Editorial

It is generally accepted that the United States was founded, nourished, and grew up under individualism. Examples of these are, Columbus, Jefferson, and Melon. Individualism in the last case became private enterprize. Our discoverers, our pioneers, and our capitalists are responsible for the America we have today. Whether or not you praise them or condemn them is a matter of knowledge of our history, and your own personal opinion. However, we were next in line of this dynasty of individualism—the heir apparent. And such individuals we would have been! Perhaps you think Rockefeller, Ford, and Morgan and so on were shrewd men, but they had nothing compared to what we would have been. They were tied down by religion (to a certain extent)—they went to church, they didn’t discuss financial affairs with their wives, they didn’t have the education we have, oh no, we would have been much more grand and glorious than they, and there would have been many more of us. But something happened, I cannot say what in a few words, to break up this system of huge private enterprize. Our father’s reign was cut short and we become the Alexis Romanov, the L’Aiglon. We had had a taste of individualism, we had been raised with it in mind, it was what our fathers knew and it was what our grandfathers knew, but no longer could we live that old life. It became a “bad thing” cooperativeness and socialism were the things and they were “good things.” But we were still individuals and we were die-hards whether we knew it or not. But had they been cut off but we hadn’t been executed nor

Looking Around

As late as August there were summer people here, the big Austrian actor and his petite French wife, basking on a blanket, reading the newest American novels, the glumier musician and his broad-shouldered, blonde, singing wife, the crowd of Viennese who had been big shots in the theatre over there and up here had found something like an island in which to collect themselves for a month. There were the three college girls in shorts and colored shirts and the sub-debutant with the long copper hair which curled in to cover one eye, and the thick legs with the big turned in knees who crouched around in sandals, and never got enough sleep.

It was like a boat ride, a cruise up the Hudson from New York to Albany. It was a brief stopping of time. At night they would sit in a ring on the lawn listening to the loudspeaker hurl out Strauss, and they would sing the Beggar’s Opera. The pin-point lights of cigarettes moved on the end of unseen arms where voices come from the benches in the shadows. Voices came from where the lawn dropped down the hill and the night watchman went his rounds with singular quiet.

The Viennese group were artists, turn loose, without a language, still proud, but unsure. They gave Isen in broken English, projected haze plans and found there was no money. The singers gave concerts on Sunday afternoon in Bard Hall, the broad-shouldered blonde who made a harsh face when she went into the upper register, the big fleshy baritone who kept making mistakes. The Viennese tried to teach the college girls and the sub-debutants how to act. The college girls did not know how to act, and cried when the director spoke sharply.

The campus was like a Cudnus picture, filled with bright bandannas, jiggling tissues, white flesh that had been in the city too long and went around wanting the sun. The voice teacher was allergic to butter, the wife of the baritone kept getting conjunctivitis and pimples and the connective got a tumor on his gum which the sub-debutant landed on one.

The Viennese all talked in German, they were still German and would never be anything else, the younger one were not whipsed, but the older ones looked lost. It was harder for them. They had been dug out from deeper.

And the college girls and the sub-debutant kept getting themselves embroiled in love affairs and drank Scotch and got tight with the boys on the paint gang. They too had been cast free of their suburban fetters for a month and had gone whacky.

The experiment in international living
As he came down stairs he could hear the sound of their voices from the porch, and he felt the warm, wet air of the night flowing in from the open door. His mother was just starting to say something when she saw him standing in the doorway, waiting to be noticed before coming in. He was not trying to attract attention; it was just that he did not want it to seem as if he were intruding. She smiled at him, and he stepped down onto the hard, ridged tile of the porch floor and waited for his mother to introduce him. They were Mr. and Mrs. John Carlton: her name was Flora, and she was very tall and slim and very beautiful and she looked at his eyes a long time when she shook her hand. Her husband was dark, with a tired eyes far apart, and his hand was moist and weak. "This is my son Jim," his mother said, and Jim smiled over at the chair where his father was sitting and then walked to the corner opposite Flora Carlton and sat down.

His father asked him if he wanted a drink. He turned to him and said, laughing, "Why do you think I came down?" and was instantly very sorry he had said it. But Flora smiled at him and said, "That's the same reason I came here." He looked over at her and she smiled again when she saw the relief in his eyes.

He was eighteen, and he seldom drank. And now he was sitting in the dark corner with the wet, cold glass in his hand, now and then brushing off the drops of water that fell from the sweat of the glass, and stained the light gauze of his coat with little round, dark spots. Slowly, as he drank, the warm air around him became friendly and close, and the copper screen, stretched taut between the white, clear posts of the frame, melted off into the darkness, into the infinity of his night blindness. He looked around him at the familiar angles and distances, and thought with his young closeted brains of the pleasant securities his family afforded him. He enjoyed registering in his mind the fact that he had accomplished the recognition of this security entirely on his own, and that once recognized as such, it was no longer a hindrance, but a kindly, restricted freedom. The feeling of being held back had left him, and a self-satisfied complaisance had taken its place. There was a certain delight in his knowledge of the place where he lived, a safe, warm delight which hung on the walls of his room, and shielded his bare feet from the hard coldness of the floor when he got up in the morning.

