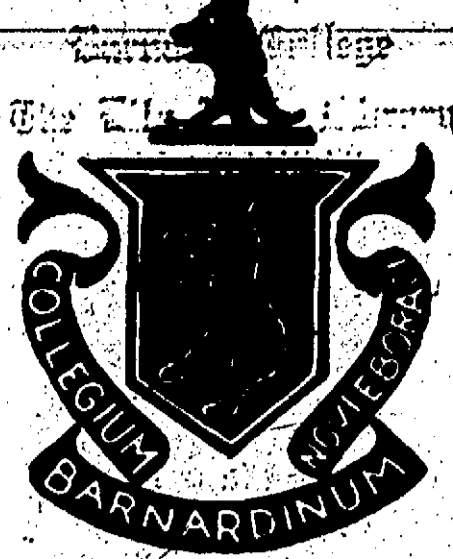


Barnard



Bulletin

VOL. XXXVI No. 36

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1932

PRICE TEN CENTS

CENTENNIAL TO HEAR MESSAGE FROM BUTLER

Barnard Goethe Celebration Takes Place Tuesday at 12:30 In McMillin Theatre

RESERVE BARNARD SECTION

Students Requested To Be Seated As Soon After Twelve As Possible.

Further information about the Barnard Goethe Centennial Celebration, which will take place Tuesday, March 22nd, at 12:30 in McMillin Theatre, and will be featured by the presence of Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, noted Metropolitan singer, has been received from Professor Wilhelm Alfred Braun, in a special interview with *Bulletin*, Thursday morning. Professor Braun announced that a message from President Butler, who is at present stopping in Augusta, Georgia, will be read at the celebration.

Butler Writes to Braun

President Butler's letter to Professor Braun reads in part as follows:

"I am delighted indeed to get the news of the proposed Barnard Goethe commemoration. It is a fine idea.

"I am enclosing a few brief paragraphs which will perhaps serve at your hands as a message which I should be glad to give in person were I at home."

Professor Braun asked that Barnard students go directly from their classes at twelve to McMillin Theatre, as the entire hour from one to two will be free for lunch. A small block of seats have been reserved for faculty members and the remainder of the seats downstairs are intended for Barnard students as they require them. College is asked to sit whenever possible in the orchestra.

This celebration was characterized by Dr. Braun as a Barnard affair, intended for members of Barnard College and Columbia University. No invitations

(Continued on page 3)

Quarterly Quadrille Scheduled Tomorrow

Decorations Will Be In Green And White In Honor Of St. Patrick's Day

Quarterly Quadrille, the annual dance of the Barnard Quarterly, takes place tomorrow night in the gymnasium, from 8:30 until 1:30. The Quadrille is the last dance of the spring semester before Senior Week and the only all college dance of the term.

The decorations will be in green and white in honor of St. Patrick's Day. The Faculty guests include Professor and Mrs. William Cabell Greet, Miss Weeks, Miss Sturtevant, Mr. Marshall, Dr. Gayer and Miss Kruger, Miss Frances Smith, President of the Undergraduate Association, and Miss Helen Block, Editor of *Bulletin* will be guests of honor. The faculty, Mrs. Elzie Stix, Editor of Quarterly and Caryl Cohn, Business Manager, will receive. The arrangements for the dance are being made by a committee composed of the members of Quarterly staff, headed by Mrs. Stix and Miss Cohn.

Bills will be sold all day today in the foyer of Barnard Hall. They are priced \$3.00 per couple. The entire college is invited to sign up in Barnard Hall.

Prof. Fairchild, Reviewing Quarterly Regrets Lack Of Student Opinion

By Hoxie N. Fairchild

The March Quarterly suggests to me no theme for a sprightly essay on a topic more or less related to its contents. It suggests only the not very startling generalization that some students write better than others but that all student writing is interesting to a person who is interested in students.

HAUPTMANN READS HIS WORKS AT MCMILLIN

Collection Of Manuscripts And Pictures On Exhibition In Avery Library

The eminent German poet and dramatist, Gerhart Hauptmann, delivered readings from his works on Monday, March 14, at 8 o'clock in McMillin Academic Theater. *Der Arme Heinrich*, a poem of peasants in the Black forest was the first presentation. The second act of *Hannele*, one of the most famous of his plays was next read and was succeeded by three poems. *Kloster Mauern*, *König Enzoos*, and *Requiem*. The selections chosen were from the poet's most familiar works as being especially suited for oral presentation.

Columbia University has secured not only the presence of Hauptmann himself, but also an almost complete collection of first editions, manuscripts, pictures, and special editions of his books. They are first editions of his collected works, of *Der Insel der grossen Mutter*, of *Winterballade*, a dramatic poem, of *Anna*, the story of a country life, of *Peter Brauer*, a tragicomedy, of *Till Eulenspiegel* and other of his best known writings.

