DEBATING SOCIETY

Well, the Debating Society, after having most successfully conveyed the impression that it had gone into winter quarters for the duration, staged a snappy come-back at the Annual Meeting on Friday. The sparks flew in pre-blackout fashion.

LEGALITY.

The trouble was constitutional though President Foley ran into trouble right from the start when certain remarks got under the skin of some of the audience. We smelted fun and trouble and did it! All that delightful Presidential address gone for nothing. Here's well balanced sentences and careful gestures seemed to leave the audience unmoved. A pity, because it put him off his stride and when he became cautious, the hunt was on.

Tony Chorlton was chief trouble-maker. He had taken an unfair advantage of the Committee and had managed to locate a copy of the Constitution. While Foley et al. had ambled happily along in blissful ignorance of the book of words. Mr. Chorlton's legal mind demanded that the meeting ratify itself every now and then—which the meeting obligingly did.

SECRET BALLOT.

More fun over the election of officers. Mr. Foley conducted a most unignified argument from the Chair with members of the audience on the subject of Patron. However it was decided that the Governor-General would look pretty on the books, so they let that pass (did it signify?). Mr. Foley then hemmed a little; he knew the Constitution didn't provide for Vice-Patrons, but it was always decorative to have several about the place. He recommended several Professors, then O. E. Burton was suggested. It was decided to adhere to the Constitution.

After arbitrarily appointing scrutineers, the Chair was called to order by the meeting which demanded that scrutineers be constitutionally elected. So three startled freshers and an old hand, Mr. Jack, proceeded to conduct everything constitutionally.

PLUNKET MEDAL.

Another hornets' nest—the Plunket Medal. Mr. Foley wished to extend the scope of the subjects beyond a person in history. Miss Grinlington waxed eloquent over the wishes of that biological curiosity—Lord Plunket and his four-fathers; but Mr. Foley thought 4PF or no 4PF the contest had been a failure. As might have been expected Mr. Chorlton disagreed and produced to support his view a quotation about a girl in Australia who dressed as a dahila and the petals uncared—well it was a failure. Mr. Chorlton defined a failure as something which does not cover its object. Loud ribaldry greeted this remark—something owed no doubt.

From then on the meeting developed into a happy little wrangle between Missors. F. and C. with occasional interpolations of the audience. A lovely time was had by all who were present, but ask Mr. Foley if he is of sound constitution and see what happens.

THINGS TO COME

Wed., March 26th (to-night) SWIMMING CARNIVAL 8:15 p.m. in the Thorndon Baths.

Wed., March 26th (to-night) HARRIERS CLUB ANNUAL MEETING. Intending members please attend.

Wed., March 26th (to-night) CHEMICAL SOCIETY ANNUAL MEETING. 7:45 p.m. Address by L. D. Morton on "The Chemistry of Heredity." Supper free.

Sat., March 29th INTER-FACULTY SPORTS, including a number of open events. Kelburn Park at 2 p.m.

Fri., April 4th—Presidential address to DEBATING CLUB.

Sat., April 5th—Look out for our PRINCESS . . . riding an ELEPHANT in the Procession.
SALIENT

God or Lenin?

Love Your Bosses!

Students of philosophy who know Marx will expect ideological revivals from time to time, and they are right. Working men must be diverted from working for their betters (to their exploiters’ detriment) by concentration on other-worldly things and trust in God. This strategy will not be surprised by the extravagant hysterics of the saved souls of the Oxford Group.

These “reformers” bear the trade-mark of the charlatans—the desire to reconcile social disturbances of impossibility since the interests of the classes are not immediately opposed. In present society, for example, an increase in profit for one class must be at the expense of another: a redistribution in relative wages for the opposite class. These, therefore, is the old order—and this much is the essence and the root of its rottenness.

Mr. Menzies resorting to the dodge of long-suffering, materialist philosophy. Yet we remember Pickwickians pontificating on the dignity of their calling, and the same kind of moral idealism continued in romantic idealism that moralists of the people have been most cordially debunked. Macaulay’s schoolboy will tell you that the idealism has been the preoccupation of conservative classes, and of the capitalist class once it had securely captured the state. He does not show that this class is particularly noted for altruism and philanthropy. If there is any working of God this day, it is among working people.