He was so terribly sick of the clipped, curt hatred of safety which he had heard at college. The blind, stupid egotism of their pride in being poor, or alone or hungry. The dwelling on this peniless but rancorous escadre, or that week last summer with only a dollar-fifty and one faithful, derelict prostitute. He became almost nauseated with the thought of their desperate lying. And then he looked up and saw that Flora was thinking of him, and his thoughts tumbled down in a tangled confusion. He heard the dinner chimes the way a drowning man sees a dim light through the fog.

After dinner they went into the living-room where a fire had been stacked, for the warmth had gone out of the air now and the porch was dank and bleak. Jim knelt down on the cold stone before the fireplace, and touched a match to the four corners of newspaper sticking out sharply from the pilled kindling; this was his particular office. He watched the paper curl and crisp, the black print fading strangely into the dark background, saw the first splinter of kindling shoot up in a candle-like flame, until the little house of balanced sticks was teetering on its charred foundations, and then, when the heat was almost enough to drive him back, he picked up a big thick-barked log and placed it carefully in the middle of the unstationary fire.

"Don't put on another log, Jim," his mother said, "We're going out in an hour, you know."

This was a very peculiar event; a fire on the 4th of July. They had all expected to swelter through the day, staying inside to avoid the heat and the noise as much as possible. Not Jim, of course, he had bought the usual run of explosives, and the question of heat was hardly important. But they had been very surprised at the non-conformity of this particular July day. They had even phoned the club to find out if the scheduled night display of fireworks had been canceled. It had not. They would leave when the fire burned down.

Flora had sat down before the piano, and the first note Jim strummed up from his position on the hearth and took a chair where he could watch her hands. They were long and white and exact, and the wrists were supple with an easy, fluent strength. She played with no apparent effort, but there was a rich collective quality in the tone, like something too well memorized. Jim didn't notice it; he hardly heard the music at all; he was watching the way her shoulders swayed to the rhythm of her playing, and the motion of her leg as she pressed and released the pedal. When she finished playing and half-turned from the piano, he shifted his eyes quickly to the dark, reflecting rectangle of a window, and hardly moved even when she spoke to him. "Do you play, Jim?"

"Not very much and not very well," he answered. Then he realized that what he had said probably sounded a little curt, and he was surprised if his ears taking lessons very long. How long did you study?"

"Oh I'm still studying; at least I flatulently plan to isn't much, and the husband, 'John, how long?'"

The question caught him off guard. "How long? How long what dear?"

Flora laughed. "Jim asked how long I've been working at the piano, and I've forgotten. I was wondering if you remembered."

John thought a moment and then he looked up at his wife with a smile. To Jim it seemed as though there were something slightly malicious in his expression. "About seven or eight years," John said.

Flora quickly turned back to the piano and softly closed the cover to the keyboard. There was a short embarrassed silence for no obvious reason, and then Jim's mother noticed, fortunately, that the fire was almost dead. She rose saying that they wouldn't get any seats if they didn't start off right away, and told Jim to be sure and put the screen in front of the fireplace. Jim smiled for the first time since dinner; that had sounded so terribly usual.

Jim drove with Flora in the front seat and the others in the back. The soft dampness had gone from the air, and the rush of wind in the open car was fresh and tingling. In the low places there were still thick pools of fog, stopping the keen breath of the headlights like a curtain, and as the car passed through, the mist cloyed about them and then vanished in the cool rapid wind on the other side.

Jim did not dare to turn and look at Flora, not with the others in the back seat. If he could have done it naturally that would have been different, but he felt strained and tense. It seemed to him as though all three of them were looking at the back of his head, waiting for him to make an indicative move. But he could see from the white line of her cheek that she was not looking straight ahead. That was something. And he gripped the wheel strongly with both hands and pressed on the accelerator almost up to the point where his mother would say, "Aren't you driving a little last, dear?" He would avoid that at all costs.

There were still a lot of seats left when they got to the club. The chairs had been placed in ten rows on the grass in front of the clubhouse porch facing the green of the eighteenth hole. The fireworks were to be set off about halfway down the eighteenth, almost two hundred yards from the audience, where the trees beyond the first green rose like a vague, imminent wave. When the others had been seated Jim excused himself, saying he wanted to look around to see if he could find some of the people he knew. He went up the porch steps and into the crowded bar, shoulder-ing his way through the crowd and the sweating waiters toward the bottle-stacked mirrors. He felt quite strange and excited as he ordered a highball; it was not at all the prospect of a drink, but something wordless and close and very much alive. It was being alone and silent in a crowd. He was just stretching out a hand for his drink, when something stopped him and he turned and saw Flora. The first thing he did was to look around for the others, but they weren't there. She smiled slowly, "Did you find your friends?" Jim blushed feeling childishy guilty. He asked her if she wanted a drink. "How did you guess?"

(Continued on page 3)
THE ARTS & SCIENCES

by THEODORE N. COOK

Although the Bennington exhibition, and its representatives on the discussion panel here last Thursday, was in many instances misunderstood by the practical Bard maelstrom, there can be no question as to the impact that the show had on the art department here. Bennington painting, and the girls' eloquent defense of it, is still the cause of many heated arguments in Orient studies.

Bennington's method of painting is receiving so much discussion here because this is the only art field where we differ so markedly. In sculpture both colleges are realistic, both influenced in many ways by Barlach, both striving to design around the material. We are on the same track in architecture, with practical contemporary problems being particularly stressed. Photography, too, is treated in much the same manner at both colleges. We can discuss these subjects with them with mutual understanding—it is only in painting that we clash, and this is where we gained from the two discussions.

