

# THE BARDIAN

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ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., DECEMBER 19, 1941

Eight Pages

## Editorial

The event of war has forced upon us all a peculiarly uncertain, and definitely uncomfortable state of mind—as well as certain matter-of-fact responsibilities—and we're not quite sure how we're supposed to feel about it. We had just finished reading some books by Hemmingway, Dos Passos and Remarque, and we had just made some charming cynical remarks about such phrases as "make the world safe for democracy," when we looked up and saw a poster of Uncle Sam pointing at us in a very anxious way. All around us we found people shouting like hell about "freedom" and "democracy," and we heard a selection of corny songs to swell the patriotic bosom, and several catch phrases to stick in the national mind. All this, plus a bit of lofty indignation and passionate cheering, and done in a color scheme of red, white and blue, seems somewhat like the popular sentiment about twenty years ago.

This "super-patriotic" attitude is something that it would be well to discourage, for it tends to destroy the ideas which it claims to protect. It fosters prejudice and hatred, it uses whatever forces of propaganda it finds most advantageous, and most important of all, it leaves no room for doubt and skepticism.

We are to some degree aware of the significance of the present danger, and have resigned ourselves to the immediate necessity of war. But our responsibility lies not only in carrying out our particular military or civilian offices. There is also another duty which we must assume at this time, and one which is equally important if we hope to arrange an effective peace as well as to wage an effective war. This is the duty to analyze carefully and thoughtfully the problems which this war presents to every aspect of our society. It means a willingness to realize that our own ways of doing things are not without faults, that some of our ideas are a little old fashioned. It means a careful consideration of our war aims and peace aims. But especially it means keeping our minds open for new and better ideas.

You will probably find that this responsibility will entail a reevaluation of some standard political, social and economic cliches that have been festering here in the United States for a long time. And in discussing these problems with your friends you may come across some staunch American citizen, (one of the stronger vertebrae in the backbone of the nation) who will emphatically point out that you are definitely subversive in adopting a skeptical attitude toward the very fundamental ideologies that we are fighting to preserve. He will say that there is no room or time for doubt, and that hesitation is a sign of weakness. He'll tell you that you have all the ear-marks of a fifth columnist, and then he will stalk out of the room in an aura of self-righteousness.

In case the remarks of this citizen trouble you at all, we would like to point out that this responsibility has been successfully undertaken in another democracy at war. We have taken the liberty of printing in this issue some excerpts from the English magazine "Horizon," to show you how they are considering the problems that we ourselves now face. We regret that we are not able to print more of this extraordinary material, but we hope that this will be enough to illustrate how a country with a strong and unified war effort can at the same time assume a calm and intelligent understanding of its problems.

No conclusions need to be drawn, nor is it intimated here that we should necessarily ac-

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## The Bardian

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## Looking Around

by JAMES WESTBROOK

That time it was the Bach Fugue on an all night station and my friend and I sat in the parlor while they stopped the program to tell us Germany was rolling into Poland. We sat around and looked at the room which had big white flowers and books, and cigarette butts in the ash trays, and father's newspapers on the sofa. We talked about how our fathers were for the war and how they didn't understand the way we felt. We found a terrible imminence in the radio. We thought there was suddenly a possibility of our dying. That was more than two years ago. Since, we have stood by and have not died but have watched others do the dying, and even became a little bored doing this.

Ten days ago it was a Brahms concerto that they cut off to tell us Pearl Harbor was being bombed. It was a dream. We wished they would switch us back to Carnegie Hall. But the reports kept piling in over the radio and we got nervous and Brahms seemed stupid. After a while we knew the war was real. We would lick the slant-eyed bastards for good. We had a mild secretion of adrenalin. We were a mob.

Later on we began to think again, and it was not the passive frightened thinking we had done two years ago in the parlor. Now we knew we had our first problem, a problem big enough to make the boy in us man. We had to consider dying and living more actively than ever before. These were of great importance. There were many things still to be had by us from life. We wanted to realize our talents, make a name, find a love. It became evident that there was little time. We would have to work fast and be earnest about the living which we had always taken somewhat for granted in the past. We would have to come to terms with ourselves and above all believe in this life, believe in it with added strength in the face of its enemies. Only then would our living have been worth the effort. We would have to look beyond the present death to rebirth which is as regular as death. We would have to believe in rebirth. These are some of the things the Japs have done for us.

## Back View

by WAYNE HORVITZ and ALVIN SAPINSLEY

### "SCYLLA AND CHARYBIDS"

For months we have been writing for this newspaper without knowing—or caring—very much about it. However, in a flurry of Christmas spirit the other day, we decided it was high time we got to know the editors. So, being at this moment in the midst of a fifth whiskey and splash, we asked Mr. Jennings who they were.

"Real nice people," he said, taking our money. "They often come into my place."

"Do you know what they look like?" we asked, retrieving a small section of our hand.

"No!" was the bloody reply, as the cash register clanged to.