BOURGEOIS MYSTICISM

We meet in the esoteric wilderness of Oxford Group mysticism the traditional bourgeois distortions of reality, the customary rechaffing of exploded fallacies. We recognize the same atomic excrescence of society, that society is a collection of individuals arbitrarily brought together, in a certain dynamic something above the mere sum of individuals; something self-moving, necessary, inevitable, apart from the rest of society an abstraction but part of the truth. Mon. Groups of individuals are the only reality—we must work as classes.

Moreover moral change does not proceed and determine social change. Though “men provide their circumstances as much as circumstances provide the men” (Marx—Engels), the coincidence of the changing of circumstances and of human activity can only be understood as revolutionary practice.

Thus the individual can only transcend his status as an individual by social intercourse. Hence knowledge is of others in society, i.e., discovered as the result of social practice. The forces of revolution change and develop continually but this fund of social theory, this ideological superstructure tends to fall behind and crystallize. It becomes a conservatization to be overthrown by a revolutionary ideology when its upholders are overcome by new circumstances and its priory, “By thus acting on the external world and changing it, he changes himself without losing his own nature.” (Marx—Engels).

U.S.S.R. AGAIN.

That social and material change precede moral change is perfectly exemplified by the U.S.S.R. Here (in the U.S.S.R.) the liberation of the country from an effete political system entailed a social transformation that is not perceptible to one who does not understand the effects of material revolution. All competent authorities—all true friends of the working-class (as opposed to loud-mouthed pseudo-radicals) concur in testifying to this amazing progress from the most backward country of Europe to the leader in cultural and moral standards. That it is a new and vitally different system of ethics is a further proof of the far-reaching results of material revolution.

Moral-rearrangement, then, is merely another frantic rationalization of the decay of the Kapitalist is now to silence militant workers—its claims to have converted some for whom their comrades have a name, its efforts to encourage that little extra work and pat sentiment with material things, wages and good working conditions—it is all patently obvious.

“Reforms are the collateral product of the revolutionary class conflict of the proletariat” (Lenin). “The emancipation of the working classes must be conquered by the working classes themselves” (Marx). “Victory over the bourgeoisie is impossible without a long, persistent, desperate, and life-death struggle” (Lenin).

—SPARTACUS.

2nd-Lt. Pasley has returned from Fiji with a crushed hand. They have been two nights in Fijian (in Mr. Menzies’ friend) the liberation of the country from an effete political system entailed a social transformation that is not perceptible to one who does not understand the effects of material revolution. All competent authorities—all true friends of the working-class (as opposed to loud-mouthed pseudo-radicals) concur in testifying to this amazing progress from the most backward country of Europe to the leader in cultural and moral standards. That it is a new and vitally different system of ethics is a further proof of the far-reaching results of material revolution.

TROOPSHIPS IN THE HARBOUR.

Beyond the Heads the Strait—Strait of the Ocean, And beyond the Ocean the ungodly adventure. Behind the grey ship The albatross will tread her birehdeck, And the Southern Cross in the friendly familiar sky Burns with a new brightness bright as the dawn breaks hark The receding islands will remember.

—I.A.G.

What is That Lovely Man?

Freshers welcome! What memories! What regrets! Viki was there (or we wouldn’t be). We pass over the first hour or two, when we were too busy to watch Viki and too ulterior to be at our best. It was after supper that Viki saw a strikingly handsome young man and was so convinced that she could not take her eyes off him all night. But oh! the rapture when she asked her to dance with her. Heaven! that’s what it was! Heaven! All that night she could think of nothing else. Did he love her? He had seemed infatuated at times. “Do you take Political Science?” he had boasted. Certainly he had seemed less in the world when she said she didn’t. It was most perplexing—and so romantic.

Did that man and woman? She had, and so did everyone else.

She Loved a Cad!

So much did Viki become that she felt she must confide in someone. That man who clicked his fingers in the reciting class, looked at a Fide chap.

“Why do you?” said the Fresher.

“Because he was so handsome,” said Viki.

“Don’t you think that’s a little strange?”

“I don’t know,” said Viki.

“Don’t you think it’s a little strange?”

“I don’t know,” said Viki.

“The man you love is a—Communist.”

“Well, we have got our heroine into a rum mess. What can she do? What would you do if you were in her position? The man you love is a Communist? I can hardly wait for next issue—Don’t you feel the same?”

Were You There?

“You look disgruntled sober tonight,” said the Fresher.

