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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 Heringhingway, 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 manner. All around us we found people shouting lies about "freedom" and "democracy," and we heard a selection of choruses swell the patriotic oboos, and several catch phrases to stick in the national mind. All this, plus a bit of lofty indignation intimated to be deriving, 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 we would be well to discourage, for it tends to destroy the ideas which it claims to protect. It fosters prejudice and hatred, it uses whatever degrees 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 the same 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 vertebras 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 for time or for doubt, and that hesitation is a sign of weakness. He'll tell you that you have all the earmarks of a great columnist, and then he will wallop out of the room in an aura of self-righteousness.

In case the marks of this citizen trouble you at all, we would like to point out that this responsibility has been successfully undertaken in an atmosphere of democracy at war. We have taken the liberty of printing in this issue some excerpts from the English magazine "Hori.

That is to say, we're not as conservative as we are considering the problems that we ourselves now face. We regret that we're not as 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 intended here that we should necessarily ac-

(Continued on page 4)

Back View

by WAYNE HOBITZ and ALVIN SAPPINSLEY

"SCYLLA AND CHARIBIDS"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hello," we said.

"An't that a little too strong?" Maddux replied. We waved the point.

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

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

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

"I'll give you a really repulsive one," he grinned, turning a fourth shade of yellow.

"Here's one I've written about the present crisis in American culture. I've worked on this over since somebody told me there was a present crisis in American culture. Here and there. I mean. I ought to do this right," he said, climbing on top of Maddux and reeling in a clear, resonant voice, reminiscent of Pulitzer on his death bed:

"The best laid plans
Of Mouse and Man
(Here four words censored)

Maddux hit him.

"The dream of my life is to be like Auden," (Continued on page 2)
BACK VIEW
(Continued from page 1)

said Hecht, raising his left leg.

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

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

"Quit your kidding, Tony," he said.

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

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

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

"Shall we tell them?" said Hecht.

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

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

"Yup, 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 sleet,
Through light and hail,
Nothing stops the U. S. Mail!
Another BARDIAN and soda, please.

CONTRIBUTE TO THE
Bardian
ESSAYS, POEMS
SHORT STORIES
CRITICISMS
REVIEWS
We would appreciate material from the faculty as well...
THE EDITORS
"Mention The BARDIAN
It Distinguishes You!"

Poem

Straight across the valley, climbed but once,
And then a hand-slip, and never climbed again,
A great bald cliff in silent mockery stood
Waiting the onset of two ignorant 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 the steeper wall,
Little knowing until I stopped for breath,
If one should stop, one must fall.

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

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

So near was death, She veiled my very eyes,
And unconsciousness trampled those fearful thoughts
That, in one brief second, sped helpless in the mind,
Of life, life nearly done, life yet unwrought.

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

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

Library

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

The present gift is Charles Dickens’ fa-
mous "Nicholas Nickleby" in the first edi-
tion, 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 Dick-
ens, New Year's Day 1842."
THE BARDIAN, DECEMBER 19, 1941

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 performances, sets, and the like and must discuss each in its own sphere. However, this is the reviewer's problem and this column will do its best.

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

The melodramatic Hand of Silas which was the second offering of the evening was well enough played for an amateur production, but unfortunately this type of melodrama requires expert acting to put across. It must be well paced, the suspense must be built very carefully, and altogether this play requires professional ability. The setting by Richard Marvin was good, particularly as it represented the realization of theoretical work done in courses at college.

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

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

Vignette

By Gil Madoux

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

Christmas 1941

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

C stands for the feast of Christmas
When God seeks out His own.
And walks this earth among us,
Unseen but not unknown.
THE BARDIAN, DECEMBER 19, 1941

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 1)

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

(From Horizon—May, '39)

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

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

How can the intelligentsia be reunited? 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, Pacifism, 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 fanaticism could use the pause to clarify their beliefs, the sceptics to lick their wounds and learn from their mistakes.

