SOCIAL DEMOCRACY AND THE WAR

St. Simon, Fourier and Owen are the ancestors of Dr. Lenart. Social-democracy, having absorbed the humanitarian but unscientific sentiments of these thinkers, has digested but little of Marx and Engels, and, finding much of what it has digested unpalatable, digresses it on inappropriate occasions.

The International Relations Club has been congratulated on bringing before us a speaker so capable and intelligent as Dr. Lenart. No better exponent of the social-democratic viewpoint could have been found, and there could certainly have been no finer exposition. This article is not a report of the meeting at which Dr. Lenart spoke; all those interested will have attended the meeting and, anyway, none fool of a student presented a report of the meeting to the metropolitan dailies, the impartiality of which was breathtaking.

We hope that Dr. Lenart will not be deterred by the stupid notion of this student from coming to address us again. We know that the present critique will only make him more eager to come again to the attack. And Dr. Lenart would be the first to admit that the serious schema of social-democracy as a savior of mankind has certain very grave defects. Actually the question of social-democracy is the most vital political problem of the day, as social-democracy plays a particularly important part in time of war. Very "left", "liberal", or "socialist" governments in the world today, except that existing in the Soviet Union, is social-democratic.

What then, is the true nature of today's social-democracy? To what role in times of war and crisis? Does social democracy hold out no hope for a rationally constructed society?

It is the intention of this critique to prove that social-democracy leads to an utter betrayal of working-class principles; that in times of war and crisis its nature leads it directly into the reactionary camp; and that not only does it present no hope for a new society, but it actually produces a fascistic regime in every country in which it proves powerful.

St. Simon, Fourier and Owen were filled with... an utter denigration of the working class of their country's industrial proletariat, they understood the fundamental conception of materialist philosophy, but, having no scientific method of analyzing, they did not see in the proletariat a class possessing any historical initiative of importance. Their schema for the betterment of mankind was wholly of the moralistic kind. Without any revolutionary activity, their ideas were merely an obscure reflection of the instinctive desires of the underdeveloped proletariat for a rational reconstruction of society. Marx, Engels, Lenin and their followers put socialism on a scientific basis, developing a wholesome philosophical, economic, and political analysis of society. From these an entirely new concept of materialistic materialism, the materialist school of history, and the first complete statement of the revolutionary role which the proletariat had to play in the reconstruction of society on a socialist basis. It is impossible without a study of the whole to realize fully the great confusion and confusion process of the world.

Social-democracy recognizes more fully than did even the class structure of society, but because of ignorance or misunderstanding of the fundamental concepts of Marxism, believes that a socialist society, with its emphasis on distribution of wealth, can be brought about by gradual methods of evolution - such as progressive liberal legislative measures and increasing taxation on the rich. The schema, they say, has pitifully; but anything is better than revolution.

Dr. Lenart presented this view very ably, and defended it brilliantly when it came to question time. His statement of the position can fairly be condensed thus: "Hitler's aggressive policy can only have disastrous results for
the future of civilisation. Chamberlain's policy of weak-kneed submission to Hitler since 1933 was very foolish, but at the outbreak of the present war that policy was definitely reversed. We should therefore support this war, which is a war against fascism. But capitalism breeds wars, capitalism breeds misery for the majority of mankind. Capitalism must therefore be abolished at the conclusion of the war. But it must be abolished gradually, and not by evolutionary methods. Socialism must come by evolution, not by revolution. In other words, the solution is in the ballot-box and social-democracy.

THE VOICE FROM THE PAST

With Dr. Lenin's views on the nature of the war I am not here concerned. Anyway, it is scurrilous to state that the war is an imperialist war.

Although social-democracy did not pass directly over to capitalism until 1914, social-democracy has existed in ideologies and have been fought by scientific socialists, for over a century. Listen to Marx and Engels speaking in the Communist Manifesto (1848) of critical-utopian socialism:

"In proportion as the modern class struggle develops and takes definite shape, this phantastic standing apart (of critical-utopian socialism) from the context, these phantastic attacks upon it, lose all practical value and theoretical justification. Therefore, although the originators of these systems were, in many respects, revolutionary, their disciples have, in every case, formed more reactionary schools... They still dream of apocalyptic realisation of their Social Utopias... and to realise all those castles in the air they are compelled to appeal to the feelings and purse of the bourgeoise. By degrees they sink into the category of reactionary conservative socialists depicted above, differing from those only by more systematic pedantry, and by their fanatical and superstitious belief in the miraculous effects of their social science."

