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THE CHANGE

by William Phillips

It had been snowing all afternoon. The day was cold and grey. The sky was so dark that the flakes seemed to fall from some place just a little above his head where it was covered by an overcast. He had left his house at three, and now it was four, or maybe after, and he was still cold and grey. He had not seen the snow covered with snow. But slowly, as he walked not caring where he went, the landmarks he had learned so well lost all distinctness in his mind, he could no longer call the houses by their names. His name was written in the sky and was exciting to him. He scuffled softly through the snow, and with his young free eyes he saw the house of the next man, but it was well hidden on a carefully balanced fence, and the filling tracks of the snow.

He had left his house at three, and now it was four and maybe a little later; he, a man of his age, walked alone, and turned toward home. He was tired, worn out of the left, and along a white, familiar fence. He stopped with his hand on the gate, and then he looked at a house that was not his. Just then all he felt was mild surprise at his behavior. How stupid of him; the snow made everything alike. His house was the next one up. He walked slowly, and turned toward the third one, and looked around him in bewilderment, not with fear, of course, it must be the next street. It was just that he had turned too soon.

And when he got to the next street it looked the same. White, and with the long fence before the house. Not one of them was his. He ran back and forth, following as his feet slipped with his haste, not quite a little later; he, a man of his age, walked alone, and turned toward home. Perhaps he had been older, he would have walked more out of the cold, and called himself a fool again, but he was only seven, and now he was seven, and the snow, rising in the north, seemed to be growing in the stiff trees, until he was running into the white furrows, running back and forth, feeling the long time, because now all he wanted to find was someone to talk to, someone to tell him the way.

Far down the street a small boy was walking slowly, and he could hear the half-drowned sound of his whimpering as he came nearer. It was Jimmy. He stopped running.

He couldn't see his fear like this, and now that he had found another person in the storm that fear was smaller and easier to hide.

Jimmy looked up and saw him. "Hi, Mark. No school if this keeps up. The bus won't run.

Mark swallowed nothing, and let his breath out slowly, pressing it first against the sides of his chest. "Hi, Jimmy. This is swell. I hope it doesn't stop until Sunday night. We might miss a whole week of school.

They stood there talking for a moment, until they got too cold from standing still, and slowly walked away, and walked off the street. Mark didn't watch him go, and felt the cold, and felt the fear creep back into him, and when he was almost there, he know that he couldn't come back, and he turned and run after Jimmy. The wind drove the snow, and he adjusted his eyes narrowly against its sting. When his right eye began to feel the sound of its running, and he stopped to wait for

(Continued on page 4)
MUSIC
by Theodore Streich

On Monday, March 17, there will be a concert in the Hudson room of the largest ensemble of professional musicians that has come to Bard since I've been here. The Maverick String Quartet, assisted by Gunnar Schonbeck, clarinetist, will play Mozart's Clarinet Quintet. The quartet will play a Beethoven quartet, and Dr. Schwartz and Mr. Brand will play Dr. Schwartz's latest composition, a sonata for violin. It will be very pleasant to hear a concert by more varied instruments than in the past.

On March 15, the Bard Glee Club travels to Vassar for a performance of a cantata by Clair Leonard, Professor of Music at Vassar. The Bard Glee Club will also sing two motets by Dr. Schwartz. It is now a week and a half since Mr. Buhler's musical visit. I hold even more strongly than I did in the last Bulletin to the opinion that two full days of a lecture are worth six weeks of one night stand. Mr. Buhler gave one formal concert, an informal lecture recital, visited classes and seminars, presided at one momentous swing session, and spoke informally with faculty and students.

There has been a great deal of discussion about the "Swing Session" at which Mr. Buhler performed. To see, to criticize it is justified only in the light of Mr. Buhler's purpose, 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 is going on. I do not believe that the violent audience reaction was entirely justified, in spite of the method he used to achieve his end. His music, I think, was in assuming that his audience was of a very general nature, would have the scientific musical knowledge and interest to make a detailed analysis of swing music.