We finally located them through their local draft board—also real nice people—and on the day the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor we ascended to the sanctuary of South Hoffman No. 6, where we came upon the editors of THE BARDIAN, Gilbert Black Maddux and Anthony Hecht.

Maddux is vast and Hecht is mysterious. Both of them are Indian.

"Hello," we said.

"Isn't that a little too strong?" Maddux replied. We waived the point.

It came out in the ensuing discussion that they attributed the success of this 8 point style of literary ridiculousness to the fact that their personalities counteract each other.

"For instance," explained Maddux, "we get a long article from the Dean. I usually like it and Tony doesn't. So I write a short story and he writes a poem and we drop the dean."

Here Hecht turned a third shade of yellow and said, "I've always wanted to write poetry. Bad poetry, I mean. Really bad poetry like the poetry I write, I mean." Maddux hit him. "That's what I mean about our personalities," he said. Just to show us how much he wanted to write bad poetry, Hecht showed us some. *It was bad.* However, to give you a clear picture we asked him if we might print an excerpt. He said we might.

"I'll give you a really repulsive one," he grinned, turning a fourth shade of yellow, "here's one I've written about the present crisis in American culture. I've worked on this ever since somebody told me there was a present crisis in American culture. Here and there, I mean. I ought to do this right," he said, climbing on top of Maddux and reciting in a clear, resonant voice, reminiscent of Pulitzer on his death bed:

*"The best laid plan  
Of Mouse and Man  
(Here four words censored)  
In Japan!"*

Maddux hit him.

"The dream of my life is to be like Auden,"

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## BACK VIEW

(Continued from page 1)

said Hecht, raising his left leg.

"I feel differently," said Maddux, tearing his hair down over one eye. "I imagine myself a sort of a literary Napoleon on the Elba of American Culture. I'm often called the little corporal, but maybe that's because my father is a big corporal. A great big corporal," he added gaily, placing one hand inside his coat and one foot on Hecht's stomach. "Waterloo!" We screamed and looked at each other. The doorknob felt sticky in our hand, so we put it on the table.

"I," said Maddux, slowly, deliberately, and without fear, "am the literary renaissance of America. I've just developed a new technique in short story writing. Put everything in italics. Emphasis, that's the thing, emphasize everything!" He emphasized this point by stamping on Hecht's head emphatically. Hecht was beginning to show signs of periodic bleeding. Maddux noticed this and laughed.

"Quit your kidding, Tony," he said.

"All right," replied Tony, ceasing to bleed, "That's what I mean by counteracting each other," he said.

"How did you happen to call the paper THE BARDIAN?" we ventured.

"Well, The New York Times is called The New York Times, and The Herald Tribune is called The Herald Tribune, so we thought we'd call this THE BARDIAN. It's a dynamic name and we're a dynamic paper. Awake! Alive! There's nothing we like better than a good fat crusade!" Maddux looked at Hecht. Hecht looked at Maddux.

"Shall we tell them?" said Hecht.

"Might as well," said Maddux, "for all the good it'll do them. Fact of the matter is, we're agitating, we are, to have all money received as library fines put into a fund. Good, what?"

We reached the door in a trice, and as it slammed behind us, we could hear peal after peal of hysterical laughter emanating from South Hoffman No. 6.

"Yep, real nice people," remarked Mr. Jennings two minutes later, taking our money. We thought of the editors. We thought of the immortal Tennyson. We thought of the following lines:

*Through rain and snow,  
Through sleet and hail,  
Nothing stops the U. S. Mail!  
Another BARDIAN and soda, please.*

## Fall

by PETER C. FORREST

When the moon begins to bleed  
And the earth turns fast to seed,  
Hear the eagle's lonely cry  
Pierce the silence of the sky.  
Hear the rustle of the leaves  
As they shift below the trees.

Do not laugh,  
Do not cry;  
Just lie still  
And wonder why.



The Mona Grossi

CONTRIBUTE TO THE . . .

## Bardian

ESSAYS, POEMS  
SHORT STORIES  
CRITICISMS  
REVIEWS

We would appreciate material from  
the faculty as well . . .

THE EDITORS

"Mention The BARDIAN  
It Distinguishes You!"

## Poem

Straight across the valley, climbed but once,  
And then a land-slide, and never climbed  
again,

A great bald cliff in silent mockery stood  
Waiting the onset of two ignominious men.

At first the task was easy.  
The wall of rock sloped up and out,  
(Although, not evident from the first)  
Like a wave at crest before its rout.

The two of us split at an inverted shelf.  
Each climbing away from the other, monkey  
like,

With hands as feet, and sometimes feet as  
hands,

One taking the sloping left, one the steeper  
right.

Tom's voice I finally lost,  
He at the left, I at my steeper wall,  
Little knowing until I stopped for breath,  
If one should stop, one must fall.

Momentum it was that held my slipping  
Then rolling to the take-off shelf,  
Then, then a hundred feet or more.  
A pointed rock, a pointed stone — impale  
myself.

I stopped for breath and grasped the meaning  
Of all this, this that I have spoken.  
I clung like mad, flattened to the surface.  
All but lost, all but broken.