For the first time our way of painting was directly challenged, and I must confess that it came as a slight shock to us. We had believed that representational painting was a logical thing. We thought we were completely justified in designing our paintings around recognizable subject matter. In other words, we were perfectly happy until we met equally dedicated girls from Bennington who were firmly convinced that realism in painting is to be more pitied than scorned.

We were informed that Art is not a question of portraying objects realistically—that an artist is free to redesign shapes, create new forms, and explore the cosmos—with which we all agreed.

It was not until the school of the "Fauves" was presented as "universal art" of the highest order that most Bard artists took exception. Here, I think, we had a right to be skeptical. The "Fauves" school is one of experimentation, of a breaking from traditional design in order to experiment freely with color, line, and space. Paintings of this type are skillfully orchestrated works which are, however, completely devoid of emotion or message. Painting becomes largely a matter of craft, and is kept from the public because the public is considered too simple to appreciate it.

This attitude towards art and the public was clearly visible in the Bennington oils. The only difference between the "Fauves" and the Bennington girls is that the former are frankly experimental, whereas the latter accept this corner of art as the highest complete form that we know today. I feel that an exclusive following of this art can only lead to a blind (Continued on page 4)

DRAMA

On December 11, 12 and 13, the Bard Theatre will present, for its second major production of the season, a group of three short plays by contemporary playwrights, consisting of Minnie Field, by E. P. Conkile, The Hand of Siva, by Ben Hecht, and A. A. Milne's The Man in the Bowler Hat.

E. P. Conkile has for many years concentrated his talents on the American rural scene. His numerous short plays of the American farmer and the life around him have been produced regularly in the United States. Among his longer plays, the most notable, Prologue To Glory, dealing with the early years of Abraham Lincoln, was produced by the Federal Theatre only a few years ago. The present production of Minnie Field, a character study of a middle-western farmer, marks the first appearance of a Conkile work on the Bard stage. The setting is by Richard Burns, and the cast includes James Westbrook, Dick Richardson, John Gerstenberger, Randall Henderson, and David Brooks.

The Hand of Siva, a mystery melodrama of the British Colonial Army in West Africa, is a product of the pen of Ben Hecht, author of The Front Page, Ladies and Gentlemen, The Scoundrel, and the recently produced motion picture, Angels Over Broadway. Army epigonage, secret service operations, and mysterious hindoo rites are all found in the plot of this quick-moving episode. The cast of four includes Sidney Frohman, Ian Thompson, Marvin Lagunoff and Oliver Pitcher. The single setting is by Richard Marvin.

A. A. Milne, creator of Winnie The Pooh and the other immortal Christopher Robin stories, as well as countless plays and mystery stories, is here, in The Man in the Bowler Hat, satirizing the very type of play of which The Hand of Siva is an example. Handsome heroes, beautiful heroines and ruthless villains are brought together in a hilarious situation that is written in the hall-omisical, wholly-hysterical fashion that only Milne could achieve.

The mad cast is made up of Lawrence Gray, Martha Grossi, Tony Hecht, Richard Marvin, Martin Lagunoff, Robert Sagalyn, and Alvin Sampson. The setting is by Ralph Hinchcliff. The direction for this play, as well as for Minnie Field and The Hand of Siva, is by Paul Morrison.

With the production of this program, the Bard Theatre marks its first excursion into the field of one-act plays as a major theatre production. It remains to be seen whether this type of theatre will prove interesting enough to Bard audiences to warrant a continuance of it. There are innumerable good short plays that could be presented in this fashion if the experiment should prove successful.

(Continued on page 4)

MUSIC NOTES

On December fifth, 1791, exactly one hundred and fifty years ago, one of the most spectacular of musical geniuses passed on to eternity. This musician was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. In his relatively short and not too happy life of thirty-two years, he worked continuously and diligently at his creative musical writing, producing well over five hundred compositions, which have been handed down to us as a treasured musical heritage.

It is therefore fitting that a commemoration of this event has taken place at Bard, where music forms so much a part of our general plan of education. On Monday, November twenty-fourth, the college was fortunate in having Miss Lanny Epstein, pianist, who presented an all Mozart program in Bard Hall. Miss Epstein is well known on the continent, having fulfilled many concert engagements in musical centers there. More recently her connections have been as an instructor at the Institute of Musical Art in New York.

The artist's approach to the music, and the sincerity of her rendition are to be commended. However, her technical execution, and the interpretative and dynamic aspects of her playing, left something to be desired. It was unfortunate that every number was performed with approximately the same intensity, and coloration, because much of the brilliancy in Mozart's music depends upon the exactness of the interpretation and projection of the personality of the artist into the composition. Nevertheless, Miss Epstein's concert gave us an opportunity to hear some of the lesser known piano works of Mozart. While these may be overshadowed by his greater symphonic works, they should not be neglected in our listening, as they have a special beauty all their own.

MILLARD WALKER

* * *

Singing is the most universal method of expressing oneself musically. Nearly everyone thinks he can sing and most of us have been, at some time or other, startled by the results from singing in the showers. However actually there are few who would dare, and still less who could devote their senior project on such an enterprise.

