

## Opinions On Lectures

This year's Lecture Series has proved successful in most respects. Although I haven't heard all of the speakers and am not qualified to comment on all of them, the three lectures which I did attend were both informing and entertaining.

Lauterbach, the first speaker, held my interest throughout his talk, but I felt that he was too much like a classroom lecturer to excite the enthusiasm of a large number of students. Granted, his speech was informative, and we probably need that sort of thing. But he didn't appeal to a majority of the student body. From what I can gather, Hung and Warburg were the same general type as Lauterbach.

Mady Christians' program was completely enjoyable. Her delivery was informal, and she supplemented her play excerpts with amusing stories about her life or the lives of her fellow actors. Yet Miss Christians was not merely entertaining, for she gave the audience a glance at drama with which everyone should be familiar.

The highlight of the series was John Mason Brown. He combined wit with interesting comments and thought provoking ideas. He talked so fast and said so much that the audience had to keep on its toes to follow him; so certainly nobody was bored. His subject—contemporary literature in relation to world events—was of interest to everyone. He stands out as my favorite.

My suggestions for next year would be another Mady Christians' type and as many other unusual styles as possible. Well known names would help draw larger crowds.

Eleanor McGregor

The lecture series this year has presented, I believe, five speakers for the enlightenment and amusement of Salem College students and faculty and residents of Winston-Salem. I feel that, for the most part, these speakers were worthy of the money spent for them; and that not enough people showed up to hear them. This is unfortunate, and elicits a horrid truth: that too few people are interested in improving their minds or in deriving momentary benefit from the cultural advantages offered them. I might add that there is no small number of young ladies on this campus who could easily use a little of this culture. When questioned as to which lecturer they enjoyed the most, those who attended responded almost unanimously John Mason Brown; and when further pressed for a possible reason, that "because he was funny, I guess." I was out of town when Mr. Brown entertained, but from all reliable reports, I deduce that he spent most of his allotted time in telling of shady stories. Could it be that he was patronizing what he felt was a hypermediocrity of understanding in his audience? Could he be correct? Another lecturer who spoke earlier in the year was Dr. William Hung, who, instead of exposing to us American listeners something of significance concerning the tense situation in China at the time, spent approximately one hour in whimsically relating how and why he obtained his cognomen. (I believe he was named after "William the Silent", an exgovernor of 17th Century New York, known for his prodigious taciturnity.)

The other speakers presented were of a higher calibre. Mady Christians, who with the exception of her weak rationalization that Juliet (Shakespeare's fresh and unsullied heroine of 14 years) must be played by a woman of middle age (and/or upwards) whose maturity and wisdom have reached full fruition, was excellent. Her satirical interpretation of Kate, from "The Taming of the Shrew", was refreshing; and her whole approach was casually informal, intimate and gracious. However, she played primarily to an esoteric few, for the majority of her audience was, I fear, unfamiliar with most of her selections.

Both Richard Lauterbach and James Warburg presented their talks on the eastern situation with well-organized, lucid and logical material; and I regret to say that the number present in Mr. Warburg's audience was pathetically few. There was a better turnout for Mr. Lauterbach who was the first speaker of the year.

For the sake of those who require laugh-provoking artistry, the committee will endeavor, in planning next year's program, to include at least one side-splitting evening of entertainment. We hope that occasion, anyway, will draw a respectable number of spectators.

Betty Leppert

## World News

By Kitty Burrus

### Statehood for Alaska and Hawaii

The question of statehood for Alaska and Hawaii has come up again, and President Truman declares it more urgent than ever that they be included in the Union. He says that such action would not only promote the welfare and development of the two territories, but also strengthen the security of the nation as a whole.

Despite President Truman's support of these bills, they do not have full Democratic backing. Persistent opposition has come from the Southern Congressmen, who foresee that the addition of more representatives will weaken their strong minority position on such important issues as Civil Rights. Alaska would get one House seat and two Senators, while Hawaii would be entitled to two House seats and two Senators. Seven new Congressmen would make an important margin on many closely fought issues.