And since when have you disgusted you, my friend?” said I grinningly, for I knew he was volubly trying to wear the mask of serious erudition beneath the current of black hair that was swept by the broad intellectual brow dissolved in the clumsy simplicity of an exposed greenhorn.

On the dance floor a milling throng of couples swayed and veered in the thickening congestion, while on the outskirts a substantial nymph with hips like a “hausfrau” and a diaphanous dress which, patterned on a good speech, is just short enough to be interesting, clutched her man and burst into the light and a brief unobstructed liberty of glides and spins before being slowly swallowed into the sluggish vortex.

And the pathetic little knots of forgotten men by the door waiting for the escape to supper, and Comrades Daniel, Stacy and Higgins huddled in a corner, the satire of the high jargon of jazz and the hot kisses over the cold stone atlases of human experience and decay; and the rapid river of stars; and the night.

—Tenders are hereby called for the construction of a loft for stool pigeons, the loft to be placed beneath the hearth-table in the men’s Common Room.

VICTORIA

Thrill-sparked heart-throb of banded heroes—what thorns of love for this colossal new feature shows that behest of the prime exterior of X.Y.Z. Suits of fame and drama and romance, hitherto untapped (except by privateers).

Any resemblance seen in this suspension of the old material re is merely entirely the responsibility of the reader.

CHAPTER I.

Getting Goings.

The vast hall of the university seemed immense—overpowering to our heroine (called Victoria) as she stood alone on her first night that far-famed seat of learning. After having reached the dizzy heights of the sixth form at college, it was strange to feel so small and lonely now. She felt almost ready to cry.

And when an old school friend, who was bustling about and slyly to undermine the fact that she had her second year at last, came and greeted her too, she was overjoyed. Oh! Vik—i.e., eyes since i’ve seen you. What are you taking? How do you do? And when she said, it was most perplexing—and so romantic.

“He loved a Cad!”

—SPARTACUS.

“Sallit”—say Ella and get it for you. If you wish to retain your spotless reputation, beware of the handsome (and then some) the Salamander. Hm.

“Ahh, a virility ethic. How thrilling! But I won’t fall in love. I never get past admiring from afar—like you used to worship that Mr. Stewed Seoms.”

CHAPTER II.

Who Is That Lovely Man?

Freshers welcome! What memories! What regrets! Viki was there (or we wouldn’t be). We pass over the first hour or two, when we were too busy to watch Viki and too ulterior to be at our best. It was after supper that Viki saw a strikingly handsome young man and was so convinced that she could not take her eyes off him all night. But oh! the rapture when she asked him to dance with her. Heaven! that was what it was. Heaven! All that night she could think of nothing else. Did he love her? He had seemed infatuated at times. “Do you take Political Science?” he had boasted. Certainly he had seemed less in the world when she said she didn’t. It was most perplexing—and so romantic.

“Yes?”

“You look disgruntled sober tonight,” said the Fresher.

“Don’t you think it’s a little strange?”

“I don’t know,” said Viki.

“Don’t you think that’s a little strange?”

“I don’t know,” said Viki.

“The man you love is a—Communist.”

“Well, we have got our heroine into a rum mess. What can she do? What would you do if you were in her position? The man you love is a Communist? I can hardly wait for next issue—Don’t you feel the same?”

“Do you know him?” she gurgled.

“I know everything,” answered the other. “I’m the Sec. of the Exec.”

“You’re the one I was looking for. Tell me all,” said Viki. “I can bear it.”

In sepulchral tones came the reply, “That is Gordine Wiley, and he is—Yes?”

“Young.”

“The man you love is a—Communist.”

Well, we have got our heroine into a rum mess. What can she do? What would you do if you were in that position? The man you love is a Communist? I can hardly wait for next issue—Don’t you feel the same?”
SALIENT

Pull Down Those Iony Towers!

Both in the University and in the world outside there is today an increasingly strong tendency for artist and intellectual to dissociate themselves from all thought on social questions and to endeavour to escape into a realm of their own. This is due, in part, to the fact that the artist himself is a part of the bloodshed and extermination that is done by the ruling powers and partly in the divided loyalties in the individual artist which mirror the divided loyalties of society.

However it is not these reasons which it is proposed to discuss here but rather the opinion "can such an attitude of isolation produce great art?"