ART
by Theodore N. Cook

There is something vibrantly spontaneous about the exhibition of work in Orient Gallery from Putney School that invites one just to look at it. Its brightness 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 art and the freedom of expression possessed by children before they get it pounded out of them at academic art schools, and have tried to recognize the characteristics in their own work. The results have been debatable. Henk Marthens, who is the best known of these back-to-childhood artists, has come near to his goal, but he still is left from complete victory by a veil of sophistication that seems to be difficult for a middle-aged man to penetrate.

Marthens'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!" It would be the first to admit the truth of that statement, although he is not discouraged by such remarks. I, for one, cannot enjoy his work because it is too obviously artificial. One cannot paint like a child even if that is a good thing for a mature artist to want to do, if one is concerned about doing to that. Good art never results from artificiality.

The beauty 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 are no attempts to ape the style of any artist. The black and whites are especially strong. The prevention of the air, I think, was in assuming that his audience was of a very general nature, would have the scientific musical knowledge and interest to make a detailed analysis of swing music.

BRAINS NOT BEAUTY
(Continued from page 1)

You will rush around to Apinwall and listen to Stravinsky. You will sing a song of Delius, or hum a hymn of Hansen, When you notice by your wrist watch that the hours are advancing,

You must beat it down to Orient in Costume and disguise,

And with Stalinsky Morrison you will learn to improvise.

Be a dainty little flower, be a stumpy red-wood tree,

Be a frozen little ice cube, be a lousy little flea.

Never hesitate a moment, but with genuine appliance

Gallop over the buildings which contain the field of science.

In Hegeman all forms of life, particularly lower,

The amoeba, paramecium, and several protozoa

Will form the central topic of an int'resting debate.

Which will cover several at a stupidly long rate.

Now the literature division has a clever little scheme.

Every one must bring to dinner a superbly written theme

Of exactly seven hundred words or more on anything at all,

And the best one wins a copy of the great "Decline and Fall." Then the social studies group will hold an interesting discussion on the transportation problems of a Zulu and a Roman:

And from actual experience a speaker will explain

Why the birth rate in our nudist camps has made a steady gain.

There's an extra big surprise in store for every single one.

Which is sure to be exciting and provide a lot of fun.

After thoroughly discussing Sigmund Freud with Mr. Blohm,

We will meet and write some poetry in Abee's Social Room.

ABOU BEN JOHNSON
(Continued from page 3)

The fact is, his extraordinary wealth could not give Abou Johnson perfect health. He grew to be exceptionally fat. A heavy Occidental Philosopher. And when Abou Ben Johnson hit the road His camel found the master quite a load. No greater traveler roamed the sandy seas With such a Rastian between his knees. No human ever rode a better mammal Than "Cleopatra," Abou's favorite camel. But Abou could not keep from getting stony. And p NAND was accompanied by gout. So Abou stayed on "Cleopatra's" back until her blooming spine began to crack. Nor anything could make Abou Ben judge; He sat and ate some Oriental fudge. He sat comically upon his hump Between the camel's first and second hump. Till finally the night of Allah struck; Abou Ben Johnson found that he was stuck. While wedged twist "Cleopatra's" humps securely. He ate some caviar and unlimed demurely. But "Clevo" couldn't stick it out much longer.

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 Mango pies, And when he found his Rastian deceased, He said, "At least she's facing towards the East."

Moral: Some people will say, when a genius is dead,

That his every success always went to his head, But it's better to spend your success on a launch Than to eat it, and have it all go to your paunch.
IT'S NO CHESTERFIELD

Probably you need not be told this is the space ordinarily devoted to the Chesterfield advertisement.

Some of you already know why that advertisement is off, and why it will not appear in forthcoming issues until there is a change in their advertising policy. For those of you who are not acquainted with the facts, we will state them briefly in order that you may understand the situation.

We ask for your approval, for this is your property and the people you employ because of the dropping of the Chesterfield account, The Barian may not be able to publish the regulation number of issues. We hope, however, that by cutting expenses to a minimum, such a stringency in our finances will not occur.