So near was death, She veiled my very eyes,  
And unconsciousness trampled those fearful  
thoughts

That, in one brief second, sped helpless in the  
mind,

Of life, life nearly done, life yet unwrought.

The story teller ceased to speak,  
And was about to turn away, when,  
When one of us broke, and spoke for all,  
"My God! man, tell what happened then."

He turned, and sneered and spoke, "You fools  
You untried heroes, go out and speak with  
death,

And learn that a coward's soul is cheap, too  
cheap for Death.

You fools."

## Library

Mr. Christian A. Zabriskie has given Bard College Library another valuable item for the collection of Masterpieces of English Literature of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. This small, but very precious collection consists almost exclusively of donations by Mr. Zabriskie.

The present gift is Charles Dickens' famous "Nicholas Nickleby" in the first edition, published in 1839, with many charming plates by Phiz. The volume, which is bound in beautiful morocco, is supposed to have been Dickens' own copy, and it bears his autograph on the title page: "Charles Dickens, New Year's Day 1842."

# THE ARTS & SCIENCES



## DRAMA

The problem of the reviewer in discussing the Bard Theatre's first venture into the field of one act plays is heightened by the fact that he must look at three separate performances, sets, and the like and must discuss each in its own sphere. However, this is the reviewer's problem and this column will do its best.

The first play "Minnie Field" attempted to capture the feeling of mid-western rural existence. The particular theme was the attitude of the group of mid-western farmers toward death in particular and in general. This feeling had to be transposed by the actors through sparse lines and a great deal of important pantomime action which was excellently planted by the director, Paul Morrison. The lack of success of this production I think was due to the fact that the actors did not fully understand their particular function in the group action, except perhaps for Dick Richardson who at moments seemed to capture the real feeling of this beautifully tragic play. The setting by Richard Burns was excellent for the production as well as for the Bard stage.

The melodramatic Hand of Siva which was the second offering of the evening was well enough played for an amateur production, but unfortunately this type of melodrama requires expert acting to put across. It must be well paced, the suspense must be built very carefully, and altogether this play requires professional ability. The setting by Richard Marvin was good, particularly

*We wish everybody a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—except Sapinsley and Horvitz.*

as it represented the realization of theoretical work done in courses at college.

"The Man In The Bowler Hat" is a fool-proof one act comedy, and was the most successful of the three plays presented. However, it must be stated that a lot was added by the excellent business inserted in the direction, by the acting of the feminine qualities, and the neat vaudeville characterizations of Tony Hecht and Al Sapinsley. Dick Marvin was a very pretty hero, and Bob Sagalyn will get a laugh on any stage unless he plays before the Blind Institute.

The conclusion that this reviewer would tend to draw would be that one act plays can be successful with as good a theatre audience as we get here at Bard, but the selection of such plays should be more carefully confined to the abilities of the college talent. Experimentation for actors in more difficult situations should by all means be carried on in the classes in the drama department, but leave them there.

## Community Chest

Only \$63.00 of student money has been received for the Community Chest Fund. Please don't wait to be solicited. Give now, the need is very great. Use the box in the store. Any old clothes you may have will be appreciated by the needy in this community.

## Vignette

by GIL MADDUX

A soldier and a girl are climbing a hill. The cartroad they walk on is shady, but the sun breaks through in splotches and it is hot. He carries his light-blue coat and cap on his arm. A piece of straw sticks out of the girl's mouth. She's blond and she is sweating a little—because she's a bit plump. The path zigzags and they climb up arm in arm. At the top of the hill are the ruins of a fort. The wind is blowing strong there and they can see the shiny river far below. To the south lie the vineyards and to the north in the cliffs are the wine cellars. The soldier and the girl go to the keep. The breeze comes through the broken openings. She loosens her blouse and they lie in the soft grass. Overhead is the huge round opening of the tower. Now and then a cloud slides through the sky or a bug tickles her back.

## Christmas 1941

X stands for the date of Xmas,  
As found on the calendar;  
Or, it's that in the equation  
Unknown to algebra.

C stands for the feast of Christmas  
When God seeks out His own,  
And walks this earth among us,  
Unseen but not unknown.

## EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 1)

cept any of England's decisions as valid for ourselves. This is simply an opportunity to examine the thinking process of a democracy at war. Let us try to be just as rational.