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

Europe is a top-heavy continent, all the brains and all the riches are in the West, which is civilized, while the East is barbarous and undeveloped. It is ridiculous that the West should be held back by the East, and it is doubtful, for example, if many of the Balkans, at the rate at which modern technical progress invalidates historical and even geographical title deeds, can preserve their independence. Eastern Europe is backward, and needs a tutor. That tutor should be Berlin or Vienna, if they were tutors whom either pupil or employer could trust. The other war-breeding pocket is Prussia, and until trade and culture can render Prussian militarism less attractive, war and invasion will continue to brew. The suggestion of allowing a 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 Poincare, Baldwin and Flandin, Eden and Laval, Chamberlain and Blum—the list of grotesquely ill-assorted couples is interminable. If England and France are to preserve
the peace of Europe they must be represented by the same kind of government, and if they are to take the lead in democracies they must remodel the parliamentary system, where the hysteresis 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 papers, from the top, from the narrow and anemic 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 accepters, afterwards he became one of the didactic critics of life, and as his illness grew worse his irritation increased; he often seems animadverted, like Wyndham Lewis, by envy alone, to be as angry with his admirers as with his foes. To rebel against England, as have done so many of her artists, requires 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, Balzac, Whitman onwards, have attacked the emotional values of the Bourgeois; they have not set out to destroy capitalism by intellectual and economic arguments, but to attack the forces of brutality, cruelty, hypocrisy and greed which牢固 the human heart and thought peculiarly in the French and English middle class family. To make war on the Bourgeois, to reassert the supremacy of the heart over the pocket, one must be a bourgeoise 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 wissy-washy English public and their prim-gilded intelligentsia of civil servants, docs, and Georgians, even drove him sometimes into a dark mystical crypto-Fascist belly-worship, which is understandable, for Fascism was, in its beginning, also an emotional rebellion. Yet his work lives on in those of his disciples, like Auden and Henry Miller, who admit their great debt to him. His was not the planned attack of Marxists and Socialists on the Victorian status quo, but a series of limited but expert acts of sabotage culminating in his most complete book, Lady Chatterley, and direct attacks in the Bourgeois press against 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 did not even see everywhere to look over the traces, but when he met the really independent woman, in Mabel Dodge, he was shocked by her power. What was he not subconsciously that every wife should leave her husband and come to him—the husband also?

It is interesting to wonder what Lawrence would be doing to-day. Would he be in the Ministry of Information or the Home Guard? No, he would still be at Zennor, still be persecuted for his beard and his painting and his ex-German wife, unless he had managed to get away to California. One can even imagine him flirting with the Nazis, or getting a dark African shackle 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. Panizes is a really revolutionary book, a contribution to anarchist literature, written from that central watershed of anarchy from which either Fascism or Communism, or Christianity seem to rise.

Oh, but wait!
Let him meet a new emotion, let him be faced with another man’s need.
Let him come home to a bit of moral difficulty.
Let life face him with a new demand on his undying passion.
And then watch him go soggy, like a wet merine.
Watch him turn into a mess, either a fool or a bully.
Just watch the display of him, confronted with a new assertive intelligence.
A new life demand.
How beastly the bourgeois is, especially the male of the species.
Standing in their thousands, these appearances in damp England.
What a pity they can’t all be kicked over like sickening toadstools, and left to melt back swiftly into the soil of England.

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

(From Horizon—November, 1940)

Economically and scientifically, the world is a single unit; the winner of this war, either Anglo-Saxon or the Axis, will have to administer it as a unit, otherwise there will have been no progress to justify the slaughter, and with a universal sense of disappointment the nations will relapse back to war. The propaganda which wins the war must guarantee to the natural man his dignity, his right to a full life, 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). Man must be endeavoring to administer Europe, but at the expense of economic man, whose standard of living is being lowered all the time, and in the near future the Gesta to the natural man. We must therefore export large doses of vitamin C, the things are to bring Europe round to our side, and the time element is all-important. If Hitler gains the new Europe, we may have, with barter replacing gold (and barter decentralizing as gold is the opposite) and with all the natural and 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 really all the exceeding and disloyal, the Berbers of the North. In Hitler’s favour is the fact that he has the will and ambition to govern Europe, and that Rome, Berlin and Munich are the natural places to do it from. But as long as the blockade is effective he is compelled to loot, and while he has to loot conquered countries, his propaganda must fail. A year ago the war seemed a struggle between the nineteenth century and the twentieth, France and Poland and Chamberlain’s England were not contemporary countries, and so seemed bound to lose. Democracy is a nineteenth-century organization of human beings, incorporating the principles of 1789 with the discoveries of the industrial revolution, Fascism is a highly modern adaptation of the seventeenth-century despotic state. Democracy as we know it is in many ways decadent, its forms are antiquated, its leaders are cut off from it, and its system of representation, admirably suited to small communities where each can share in the responsibility of government, is breaking down. To win the war England must be completely in the twentieth century, it must bring Democracy up to date, eliminate inefficiency at the top and apathy at the bottom, and expose the primitive fallacies behind Fascism which its fanatism and organization disguise. We must prove that growing in the heart of 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 scowl is, the power will follow.

