

Salient

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LENART AND LENIN.

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, disgorges it on inappropriate occasions.

The International Relations Club is to be congratulated on bringing before us a speaker so capable and intelligent as Dr. Lenart. No better exponent of the social-democratic view-point 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, some 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 action 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 tenuous scheme of social-democracy as a saviour 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. Every "left", "liberal", or "socialist" government in the world today, except that existing in the Soviet Union, is social-democratic.

What, then, is the nature of social-democracy? What is its role in times of war and crisis? Does social democracy hold out any 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 fascist regime in every country in which it grows powerful.

St. Simon, Fourier and Owen were filled with horror at the situation of the working class of their day by a rising capitalist class. They understood the fundamental oppression of bourgeois and proletarian, but, having no scientific method of analysis, they did not see in the proletariat a class possessing any historical initiative or importance. Their schemes for the betterment of mankind were utopian in the extreme, consisting mainly of isolated social experiments without any revolutionary activity. Their ideas were merely an obscure reflection of the instinctive desires of the undeveloped proletariat for a rational reconstruction of society.

Marx, Engels, Lenin and their followers put socialism on a scientific basis, developing a complete philosophical, economic, and political analysis of society. From these men sprang the concept of dialectical materialism, the materialist conception 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 their works to realise fully the great erudition and reasoning powers of these men.

Social-democrats recognise more fully than did Owen the class structure of society, but because of an ignorance or misunderstanding of the fundamental doctrines of Marxism, believe that a socialist society, with a rational system of distribution of wealth, can be brought about by gradual methods of evolution - such as progressive liberal legislative measures and increasing taxation of the rich. The scheme, they say, has pitfalls; 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

Lenin and Lenart (Contd.)

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. Lenart's views on the nature of the war I am not here concerned. Anyway, it is seditious 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 contest, 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 sects.... They still dream of experimental realisation of their social Utopias.... and to realise all these castles in the air they are compelled to appeal to the feelings and purses of the bourgeois. By degrees they sink into the category of reactionary conservative socialists depicted above, differing from these 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 1908:

"In the domain of politics revisionism tried to revise the very foundation of Marxism, namely, the doctrine of the class struggle. Political freedom, democracy, and universal suffrage remove the ground for the class struggle, they say.... and render untrue 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 Strachey's "Coming Struggle for Power", 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 pledges and obligations before the International, directly contravening the principles on which their parties were built, and passing to unity with capitalism."

Lenin and Lenart (Contd.)

Since the war, the labour 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 1928 seventy per cent of the population of Vienna voted for the social-democrats. In 1930, the elections gave the rising Fascist organisation, the Heimwehr, 8 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 a 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 completely fascist, and her position today, under the yoke of Germany, is directly attributable to the futile eclecticism of social-democracy and to its childlike faith in the power of the ballot-box.

Stechey in his "Menace 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, Semple 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 reformist measures, as soon as the security of the system itself is threatened, the ruling class will use force to subdue working class organisations. "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 did not shrink from murder, arson, and lawless action; but social-democracy was peaceful, law-abiding, and shrank from fratricidal strife."

That is the fundamental nature of social-democracy. It is a humanitarian illusion. Not only does evolution 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 Germany, to be an impossible dream.

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

R. L. N.

EXTRACTS FROM

A TOURNAMENT DIARY.

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 Hakas - and am now on the Rangatira fraternising 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 laps 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, "Corks" 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, of 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 billetes, 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 Takaka and Kiwi to Governor's Bay. Sea calm marred only by tidal waves. A prompt start saw V.U.C. away, hakas echoed in the hills. Then C.U.C. drew ahead followed by O.U. and these 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 Coveney 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, 1876 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 Fuhrer 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 Riske agitated. Jotting notes in a black book. And did those girls play! I'll say they did. And when the finale came our congrats went not only to A.U.C. for winning but to V.U.C. for their splendid fight. Then sundry gentlemen adjourned piecemeal to the nearest hostelry to revive flagging spirits. The heat was becoming terrific.