(From *Horizon*—May, 1940)

The war, except for Spender's *Journal*, has so far taken up little space in the contents of *Horizon*. As this month, (like every month), may prove the last moment available for its impartial consideration, the deadline for clear thinking, it seems a time to put down a few reflections on the war and on the attitude of artists and writers to it. *Horizon* receives between two and three hundred contributions a month. By now a thousand have been submitted, of which nine hundred have no bearing whatever on the war, while the remaining hundred are either Communist, Pacifist, or Defeatist. No contributor has yet expressed a wish to beat the Germans; nor been provoked into writing about the black-out, the blockade, the *Graf Spee* or Scapa Flow. The bomber, which played such a large part in pre-war poetry, is no longer mentioned. What belligerence there is exists only in contributors of over military age; it is clear that there is a cleavage between the opinions, (old-fashioned anti-fascist), of the over-thirty-fives, and the truculent sheep-to-the-slaughter recalcitrance of the young contributors. To some older writers the war is something impossible to get into without influence; a splendid Reserved Occupation. These generalizations apply only to our contributors, and have no bearing on the feeling of the country as a whole, which would seem to be extremely bellicose, with a real desire for large-scale bombings, a win-the-war cabinet, ferocious handling of neutrals, and an invasion of Russia. People want an invasion of Russia because they think it would be easier than an invasion of Germany: the idea that the working-class would not stand for it is not proven. It is only the intelligentsia who would not stand for it, and they do not at present count politically.

For the intelligentsia are confused and muddled, and while they remain so, the drift towards reaction will continue. There are two Englands, one feudal and capitalist, the other progressive, technocratic, Liberal and Labour. The Civil Service holds the balance between them and the side which it takes governs the country. The intelligentsia can no longer influence the Right; the divorce between brains and 'Society' is absolute—but it can greatly influence the Left, and the Bureaucracy which now governs. At the moment it is becoming an object of ridicule, a debating society in which the screams of How-could-you raise above the peers of the I-told-you-so's.

How can the intelligentsia be re-united? How can they take again their critical and constructive role as the real Opposition of England, the permanent guilty conscience of the pluto-democracy in which we live? They have split over three questions; Russia, Pacifism, and Mr. Chamberlain, and before they can again become a progressive force these difficulties must be resolved.

Nobody need believe any longer that Russia is Paradise, nor should the divinity of Stalin remain an article of faith. It should now be perfectly clear that as long as Russia considers herself the enemy of the Western democracies only defeat by Germany can bring Communism to us in its present form. The position of the Stalinite who is not prepared to fight for Russia and Germany against England will become untenable, and it is time for such Left-wing intellectuals to cut their losses and re-form round some nucleus of a political party which is not dependent for its ideological content on the strategical ambitions—however impressive—of a rival imperialist power. Intellectuals owe much to Communism, which thrust a weapon into the hands of the ever-vacillating Liberal Hamlet, and almost persuaded him to use it: they can repay by helping the less intransigent Stalinites to save their face.

The Chamberlain-complex is more easily remedied. The intellectuals were so inflamed by Left-wing agitation against Chamberlain that when he adopted an anti-Hitler policy they either could not believe it, or were determined to deny him the rewards of conversion. Hitler is an immeasurably greater danger than Chamberlain. To continue to be anti-Hitler and anti-Chamberlain is illogical, and it is a tragedy of the war that so many Americans, as well as English intellectuals, have refused to see that Chamberlain is not England, but a leader appointed by the party in power at the moment, and whom time will remove; St. George also may have inspired little enthusiasm, the Dragon was not thereby less dangerous. A democratic government would inspire more confidence as to English war aims, it might also be, since war is a reactionary activity, less suited to winning the war.

The problem of Pacifism goes far deeper—indeed, the horror of violence is a main ingredient in all the vacillation which has characterized our policy: it is as much a cause of the war as is the love of it. There are two bases for Pacifism. One is that the civilized nations really are beginning to recognize war as an obsolete method of obtaining decisions. However much they may arm or threaten, and however much a percentage may enjoy it, they know that the slaughter involved in modern warfare is so out of proportion to the ends involved that all the arguments and sentiments which have been used to justify war in the past, such as that it is a 'belle occupation' (Napoleon); source of virility, fount of honour, guard against over-population, remedy for surplus males, have been falsified. Gradually it will become clear that war can only be waged by the threat of war; by the problematical value of one secret weapon, (both too dangerous to use), against another. The other basis for Pacifism is the idea of 'Thou shalt not kill'; the guilt-feelings about our aggressive instincts, which teach us that acts of violence that release more of that aggression than can be liberated in sport, competition, or sex, recoil on the aggressor.

But in spite of this we are at war: and the Pacifist position is weak in so far as it can suggest no other means of getting rid of

Hitler except surrender to him—for a victorious Hitler would bring a persecution hardly distinguishable from war. It is therefore only the Pacifist-Martyr whose position is impregnable. The proof of a democracy is in its ability to tolerate undemocratic methods without corruption; could not a Pacifist in the same way be able to set aside his Pacifism until he can provide a better solution? Conscientious objectors are not called upon to fight, so that it is only necessary for conscientious Pacifists to suspend some of their objections. Thus it seems that the cleavages among the intellectuals might be repaired if the floating homeless population of undecided Liberal and ex-Liberal doubting Thomases, those who are both fascinated and repelled by certainty in others, could be induced to support the war they helped to make, for the sake of an England they would help to change. The hundred per cent Pacifists would lose their well-wishers, the hundred per cent Stalinites their 'fellow-travellers,' to the ultimate advantage of all concerned. The fanatics could use the pause to clarify their beliefs, the sceptics to lick their wounds and learn from their mistakes.