(From Horizon—December, 1940)

Collapse of Contributors. Lord Beaverbrook said there was no place for culture in wartime. There is certainly no place for it in the warrior. One of our greatest difficulties is that almost all our potential writers between the ages of twenty and thirty-five are lost to us. Put them into battle dress and the rest is silence. They are too busy, too tired, too listless, or too much the victims of their youth, too rude health, to write. 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 men ‘a dozen months at war, 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 Coronary Rees for frivolously condemning the war as ‘the enemy of creative writing’, and for not realizing the enormous obligation under which we fall to the professional writer. Yet, unless the dashing captain has now left these shores, it is he who is under the obligation to us for carrying on through the craters, and amid the looped and windowed raggedness of our offices, to provide him and his star contributors with something to read in their quarters in the West Country. Those who work in the various industries are also too close to events and consequently faced with maintaining a standard with help only from the under-twentieths, the pacifists, and a few professional journalists who have been suspended on the occupied territory which permits of literary activity. From America no travellers return, American letters are written, and to ask them is like dropping pebbles down a well. This is regrettable for the Horizon has suspended judgment on the emigrants, holding that the wisdom of their departure can
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 Nicolaus Mosh, a contributor to this paper, writing in *New*.

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

etchable as can be, but for all that he

should accept it. This most writers, it seems,

fall to do. They talk complicatedly to them-

selves about the conflict between art and

style, fascism and civilization, and find no

solution or, like Cyril Connolly, turn the

most riveting cartwheels; supporting the war

as 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 secede from it, have,

in fact, given up culture for lost."

We exist to provide good writing, and we

must not forget it. But we barely exist, and

those who wish us well can help us by getting

us more readers and more subscribers. 'We

must love one another or die' is Auden's

biological imperative, to which we must add 'we

must read one another or vanish.'

Merry Christmas.

(From *Horizon*, February, 1941)

A year ago *Horizon* published a number of

articles by writers who held different views

about the war. In March there was R. F.

Harrod on 'Peace Aims and Economics', and

an attack on the Liberal intellectuals, 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. McEachran.

At that time 'author aims' were under discuss-

ion. 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 important

lessons for the artist seemed to be to act only

where he can be most effective. For us this

seemed to be the encouragement of creative

art and the expression of free opinion.

Things have now altered. It is regrettable

that the Government has put forward no

peace aims. At the same time the absurdity

of well-intentioned amateurs putting for-

ward their plans is understandable, a war

which we adopt (or suffer) as it is, can be

comforted by the hope that the British

men and the German are human beings

and that the Government 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, educationalists, thinkers and

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

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

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

(From *Horizon*—June, 1941)

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

"It seems absurd and paradoxical that, at a moment when the slogan of Union now is so strongly in the air and in the headlines, the literary and progressive youth of the two great Anglo-Saxon democracies should know less about each other than ever before. If the British Ministry of Information would only recognize the importance of such organs as the *New Statesman* and *Horizon* for both morale at home and public opinion in this country, no doubt something could be done to increase the circulation of these magazines, or at least to protect them from imminent collapse. Why doesn't Mr. Duff Cooper appoint an editor of *Horizon*, or some other representative, to organize a branch of that publication and periodicals of a similar kind in this country?"

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

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
Better-Tasting
...that's why It's Chesterfield

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