A letter of the National Advertising Service, which represents most college papers for national advertising, definitely informed them that Chesterfield advertising might be withdrawn if it’s “suggestions” were not complied with. These “suggestions” were four or five times a year we print free publicity releases along with Chesterfield’s regular advertising and include, in addition, a schedule of Chesterfield’s radio program releases, distributed as new items, are sent to us ready-made. With the announcement of this demand came the first release, almost five hundred words in length.

With the policy of The Barian leaning away from the ordinary news article, the inclusion of such publicity would not only take up valuable space but would not be consistent with the other material in the paper.

Furthermore, there is the question of principle—Why restrict you really don’t wish to allow ourselves to be told what we shall put in our news columns, then we ought to be offered something in this regard, for we talk about a nation not being able to survive half slave and half free. We might as well apply the same principle to a college newspaper. It is true that we are obligated to Chesterfield for $10, but that obligation is so small that we cannot see much reason why we should go to the expense of printing its advertising.

This latter letter is an official college publication threatened by Chesterfield’s de-thers (from our observance of articles which have appeared in PM, we have learned that Chesterfield has made the following demands on us, and in condition you carry out the agreement in existence to us which is a reply to our letter of January 29 which asked if, to retain the Chesterfield account, you would:

1. Run News Releases at Chesterfield rate of four or five times per year.

2. Arrange listings of Radio Programs, etc., etc.

“WE sincerely trust you will help insure the continuance of this schedule by complying with your agreement for otherwise you risk cancellation. A News Release and Radio Program Listings are enclosed here with. Review your letter and make sure you carry out your agreement. It is requested that you publish radio programs in every issue.”

“WE have been asked to show proof that you have fulfilled your agreement, therefore do not rely on our methods of sending these articles in checking copies, but—in addition to sending us the usual required checking copies mark one extra copy with red pencil and mail to NAS in an envelope first class mail marked ‘Amerche Chesterfield.’”

“This letter was the result of an affirmative answer by our business manager, Thomas Marshall, to the original request. Mr. Marshall, believing that our resources must be pruned, answered immediately on his own responsibility, so that we would be assured of the revenue. The editorial staff, which only can afford but must have certain policies of freedom on the press, did not see the first letter.”

According to an article which appeared in PM, 329 college papers have received the ultimatum, and to our knowledge, the Williams Record is the only one that has told Chesterfield that it will not comply with the demands. The Record sent the letter which we have used and replied to it as its lead editorial. It charged that the implications of the letter were contrary to the spirit of the postal laws, stating “all editorial and other reading matter published in any such newspaper, magazine, or periodical for the publication of which money or other valuable consideration is paid, accepted, or promised shall be plainly marked advertisement.”

Several alternatives were open to The Barian and all were thoroughly discussed before we decided that there was no best way to deal with the Chesterfield people, that it was best not to deal with them at all. No comment need be made about Chesterfield’s actions. They speak for themselves.

Chesterfield sales in the Bard College Store for the month of February were $64, although the reading period did not extend until the tenth of the month. Sales, therefore, are more than $3.50 per day—‘in the Bard College Store only. A fair estimate would be that Bard students and faculty spend $1500 a year on Chesterfield cigarettes, but ‘the cigarette that counts’ is not satisfied with such modest revenue.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD

The Public Affairs Committee says, in ‘What It Takes to Make Good in College?’

‘Students have a better chance to make good if he:’

1. Safeguards his health.

2. Participates in athletics, even if he never makes a varsity team.

3. Has occasional ‘dates.’

4. Keeps up a satisfactory religious worship not inconsistent with his science and philosophy.

5. Lives on the campus.

Studies as many hours daily as are required to finish assignements on time.

Leaves how to make and keep a schedule of work, reading, recitation, exercise, and rest.

Makes his own decisions promptly.

Seeks competent advice without becoming over-dependent upon it.

Keeps track of his money.

Advises his reading interests, particularly in books.

Rides a bicycle without letting it ride him.

Concerns himself with the larger community outside the campus.’

INDEMNITY INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA

The Indemnity Insurance Company of North America writes all forms of casualty insurance and fidelity and surety bonds, and well conducts inquiries on unusual risks.

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Thomas Petronella, Prop.

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