Meanwhile, why are we at war? Twenty years ago we were able to enforce our will on Europe, and in those years everything has been lost that was gained, and everything has happened which we then sought to avoid. To analyse the cause is like going over a game of chess and saying, 'Suppose I hadn't done that' when no amount of moves taken back will liberate the player from the consequences of his own inexperience. But there are some mistakes which need never be repeated.

Europe is a top-heavy continent, all the brains and all the riches are in the West, which is civilized, while the East is barbarous and undeveloped. It is ridiculous that the West should be held back by the East, and it is doubtful, for example, if many of the Balkans, at the rate at which modern technical progress invalidates historical and even geographical title deeds, can preserve their independence. Eastern Europe is backward, and needs a tutor. That tutor should be Berlin or Vienna, if they were tutors whom either pupil or employer could trust. The other war-breeding pocket is Prussia, and until trade and culture can render Prussian militarism less attractive, war and invasion will continue to brew. The suggestion of allowing a dehitlerized Germany to modernize the Balkans while giving France control of the Rhine bridge-heads might offer a solution.

But the most obvious cause of the war has been the lack of cohesion between England and France. A Right-wing government in one country has been usually faced with a Left-wing one in the other, and they have played, to Germany and Italy, the alternate roles of the stern father with the rod, and the mother with the box of chocolates. Lloyd George and Clemenceau, MacDonald and Poincare, Baldwin and Flandin, Eden and Laval, Chamberlain and Blum—the list of grotesquely ill-assorted couples is interminable. If England and France are to preserve

the peace of Europe they must be represented by the same kind of government, and if they are to remain democracies they must remodel the parliamentary system, where the hysteria of the mass cloaks the intrigues of the few, into a representation with a more intelligent and more popular basis.

(From *Horizon*—October, 1940)

Lawrence, like Keats, was broken by England, it turned the passionate Keatsian artist who wrote *The White Peacock* and *Sons and Lovers*, into the man with a grievance, and Zennor was the turning point. It was here that he was arrested as a spy, watched by detectives, suspected by the countryside. The Rainbow affair and, afterwards, the confiscation of his paintings were snubs from the top, from the narrow and anaemic civil servants who were his natural enemy. The Zennor spy scares were from the bottom, from the class to which he belonged and the country people he wrote about. Up till then he had been one of the lyrical accepters, afterwards he became one of the didactic critics of life, and as his illness grew worse his irritation increased; he often seems animated, like Wyndham Lewis, by envy alone, to be as angry with his admirers as with his foes. To rebel against England, as have done so many of her artists, requires philosophic patience as well as fire and courage, Lawrence was too sick to possess it, he 'rose' to each new insult and became querulous in his opposition. Nevertheless, if a revolution ever takes place in England it will owe something to him as a precursor. Every writer looks at one moment on the world as it is, and as it might be. Some set about changing it, others sigh, or frown and cover their eyes. The writers who have stood out most in the last hundred years, from Tolstoy, Flaubert, Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Whitman onwards, have attacked the emotional values of the Bourgeois; they have not set out to destroy capitalism by intellectual and economic arguments, but to attack the forces of stupidity, cruelty, hypocrisy and greed which control the human heart and flourish particularly in the French and English middle class family. To make war on the Bourgeois, to reassert the supremacy of the heart over the pocket, one must be a bourgeois oneself, and yet, unlike Hardy or Galsworthy, strong enough not to return to the fold. Lawrence fought ruthlessly for the values of the heart. His opposition to the sheep with a bite, the wishy-washy English public and their prim gelded intelligentsia of civil servants, dons, and Georgians, even drove him sometimes into a dark mystical crypto-Fascist belly-worship, which is understandable, for Fascism was, in its beginning, also an emotional rebellion. Yet his work lives on in those of his disciples, like Auden and Henry Miller, who admit their great debt to him. His was not the planned attack of Marxists and Socialists on the Victorian *status quo*, but a series of limited but expert acts of sabotage culminating in his most complete book, *Lady Chatterley*, and directed at the weak spot in the Bourgeois, his attitude to his women. Lawrence wrote as if he felt convinced that he was the only Englishman who had ever made a woman happy, he had none of the sex loyalty by which the gentleman protects his interests, he wanted women everywhere to kick over the traces, but when he met the really independent woman, in Mabel Dodge, he was shocked by her power. What he wanted subconsciously was that every wife should

leave her husband and come to him—the husband also.

It is interesting to wonder what Lawrence would be doing to-day. Would he be in the Ministry of Information or the Home Guard? No, he would still be at Zennor, still be persecuted for his beard and his painting and his ex-German wife, unless he had managed to get away to California. One can even imagine him flirting with the Nazis, or getting a dark African shock from the handshake of General Franco.

As for the New England, the Revolution which happens once a week, in the Sunday papers, he would have been sceptical about it, for he would have only noticed the increasing restrictions on his liberty which came about on the other six days. *Pansies* is a really revolutionary book, a contribution to anarchist literature, written from that central watershed of anarchy from which either Fascism or Communism, or Christianity seem to rise.