The bill for the admission of the two territories has passed the House, but as yet has not come up for a vote in the Senate.

### Bitter Struggle over FEPC Bill

The Fair Employment Commission (FEPC) bill, which is in the form of a proposal to prevent discrimination in hiring because of race color, religion or national origin, has been grimly tackled by

the Senate.

As was expected, the measure has met sharp opposition from the tightly knit Southern States. Senator Russell of Georgia called the bill a "legislation monstrosity" based on Russian ideas, and affirmed that we can never hope to defeat Communism by copying a part of the Communist program.

However, Senator Thomas of Utah declared that the measure is designed to right a wrong that "fairly shouts for remedy." Senator Ives of New York added that Civil Rights, especially anti-discrimination, are fundamental to the American concept of freedom and should be above party consideration.

### Supreme Court Upholds Union Non-Communist Oath

The Supreme Court has announced its support of the Taft-Hartley Act provision which requires Union officials to file non-Communist oaths if their Unions are to gain the protection of the National Labor Relations Board for vital bargaining rights. Chief-Justice Vinson said that a majority of 5-1 concluded that the section does not unduly infringe on the free-speech amendment of the Constitution.

Following this conclusion, both national and local officers of nearly all Unions have filed non-Communist affidavits with the NLRB.

## Nineteen Eighty-Four

George Orwell's novel, *1984*, may be called a novel of prophecy. Orwell points out the danger to the individual if the trends to the collectivist state materialize—a state ruled by a powerful minority, a minority interested in power for power's sake. The evil in power is brilliantly dramatized in *1984*. Orwell here creates an ordinary man, Winston Smith, in the toils of the power state of 1984, and he handles the fantastic theme with grim irony.

Winston, thirty-nine years old, lives a barren, dingy, listless life in London in 1984 when England has become Airstrip One. He lives alone, but with no privacy, in a dreary room, one side of which is the Telescreen, which he can not turn off and which receives and transmits at the same time. Thus the Thought Police can listen and watch him and broadcast to him all the time. Winston works in the Ministry of Truth where all past newspapers and books are constantly changed to the new language, "Newspeak", and brought up to date, to fit changes in state policy when a leader is "vaporized". These changes are easy to make—one merely talks into the "Speak Write" machine, then destroys the original copies. The aim of the new language, Newspeak, is eventually to eliminate all words and consequently all thought. Winston feels men already speak as dummies, "from their larynx, not from their brain".

Winston, born in 1945, has a few memories of life as it was before all Truth was suppressed. The girl he loved secretly, Julia, only twenty-six years old, has no memory of such a time. She is possessed of an instinctive understanding of the evils of The Party and an instinctive cleverness in outwitting it. But she considers the Party invincible, and she does not care for ideas, for Truth. In the end her instinctive cleverness loses, and The Party defeats her.

The ignorant masses called "proles", (85% of the population) are kept dormant by rumors, gambling, lotteries. But hope may reside here—though it may take 1,000 years.

The party enforces its power over men by psychological methods. Each day there is on the Telescreen a program called "Two Minutes Hate", which leaves men frenzied. Each year there is a Hate Week. Enormous pictures of the mythical ruler, Big Brother, shown constantly on the screen, put a hypnosis over the crowds and set them chanting. Through methods like these the party keeps men numbed so that they accept

the state of continuous warfare. Measures have also been taken by the state to make sex (except for reproduction) abnormal and repulsive. Their reasons are to prevent men forming loyalties outside the party, and also through sexual privation to induce hysteria which can be transformed into war fever and leader worship.

The three super-states into which the world is now divided carry on continuous warfare. They constantly shift sides. The states are alike—governed by the small inner party whose main desire is to perpetuate its rule. There is no longer a real cause of war because machines and materials can supply men's wants. But continuous warfare "uses up the products of the machine without raising the standard of living" and keeps the masses, the "proles", working, in a state of anxiety, so that the few can enslave them.

