BARDIAN
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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 Henning Wahn, 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 stern way. All around us were people shouting like hell about "freedom" and "democracy," and we heard a selection of corny songs swell the patriotic boom, and several catch phrases to stick in the notion mind. All this, plus a bit of lovely indignation at intruders doing, 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 I would like to be well discouraged, for it tends to destroy the ideas within which it claims to protect. It fosters prejudice and hatred, it uses whatever devices 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 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 revaluation 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 virulences 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 this is a sin of weakness. He'll tell you that you have all the war-marks of a foe, a coward, and then he will walk out of the room in an aura of self-righteousness.

If the marks 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 be drawn, nor is it intimated here that we should necessarily ac-

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said Hecht, raising his left leg.

"I feel differently," said Maddux, tearing his hair down over one eye. "I imagine myself a sort of literary Napoleon on the Elpis 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. Emphasize, 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 BARDAI11?" 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 BARDAI11. 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 sell 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.

"Yes, 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 slat and hail,
Nothing stops the U. S. Mail!
Another BARDAI1 and soda, please.

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Poem

Straight across the valley, climbed but once,
And then a hand-slide, and never climbed again,
A great bald cliff in silent mockery stood
Waiting the onset of two ignomyn 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, flattered 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 ah,
"My God! man, tell what happened then."

He turned, and sneered and spoke, "You fools You untired heroes, go out and speak with death.
And learn that a coward's soul is cheap, too cheap for Death."

You fools."

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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

THE BARDIAN!

R. KAHANA

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 per-

dormances, sets, and the like and must dis-
cuss each in its own sphere. However,
this is the reviewer's problem and this col-

umn will do its best.

The first play "Miller Field," attempted to


capture the feeling of mid-western, rural
existence. The particular theme was the
attitude of the group of mid-western farm-
ers toward death in particular and in gen-
eral. This feeling had to be transposed by
the actors through sparse lines and a great
deal of important pantomime action which
was exceedingly planted by the director, Paul
Morrison. The lack of success of this pro-
duction I think was due to the fact that the
actors did not fully understand their par-
ticular function in the group action, except
perhaps for Dick Richardson who at mo-
moments seemed to capture the real feeling
of this beautifully tragic play. The setting
by Richard Marvin was good, particularly

as it represented the realization of theoreti-
cal work done in courses at college.

"The Man In The Bowler Hat" is a fool-

proof one act comedy, and was the most suc-

cessful of the three plays presented. How-

ever, it must be stated that a lot was added
by the excellent business inserted in the di-
rection, by the acting of the feminine quali-
ties, and the neat vaudeville characteriza-
tions of Tony Hecht and Al Sapinsley. Dick
Marvin was a very pretty hero, and Bob Sa-
galyn 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

are successful with as good a theatre audi-
ence as we get here at Bard, but the

selection of such plays should be more care-

fully 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 de-
partment, but leave them there.

Vignette

By Gil Maddux

A soldier and a girl are clinging a hill. The
cartoad they walk on is shady, but the sun
breaks through in splolches and it is hot. He
carries his light-blue coat and cap on his
arm. A piece of straw sticks out the girl's
mouth. She's blond and she is sweating a
little—because she's a bit plump. The path

signs 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,
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EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 2)

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 whatsoever 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 blackout, 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 biologist 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 turbulent 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 intellectuals who would not stand for it, and they do not at present count politically.

For the intellectuals 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 intellectuals 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-rather above the peers of the I-told-you-so’s.

How can the intellectuals 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 plutocracy in which we live? They have split over three questions; Russia, Fascism, and Mr. Chamberlain, and before they can again become a progressive force these difficulties must be resolved.

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, 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 barbaric 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 dehydrated 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 Poincaré, 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 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 there that he was arrested as a spy, watched by detectives, suspected by the countryside. The Rainbow affair and, afterwards, the confiscation of his books, from the top, from the narrow and anaemic civil servants who were his national enemy. The Zennor spy scores were from the bottom, from the class to which he belonged and the country people wrote about. Up till then he had been one of the liberal acceptors, afterwards he became one of the didactic critics of life, and as his illness grew worse his irritation increased; he often seems animsted, like Wyndham Lewis, by envy alone, to be as argumentative with his admirers as with his foes. To rebel against England, as have done so many of her artists, requires philosophical 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 Bourgeoisies; 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 thought peculiarly in the French and English middle class family. To make war on the Bourgeoisie, to rearrest 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-gowned intelligentsia of civil servants, dota, 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 cultivating in his most complete book, Lady Chatterley, and direct acts in the Bourgeois press on the attitude to 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, no longer wishing to look over the traces, but when he met the really independent woman, in Mabel Dodge, he was shocked by her power. What he subconsciously was that every wife should

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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 perusing 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 flitting 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. Panics is a really revolutionary book, a contribution to anarchist literature, written from that central watershed of anarchy from which either Fascism or Communism, or Christinity 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 land of moral difficulty.