*Oh, but wait!*

*Let him meet a new emotion, let him be faced with another man's need.*

*Let him come home to a bit of moral difficulty,*

*Let life face him with a new demand on his understanding*

*And then watch him go soggy, like a wet meringue.*

*Watch him turn into a mess, either a fool or a bully.*

*Just watch the display of him, confronted with a new demand on his intelligence,*

*A new life demand.*

*How beastly the bourgeois is, especially the male of the species*

*Standing in their thousands, these appearances in damp England.*

*What a pity they can't all be kicked over like sickening toadstools, and left to melt back swiftly into the soil of England.*

This poster-Poetry, this literary wall-chalking is needed to-day, and even more needed are the wit, lucidity and free imagination behind it. The England of to-day knows how to fight. If it would lead Europe, it must also know how to live, for a new Europe cannot be created out of the insular virtues: courage, endurance, and xenophobia. Reading Lawrence, one becomes aware of the radical changes in temperament as well as outlook that must be made, and how very far we are from making them, how strong the England of his enemy Baldwin remains.

(From *Horizon*—November, 1940)

Economically and scientifically, the world is a single unit; the winner of this war, either Anglo-Saxon or the Axis, will have to administer it as a unit, otherwise there will have been no progress to justify the slaughter, and with a universal sense of disappointment the nations will relapse back to war. The propaganda which wins the war must guarantee to the natural man his dignity, his right to a full life, and to the economic man his comfort, his right to the products of civilization and the benefits of science. At the moment, England administers the Empire on these lines (though the utter poverty of the cultural impulse in the Empire cannot be too lamented), and Hitler is endeavoring to administer Europe, but at the expense of economic man, whose standard of living is being lowered, and without being able as yet to guarantee anything but the Gestapo to the natural man. We must therefore export bread and liberty in equal doses if we are to bring Europe round to our side, and the time element is all-important. If Hitler gets his new Europe going properly, with barter replacing gold (and barter decentralizing as gold is the opposite) and with all the nations playing the cultural and ethnographical roles allotted to them, while

the Vatican provides the slave states with a philosophy of life, then England can be made to look like an intolerable disruptive pirate nuisance in the eyes of Europe. We would become the real aliens, the Protestant dissidents, the Berbers of the North. In Hitler's favour is the fact that he has the will and ambition to govern Europe, and that Rome, Berlin and Munich are the natural places to do it from. But as long as the blockade is effective he is compelled to loot, and while he has to loot the conquered countries, his propaganda must fail. A year ago the war seemed a struggle between the nineteenth century and the twentieth, France and Poland and Chamberlain's England were not contemporary countries, and so seemed bound to lose. Democracy is a nineteenth-century organization of human beings, incorporating the principles of 1789 with the discoveries of the industrial revolution, Fascism is a highly modern adaptation of the seventeenth-century despotic state. Democracy as we know it is in many ways decadent, its forms are antiquated, its leaders cut off from it, and its system of representation, admirably suited to small communities where all can share in the responsibility of government, is breaking down. To win the war England must be completely twentieth century, it must bring Democracy up to date, eliminate inefficiency at the top and apathy at the bottom, and expose the primitive fallacies behind Fascism which its fanaticism and organization disguise. We must prove that grimy slum-dwelling, coal-burning England is more advanced than the oil- and electricity driven tyrannies of Europe, we must recognize that our present government is one of transition, our class distinctions and party politics obsolete, that where the *elan* is, the power will follow.

(From *Horizon*—December, 1940)

*Collapse of Contributors.* Lord Beaverbrook said there was no place for culture in wartime. There is certainly no place for it in the warrior. One of our greatest difficulties is that almost all our potential writers between the ages of twenty and thirty-five are lost to us. Put them into battle dress and the rest is silence. They are too busy, too tired, too listless, or too much the victims of their own rude health to write a line. When a *Horizon* writer is called up he is asked to send us something about the army, or life in the navy, or air force. He is delighted, and that is the last we hear of him. At this moment, a dozen privates have been for many months at work on 'a day in the army,' and an officer of the highest rank has been engaged for over a year on a two-thousand word article on 'The Military Mind.' Soldiers and sailors enjoy reading *Horizon*, but they are unable to write for it. It is ironical that all we have got out of the army has been a slashing attack on us from Goronwy Rees for frivolously condemning the war as 'the enemy of creative writing,' and for not realizing the enormous obligation under which we lie to the warrior. Yet, unless the dashing captain has now left these shores, it is he who is under the obligation to us for carrying on through the craters, and amid the looped and windowed raggedness of our offices, to provide him and his stern followers with something to read in their quarters in the West Country. Those who work in the various ministries are also too busy, and consequently *Horizon* is faced with maintaining a standard with help only from the under-twenties, the pacifists, and a few journalists (for journalism is the only reserved occupation which permits of literary activity). From America no travellers return, no American letters get written, and to ask them is like dropping pebbles down a well. This is regrettable, for *Horizon* has suspended judgment on the expatriates, holding that the wisdom of their departure can

only be judged eventually by comparing their work in America with their potentialities, and with the work which is being done here. It is the personal opinion of this editor, however, that California makes people mad; that, justified through the expatriates may have been in leaving Chamberlain's England, they have missed their creative opportunity by not coming back. Some of them find the battle of London 'unreal.' Yet any of us who have spent a month in London have earned the right to talk of the familiar abstractions of democracy without ever having our sincerity questioned. We are where we are, because we believe what we believe. To the Californians we wish love, dollars, pleasure, sunshine, peace, and we would not change places with them for the world.

