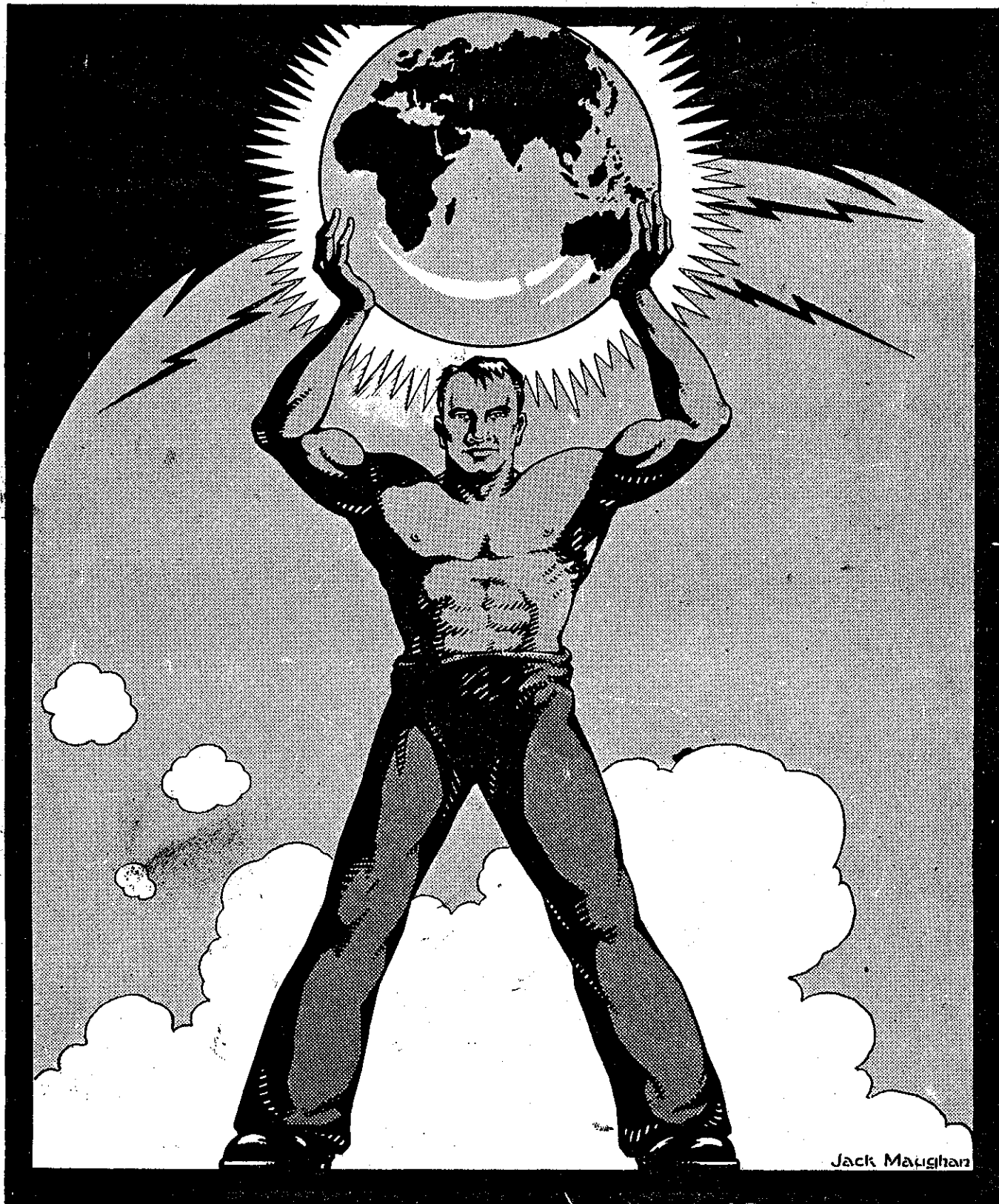


PROLETARIAT



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Melb & Sydney Labor Clubs

EDITORIAL

We, the Editors of "Proletariat," are very modest young men, in that we don't for a moment anticipate that this publication shall disturb by so much as a ripple the immemorial tranquillity of the University mind.

How should it? In the first place, nobody will read it. What normal student would read this serious and portentous stuff while he has his "Shop Soiled"? In the matter of providing fit mind fodder for the student intellect, we cannot hope to compete with our erudite contemporary.

But even supposing a student should be found to read the following articles, he will not, of course, believe a word of them; because any hint of insecurity in the *status quo* breeds fear, and fear breeds that blankness of mind in which belief cannot flourish.

When we were young and foolish and full of holy zeal, we would have set ourselves no less a task than the conversion of the whole of the University to the Cause of the Revolution. We are old and wise now, and, as we have said, modest withal. We know that to convert this University would be a more than Herculean labour. The Plymouth Brother who set himself to convert the College of Cardinals would have had a likelier task.

The University is inconvertible because it is one of the principal buttresses of the *Status Quo*. You can't convert buttresses or any other inanimate thing: you can only convert living organisms. The University, being a buttress, is necessarily dead. Dead, that is, in respect to its ostensible function, which is the pursuit of truth. Having excepted a few genuine scholars in the Science schools, we hold that the University does not concern itself with seeking truth at all, but rather with establishing states of mind in the community which make it easier for the ruling class to rule. Of course, this is not a deliberate and diabolic plot on the part of the Chancellor or the Professorial Board. It may be

that each member of the staff, and even each student poses to himself as the Perfect Scholar. It is none the less true that the University does in fact establish not truth, but a tissue of lies, having an illusory splendour and attractiveness, with which to cloak the real, the brutal truth. You mustn't see the truth, you know; if the truth were once faced squarely, it would shatter society.

The University is dead because it is cut off from the working class, which is the living heart of Society. The English school, for instance, has no real blood flowing in its veins: it prefers the waters of the Pierian Spring. It cleverly diverts the eyes from suffering humanity by teaching that skylarks are more beautiful than men. The Philosophy school performs a similar function. It sets out to describe the world in all its nakedness, but finding such nakedness repulsive, turns instead to a logomorphic universe of its own creating, and says: "See, what a brave new world!" And the Commerce school!—a solemn place, the Commerce school, a cathedral, where the high priest and his acolytes intone the praises of the system as seen through Beaverbrook-Rothermere spectacles. Hush! not a word of doubt; doubt is a sin.

Well, that's why we modest fellows don't hope to convert the University. But a voice cries: "Why the devil do you publish, then?" A legitimate question, sir, which we will answer as soon as may be. We publish "Proletariat" because we have knowledge of a few low working-class fellows who have crept into this University on scholarships, and we want to save them from being engulfed in that insatiable bourgeois maw. We want to rally them together, to try if there is not some way of connecting this University with the proletarian heart of society, and pumping some life-blood into its hardened arteries. A hopeless job, perhaps, but probably a little more useful than a weary acquiescence in the Great Illusion.

—The Editors.