Many of Hauptmann's stories were first published in newspapers and these first presentations are also on view. Proof sheets of the poet's first drafts of his plays and pages of the finished manuscripts are to be seen with the necessary explanations and information.

Hauptmann's translation of Shakespeare is demonstrated in an illustrated edition of *Hamlet*, in addition to his collections of Goethe, which he has annotated and analyzed.

Pictures of Hauptmann as a child, as a young man, as a student, and as at the present are included. There are also photographs of stage settings of his various plays and etchings by Kate Kullwitz of the costumes used.

Many documents of interest concerned in a complete record of Hauptmann's life are present: the diploma of honorary doctor which was awarded him by the University of Leipzig in 1909; the notification of the cross of Royal Order of the Savior which George I of Greece gave him; the notification of election to membership in the Royal Order of Maximilian, Munchen, 1911; and the seating plan of the banquet at which he was presented the Nobel prize for literature in 1912.

Many beautifully illuminated editions occupy the foreground of the exhibition; of *Winterballade*, *Atlantis*, *Gabriel Schilling's Flucht*, *Hannele's Himmelfahrt*, and *Der Ketzer von Swona*.

This collection of Hauptmann's works which is now on view in Avery Library is noted for its completeness and for the light it throws on the most distinguished of living German authors.

Of the three stories, *The Ladder* is the least successful. It contains the material of what sounds like a venerable Ozark Mountains joke, the point of which is endlessly delayed while the reader ploughs through paragraphs of unimaginative talk about unvisualized people.

Leap Year Romance is quite a different matter. In the opening scene, Miss Kane provides an excellent specimen of the "young love among the highballs" or "comin' through the rye" theme. It slides easily into a familiar pigeon-hole, but it is gay and dashing. After the hero and heroine sober up, things become less interesting. The sophistication deflates. A person who boards a train for California in search of "significance" is a Booth Tarkington adolescent; and highballs or no highballs, the girl who loves him must be equally Tarkingtonian despite her power to produce such gems as "Platonic love is a supercivilized neurosis." Miss Kane can write, but somehow she never lets me forget that she is consciously engaged in the manufacture of glossy cleverness. Beneath the surface there is probably a talent.

But the reader of *A Woman in March* never stops to think that Mrs. Stix must be very clever to string all those words together. He simply shares a moving emotional experience. The story is written with things and feelings, not with words; the words come later as the best names for what she finds in her mind. The room which provides her setting is packed with life and death. This is beautiful honest work—sincerely felt, vividly imagined, expressed with a high degree of suggestive economy.

Doffing my hat to Mrs. Stix, I turn to the verse. In *For a Strong Young Man*, Miss Wright pleasantly, but not memorably, tells a bumptious youth that the forces of nature are stronger than he. Quite true, of course. Miss Barish, in *False Spring*, observes with equal truth that January was unusually warm. Her verse-pattern is well managed, and the verbal surface agreeably polished except for one curious lapse into slang: "What bird is wise to such bewildering deceits of season?" Miss Cores' rendering

(Continued on page 3)

Bulletin Election To Be Held Today At Noon

Elections for Bulletin Editor-in-Chief will take place today at noon in Room 304, Barnard. All members of the staff are reminded that the attendance is compulsory, and failure to be present will be excused only if the staff member makes adequate explanation to the Editor.

Elections for Bulletin Editor-in-Chief members will vote together with the staff for the new Editor, who will be chosen among the candidates who have been giving editorial assistance during the last few weeks. Then candidates are Mildred Barish, Dorothy Crook, Madlyn Millner and Florence Pearl.

ALUMNAE CONTRIBUTE TO COLLEGE PROGRESS

Mrs. Lowther Reveals Interesting Facts About Alumnae In Bulletin Interview

In addition to the share they have taken directly in movements to benefit Barnard, the Alumnae have contributed considerably to college life in that a number of personalities who have been intimately connected with its development have been drawn from their midst. These facts were revealed to *Bulletin* in a second of a series of interviews with Mrs. Lowther, Professor of Zoology.

Outstanding among this group is Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve of the class of 1899, who was first a junior member of the Department of English, and after acting as assistant professor became a full professor in 1911. In that year she was made dean of Barnard College, and continued in that capacity until her recent illness caused her to leave temporarily.

Annie E. H. Meyer of the class of 1898 was a clerk after her graduation. In 1907 she was made secretary and in 1911 Registrar. Important also in the development of the college is Katherine Doty whose first position at Barnard was that of assistant in the History Department, and who subsequently

(Continued on page 3)

Suggests Policy Of Public Improvements To Foster Beauty In The American Scene

The public beauty parlor looms in the near future, according to a recent news article in the New York Times. The beauticians of the nation, their artistic perceptions outraged by the depression-fostered negligence of American womanhood with regard to facials and permanents, plan to establish a system of clinics where free beauty will be impressed upon the impecunious multitude.