*Decay of Reading Public.* Here we are back at the main dilemma. The reading public panicked with the fall of France, their literary curiosity, which is a luxury emotion, dependent on a background of security and order, vanished overnight, and our sales fell forty per cent, never wholly to recover. The air raids have done nothing to increase them, and it is with a certain bitterness that the *Horizon* warns its public. 'If we can go on producing a magazine in these conditions, the least you can do is to read it. The money *Horizon* loses would provide you with, if not a Spitfire, at any rate a barrage balloon. If you would rather have that, say so.' Now that the cultivated run risks for culture, all arguments that there is no place for it collapse. The journalist risks his life for the man on the minesweeper.

*Horizon and Politics.* A literary magazine cannot exist without an attitude to the war. *Horizon* has always regarded the war as a necessary evil. Certain mistakes having been made, war became the only way to rectify them. Now that the war has lasted a year it is clear that the relation between periodicals and the war is very close, they can only exist while the Navy and the Air Force permit them to; the war permeates not only the poetry of *Horizon*, but the country of *Country Life*, or the architecture of the *Architectural Review*. Yet *Horizon*, which receives no favours from Ministries for supporting the war, is continually attacked for so doing by those little magazines which depend for their contributions on the lively pacifist or revolutionary minorities

which are against the war, although their magazines also only survive by courtesy of the Navy and R.A.F. Let us take an example. The author is Nicolas Moore, a contributor to this paper, writing in *Now*.

"The writer's position in war-time is as inevitable as it can be, but for all that he should accept it. This most writers, it seems, fail to do. They talk complicatedly to themselves about the conflict between art and duty, fascism and civilization, and find no solution or, like Cyril Connolly, turn the most glib of cartwheels: supporting the war so he apologises, 'while the conduct of the half-heartedly under Chamberlain, because, war was in the hands of those whose unimaginable blunders had led to it, *Horizon* could not be wholeheartedly behind them': he takes it upon himself to offer what he pleases to call a more positive attitude under Churchill Government, quite ignoring the fact that the same 'blunderers', as he so friendly calls them, are still in the Government. The conflict is not merely a matter of Governments.

The writer, like everyone else, should concern himself with the reason and causes of war, not with the mere victory or defeat of Governments. The war is the result of a decadent and dying system of society. The Government represents this social system fighting for its survival whoever is in or out of it. It is not sufficient even to ask for the removal of the men of Munich. The whole social order has to be changed. . . . Both those who support the war, like Connolly, and those who secede from it, have, in fact, given up culture for lost."

We exist to provide good writing, and we must not forget it. But we barely exist, and those who wish us well can help us by getting us more readers and more subscribers. 'We must love one another or die' is Auden's biological imperative, to which we add 'we must read one another or vanish.'

Merry Christmas.

(From *Horizon*—February, 1941)

A year ago *Horizon* published a number of articles by writers who held different views about the war. In March there was R. F. Harrod on 'Peace Aims and Economics', and an attack on the Liberal intellectuals, including the Editor of *Horizon*, by the com-

munist Howard Evans. Later there were articles by R. H. S. Crossman, J. B. Priestley and F. McEachran.

At that time 'war aims' were under discussion. There were rumours about what the French were going to do with Germany 'this time.' People wrote to the papers to outline the kind of peace terms which were being discussed in Clubs. The nature of these speculations was decided by whether the writer thought of all Germans as Nazis or of some of them as Nazis and the rest as Germans.

During this phase of rather wishful thinking we felt that it was best to give space to all points of view. A very important question was being canvassed, and something might emerge from frank discussion. At the same time it did not seem quite the moment to come forward with *Horizon's* peace terms. We had our sympathies, and if an effective body of opinion had put forward realistic terms we should have supported them. Meanwhile, one of the most important lessons for the artist seemed to be to act only where he can be most effective. For us this seemed to be the encouragement of creative art and the expression of free opinion.

Things have now altered. It is regrettable that the Government has put forward no peace aims. At the same time the absurdity of well-intentioned amateurs putting forward their views on what they would do on winning the war has become apparent. On the other hand, the experts should keep the subject of war aims open. And the Government should be pressed to publish its war and peace aims.