The fifth concert in Bard Hall, attended by the greatest number so far, was unique due to the fact that there was such a person who could sing worthy enough for a senior project. It was also unique that Bob and Gabor Aufricht gave their first performance of their long awaited "Concerto in Jazz." John Atherton was the assisting artist for the occasion, and gave a very commendable interpretation of the second (Continued on page 4)
College Meeting

by Mark E. Strock

Professor Allan Nevins, of Columbia University, spoke at the general college meeting, Wednesday evening, and was introduced by Dr. Qualey who pointed out that Mr. Nevins was well qualified to lecture on "The Price of a Better World."

Mr. Nevins opened his speech by giving a picture of England's democracy. He pointed out all England has a unity of effort aimed at working hard to win the war.

Mr. Nevins stated that, "No hammer blow can break England as she is determined to withstand all shocks."

While we are in the area of the struggle we are not yet in its vortex was Mr. Nevins' next point which he followed by saying that there are three important facts involved in the present war.

First of all the character of the war; secondly, the scope of the war; and thirdly its objects.

There can be no compromise, according to Mr. Nevins, and this war must end in the destruction of one power.

Mr. Nevins then defined the term "Ideology" by saying that it is a basis for life in a set of ideas, in any single society.

While other wars of ideology have been compromised in the end this one will have none because it is a basic struggle between the dictatorial type of government and the discussion type of government. The war's issues involve the way men will live and work and this one type or the other must die. Any peace which left both types functioning would merely be a truce.

Mr. Nevins went on to describe the functioning of the two ways of governing. One rules by free discussion and the other by forced expression.

A Fascist state, according to Mr. Nevins, must have crisis or wars in order to function and because of this have forced us on to a battle line. In this country we must deal with the ignorant people who think we should give up, by educating them, but we must use stern methods with those who wish for our downfall.

Mr. Nevins feels that we can win the war by mobilizing our industry and he pointed out that while England has a war effort of 50 or 60 percent of its industry and Germany an effort of 60 percent, we have only 17 percent of our industry used for wartime with a hope for 25 percent next year.

Mr. Nevins believes we must maintain unfurled unity, improve democracy and make plans for a world organization after the war.

All our groups must continue to place national welfare above group or individual welfare and by appealing to the workers' patriotism we may better exploit them into a full war effort.

In this country our political and social democracy is further advanced than in England but England's economic democracy is much more advanced than ours. Mr. Nevins made these statements on the basis of his observations both in this country and in England, where he was Harmsworth professor of American history at Oxford.

Mr. Nevins gave a description of bomb shattered London during his remarks on Burgess and DeQuincy. He said that Burgess felt we must educate the world to prevent war while DeQuincy thought that war was "too much with us."

Mr. Nevins showed next the flaws in civilization. The more prominent one being International anarchy, uncontrolled economic functioning, and over-ariming. If the last war the weak elements in democracy won out over the strong ones and showed that it is impossible to localize a conflict because of the various alliances. To defeat these weaknesses we must plan for a civilization as Wilson, Roat, Smuts and Briand did by setting up some type of league to maintain free trade and do away with anarchy and large armies.

This country, in the opinion of Mr. Nevins, must show its pioneer spirit by leading in this movement for world peace and we must be prepared to make an even greater effort after the war to maintain peace than we made during the war to win.

 MUSIC NOTES

(Continued from page 2)

Movement from Mozart's violin concerto in D major.

Millard Walker presented four groups of three songs each, of the Italian, German, French, and modern schools. In each group they entered into the spirit and atmosphere of the song. That he sang in three foreign languages without score should be considered a high achievement. There was a wide variety of moods in his selections, ranging from the gay Italian and French group, the more serious German school, to the realistic modern song. In this last group, there were two songs which can be considered the best. Dr. Schwartz set to music two poems by Mr. Harris, both of which were beautiful and highly realistic. This variety prevented a monotonous which often results in a concert of this sort.

Needless to say, the singer was in top form. Besides the clear diction and excellent phrasing, one could not help noticing the clear and accurate manner in which the different intervals were executed, and the ease and pure tone of the crescendo passages. Millard Walker deserves much praise for his fine work in this concert.

"Concerto in Swing" exceeded the expectation of everyone. It seems that whether there are violins under their chins, or they are before the piano, Bob and Gab Aufrecht are entirely "at home." This concerto was full of the syncopated patterns, change of time, and abundance in rhythm, which we associate with their work. This concerto stands out as the most original and highly technical work we have yet heard from these two. It seems fit to note here how much, not solely the music department, but the college in general, are going to miss them and their entertaining duets.

Stanley B. Smith

ART

(Continued from page 3)

alley—that an artist must communicate as well as experiment, or he will be like a preacher who worships his religion rather than his God.

Nevertheless the Bennington approach is a recognized one, and one which has some things in its favor. Several of the girls with whom I spoke seemed willing to learn a combination of Bennington intellectual design plus Bard's desire for communication would be a logical thing—for Bard. As for themselves, they were content as things stood, and I could not help being impressed by their faith in their convictions.

BACK VIEW

(Continued from page 1)

organization. Here, I mean. Now take the way we're handling this latest case? (He was obviously referring to the investigation of the activities of "Food, Inc., in dining commons." "Just to give you an idea, here's a transcript of yesterday's session. It was a hot one," he said, grinning laisly, "we had 'doodles' Lamson on the stand." Here, he produced four or five sheets of heavy foolscap, which we pored over eagerly. We found it such an exciting example of the fine work which this organization is doing, that we asked the owner if we might print an excerpt from the document.

