken as a pair, these two are not so well represented as Granma and Granpa (in whose part

Charlie Grapewin gave a sterling performance); although, as a single [*unclear*: charsector], Ma is the best of the four. Rosasharn is rather unconvincing, lacks the realism of the others; and Connie, largely because his role is relatively less important, tends to be the same.

The photography was splendid. The intense dramatic power of film technique was never better presented than in some of the scenes in this picture. Nature shots were unusually convincing.

On the whole, then, "The Grapes of wrath" is a powerful film: the realism of the action wipes out fairly effectively the influence of the "sops to Cerberus" some moral soul has had inserted (at the instigation of the United Temperance Societies, no doubt). Despite the presence, in the seat in front, of a snoring soldier, and behind us, of three badly repressed youths, we came out well satisfied.

K. J. H.

Thanks a Million.

In this last issue of Salient, for 1940, I would like to express my appreciation, of all those who have assisted in the production of the paper. Despite numerous difficulties, Salient staff have shown an admirable spirit of co-operation, and all credit is due to them for the perseverance and patience that they have shown in a period that has been the most onerous of the paper's existence.

I would like to mention especially. [*unclear*: Wilf] Watson, who has been responsible for the really excellent printed headings; Kate Ross and Shirley Grinlinton for cutting stencils; and the others (there are about 20 on the staff) who have put time and energy into duplicating, distribution, sorting, stapling and news collection.

And last but not least the Duplicator, which despite frequent breakdowns, occasioning vitriolic flows of highly seasoned language, has performed a "job of Work" of importance. Thanks!

The Editor.

I wonder if I'll go to hell?

God only knows

And He won't tell.

Sports

Harrier.

On September 14th harriers, and many old friends of the Club, gathered at the Paekakariki mansion of our worthy coach, Hr. Sherwood. The slow pack were led at a lively clip through the sandhills by Groen and Morton, but in the long run home along the beach R. Smith set a stiff pace. The fast pack was misnamed, its members being only too pleased to amble along after the strenuous race of the week before. An errant golfball brought to light hidden talent, as irresistible passing [*unclear*: reaches swept] up the beach. An invisible [*unclear*: fence] brought a groat O'Flynn sprint to a sudden stop.

Bennett Memorial Road Race. The club continued its strong support of interclub events by fielding two senior teams in this race, and a junior team in the Craig Cup race. In a field of sixty runners, our A team finished second to Scottish, with Scrymge our sixth, O'Connor ninth, Collins fifteenth and Daniell twentieth. Holmes, the next A team man, was twenty-seventh. Do la Mare ran very well for the B team, finishing seven-teenth, R. Smith being the next team-mate home in thirty-third place. The juniors performed creditably, with Morton eighteenth and Green twenty-fourth in a field of

Dam. A strong force of harriers invaded the O'Flynn household and set to work to build a dam—a thirsty job. The Daniell [*unclear*: squeeze-box] kept things moving harmoniously, until the party joined in one of the most enjoyable runs of the season—to catch the midnight train. Our arrival at the station was certainly staggering.

The Season in Retrospect. The strong social spirit of the Club, fostered so well in past years, was probably the outstanding feature of the season, which has been equally remarkable in that both at Akaroa and here in Wellington a varsity club has shown itself as one of New Zealand's leading clubs in the sport. The teams that we entered, in the three major local races were second only to Scottish, who have been unbeaten in Wellington in many years. On one Saturday we fielded two teams in Dannevirke and two in the Shaw Baton race, all of which acquitted themselves well. We have been pleased to see young runners fight their way to prominence, and show themselves little inferior to the veterans. Among those are Scott, [*unclear*: Daniell], Holmes, R.

Smith and Rowberry. It seems clear that our strength has come to stay.

Tennis.

Annual General Meeting. The Annual General Meeting of the V.U.C. Tennis Club was hold on Monday September 16th. The following officers were elected: Patron. Mr. S. Eichelbaum.

President. Hr. E.G. Budge.

Vice-Presidents. Col. R. St. J. [*unclear: Beere*], Mr. Justice Fair, Professor F. F. Miles, Messrs. J.R. Elliot, G.F. Dixon, M. Fraser, R.A. Wright, R.S. Parker, I. Macarthur, H.N. Burns and C. Evans-Scott.

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Chairman. Mr. K.J. McNaught.

Hon. Secretary. Miss G.W. Macmorran.

Hon. Treasurer. Mr. R.W. Baird.

Committee. Misses Maysmor, Marshall, Joyce and Rainbow. Messrs. Mitchell, Elliot, O'Connor and Foley.

Club Opening. At the Yankee Tournament hold on opening there were 63 entries. The winners were Ron Baird and Miss Joyce, who defeated McLeod and Miss Hunter in the final. The Club was pleased to welcome the patron of the Club, Mr. S. Eichelbaum, and Messrs. G.F. Dixon and R.S. Parker, both Vice-Presidents.

Tramping.

Swotting Trip. On Oct. 19-20. Miss K. Boss will load a swotting trip to the [*unclear: Omirigorongo*] Valley.

See notice board or ring 40.960 before 5p.m.

Reunion Trip. The Club's annual reunion trip will take place at Hutt Forks during the weekend of Deo. 1-2. Leader Barney Butchers.

Christmas Trip. Jim Witten-Hanna will load a trip to the Upper [*unclear: Waimakariri*]. Leave Wellington Thursday Dec. 24, arrive back January 5. Cost between £4.10.0 and £5, including fares and food. For further information phone. [*unclear: 46,446*] (Day) or 43,612 (Night).

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Salient 1940.

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Vol. 3, no. 8. Printed and published by the [*unclear: Victoria*] University College. University Students' Association, Salamanca Road, Wellington. 30.9.1940.