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

The swimming in the evening was particularly noteworthy for acrobatic feats of the Official Chaperone, 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. Mens 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, etc. It was encored and then they gave our N.Z. 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 oar. 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 M.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 in an emotional way that denies or clouds any factual evidence that may be present. Such methods admit a paucity of contra argument and a reliance on emotive values that is comparable with the dictates of Nazi propaganda. "Red rot" has ever been the howl 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 professional fog of democracy they oppose all attempts to grant concessions to the workers and advocate status quo plus increased restrictions, with a monotonous regularity. A status quo and restrictions however, that become 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 that the present Conservative Party of Britain which is carrying on a war against fascism has in the past given the latter every assistance (China, Abyssinia, Spain, Albania, 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 a little more subtle, however, and concedes 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. Fiously to hope that the University can remain an institution apart is Utopian - possibly we have a greater part to play than the rest of the community, for within our grasp is the knowledge to alter and direct the struggle now and in later years, into avenues where it will be of maximum benefit to a majority and not to that of a few.

M. L. B.

FINLAND IN RETROSPECT

So the great tragic farce has ended.

Herr Adolf Mannerheim, Sir Montague Ryti, Mr. Ramsay MacTanner, and Hermann Wallenius, 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 emergence has obtruded 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 Britannica) - 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 Lappo movement and prevented Wallenius'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!

Murmansk, 1919, Genoa, 1922; Locarno, 1925, the Zinovieff letter, 1924; the Arcos raid, 1924; the Metro-Vick trial, 1933; Mr. Strang, 1939.

The Soviet Union has no illusions.

Shall it be Baku, 1940 ?

Rollo.

WRITE
FOR

"CAPPICADE".

CARTOONS

HUMOUROUS VERSE

FUNNY JOKES

POISONALITIES

SEND CONTRIBUTIONS TO EDITOR NOW!

NO - Mans - Land.

PETER PAN.

An apology to freshers.

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 representative 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 fresher himself, holding the beliefs and assumptions with which he charges freshers, 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 recognise that R.L.M. has not also learned the lesson of tolerance. His contemptuous dissection of the fresher 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 freshers. 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 fresher, and that he has attained his present philosophy without the unnecessary and unwanted interference of another.

Certainly, freshers, 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 eclecticism, 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.

NO MAN'S LAND, (Contd.)

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 good in the wider national and international fields of peace. But if they can do this, there is some hope that they have discovered something of 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 reasons for the 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 defeatism 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.

"Morals 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, (Contd.)

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 simply 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 mere pose and perversity 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". "Dominion", 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 the enemy wants us to do".

Mr. Lusk, S.H.
"Dominion", March 15.

"Googoo" and "Glubsky-glubsky"...the screen's mightiest 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.)

LITERARY ~ COLUMNS

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, 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 sat down close. Jim, she said, you'll
go, won't you?
Why d'you want me to go, I asked.
Everyone 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.

II.

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 men down.

J.D.F.

HARVEST IN T' NORTH.

If it comes t' economy,
No one's got the wood on my mate:
'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 Day'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-nymphs 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 Tawhai 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 descriptions, 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,
Scourged 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.

"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, and its economic system of profit-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 he 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 an honours degree at Oxford, theological training, continuous study of social and economic problems, and his service as curate, vicar and dean, have not left him a mere sentimentalist. He can appeal earnestly 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 gangs, concentration camps, exiles, 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 did have a native autocrat. Illiteracy - 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 invasions, 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 out and develop an untried system. "Purely destructive", said serious critics; in truth they devoted immense energy, enthusiasm and sacrifice to construction. "Electrification" was Lenin's slogan, and the world mocked back, "Electrofrictions". 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 conviction 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 men and women 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 these 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 torment and chaos. And Beatrice revealed an instinct for this woman's life.

There were various divergencies flowing from the mainstream - 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. McCreary 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 those 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 in us a "fly-repleteness" very pleasant. 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, vade in pace, and may the seeds of the beanstalk be not only vastly propagated, but put forth fair growth.

C. F.