The arguments put forward by its adherents generally boil down to the assertion that, if you mix poetry and politics, you mix poison, but also any honest description of human society by the picture and the poet, and to a lesser extent, the combinations of sound which their creative works express, extend our emotions not because of their straight beauty but because of their diverse beauty—because they recall and crystallize sensations which we have never experienced. If this is partially true of the other arts it is entirely true of literature.

The writer must deal not in actual sights or sounds but in words, the symbols of ideas, which are all the more vivid inasmuch as they are the reflection of reality. Verbal music—the sound of the words—is all in itself, judging from Jowett's definition, unless it is not used to bring home the idea. It need not be artistic; but it is the literature must correspond with reality itself. Perhaps it is that it deals with the things which people actually feel and which make their lives to-day happy or miserable. This is not to say that the artist should endeavour to give a painful and important picture of the very essence of art is the elevation of the extraneous. The artist should be disinterested, he should focus attention on those parts of life which he considers important. The success with which he does this will be determined largely—if we ignore questions of technique—by the opinions which he has formed consciously or unconsciously regarding the decisive forces in the life of the individual and society. However, partial be it ever so little, the artist should not be so blind as to think that he can escape being, in a certain sense, a propagandist.

NOT WITHOUT DUST AND HEAT

Thus the difference between the work, say, of Landser and Daimler is not so much one of aesthetic appreciation as it is that two views of life and of art. Even, more so, the work as one of that naive approach to the social problems of his day. It was Milton, perhaps the greatest of them, who wrote "I prize not overmuch the talk of the uneducated and eloquent, not the uncorrected and unbred, that never saw a book and sought the sordid prize of money—but shrank from the race where that immortal garland is to be the race for—not without dust and heat."

The artist who looks upon a whole generation of pains of death or birth, mutters "notices" in a painted voice and turns away from an ecstatic contemplation of his own abode in his normal existence, is not only abandoning his responsibilities as a member of society by surrendering all hope of creating anything of artistic value. H.W.

EXTRAVAGANZA 1941

Last Thursday evening upwards of seventy students responded to a call for a Special General Meeting to discuss whether an Extravaganza should be held this year, and if so, in what form. The details of the meeting were: (a) That the Extravaganza should be held this year, and (b) That it should be held in terms of the original meeting.

The motions were moved by Mr. Witten-Hannah, to the accompaniment of a remark about "Wit-on-Humour" which Mr. Clifton had evident evidence being saved up for some time.

The meeting was a success, some mix-up of motions, counter-motions, and Lord knows what, and everything was beautifully NOT ALONE.

Miss Ross made a plea for the Executive, in a slightly Garbo-esque manner, and the ubiquitous Mr. Hartley desisted from lead and crowd interjections long enough to put forward the remarkably, for him, cogent suggestion that an Extravaganza should be held from Cappadocia would be a species of "Ye-e-e-o-o-o-o-e Master."

M. J. Clifton cited the case of the Extrav. of 1936 when Extrav. had been produced in eleven days as against this year's irreparable, Mr. Witten-Hannah, the absence of art and the pressures of work were null and void as there was not sufficient male representation.

Constitutions were in evidence on all sides, but Mr. Witten-Hannah waved an air and said that the only one was trivial and suggested the setting up of a committee to choose the scripts for Extrav.

Mr. Clifton moved an amendment to the effect that the committee should superintend all matters pertaining to the Extravaganza, and that they should report to the meeting, within twelve days. This was accepted and the committee set up consisting of Misses Ross and Hutchinson, and Messrs. Witten-Hannah, Hartley, Williamson and Winchester.

The conservative has little to fear from the man whose reason is the servant of his passions, but let him consider the effect of putting him in with a lot of other things, of becoming the greatest and most terrible of the passions.—J. B. S. Haldane.

APATHY

Dear "Sallent,”

Your letters and Commissioner it is to see and to realize the disastrous and shameful "I was only at a concert yesterday afternoon and all the doors of the old Victorian Theatre were closed. Criticism of this sort of thing should have a window—anyway the quickly and to the best of my ability for the sake of the "secretaries."

The message has been replied to, a little more "esprit de nav," and participated in a few student activities, interested themselves in College affairs, and in general tried to use as much of the 13-14 as possible, it would quickly become obvious for what purpose the money is used.

The discontent in connection with student activities is deplorable, though obviously, much of it is well merited. For instance, gross tempest courts appear to be rapidly developing. Why don't students stir themselves to an active participation in College activities. Blast bell out of "Sallent"—not by sneering underhandedly in the common room, but with fury rhetoric in its very columns.