Listen to Lenin in a brief essay on "Marxism and Revisionism" written in 1918:

"In the domain of politics revisionism tried to revict the very foundation of Marxism, namely, the doctrine of the class struggle, political freedom, democracy, and universal suffrage removed the ground for the class struggle, they say... and further, the old proposition of the Communist Manifesto that the workers have no country... for, they said, since the "will of the majority" prevails under democracy, one must neither regard the state as an organ of class rule, nor reject alliances with progressive, social-reformist bourgeoisie against the reactionaries."

In the later writings of Lenin, in Stalin's "Constitution" for "Lenin", and in Palme Dutt's "Fascism and Social Revolution", the reactionary role of social-democracy during and after the last war is brilliantly exposed.

The complete betrayal of their own principles by the opposition social-democratic parties at the beginning of the imperialist war in 1914, and their subsequent unholy alliance with the reactionaries is too well known and too obvious to be described here. In almost every country-with Europe, the Labour movement, under social-democratic leadership, supported the war from the beginning, just as the Labour movement is doing in the present war. In the words of Dutt: "The split was caused by the dominant official leadership of the social-democratic parties abandoning their principles and obligations before the International, directly contravening the principles on which their parties were built, and passing to unity with capitalism."
Lenin and Lenin (Contd.)

Since the war, the labor movements and social-democratic organisations have had a record of betrayal, compromise, vacillation and opportunism even more shameful. Let us look briefly at a few specific instances.

AUSTRIA AND GERMANY

In Austria in 1918, power was almost in the hands of the proletariat, but the forcible institution of socialism was prevented by the tactics of social-democracy. Social-democratic parties continued in power, attempting to bring about "the pacific victory of socialism". In 1920, seventy percent of the population of Vienna voted for the Social-Democrats. In 1930, the elections gave the Nazi Party 18 representatives to 72 Social-Democrats. In 1933 Dollfuß proclaimed an open dictatorship. The Social-Democratic leaders tried to negotiate, to appease; they refused to lead the workers against the fascists, at the time when the power of the fascists could easily have been broken. When a popular revolution did break out in 1934, it broke out against the orders of the Social-Democratic leadership. Austria became a completely fascist state, and her position today, under the yoke of Germany, is directly attributable to the futile collectivism of Social-Democracy and to its childlike faith in the power of the ballot-box.

Streicher in his "Monarch of Fascism" has shown how the weak and vacillating policy of Social-Democracy in Germany, its policy of lesser evil, its submission to the forces of capitalism, paved the way for the betrayal of the Weimar Constitution and the rise of Hitler to power in 1933. It is quite obvious to any observer, that if the working class had been led by a revolutionary Marxist party, there would have been no Hitler and no fascist Germany.

These are no isolated examples. Study the history of modern Poland, China, Greece, and Hungary, observing carefully the role of Social-Democracy when fascist ideas grow. Finland is a horrible example. Social-Democracy is a road, not to reform, but to fascism and fascist measures. Look around you, at the present reactionary measures of New Zealand's social-democratic government. Observe how men like Sir Oswald Mosley, Hitler, Mussolini, Pilsudski, Sempfe and Fraser, were all social-democrats before they tasted power.

We cannot act on the vain hope that "things will be different in England"; we cannot allow the horror of violent revolution to prevent us from becoming realists. It can be shown theoretically, and it has been proved practically countless times, that the ruling capitalist class will never allow Social-Democracy to become too strong. At a certain stage of the progressive socialist measure, as soon as the security of the system itself is threatened, the ruling class will use force to subdue working class organizations. "One of the tragic lessons of the events in Germany was that the enemies of democracy were willing to shed blood to destroy liberty, and not shrink from murder, arson, and lawless action; but social-democracy was peaceful, law-abiding, and shrank from revolutionary strife."

That is the fundamental nature of Social-Democracy. It is a humanistic illusion. Not only does revolution to a new stage of society by democratic means conflict with the basic laws of history, but it has been demonstrated fully, by the tragic events in Austria, to be an impossible dream.

Let us be realists. Let us not shrink from the inevitable struggle.

R.I."
Thursday, March 21st.

"Going to Tournament?" has been the popular query for some weeks now. One last flurry of photographs, tickets endorsed with M.O.F., M.O.D. or S.R., rejuvenated Hikus - and am now on the Rangatira returning with our northern opponents. An uneventful voyage on a blacked out ship. You have no idea how inconvenient it can be stumbling along a murky deck, flopping unawares into the legs of lovers, or peering in an uncertain fashion at recumbent forms. To some the bar closed at 11 P.M., to others it had never been open. At times one could see such personalities as John Carrad, Bomber Aimers, "Corky" and even the Official Chaperone. Then again the blackout.

Friday, March 22nd.