"Sure!" he said, succinctly.

Mr. WELLS in the chair.

Mr. KRUGER: Clerk, (pronounced "clark") Call Mr. Lamson.

CLERK: (pronounced "clark") Yoo hoo Mr. Lamson!

Mr. LAMSON: Coming!

(Then relapsing into character) I didn't do it. I didn't do it.

Mr. Lamson took the stand.

Mr. WELLS: Mr. Lamson, you are accused of throwing head-waiters around the dining commons.

Dr. SMITH: Hmph.

Mr. WELLS: What do you have to say to the charge?

Dr. SMITH: Hmph.

At this point, the DEAN asked to be excused, explaining that he had had four or five other meetings also at this time.

Dr. SMITH: Bloooy nuisance.

Mr. LAMSON: I been framed,

Mr. WELLS: Who framed you, Mr. Lamson?

Mr. LAMSON: I don't know but they both look alike.

Dr. SMITH: bloody confusing. Hmph.

Mr. WELLS: Have you anything to say about the charge against you of throwing food in dining commons?

Mr. LAMSON: Gotta do something with it. Can't eat it.

Dr. SMITH: Bloody unhealthy.

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THE BARDAIAN, DECEMBER 5, 1941

A BOOK CRITICISM

AN OPINION

by DONALD WATT, JR.

After many years of wondering I have at last discovered—from reading Van Wyck Brooks’ latest book*—why most good American writers get away from their fatherland as quickly as they can. Brooks calls Walter Pater a modern writer and says that he regards the Victorian age as one of the great ages of literature. He is about fifty years behind the time.

This book is called “The Opinions of Oliver Allston.” I do not understand why. Brooks does not hide the fact that he just dug back into his old notebooks so that he could put another book on the market. If this is an injustice, I can see absolutely no reason for this creation of a double. It seems to be an excuse for the disarrangement of the notes, an excuse for not investigating each question thoroughly. This technique makes for a style which is choppy and awkward to read because the size of our print changes every few lines.

I suppose Brooks did not have the moral strength to overcome the temptation every writer must have of quoting his own words, so he went in for an orgy of it.

The first few chapters of the book are insignificant. In fact, the one excuse for the lack of meticulousness in the whole book is that it sounds like the end of a long career—like the memoirs of a “great character” which Brooks may conceive himself to be. These chapters are entitled “The Literary Life,” “A Writer’s Habits,” “A Writer’s Irritations,” and so on. Brooks, in these chapters, wants to appear the picturesque writer, the well-to-do intellectual. He worships literary fetishes, and by the very fact that he is purely a critic, seems to have chosen that way of life because it was a pleasant one. That may be all right, but if he is going to be critic, he must be a thorough one.

“To be wise, criticism must have principles and be governed by them, and how could it have principles unless it accepted the source of principles. As truth is the only source, there is only one for criticism, to profess the existence of truth and strive to embrace it.” Just how, I ask Mr. Brooks, is truth the source of principles? What is there about truth from which one can draw definite principles for literary criticism? I fail to see—and Brooks does not give examples—what truth has to do with the subject. Truth has taught Mr. Brooks that “the great themes are courage, mercy, love and honor.” If this is all that truth has to teach, excuse me.

He objects to modern criticism on the basis that it concerns itself only with technical problems. I do not know enough modern criticism to be able to refute this, nor would I if I could. When a person writes something it must be assumed that he does so because he has something to say. (Otherwise he should keep quiet.) It is none of the critic’s business, theoretically at least, to concern himself with what the person has written; it is his business to help him say it better. This does not mean that ideas are not the important element (if one can speak of elements) of a poem, but that ideas are the concern of the poet, and if he wants to present those ideas, he has a perfect right to do so. But Brooks cannot admit that it is the style of a great work which makes it last beyond its own age. With scorn he says, “Someone has even suggested that style alone survives, that every ‘burning question’ burns itself out and we come to read the most earnest prophets for their style.”

Obviously there is no such thing as “style alone.” But it is style which determines whether or not a work of art survives. There were several Hamlet’s written, but only Shakespeare’s interests us now because of its particular style. Who in the name of Homer are the “most earnest prophets”? I have never read any book, apart from the Bible, which was written by a most earnest prophet. This strange idea brings one to Brooks conception of a great writer.

“That the great writer is a great man writing, not a mere master of words—was this not the fact that our time had forgotten? Not forgotten, old shop. Who is to determine that one man is great and another is not.” “Great writers are creators (!!!) who create (!) in the teeth of all excuses, and those who must are those who man—had not creators always found a way?” Receipt for creation: Take a hunk of black night air, hold firmly in cupped hands, and place over typewriter keyboard; return in fifteen minutes and turn, in another fifteen minutes the creation will be done to a crisp dirty brown.

I believe Brooks has inaugurated in this opus a brand new conception of literature. He has a new classification—primary literature, which “expresses the feelings of the people in the language of scholars.” (God preserve us from the language of scholars.) It is “the embodiment of those traits which humanity needs for its protection and survival.” It “somewhat follows the biological grain; it favors the life-drive.” There is not much to say. How does “Paradise Lost” or “Hamlet” favor the life-drive? How is this any standard? He seems to have set up a whole group of standards which are quite meaningless for me.