Let life face him with a new demand on his undying time.

And then watch him go soggy, like a wet meering.

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 pitiful life 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 individual virtues of 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.

(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 relax back to war. The propagandas which win the war must guarantee to the natural man his dignity, his right to a full life and a decent 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 large, and any attempt to administrate Europe, but at the expense of economic man, whose standard of living is being intelligently increased as yet to guarantee anything but the Gestapo to the natural man. We must therefore export houses in general doses if we are to bring Europe round to our side, and the time element is all-important. If Hitler gets new Europe properly, with barter replacing gold (and barter decentralizing as gold is the opposite) and with all the racial, 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 like all the other 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 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 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 despotie 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 every man can share in the responsibility of government, is breaking down. To win the war England must be completely shapeless, it must bring Democracy up to date, eliminate inefficiency at the top and sapathy at the bottom, and expose the primitive fallacies behind Fascism which its fanaticism and organization disguise. We must prove that in human issues, concerning 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 clown is, the power will follow.

(From Horizon—November, 1940)

Collapse of Contributors. Lord Beaverbrook said there was no place for culture in wartime. There is certainly no place for it in the war. 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 be 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 he is delighted, and that is the last we hear of him. At this moment, a dozen privates have been for man four months at work '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 Censor Rees for frivolously condemning the war 'as the enemy of creative writing,' and for not realising the enormous obligation under which we are to the soldiers. 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 looted and windowed raggedness of our offices, to provide him and his staff with something to read in their quarters in the West Country. Those who work in the various ministries are also to be congratulated. Horizon is faced with maintaining a standard with help only from the under-twentys, 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 are written, and to ask them is like dropping pebbles down a well. This is regrettable. For Horizon has suspended judgment on the Europeans, holding that the wisdom of their departure can
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only be judged eventually by comparing their work in America with their poten-
tialities, and with the work which is being
done here. It is the personal opinion of this
editor, however, that California makes peo-
ple mad; that, justified through the ex-
patriates may have been in leaving Cham-
berlain's England, they have missed their cre-
ative opportunity by not coming back. Some
of them feel the battle of London 'unfair.' 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 long
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 litera-

curiosity, which is a luxury emotion, depen-
dent 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 barest bailiff bill.
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
supporting the war, is continually attack-
ed for so doing by those little magazines
which depend for their contributions on the
lively pacifist or revolutionary minority
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 Nicholas Mosley. He contributor
to this paper, writing in 

"The writer's position in war-time is as un-

avoidable as it can be, but for all that he
should accept it. This most writers, it seems,
fail to do. They talk complacently to them-

selves about the conflict between art and
duty, fascism and civilization, and find no
solution or, like Cyril Connolly, turn the
most futile cartwheels; supporting the war
so he apologizes, 'while the conduct of the
half-heartedly under Chamberlain, because,
war was in the hands of those whose un-
imaginable 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 Govern-
ment. The conflict is not merely a matter of
Governments.

The writer, like everyone else, should con-
cern 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 Con-
nolly, and those who precede 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
attack on the Liberal intellectuals, in-
cluding the Editor of Horizon, by the com-
munist Howard Evans. Later there were
articles by R. H. S. Crossman, J. B. Priestley
and F. McEchron.

At that time 'author aims' were under discus-
sion. 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 think-
ing we felt that it was best to give space
to all points of view. A very important ques-
tion 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 impor-
tant 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 for-
ward that they have won 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 Gov-
ernment should be pressed to publish its war
and peace aims.

These are problems which we can discuss
effectively in Horizon. These are close to us
and immediate and urgent. They are con-
cerned 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 plan-
ning better cities where the old ones have
been bombed, of replacing bankrupt institu-
tions by better ones, of defending our old,
and insisting on new and wider social
liberties.

The time has gone by when we can ap-
proach these problems in a spirit of specula-
tion. We have, therefore, planned a series of
articles by churchmen, politicians, scien-
tists, technicians, educationists, thinkers and

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of Friends"
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 comprehensible 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 Cliffmers, might find they could spare the time. They should not be given a programme of charabanc 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 medieval architecture of Bath, Clifton, and Cheltenham, as well as to Plymouth and Bristol; to the haunts of Tennison, 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, Manfred, 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 are going to choose them? We have in this country a great English writer who is also an American, T. S. Eliot, who should certainly be chosen. 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 dawn of Federation.

This much Horizon can suggest to Decision, but we can only suggest and hope that others will take us up and act.
Merry Christmas everybody...this is your old friend Fred Maring

This time I'm coming to you
With a timely shopping tip...
Drop in at your tobacco store
Take a look at the handsome way
Your Christmas Chesterfields are packed.
You never saw the like
Of these swell gifts...
Big ten package cartons
Cartons holding four tins of 50
And brand new this year
Special greeting cartons
 Holding just three packs.
This year It's Chesterfield
For more pleasure than
Anything else you can buy
For the money.

Milder
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...that's why It's Chesterfield