The boat arrived at Lyttelton (if this is permissible to censorial authorities) and was carried away by the N.Z.R. to Christchurch. A gentleman called Steeds together with a pretty band of fairies, carrying all things, a magnetic mine, greeted us profusely. Investigated the mine and discovered to my relief that it contained a small cask to which the fairies frequently tripped. Off we were whisked by billetors, to appear again at 2.30 P.M. to digest words of welcome, and "sit" a photograph. The rest of the day was spent quite vulgarly in getting the "guts of the show".

Saturday, 23rd.

Cleaned teeth about 8.30 and left in a hurry to catch bus and see the rowing. A most pleasant trip over tussock covered Cashmere Hills passed signs of Tekaka and Kiwi to Governor's Bay. Sea calm marred only by tidal waves. A prompt start saw V.U.C. away, hikus afloat in the hills. Then C.U.C. drew ahead followed by C.U. and those positions remained unchanged to the end of the race. Home via Lyttelton and Sumner. To rush up to the boxing and learn that V.U.C. had five finalists. And in the evening won five finals, and was Trainer Covoney bucked! College Hall, an ancient Gothic edifice, lofty and airy, was the stamping ground for rendezvous.

Sunday, March 24th.

Was particularly notable for the trip to Canterbury Agricultural College. This venerable institution, 1875 and all that, greeted us with draught horses and drays, in which the majority were conveyed in state. A short address of welcome and then to the piggeries. There was one brown sow there - but that's another story. Met Official Chaperone. Apparently night before he had mistaken living quarters and awoke to find two elderly spinsters gazing at him with great suspicion. But on explanation they actually apologised for awakening him. At Lincoln - some bathed, some swam, some played cricket, some inspected turnips, all had afternoon tea.

Monday, March 25th.

Strict instructions had been issued by Führer Corkhill for all Victorians with voices to present themselves at the Basketball Courts at 9 A.M. V.U.C. was playing A.U.C. Sundry bodies ambled up at the appointed time and gave voice. And was it a hectic match!
A TOURNAMENT DIARY (Contd.)

And was Coach Rieske agitated. Joting notes in a black book. And did those girls play! I'll say they did. And when the finals came our congrats went not only to A.U.C. for winning but to V.U.C. for their splendiferous victory. Then sundry gentlemen adjourned piecemeal to the nearest hostel to revive flagging spirits. The host was becoming terrific.

After lunch bicycled cautiously to Athletics and witnessed amongst other things an all V.U.C. tandem race, and the destruction of the Magnetic Mine minus the contents.

The swimming in the evening was particularly noteworthy for acrobatic feats of the Official Cheaperone, who succeeded in traversing the baths per medium of the struts in the roof. And then to another rendezvous.

Tuesday, March 26th.

Remember three things. Men's doubles final, Drinking Horn, and Ball. Horn was won by half a handle by C.U.C. from V.U.C. In a return challenge V.U.C. defeated the winners and illustrated their staying power. Of the ball I will say this - a new regulation prohibits the leaving of a dance hall once entered. Then there were the Australian Athletes who gave their corroboree of Philpott, the flying fox. It was ensorced and then they gave our Maori haka. There was tremendous applause. Am looking forward to an annual tournament between the Aussies and Pig Islanders. As ambassadors Leo Philpott and team were great and we hope to see them again.

From Ball to Rowing Club sheds. Picture of host Steeds cracking jokes, a cold concrete floor, a brazier, ducks and the Avon. Many was the duck that eluded a vicious cat. No kills reported.

Wednesday, March 27.

Spent day recovering from Ball, and then at 7.10 said farewell to Christchurch, City of Parks.

Across the water went a farewell "Goodbye Johnny Steeds. And thanks for a most enjoyable tournament"

Hock.

With the passing of H.J. Savage the University, together with the people of N.Z., has been bereft of a sincere friend.

A year ago "Salient" had the pleasure of publishing a personal message to the students from the late Prime Minister, a message in which were crystallised the principles and personal qualities of this modest humanitarian. In a few words Mr. Savage expressed his attitude towards higher education, believing as he did that education and enlightenment were to be the basis of the system of society, towards which he so earnestly aspired - "I cannot imagine any greater quality in man or woman than that of a broad mind always open to new ideas". Under his leadership the Labour Govt. has given every consideration to the creation of such a state of mind, in the assistance of students of both the University and the Training Colleges.

He was truly a man of unchallengeable motives, so like all Social Democrats in his generous underestimation of the power and resourcefulness of the forces arrayed against him, and Christ-like in his belief in the innate goodness of his fellow beings. And although there may be room to doubt whether New Zealand will, in the long run, be the better off for his term of office, all with any judgement of human qualities will agree, that the world is in need of more statesmen with hearts as big as his.

