THE CHANGE

by Wesley Phillipson

It had been snowing all afternoon. The storm raged on, the wind whistled, it was so dark that the flakes seemed to fall from some place just a little above his head. The street was silent. The only sound was his running, and he stopped to wait for the fear to creep back into him, and when he turned to run after Jimmy. The wind drove off the fear, and the man who was an important cog in the machinery of the college was Jimmy. He turned around, toward home. He ran back and forth, falling over his own tracks of bear.

Two days after Christmas a gray-hared, grizzled officer quickly in the Baptist Hospital in New Orleans. This was Dr. Irville Fay Davidson, old friend of St. Stephens and Bard. He was a mighty and a wealthy man, and he turned around, toward home. He ran back and forth, falling over his own tracks of bear. The wind drove off the fear, and the man who was an important cog in the machinery of the college was Jimmy. He turned around, toward home. He ran back and forth, falling over his own tracks of bear.

Dr. IRVILLE FAY DAVIDSON

KALEIDOSCOPE

The success of the proen weekend is in the past, and many of the fraternities for providing the largest, and probably best, portion of the weekend's entertainment. The committee is preparing for a program of art. The committee is preparing for a program of art. The committee is preparing for a program of art. The committee is preparing for a program of art. The committee is preparing for a program of art.

THEARDIAN

Dr. Irville Fay Davidson

ANNADELLA-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1941

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ABOU BEN JONSON

by Tony Hoag

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Lookring out

The Bardian, March 7, 1941

Two weeks ago the professors gave their special lectures, which are an outgrowth of the foreign policy. Now, two students wish to delive the ramifications of the international peace, expressed by the leading interventists, Doctors Smith and Edwards.

Our outew would like to it be in plainly understood that we speak as Chris- tians, not as pacificists or Conscientious Ob- jectors. Furthermore, we are in favor of a free speech and a free press, and feel that this may be our last chance to express ourselves about the government underlined duties to the society we are thinking for us.

Our argument is obvious with Doctors Smith and Edwards, two men for whom we have the utmost regard, and to whom we have always been loyal. Now, however, unfortunately we find ourselves at great odds with them on the question of "Aid to Britain," and how and what should be done about things in general in the present world crisis. Assuming that the college is acquainted with their viewpoints as well as the environmental reasons of their arguments, we now desire to go into the argument.

Both learned doctors agree that there is no danger of the United States being in- vaded by a foreign power after the present war. In so doing they invalidate all argu- ments giving aid to the British. However, if the present war ends, how do we figure? We refer them to the words of Jesus Christ. He did not merely glorify England, but was not seriously sick. His condition (the condition in the totalitarian world) Nancy Ringham
MUSIC
by Theodore Strong

On Monday, March 17, there will be a concert in Bard's newest auditorium, the Immunology Building. The ensemble of professional musicians that has come to Bard since I've been here. The quartet will play a Beethoven quartet, and Dr. Schwartz's latest composition, a sonata for chamber music. The audience, of a very general nature, would be interested in hearing about what they felt and liked. Not that everything must be accepted passively. I believe artists should have higher aims than copying. They should become familiar with faculty and students. There has been a great deal of discussion about the “Swing Session” at which Mr. Buhler presided. “To me,” criticism of it justified only in the light of Mr. Buhler's purpose with his program, which I understood as an attempt to prod the audience into analytical thought about what they felt and liked. Not that everything must be analyzed, but neither must everything be accepted passively. I believe that Mr. Buhler succeeded in stimulating thought in the direction of expressing in exact words exactly what swing is. I do not believe that the violent audience reaction was entirely justified, in spite of the method he used to achieve his end. His mistake, I think, was in assuming that his audience, of a very general nature, would have the scientific musical knowledge and interest to make a detailed analysis of swing music.

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BARD COLLEGE GLEE CLUB
T. W. to Vassar for a performance of a cantata by Charles B. Vassar. The Bard Glee Club will also sing

VICTORIAN MUSIC
by Theodore N. Cook

There is something vibrant and spontaneous about the exhibition of work in Orient Gallery from Putney School that invigorates one just to look at it. Movement and inventiveness shows the value of progressive art education.

Children's art within the past decade has been religiously studied by many artists, particularly by advanced modernists. These men have recognized the simplicity of approach and the freedom of expression possessed by children before they became confused and bounded out of them at academic art schools, and have tried to recapture these characteristics in their own work. The results have been debatable. Henri Matisse, who is the best known of these back-to-childhood artists, has come near to this goal, but he still is kept from complete victory by a veil of sophistication that seems to be difficult for a middle-aged man to penetrate.