The dullest axe that Brooks has to grind is on the subject of Eliot, Pound and Joyce whom he calls the “coterie” writers. It will be apparent from the above what his attitude toward them must be. They favor the death-drive. They are interested in themselves and not in the good of humanity. “Had not these writers poisoned the minds of their readers?”—and how could a word that was sapped by these negative feelings resist the triumphant advance of the powers of evil? He credits their ideas with some significance; in the same section he says, “In the hands of the coterie-writers, literature became a game, an intellectual pastime for the dilettante,” in other words insignificant. Contradictions like this are numerous in the book. He may feel very strongly about it, but if he cannot go into a detailed and meticulous study of what he is discussing, a reader cannot take him very seriously.

I could go on all day with many more charming quotations. But the above gives an idea of Brooks position, and if I haven’t refuted him on any definite point of what he is discussing, a reader cannot take him very seriously.

Poem

by TONY HECHT

The lungs of the wind ache with a holy song.

Shrill down the mountain
Reels the cold gas,
Cutting and covering the fields,
And singing, singing, singing,

Furrows the snow
And splits the black rock,
Cracks the wet sticks and corners of its path,
Swirls and sings.

It is a song
Not to be trusted in the mouths of men.
Not to be divided
By their lips and tongues.

This is no stained-glass counterpart,
No briddled emotion.
It is a song
Not for an angel choir,
No pink-cheeked voice has room for this.

This is the song
Of a bright passion,
Metal truth in a white sun.

Loud from the wind’s rocky throat,
Wild and pure,
It spins to the chasm depth,
And hurls hard to the cliff.

This is the song,
Born in the prism of ice,
Conceived in the crystal,
Pitched in a high, clear scale,
Which freezes
And shatters the points of pins.

LOOKING AROUND

(Continued from page 1)

had thrown a group of diversified people together and together they tried to find a soul. But something interfered and the summer ended with the group still uncoordinated.

The Viennese left in station wagons—full for Barrytown where the train would pick them up and tumble them into New York to continue the search. What has become of them I haven’t the faintest idea.
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time send part of her Air Force, with American Pilots, over to Europe to help Great Britain.” The answers ran as follows:

No—do not send air force. 80.2% Yes—send it. 19.8%

2 per cent were undecided and are not included here.

At the same time 79% answered “NO” to the question “Should the United States declare war on Germany now?”

Starting in the next issue of THE BARDIAN, there will be one or two reports of this kind each time. However, both the National figures, and those compiled on the Bard Campus—and sent in by us—will be compared and evaluated.

Sports

Exert your memory. Think back about a month, and try to remember the touch football league that finished then. Here are a few statistics on it in case any of you are interested in ancient history.

The league’s mythical championship was won by Stone Row, which managed to slide in ahead of South Hall only by the latter’s winning spirit. “Latter’s” is correct. With one game left for Stone Row to play, it was in first place. All it had to do was to tie or win that game in order to stay there; but before the game was played South Hall issued a challenge for a championship game, which was accepted. Stone Row lost its last regularly scheduled game to the combination of Pestin for Salisbury, but they won the championship game 6 to 0. The final standings were:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>L</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>Av.</th>
<th>Pts.</th>
<th>O.P.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Stone Row</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>.667</td>
<td>700</td>
<td>97.52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Hall</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>.667</td>
<td>636</td>
<td>74.63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seymour - Hoggson</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>.333</td>
<td>333</td>
<td>63.69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albright</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>.333</td>
<td>333</td>
<td>72.102</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Without a doubt, the league was the best balanced in the two-and-one-half-year history of intramurals at Bard. There were no players that really stood out, although each team had its individual stars. The five high scorers were: Pond, 31; Hal Chamberlin, 25; Horvitz, 25; Pestin, 20; and Sagalyn 19.

Sixty-two students, or about 47 per cent of the enrollment, participated in the league.

The Faculty have practically clinched the volleyball league, which started Tuesday, November 25. The result of practice is only too evident in the way in which they have taken over the various student teams at will. The schedule provides for each team to meet the others only once, and after that the Faculty will probably issue a challenge to an all-student team. With three games left to be played the standings are:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>Av.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Faculty</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Non-Socs</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>.667</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eulexian</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>.500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kaps</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>.333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slugs</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>.090</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The bowling league starts Monday, much

(Continued on page 8)
The Nest
A SHORT STORY
by GIL MADDUX

Author's note: If you read this story, read it first disregarding the sections in italics. Then if you wish a different story substitute the italicized parts for those parts contained in the brackets.

"Martha."
"Yes mum."
"Will you come over here? I want to talk to you."

"I've employed you here for a number of reasons; for one, you had very good recommendations—also you seemed to be a very quiet and respectable young lady. Oh, I'm much pleased to sit down—it's quite alright. Now there are a few things that you should know about Mr. Drew and myself. As you know Mr. Drew is not a very well man and he must never be left alone. There happen to be some children in the neighborhood who at times come over here. You must make certain that they make no noise. Don't be harsh on them, for they, of course, mean no harm, but do see that they are quiet. If they want some apples or pears or flowers, or anything of that sort, why give it to them and then tell them to run away and play somewhere else."