R.G.S.
EDITORIAL

It is no new experience for Victoria University College to be called, by the outside press, names implying that its members are of a particularly ruddy hue. The very convenience of dismissing arguments as "half-baked opinions from Moscow" is excellent in that it appeals to carefully cultivated opinions an emotional way that denies or clouds any factual evidence that may be present. Such methods admit a paucity of concrete argument and a reliance on emotive values that is comparable with the dictates of Nazi propaganda. "Red rot" has ever been the bane of those, who bankrupt in opposition, have opposed all attempts to improve by true propaganda (there is a distinction) the lot of the working class.

It is unfortunate that in New Zealand a government which has achieved international fame for its social legislation should be compromising with the reactionaries to such an extent that its own work is likely to be threatened. And it is significant that all discontent with this state of affairs is being termed "red", "orders from Moscow", "communist", etc. The contradictions manifest in the Labour Party are not isolated. Look at Blum's Socialist Party, the pre-Hitler Social Democrats of Germany and Austria, and now the Labour Party in Great Britain, and one finds similarities of action and result that are illuminating. Such internal contradictions are capital for the capitalist press. Capitalist in that through a national fog of democracy they oppose all attempts to grant concessions to the workers and advocate status quo plus increased restrictions, in a monotonous regularity. A status quo and restrictions however, that became the retreat of all social democratic parties who have lost their revolutionary militancy, and become mere puppets moved at the clicking of the fingers of their capitalist masters. Compromise is admissible only when the result of such compromise will be beneficial to the working class. To compromise to the extent of prohibiting criticism within the working class organisation is fatal. Yet this is the case today.

The active sections of New Zealand students are not alone in their opposition to war, and Salient hopes to publish shortly a News Bulletin issued by the World Student Association illustrating the forms that such opposition is taking in other countries. Demands for a statement of war aims, legitimate in the case of the Conservative Party of Britain. The call for a war against fascism has in the past given the latter every assistance: (China, Abyssinia, Spain, Albanic, Czechoslovakia). Doubts about ministerial statements - that we are fighting for freedom and democracy. Is it the freedom and democracy to exploit and democracy for the few? Democracy is a relative term. One might say that politically and economically democracy in Great Britain is democracy for the Conservative Party; as democracy in Germany is for the followers of the Nazi Party. Capitalist democracy is little more subtle, however, and conceals such outlets as freedom of speech, a free press, and so on, though these do diminish in critical periods, when active political and economic opposition is ruthlessly suppressed.

Students must therefore be vigilant to preserve such academic liberties as they possess, and appreciate that those same antagonisms present in outside society are present also in the university. Fviously to hope that the University can remain an institution apart is Utopian - possibly we have a greater part to play then the rest of the community, for within our group is the knowledge to alter and direct the struggle now and in later years, into which much there it will be of maximum benefit to a majority and not to that of a few.

M. D. B.
FINLAND IN RETROSPECT

So the great tragic farce has ended.
Herr Adolf Mannerheim, Sir Montague Ryt, Mr. Ramsey MacTanner, and Hermann Wallonius, after a gallant fight for democracy, have sought peace terms from the Russian aggressors.

We have read of strange things.
The Finn who shot forty Russians from a tree before breakfast.
The Russian soldier with dirty hands and no boots. The invisible ski patrols, which made the Red Army men turn grey with fear. The Books on How to Ski.

As is well known, it never snows in Russia. The official marching song of the Red Army is stated to run thus:

"Attempts are made by fools like me
But only Finns can use a ski."

A new species of evanescence has mutated itself. The Communazi.

The Communazi caused all the trouble in Finland. The 30,000 people slaughtered by Herr Mannerheim in the war (see the radical Encyclopedia Brittanica) — must have been Communazis. Or perhaps we should print it with a small "C" — communazis. The people who resisted the White Guard armies, the Imperial German armies, and the armies of the arch-interventionist; the people who fought the Finnish Lapp movement and prevented Wallonius's attempt at a fascist coup reaching fruition; the people who have fought for a decent living wage and elementary social-democratic rights for the Finnish workers — all these must be communazis. Or rather, must have been, because most of them are dead or in jail now. Because there are no class distinctions in Finland, there are no labor problems. Isn't Finland a social-democratic country, like New Zealand? Long live the Second International!

Humana, 1919, Geneva, 1922; Locarno, 1925, the Zinovieff letter, 1924; the Arcos raid, 1928; the Petro-Vick trial, 1933; Mr. Strong, 1939.