Maritain's attempts along this line are largely responsible for the phrase often heard in art galleries: "My five year old son could do better than that!" Matisse would have us do this to the teaching of the Putney work lies in its honesty. With the exception of a few drawings that are obviously a la Picasso and Matisse (ironically enough), there is no attempt to ape the style of any artist. The black and whites are especially strong. The parachutist hurling through the air, and the mass of men with uplifted arms is sure to be exciting and provide a lot of fun. After thoroughly discussing Sigmund Freud with Mr. Blum, We will meet and write some poetry in Albee Social Room.

ABOU BEN JOHNSON
(Continued from page 1)

ABOU'S favorite camel. But it's better to spend your success on some scheme; when a genius is made secure, his camel found the master quite a load. He grew to be exceptionally fat; until his blooming spine began to crack. Her spirit heard the solemn call of fate, and when he found his Bactrian deceased, she could not give Abou Johnson perfect health. You will sing a song of Delius, or hum a

BRAINS NOT BEAUTY

(Continued from page 1)

The fact is, his extraordinary wealth could not give Abou Johnson perfect health. He grew to be exceptionally fat; a heavy load. His camel found the master quite a load.

No greater trader roamed the sandy seas than "Cleopatra," Abou's favorite camel. But it could not keep from getting fed. And poundage was accompanied by gout. So Abou stayed on "Cleopatra's" back until his blooming spine began to crack. For after all, she wasn't getting stronger. Her spirit heard the solemn call of fate, Pressed ever onward by her master's weight. She quietly and peacefully succumbed. The aching in her back was slowly numbed. The Camel Chief had tears in both his eyes; in both his hands he held two Manguages, and when he found his Bactrian deceased, he said, "At least she's facing towards the East."

Moral: Some people will say, when a genius is made secure, that his every success always went to his head, but it's better to spend your success on some launch. Until her blooming spine began to crack. And poundage was accompanied by gout. So Abou stayed on "Cleopatra's" back. Abou Ben Johnson found that he was stuck.

The Home of Fine Paintings

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(Continued from page 1)

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THE BARDIAN, MARCH 7, 1941

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The BARDIAN, March 7, 1941

The Change
(Continued from page 1)

Jimmy. I'm lost. I've been lost for almost an hour. Please don't leave me alone, Jimmy. Please take me home."

He could feel no shame now, his only feeling was a deep love for this boy who had the luck to be his son and to whom he was already thinking of as the motherless child he was. When he thought of the hope that Jimmy had given him, he could not help but suffer for it. The little boy had always been so loving and trustful, and now he was gone. And then he thought of the snow. But there was no anger in him because of the snow. There was too much of the snow. Jimmy had thought he had made something about it until he heard the sobs in the middle of the street.

The living room was full of snow. There were three other women. They hardly even noticed him, and they went straight to her and put their arms around her, crying with their heads tight against her breast. They held him away from her so she could look into his eyes, and then she said, "Mark, why are you crying? Tell me what's happened? Did you hurt yourself?"

He was almost saying the whole thing, before and then he suddenly realized the presence of the three ladies. He wanted to tell her terribly, but he couldn't in front of them, and besides he had no words. Jimmy couldn't understand what happened, how could his mother? She seemed to him as he had never had before. He had never had her alone in all his life. Even when he had been left in the storm. No, he couldn't even tell her if he wanted to. He would tell her if he could ever get close to her, and then she would tell him what to do. She seemed to him more than anything until he heard the sobs in the middle of the street.

Mark hesitated, unbelieving, for a moment, and then he was off down the street, without another word to Jimmy.

The time had passed, and he had not turned too soon. This time the snow was where he lived. He threw open the front door and ran into the living room, where his mother was playing cards with three other women. He hardly even noticed them, and he went straight to her and put his arms around her, crying with his head tight against her breast.

"What is it, Mark? What happened to you?" And he waited for Mark to be able to tell her. "Jimmy, I'm lost. I've been lost for almost an hour. Please don't leave me alone, Jimmy. Please take me home."

He could feel no shame now, his only feeling was a deep love for this boy who had the luck to be his son and to whom he was already thinking of as the motherless child he was. When he thought of the hope that Jimmy had given him, he could not help but suffer for it. The little boy had always been so loving and trustful, and now he was gone. And then he thought of the snow. But there was no anger in him because of the snow. There was too much of the snow. Jimmy had thought he had made something about it until he heard the sobs in the middle of the street.

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