Winston feels that if he as a human being can stay sane and resist fear and physical torture, there is some hope for the individual and for a sane world. He realizes that in moments of crisis one is "never fighting against an external enemy but always against one's own body". Yet an unconquerable instinct in him made him hang on day by day, "spinning out a present that had no future". He feels an "abyss opening neath his feet at the thought of lies becoming truth", of the practice of what he called double think. He recoils at The Party's picture of the future: "a boot stamping on a human face forever".

Winston, trying to find a way out, joins O'Brien, one of the party leaders, in what he thinks is a re-he finds this is just another step volt to overthrow the party. Later in breaking his spirit. O'Brien betrays him, and in "The Ministry of Love" after unbelievable torture and pain, his persecutors finally defeat him. When they bring him a mirror, he does not recognize his own forlorn, gray-colored, skeleton-like, face with the eyes of a fierce animal. The corruption of his mind is complete: he accepts the slogans of the Party: "Ignorance is Truth; War is Peace; Freedom is Slavery." He learns to love what he hates. The final betrayal is of Julia whom he had loved, and thus the suffering of his body, pain-kills the spirit of good within him.

Orwell presents a dismal picture for the individual. Apparently he believes man's spirit can be inherently good, but there is a limit to the pain his body can suffer. There is no place for God in the horrible picture he presents of a

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By Jane Watson

May Day dawned bright and clear. Acti bounded out of bed at five o'clock and chirped a merry good-morning to the crow cawing on her windowsill. She splashed cool sulfuric acid over her drowsy eyes, put her teeth in, and watered her geranium. Then, after tripping down the first flight of steps and stumbling down the last, she arrived breathlessly on Bitting's lawn where the Choral Ensemble were already perched on their appointed limbs in the willow tree to wake the May Queen with joyous song.

Acti had only enough time to grab a cold potato from the dining hall and hurry behind Main Hall for the morning devotion. She crept up behind a marshal, her green eyes gleaming and her fangs bared. Suddenly she pounced; grabbed, not two, but three pansies from the marshal's tray and stole silently away. All during the service Acti stood on the edge of the crowd chuckling and purring to herself as she rubbed the faces of her three pansies lovingly.

Soon the eight-thirty bell brought Acti back to earth and her four classes that morning. By 12:10 she was so impatient that she hooked her legs over the radiator and hung out of third story Main Hall to see if her parents or date were in sight yet. Far down the road she saw a greenish cloud of smoke which she recognized as the family Pierce Arrow. She waited until the professor wasn't looking, put on her suction shoes, and sneaked down the wall.

The car coughed to a halt and Mother, Daddy and fifteen other distant relatives fell out onto the pavement. Acti was so excited about seeing them she stepped on Uncle Coon's face with her suction shoe. (He looked much kinder with popeyes, anyway.) Suddenly Acti realized that her date, who was to have joined her family at Church Mountain Finishing School, was missing. She looked anxiously among the seething, drooling crowd of her relatives, but he was nowhere to be seen. A fat tear dripped off Acti's quivering chin, when all at once she heard a familiar groan from underneath the back seat. Furiously she clawed the upholstery away, and there he was wedged between the cushions. Tenderly she gave him artificial respiration with her suction shoes.

As soon as he began to breathe, they piled into the car again (this time thoughtful Acti was careful to tie her date securely on the running board) to go out to lunch at the hotel.

Four hours later Acti quickly downed the last drop of her fingerbowl and herded her family out of the dining room.

When they arrived back at school, Acti cautioned her family to put on their spiked shoes, tied them together with a mountaineer's cable and started them on the steep descent to the May Dell. Her hero remained behind to park the car. Acti began to worry when an hour passed, and he still hadn't returned. Soon he panted up to her and collapsed on the doorstep. "After all", he said, "Kernersville is a long way away." If they were to see any of the program, there was just one thing for Acti to do. She threw him over her shoulder, ran down to the May Dell and found the last empty seat—on top of the Academy spire. They were just in time to see the May Pole wrapped. At least Acti thought it was the May Pole; it could have been the Reynolds building. From that distance it was a little hard to tell.

## The Salemite



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