'the Soviet Union has no illusions.
Shall it be Baku, 1940?

Rollo.

WRITE FOR
"CAPPICADE".

CARTOONS
HUMOROUS VERSE
FUNNY JOKES
POISONALITIES

SEND CONTRIBUTIONS TO EDITOR NOW!
Dear "Salient",

I feel that some apology is needed for the "Advice to freshers" tendered by R.L.M. in your last issue, and that this outburst should not be allowed to pass unchallenged as representat-
ive of the attitude of the mature students towards freshers.

With the material of R.L.M.'s article I do not quarrel -
every man has a right to formulate and express his opinion; but
with the manner of its presentation the position is different.

It is a great pity that a man, once - presumably - a
freshman himself, holding the beliefs and assumptions with which he
charges freshmen, should have arrived towards the end of his
university career at such a state of academic patronisation and
smug self-satisfaction.

We are glad to learn that he has triumphed over the
bourgeois influences of his youth, found the magic co-ordinating
principle of Marxism; we wish we had witnessed the blinding
revelation moment in which he discovered sunsets, passion, God and
Keats and Mr. Trevor Lane.

But we are sorry to recognize that R.L.M. has not also
learned the lesson of tolerance. His contemptuous dissection of the
freshman mind was hardly in the best possible taste, and furthermore
could only be detrimental to the first impressions of V.U.C.
gained by many freshmen. It is to be hoped that in future he will
cease making "Salient" his Hyde Park, and release his repressions
somewhere else; remember that he, too, was once a freshman, and that
he has attained his present philosophy without the unnecessary and
unwanted interference of another.

Certainly, freshmen, think! Stocktake! Be awake to your
privileges and the responsibility which is yours to exercise them
widely and fully, for your own benefit and that of society. But
for heaven's sake strive also to acquire a little of the old-
fashioned virtues - tolerance, understanding, humility.

FRANK.

REPLY.

Tolerance, understanding, humility. Good, Christian, old-
fashioned virtues all of them. All designed, consciously or
unconsciously, to secure the humble acquiescence of the people in
their exploitation by the ruling classes.

If to fight against ignorance, academic orthodoxy, and
dangerously false opinion is patronising or intolerant, then I am
patronising and intolerant.

I should like to point out to "frank" that it is
precisely through the "interference of another" - or, rather,
others, - that most of the older students have reached their
present intellectual positions. They are not ungrateful.

R.L.M.
Dear "Salient",

Peace on Earth.

The announcement in "Salient" of the proposed V.U.C. "Peace Society" to promote peace is in harmony with President Roosevelt's seeking of a moral basis for "a real, lasting, sound, moral, intelligent and righteous peace" common to all mankind. But when there are already three other bodies in existence that can as adequately deal with such problem as the "Peace Society", any further division among students is based upon unsound principle. If members of the "Peace Society" are anxious for peace, they have ample scope to show the way to peace by unifying and amalgamating some of their own College institutions, such as the Free Discussions Club, the Debating Society, and the International Relations Club on the one hand, and again, on the other hand, the Evangelical Union and the Student Christian Movement. If they cannot achieve this domestic task successfully, they can hardly be expected to do much in the wider national and international field of peace. But if they can do this, there is some hope that they have discovered something that co-ordinating "principle" that the whole world is looking for as a moral basis for peace. I suggest that there is only one way of effecting this and that is by a careful analysis of first principles according to the soundest reason and the truth, and the net result will be that only by complete adherence to Jesus Christ and His Word as the truth is a moral basis possible. Either this principle is true, or it is not, which means its complete acceptance, if it is true, or its complete rejection, if it be untrue; and words must be likewise converted into action. So true wisdom is established.

Yours faithfully,
T.F. Simpson.

Dear "Salient",

Early as the session is, it has become clear that one of the burning questions will be pacifism. As there are many of us who are opposed to killing on Christian and other principles and yet are active supporters of democracy, there is some doubt as to the decision. To those I would point out that as war was declared by a government elected by the majority of the people, and in accordance with the wish of the majority, we, as democrats, should support their effort. The support should be more active because of the responsibility of that declaration of war. There are many ways in which those who feel they cannot take an active part in the conflict can help.

I have pointed out these facts because, in my opinion, many who call themselves pacifists seem to advocate anything from obstruction and defiance to absolute treason. They preach not peace on earth, but, "England is committing an act of aggression against Germany" and "New Zealand should not support Britain". Such people are neither democrats nor pacifists and as such should not have the support of those who still cling to their ideals, and I think there are many of the latter at V.U.C.

Yours sincerely,
Ewen Cardale.