There are problems which we can discuss effectively in *Horizon*. These are close to us and immediate and urgent. They are concerned with the great task of constructing a better Britain after the war. But 'after the war' means now. Because it is now that we have the opportunity of establishing new ideas where old ones have collapsed, of planning better cities where the old ones have been bombed, of replacing bankrupt institutions by better ones, of defending our old, and insisting on new and wider social liberties.

The time has gone by when we can approach these problems in a spirit of speculation. We have, therefore, planned a series of articles by churchmen, politicians, scientists, technicians, educationists, thinkers and

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writers, all of whom agree that reconstruction is necessary, in order to achieve victory, and a further victory after the military victory. The first two articles of this series will appear in the next number.

Without such a policy there will be little place for the creative artist in the post-war world. However, as a magazine of literature and art, *Horizon's* policy does not begin and end with practical politics. Beyond it there remains our policy of publishing the best writing we can find, in the conviction that literature deals with longer term and more universal aims than any political programme.

Literature, when it is the servant of politics, becomes mere propaganda. It ignores truth for the exigencies of the political line of the moment; and it has a provincial view of life which ignores permanent subjects of art, such as death, love, the immensity of the universe. We are convinced that no art, and ultimately no politics, can exist without an awareness of these problems, unless the men of our time are to suffer from a kind of spiritual claustrophobia.

(From *Horizon*—June, 1941)

The case of *Horizon* is only one aspect and symptom of a more crucial and more comprehensive problem, which is the problem of British propaganda in its entirety. It is our opinion that any talk about "too much British propaganda" is preposterous and futile. The question is not whether the British are creating too much propaganda, but that they are not creating enough. At any rate there is not enough of the *right type* of British propaganda, and there could hardly be too much of it.

It seems absurd and paradoxical that, at a moment when the slogan of *Union now* is so strongly in the air and in the headlines, the literary and progressive youth of the two great Anglo-Saxon democracies should know less about each other than ever before. If the British Ministry of Information would

only recognize the importance of such organs as the *New Statesman* and *Horizon* for both morale at home and public opinion in this country, no doubt something could be done to increase the circulation of these magazines, or at least to protect them from imminent collapse. Why doesn't Mr. Duff Cooper appoint an editor of *Horizon*, or some other representative, to organize a branch of that publication and periodicals of a similar kind in this country?

These quotations are from the Editorial of the American magazine *Decision*, and raise an important issue. In spite of diplomatic and economic co-operation between England and the U.S.A. and the exchange of a few ace cinema men and journalists, there is no communication between the artists and intellectuals of the two countries. Journalists like Reynolds can do much, but not enough. In the Spanish War a stream of writers flowed into Spain, and the long-term results of their visits were very great. To-day, like the Spanish Government, we are fighting a lonely battle; we look to America, our last remaining audience, for sympathy, as the Spaniards looked to France and England. There is something to be gained by sending some of our nightingales to America, but far more by inviting some Americans here. *Horizon* suggests that the Government invites about a hundred representative American writers, painters, photographers, editors and artistic directors to visit England. They should be asked to come at their own risk and should be conveyed here and back by air, and treated to three weeks of our unique summer. A hundred should be asked, of whom about forty, or two Clippersful, might find they could spare the time. They should not be given a programme of charabancs and champagne lunches, but be grouped into small parties, according to the kind of people they wished to meet and the places they wanted to see. There should be many houses open to them, and a variety of tours, for example a visit to the Georgian architecture of Bath, Clifton, and Cheltenham, as well as to Plymouth and Bristol; to the haunts of

Tennyson, James, or Coleridge, as well as to Dover. They should be under no obligation to write anything when they returned. Yet not only would our case be better understood in America, our summer would be brightened here. Last September the gay, neat courageous presence through the London Blitz of Miss Erika Mann was a delight to those who met her. How much encouragement we should get if Chaplin, Thurber, Sherwood, Steinbeck, Edmund Wilson, Marianne Moore, Mumford, Kirstein, Orson Welles, John Ford, Hemingway, Lewis, Paul Muni, and photographers like Walker Evans and Cartier Bresson were among us! An island fortress must always be on its guard against provincialism. The visit of such Americans would not only bring friendship and hope to our garrison, but would let some daylight in.

There are few objections to this scheme. (1) The cost; this, owing to the high Clipper fares, would be considerable, but it would be a drop in the bucket of our war effort, and there might be several ingenious ways of meeting it.

(2) At the present the U.S.A. does not allow its citizens to visit the war zones, but an exception is made for journalists. The U.S.A. has more newspapers than any country; it should not be difficult to accredit the members of the cultural mission to them.

(3) Who is going to choose them? We have in this country a great English writer who is also an American, T. S. Eliot, who should certainly preside. We have representatives of American publishers, like John Carter; we have people intimately connected with the artistic and literary worlds of America, and we have, at the other end, writers like Somerset Maugham, who could take charge. It is imperative that young, rising, and serious writers, however little known here, should be invited rather than their more famous and more weary brethren for a summer holiday which might presage the delights of Federation.

This much *Horizon* can suggest to *Decision*, but we can only suggest and hope that others will take us up and act.

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