"Yes mum, I know."
"Wait please, just a moment Martha; you can do the dusting later. "You don't mind me talking to you—do you?"

"Why no mum, of course not."
"At times it can get very lonely in this bighouse, especially during the winter when the orchard and the garden are covered with snow. That reminds me, I must teach you how to cut flowers—but of course that can wait till Spring."

"Yes mum, I've been told how you like your garden very much."

"You see, Martha you're the only one, save for Mr. Drew, who I can talk to. I really don't know what I should do if he were to pass away."

"I understand mum."

"Yes, I believe you do. You seem quite a bit more understanding than the other servants—you're more intelligent, that's why . . . I think I shall tell you a story. I haven't told the other girls. I don't believe they would have known how much it means to me, and to Mr. Drew. But perhaps you would rather not hear it, it's not a very pleasant story."

"Oh yes mum, if you wish to tell it to me I should very much like to hear it."

"Martha . . . you don't know how much I . . . well . . . I mustn't become that way."

"Mr. Drew and I have traveled extensively throughout the world—as you can tell from the many foreign pieces in the house. You see we don't care so much to get to know people and get tied up with friends and all that goes with it—the parties, the continual, and rather useless, effort, and all the hub-bub. We were perfectly content to see people, as one does when traveling, and not really get acquainted with them. Soon after we were married we sailed for Europe. There was nothing to keep us home. Our parents were long since dead; Mr. Drew's and my estates were well taken care of in trust; and we both detested children and had decided not to have any—that was always charming, but it left time for all sorts of other places. Of course we decided to leave on our own immediately. The next day we were to start for the Orient. That night when we were saying good-bye to the Engletons their little daughter came up and kissed me. Mr. Drew, I could see, disapproved of the child's gesture: I thought it quite darling—I suppose at the time I was feeling a bit sentimental. It was funny but tears came to my eyes."

The Orient was the place of real charm, of strangeness and adventure—some of it in this house in the form of ornaments—that old inlaid vase, the figure of Brahma—the thing with the four arms and the four heads, and the statuette of Krishna—that little green figure on the mantel behind you. Be careful when you dust around it. It's carved jade and a priceless ornament—priceless, but only an ornament."

"I'm sorry mum but I didn't hear what you just said."

"What? Oh, that's alright Martha, I was just talking to myself . . . Oh, my head, oh . . . ."

"Is there anything else to talk about?"

"No Martha . . . It's quite all right now thank you."

"Well it was about to tell you—oh yes, Mr. Drew and I were staying at a British resort near Calcutta. That's in India, Martha—where most of the weird things in this house came from. It was only a few years ago that we were there. It is one of those places that has a very short season. You have to get there just after the rains stop and before the hot spells start. At that time the winds from the hills blow down to the sea and make the little resort very pleasant. On the third or fourth day there, Mr. Drew and I took the first trip of the season, with a party of five, to see an old gopura—it's the entrance or gateway to the courtyard of a temple. They are massive, pyramid shaped things made of stone and covered with hundreds of carved figures. I'm afraid my description is not exactly clear. Well, it wasn't very interesting anyway. However, it must have taken over a century to build. On that temple men slaved physically and mentally; they put years of labor and ingenuity into solid stone and yet when we saw it, the jungle with its perpetual, successive growth has completely covered it over. Out of tiny cracks in the stone, little green shoots were gradually rending the rock apart. There was not a great deal of it left. Mr. Drew and I decided to return to the hotel by way of the sea shore. You see then we wouldn't have to gab with the other people, and then also out on the beach we would be cooler and less hemmed in than in the jungle and it wouldn't be so horribly tepid. The guide (Continued on page 5)
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STORY

(Continued from page 7)

she taunted. "A highball please."

"If I'd known you wanted a drink I
would have gotten it for you," he said,
after ordering, "you didn't have to come
in here."

"I always get my own drinks; it's a point
of honor and the best way I know to keep
from getting tight."

He wanted to ask her where the others
were, but the question seemed pointed
and worried, and he said nothing. A waiter
squeezed in to get an order and Flora was
pushed against him so that her long hair
brushed his coat and her perfume was
definite and unmixed with the others about
them. Outside the first rocket of the
evening flared up high into the sky. Flora
turned to watch it fade and fall and then
she said, "Come on, Jim, let's get out of
here. I've an idea. Don't say anything; I'll
do the talking."

They walked out of the bar and down
the porch steps to where the others were
sitting. Flora leaned over and said to
Jim's mother, "We're going down the fair-
way to watch the men set the rockets off.
We'll be back quite soon." And she and
Jim walked away before there was even
time for an answer.

When they had reached the first fairway
Jim asked, "Why did you do that?"

Flora looked up at him and smiled, "Be-
cause I knew you wouldn't. And also,"
she went on rather hurriedly, "because I
like to go back stage. I get terribly tired
just being part of an audience."

The carefully tended ground was springy
and even beneath their feet, and the bunk-
ers were like heaps of thick, rumpled velvet,
dropped negligently on the grass. As a
rocket shell exploded into a fine shower
of sparks she took his hand, "Look, it's like
spray when you shine a light on it," but
when she turned he was not looking up.
She took a step toward him still holding
his hand, and suddenly, as she threw back
her head, he leaned forward and kissed her,
his lips soft and barely touching and her
mouth was wet. Her hand crept to the
back of his neck in a practised angle, and
then another rocket tore away the night
and he moved back a little to see her face.
It was hard and proudly satisfied. He
dropped his arms from her, still watching
her face and then suddenly he turned and
walked up toward the clubhouse with the
names of what he had done in his ears,
and his brain slowly filling with the near
presence of the great callous searching
crowd toward which he was walking, and
from which he could not turn away.