"Moral are like a pair of trousers - they are a cover for both lewdness and crudeness, but may be conveniently dropped in the service of either".

Dean Swift.
NO MAN'S LAND. (Cont'd.)

Dear "Salient".

The article "For Freshers Only" in this year's first issue of "Salient" succeeds in its purpose, if that purpose is, as I assume, the commendable one of provoking thought. May I also assume that the thought provoked in one "Average fresher" is of sufficient interest to justify you in publishing this letter?

The writer of the above article enumerates seven "main fallacies" in terms of which the average fresher reasons. Some of the seven have been so long since and so thoroughly exploded that I think the freshest fresher would hardly harbour them now. Who of this generation or of the one preceding it "acquiesces wholly in the status quo"? It is on every lip that the status quo is rotten. Who now believes that poverty is natural and inevitable? Labour went into power in the 1935 elections because the majority of voters knew that poverty is neither natural nor inevitable. Who but a puny defeatist believes that war is inevitable? Certainly not the thousands who are leaving us in the brave hope and expectation of putting an end to war.

The writer's selection of a fresher's fallacies pays no compliment to the fresher's knowledge of current thought. However his purpose is to edify the fresher and not to compliment him, so let it pass, and now to fallacy No. 7.

Belief in the existence of the soul is cherished by many. Whether it be well founded or not is, for my present purpose, beside the point. The most that can be said on the subject is that the soul's existence cannot be proved nor can it be disproved. Why then does the writer include this belief among the "main fallacies in terms of which a fresher reasons"? He cannot prove it a fallacy. Is it not true because it is a widely accepted belief that he calls it a fallacy? He classes himself among the "students who actually think for themselves". Is that thinking for himself or more pose and porveness and the negation of thought. The writer would have done better had he left the soul untouched. The soul may be non-existent, but at least it has sufficed to show the sorry shallows of the writer's mind. Because, in his own words, he "does possess a mind. But it is a mind of a peculiar sort - a mind which deserves minute analysis".

Yours, etc.,
J.B. Woodward.

GOD DEFEND NEW ZEALAND.

"A message from Zurich states that the newspaper "Basler Nachrichten" says that a Wilhelmstrasse spokesman indicated that events of tremendous importance are forthcoming which will change the whole appearance of the war". "Domion", March 24.

"A form of propaganda has made its appearance several times since the outbreak of war. I refer to the demand that the allies state their war aims. I firmly believe this demand has been fostered by the enemy. It is an attempt to embroil us in internal controversy and weaken our war effort by making people ask 'What are we fighting for anyway'? Let me say as forcibly as I can, if we start public discussions on war aims before we have won the war we will be doing one of the things that the enemy wants us to do".

Mr. L. H. M., S.H.
"Dominion", March 15.

"Googoo" and "Glubsky-glubsky"... the siren's frightful words when they come from Baby Sandy! You'll rock with laughter... howl with glee... as morose Mischa and sweet Sandy talk it over... in Russian.

"Dominion", 7th March
(Screen Ad.)
PACIFIST!!!

Last night was a skull night; you mayn't see what I mean, but that describes it exactly. The clouds were draped across the sky like an X-ray photograph of a crab — horrible it was — and little stars shone through like bits of metal in the flesh. That's how it was last night — enough to scare any man.

I went out walking with my honey — we went to the gardens and they were quite light with the moon, but there weren't many people round. We sat on a bench and — you know the things one does.

You're a funny boy, she said. I jumped. What the hell! Why am I a funny boy, I asked. You do such funny things, she said. Oh do, I said. Out walking with you, for instance? No, she said. You don't go to the war. Why should I when I've got you to stay at home with, I said.

They might need you, over there, she said. Of course, yes. Who's the beau now, I said. Pulling the dishcloth over my eyes.

I really mean it, she said. Well, I'm not going to the war, see, I said. Not going? Not even if conscription comes in? No, I'm a pacifist, I said.

She jumped about three feet off the bench and I remembered I hadn't used that word in her company before.

You swine, she said. Now I have put my foot in it, I thought. What am I going to do?

Got a white feather, I said. Jim, she said, and not down below. Jim, she said, you'll go, won't you?

Why d'you want me to go, I asked. Everybody goes, and I love you, she said. Oh you love me, and you want me to go, do you? Yes, she said. Well I'm going, I said, and went.

GRADUATE.

Being a universal university blue, He joined Army, Navy, and Air Force too. And needless to say earned unusual renown In the noble art of shooting down. J.D.E.

HARVEST IN T' NORTH.

If it comes t' corns, No one’s got the wood on my site; 'e's making the most Of 'is Grandmother's ghost By havin't for Dinner at 8. A.V.
LITERARY COLUMNS (Contd.)