How many attended the Students' Association meetings on Thursday night? Voice grievances at meetings generally. But don't show that you are definitely anxious to better them.

How is the time and the responsibility, the students'.

THE WOMEN.

Dear "Sallent,”

What a girls really want from "Sallent" is something lighter and brighter than that. Not quite Boy advisors Goal (beware of the same type, that try to teach you things), not quite a Fashion Preview (who hasn't heard the despairing sigh of a male settling down to being thoroughly bored by a Fashion Show?), and definitely not the play of the moon. So Wills, unannounced girl in white, and one in the moon, and Daisy talks about, and to mention them in public is to have her intentions cast immediately.

Perhaps something with a little more atmosphere—Impressions of a Woolworth Sweetie—"I did some Really Hard Work," by A Pullitzer—"Really facing by Sym-"—Unaccustomed as I am, by Weir House Caxenov.

Have none of the fulltimers who worked in the holidays in shops no more than the faintest suspicion of the female trying to match odds, ends, and accessories. A tramp from Kirk's to Cuba Street is nothing. Surely, surely there is some female talent we're missing—(Ask the male population, not us).

YEARS STRANGELY.

FUTURE MOTHER OF SIX.

[We hope that our heartburning aerial will spur you on to even greater activities, "Future Mother of Six."—Ed.]

TOURNAMENT

Can you supply cars or petrol coupons for Good Friday morning? Yes, by the blessing of the office E. I. Cred immediately, Bus, 41-259, Home 43-272.
SPORT

Sports life at the College just now centres about the choice of teams to represent us at Tournament. Chees and Table-tennis have been laid aside in favour of Swimming and Boxing and the rest. In our next issue there will be lists of teams and news from the other colleges. Our columns in this issue would have been longer had our Sports Editor not mislaid himself in the Tararua. Again we would urge sports club committees to appoint a regular correspondent who will make it his duty to send club news in time for each issue of "Salient."

ATHLETICS

Until the inter-faculty team sports on Saturday are over it is going to be very difficult to pick an athletic team for the tournament. Two certain things will happen before the end of the year: First, our team will compete against the Taranaki and South Canterbury teams, and third in the three cities tournament at the end of the season.

Boxing

Nerves tightened and beat faster as the time for the annual Victoria College Championships approached. For weeks past, the keenest excitement built up to the point of bursting, and finally the great day arrived. The match was a thrilling one, with the two teams fighting tooth and nail the whole time. In the end, the Victoria team emerged victorious, with a score of 15 to 5.

WIKITORIA!

We need 40 men to decorate the St. Francis' Hall for Tournament Ball on Tuesday morning, April 19th; also 20 women to prepare supper in the afternoon and 20 more to serve it at night.

Leave a note for Shirley Hinchliffe or I. L. Moore.

In the hurdles and field events D. Thomas is sure of a place and should make quite a good showing in the 220 yards hurdles. There is a rumour current that E. E. Irving is fitting up for a career in the military, and that he will compete in the hurdles.

TRAMPING

The Tramping Club spent last week-end in the Tauparikaka Valley under the leadership of Alec McLeod. As the trip was nominally one to convince freshers of the joys of tramping, as little tramping as possible was done. Two small parties only set forth into the migh mountains, while the remainder of the party lunched about the Chateau. Saturday evening was spent in pleasant social manner and acrobatic argument. On Sunday a slightly subdued note in keeping with the National Day of Prayer governed the various minor activities of the party, which included eating, drinking, swimming, eating again, and the loss of a 10% note by the leader.

For details of next trip see main notice board.

FOOTBALL

First practice. Emerson Street, April 5th, at 12.00 p.m. See notice board for further details.

EXTRAV

CASTING MEETING IN THE GYM TONIGHT AT 8 P.M.

There was some good freshers in action, and prospects should be quite bright for next year's tourney. The tournament was finally won by Miss Iris Foley, an old hand at the game, and Mr. T. Sewell, a newcomer to our midst.

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DEBATE AND DANCING

FRIDAY, MARCH 28th

SUBJECT:

"That the Evils of Fascism will be Reproduced in a Communist State"

Affirm.: V. O'KANE. Neg.: J. W. WINCHESTER.

ADMISSION 3d.