SPORTS

(Continued from page 6)

to the glee of the Aufrecht twins, who will
be able to win a few matches for the Kaps
before they exchange bowling balls for
cannon balls.

Due to the construction work in the gym-
nasium, the bowling has been held up a little
later than usual this year, but the regular
30 matches will still be held, with the
season being extended slightly. Mr. Par-
sons is even planning a handicap tour-
ament after the league has ended. Inciden-
tially, there will be some noticeable changes
this year. The matches will be held in the
afternoon instead of the evening, and the
Help, which formerly had a monopoly on
the league honors, will have no team this
year. Instead, there will be two Non-Soc
teams, the Bards and the Socs, because of
the large number of non-fraternity men
who have signed their intentions of taking
part.

THE NEST

(Continued from page 7)

let his son show us the way back. He was
the most uncouth, most dirty—he smelt to
high heaven—child that you could possibly
imagine and to add to it all he had a big
rip in the seat of his trousers. Mr. Drew
became quite annoyed at the boy for he
insisted on bringing us out of our way to
see an old fakir. Indra is full of them—
they're something like monks, Martha, but
they're absolutely useless things and yet
highly respected. The one we were being
led to see against our will was supposed to
be a bird lover, of all things. When at
last we came upon him sheltered from the
winds behind a sand-dune we thought he
didn't hear us, for he didn't move. There
he was crouched on the ground with both
hands together raised above his head. Even
as we approached quite near he remained
absolutely still. When we got up to him
we found he was dead. [In his hands that
were clasped like a cup was a nest with
three screaming baby birds. Overhead was
some sort of sea-bird screeching at us in its
wild temper. I turned and looked at Mr.
Drew—I suppose in an inquisitive way, for
he answered my very thought. He said
"Why Katheline, can't you see this man has
had a bird build its nest in his hands and
rather than risk having the baby birds die
he has allowed himself to starve to death.
He evidently thought their life very im-
portant." I replied quietly, 'Yes, I can see.'
He glanced up at the angry bird above. He
knew what I meant. Soon afterward we
sailed for the United States. We haven't
done any traveling since and Mr. Drew's
health hasn't improved any.

"Well that's really all there is Martha.
Perhaps they need you in the kitchen now."

"Yes, m'om."

.... In his hands that were clasped like a
(Continued on page 9)
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"By the way," we said, "tell us a little about the history of this fine old house." "Are you kidding?" said Greeley, beaming broadly.

"Well, keep up the good work," we cried, as we ran to our car. As we drove off, we saw him there, standing framed in the pressed oak doorway, his head thrown back, and the light of the kerosene lamp over the door shining full in his face. We aren't sure, but we thought we heard him murmuring gently to himself:
"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Community Council,
I love you!"

Now, about that werewolf, Wells...

EDITORIAL
(Continued from page 1)

had we died off young. What was the result? For one thing, we went to college. More people than ever before, became students. Why? More than one reason of course, but I wish to deal with but one and a very important one. You'll find it on any application blank—it's just not the thing one puts down if one wants to get into college and that is: what else is there to do? Or, what can we do? It was a perfectly natural action. When one is wary of the future, one is cautious, one procrastinates; so, go to college if you are a little timid of going into the "world."

I might mention here that very little of this applies to the student of science. We assume he knows what he wants and what he is doing and why he is in college. But we can't all be scientists or technicians. But still, the product of individualism once he is in college remains an individualist. It is in the creative courses, the arts, that the individualists thrive. Proof of this is seen in the adaption and the popularity of such subjects as art, sculpture, and drama in our colleges today. I do not imply that there is anything wrong with being an individualist and an artist. I do not even see anything wrong with going to college because one doesn't know what else to do. After all if one is able to get into college there is no reason why more education should do one any harm, it should do one good. But, where I do find fault, and it is clear to see in Bard, is in the student who is lost without himself. The student who hardly knows that there is a war going on (nowadays one should always mention the war); the student who doesn't realize that there are thousands and thousands of other students chipping at a piece of granite, painting on canvas, writing words and notes, and so on; the student who is positive he is going to make an excellent living off his creative work. This is where individualism become worthless and even malicious to the one who suffers it. It no longer has the old quality of individualism of seeing the world and its peoples and making them bow down to your needs. One cannot do that any more, but that is no reason to become blind to what is going on. Work in a creative field, that is perfectly all right, but know what your work is, know what the end of your work is—even if you can't achieve it—and, know what value your work has, that is, in regards to other people! Then go chip on your rock.
for Tom, Dick & Harry

It’s Chesterfield

... it’s his cigarette and mine

This year they’re saying
Merry Christmas with Chesterfields.

For your friends in the Service
And for the folks at home
What better Christmas present
Than these beautiful gift cartons
Of 10 packs, 3 packs, or 4 tins of 50.

Nothing else you can buy
Will give more pleasure for the money.

Buy Chesterfields
For your family and friends
Beautifully packed for Christmas.

Milder Better-Tasting
... that’s why
They Satisfy