ON LITTLE A'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE ORONGORONGOS.

Little a,
From Bay's Bay
Did you send your muse forth flying?
Did she find the G.B. trying?

Did you say,
Little a,
That you saw the cloud-nymps dancing?
Saw aerial spirits prancing?

It may be
That you see
In a purer light and clearer,
See a vision brighter, fairer...

But as yet
I regret
I've seen no celestial ballet
Danced by sprites o'er Tuwhai chalet.

Such sights are
Better far
Seen from Libraries quiescent,
Than from rivers chill, and Five-Mile deliquescent.

H.W.

(H.W. is obviously one of these cast-iron trampers who have no
time to look for "Sky-Gods", and "celestial ballets". This does
not mean to say that they do not exist. - Ed.)

SHORT DISCOURSE ON POETRY.

In the pages of Salient you find verse of all descrip-
tions, and you react accordingly. Sky-gods revolt you; putrescent
sex interests you; and streamline fascinates you.

But there is no poetry of this age. Prose is asserting
itself in response to the call of the masses (writers must obey
their audience), but poetry lags behind. The attempts of Auden
and Spender appear to be bourgeois efforts of escape.

Study these things; keep them in mind and try to find
what is a true expression of this age, and who really appeals to
you. Read Saroyan, James Hanley, and the "Grapes of Wrath".
Observe the emotion rodent in you; and be true to that emotion.
See that others - writers in particular, are true to their
emotions. Then write and tell Salient your discoveries.

SUMMIT:

Austere and barren,
Lone ethereal peak,
Scoured by the blizzard,
Seared by the lightning blast,
Unearthly earth,
Kin to the cindered moon,
Dwelt on by stars;
Beauty and terror wed,
Crown of my dreams
And summit of my dread.

J.B. Woodward.
Special Meeting

At a large meeting held in the Gym. on April 1st, the following motion was passed, by 74 votes to 22.

"That the V.U.C. Peace Society be granted affiliation to the V.U.C. Students' Association."

The meeting was held following upon a decision by the Students' Association Executive not to allow affiliation to the Society.

The effect of the decision of the meeting is to reverse the Executive's resolution. The V.U.C. Peace Society is now affiliated to the V.U.C. Students' Association.

The election of officers is to take place this week. A full report of the meeting, with comments on the Society by various important people, will appear in the next issue of "Salient".

Wish again to point out that the Peace Society's aim is not to oppose the war, or to concentrate on any particular political viewpoint towards the war. The Society exists to ensure to students the right of free and impartial discussion of problems relating to Peace, War, and Civil Liberties, and has no propagandist or political aim.

Extrav. Casting Meeting

Thursday 8 p.m.

WANTED CAST (NO PREVIOUS ACTING EXPERIENCE NECESSARY) — Stage Hands, Musicians, Wardrobe mistresses, "masters, "spare parts."

If you can't attend leave a note for Bob Anderson, Extrav. Controller.

There will be no terms exams this term, so BE IN.

Performance dates — 27th, 29th, & 30th April

Rehearsals start immediately....
"THE SOCIALIST SIXTH OF THE WORLD"

Hewlett Johnson.

The capitalist world serves two masters and both badly. What we describe as "Christian civilisation" attempts to combine the service of God and of Mammon. It is unfortunately neither Christian nor civilised, an its economic system spelt seeking, "devil-take-the-hindmost" individualism fails disastrously to produce even material plenty. Christian idealism alleviates but cannot prevent the sufferings produced by this system: poverty, insecurity, selfishness, fear, cruelty, conflict and war, and so cynicism and indifference mock even religion.

Communism rejects the profit system and it is vital for us to know how the new system works. The evidence is wild, conflicting. The apparent creed of Communists, "You cannot serve God or Mammon" is particularly convenient for Mammon, since it is most valiantly defended by the religious.

That is one reason why the Dean of Canterbury is among the most interesting and valuable of Russia’s "friendly critics," but it is not the only reason. His education and experience of life have been varied and profound. A science degree, apprenticeship and experience as a working engineer, followed by a honors degree at Oxford, theological training, continual study of social and economic problems, and his service as curate, vicar and dean; have not left him a mere sentimentalist. He can appeal correctly to moral enthusiasm and feeling, translate facts and theories vividly into terms of human life, and expound an argument lucidly, but he has a predilection for the evidence of experts, scientists, engineers, economists, educationists who have made a first-hand study of their own specialty in Russia. "The Socialist Sixth of the World" is consciously and deliberately sympathetic; but, as the preface explains, the gloomier side is already amply publicised.

Utopia can be quickly and painlessly conjured up from a few quires of paper and pints of ink; it is not so easily to be produced from the raw material of Tsarist Russia. Traditions; a thousand years of ruthless dictatorship, modified in 1906 by a shadowy powerless Duma elected on a narrow property franchise. Rigid censorship, secret police, chain gang, concentration camps, exile, executions, Pogroms — the word is Russian — and oppression of religious and national minorities. Of about 70 millions of subject races only the Finns enjoyed a precarious and intermittent autonomy, though the people of Bokhara had a native sultan. Illiteracy was 75%. Ignorant, apathetic, inefficient peasants, drunken inefficient workers and corrupt inefficient bureaucrats. Appalling poverty, filth, starvation and disease produced a death rate (29.4) higher even than British India, and more than a quarter of all babies died in their first year of life.

Then six years of war, revolution, civil war and blockade, overwhelming defeats and dismemberment, foreign invasion, destruction and disorganisation culminated in the greatest of Russia’s periodic famines in 1921.

"And now", say critics, "why not Utopia?"

In an exhausted and impoverished country the Communists turned to work and develop an utopian system. "Purify by destruction", said serious critics; in truth they devoted immense energy and sacrifice to construction. "Electrification", was Lenin’s slogan, and the world mocked back, "Electricification". The Russians drove ahead with social reform, education, industrialisation and collectivisation, heavy though the cost was at first. Already they are being repaid with industrial production nine times that of 1913, more and better food,
THE SOCIALIST SIXTH OF THE WORLD, (Contd.)

increased social services, greater efficiency. One significant
detail, the death rate has fallen by 40%, far below India's,
Democracy is real as far as freedom to criticise and organise
within the limits of general policy goes. All races and both sexes
have equal opportunity as far as possible.

These are a few crudely generalised details. The Dean
concludes with a brief review of the experience of foreign affairs
which largely explains the present Soviet attitude. He finds their
organisation of the Five Year Plans scientific in method, idealist
in purpose and moral in effect. The Russians have been
sacrificing the present to the future, and the future, now become
the present, has begun to reward them.

BEANSTALKS.

When Jack went out and beheld the beanstalk that had
sprung up overnight he was fairly staggered. On our seeing
"Harvest in the North" our amazement knew no bounds, because it
seemed impossible that such growth should take place at our very
door. The soil must have been unexpectedly rich. So the small
fiction of Jack is beaten into a cocked hat by this splendid
reality of "Harvest in the North", the three act play produced by
the Dramatic Club a week or two ago. They seem to have gathered
strength from somewhere: their bones have ceased dissolving, and
lo, there is a revolution in their eyes and voices! Need we say
there are no flies in the ointment? There's a crop. N'importe!

The atmosphere of the Lancashire cotton-milling town,
the cold-bloodedness of the dole, discounting man's urgent need to
work, the strangling inarticulation of the man and woman put off
the mills, the destruction of their lives and families — and then
out of the fire of all this, the hope and courage of those people,
was real, like life's blood, to the actors. On top, the play was
desolate; underneath it was strong with the continual rise, rise,
rise of those who must and will live. Probably the most vivid
character was the woman-of-the-house, played by Beatrice
Hutchison. Harriet was afraid, distracted by the course of events,
but underneath calm with knowledge that made her build out of
trouble and chaos. And Beatrice revealed an instinct for this
women's life.

There were various divergences flowing from the main-
stream - undercurrents of feeling bringing to light facts that
exist immovably in life alongside the broad, more general conflicts.
Harriet's husband (D. Hartley) was excellent, bathed in a glow of
tolerant humour, and quite cognizant of the truth, when he realised
that one man's life cannot necessarily mean one woman....J.R.
McCready who played the father-in-law of Harriet showed a new side
to his acting. Somehow the shape of his head, the dramatic tones
of his voice, bespoke the ardent bright-eyed youth of "F 6", and
we felt all the time that, with the flexing of these neck-muscles,
he was dramatising everything with the force of youth. John cannot
conceal himself even behind greyed hair, but there were variations,
tones and shadows in his portrayal of the dream-fed father which
engendered "fly-repulsiveness" very pleasantly. Margaret Freeman
(Trix) is getting a bit buttery. The part of the melting girl is
hard to put across but unless things are taken carefully we shall
have them melting over the stage, and that would only be a bother.

For the choice, the casting and producing of this play we
are thankful. A. Donald Priestley we mention here honourably as the
producer. Assurance is ours for the future, fade in pace, and may
the seeds of the beanstalk be not only vastly propagated, but put
forth fair growth.

C.F.