May we suggest a few stations where the bread lines can wait for lemon rinses? It would be a stupendous aesthetic advance if women could be stopped as they dropped nickels into subway turnstiles, whisked into nearby booths, washed, scented and curled by trained attendants in five minutes, and returned to circulation in time to catch the Seventh Avenue Local. The only danger lies in the terrible consequences to recent

blondes during Rush Hour.

To bring things nearer home, we might establish a clinic in Even Study. Before going to any laboratory, double-coated manicures could be assumed by the daintier chemists or psychologists among us. If the thing really developed into collegiate proportions, one could have one's hair set with wild lilies before attending a nine o'clock class on the mad Ophelia. The problem of atmosphere might be similarly solved for Philosophy I discussions of infinite extension in the fourth dimension.

Perhaps the prospect of expert and gratis amelioration of profiles would eventually attract for treatment those of our friends across the street who are at present hiding their grounds for vanity under a stiff upper lip, and a pretty stiff everything else.

I. A.

BEN GREET DISCUSSES SHAKESPEARE WOMEN

Well-Known Actor And Producer Makes Assembly Address; Heard By Many

SAYS MEN ENJOY PLAYS

Calls Shakespeare Villainesses Convincing; Cites Lady Macbeth And Tamora

"Don't marry the Lorenzo type of man," was the advice given to Barnard undergraduates at last Tuesday's assembly by Sir Philip Ben Greet, noted Shakespearean actor and director. Sir Philip commented on the fact that so many of the bright young girls in Shakespeare's plays marry very stupid young men. He cited Lorenzo, in "The Merchant of Venice" as an example of this stupidity. Jessica was referred to as "one of the most horrible characters" ever presented. She stole, she was an apostate, and she betrayed the affection of "the only gentleman in the play," Shylock.

Men Enjoy Plays

Men are more likely to enjoy the plays than women, because they are naturally more interested in the charming girls to be found therein, declared Sir Philip. The live and warm intellects of the girls are not the products of education, but of native intelligence and their characters are often so praiseworthy as to be incredible.

When Shakespeare turns to villainesses, he is not the less convincing, the speaker stated. No power of the imagination can render Lady Macbeth any more innocent than she appears at first acquaintance. She is intrinsically rot-

(Continued on page 3)

Fourth Senior Tea To Honor Science Faculty

Misses Furse and Bruns Will Receive Natural Science Faculties At Tea Today

Members of the Natural Science Departments will attend the fourth in the series of teas given by the Senior Class this afternoon at 4 P.M. in the College Parlor.

Among those who have been invited are Professor Crampton, Professor Gregory, Professor Lowther, Dr. Forbes, Dr. TeWinkel, Miss Kinney, and Miss Agnew of the Department of Zoology; Professor Mullins, Professor Kasner, Professor Paul Smith, Dr. Hofmann, and Mr. Raudenbush of the Department of Mathematics; Professor Reimer, Professor Rice, Dr. Behrens, and Miss Fisher of the Department of Chemistry; Professor Hazen, Professor Sinnott, Professor Carey, Mrs. Richards, and Miss Passmore of the Department of Botany; Professor Ogilvie, Miss Marble, and Mrs. Cort of the Department of Geology; and Professor Langford and Miss Townsend of the Department of Physics.

Christianna Furse, President of the Senior Class, and Adelaide Bruns, Social Chairman of the class, will receive. The committee assisting Miss Bruns is composed of Elvira Delice, Margaret Forde, Elizabeth Jervis, Grace Joline, Lois Mason, and Helen Ranieri.

Published semi-weekly throughout the College Year, except during vacation and examination periods, by the Students at Barnard College, in the interests of the Undergraduate Association.

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Editorial

National Masochism

A peculiar psychological phenomenon in the history of a race presents itself today, in the form of a new policy of enslavement discovered to be practised by the authorities of the Liberian government. We are informed by an indignant press that helpless Africans are being shipped to the penal colony at Fernando Poe, children being "pawnd" in payment of debts, laborers being beaten brutally and crushed, quite literally beneath the yoke. The State Department of the United States has offered formal protest against this injustice, an interesting step, since we are aware that it was American Philanthropists who, many years ago, founded the little republic of Liberia, as a haven for our country's slaves. To insure the perpetual damnation of that cruelty which made necessary such a colony, an entire nation was embroiled in tremendous conflict, and almost destroyed.

The situation which the League investigation reveals, is appalling. The so-called "upper-crust" of American negroes and their descendants, in that place, are now inflicting on the natives virtually the same kind of enforced servitude from which they themselves sought to escape. We can think of no apter classification of this attitude, than national masochism. The black race is perhaps one of the least progressive of all races, a misfortune for which other men deserve condemna-

International Barriers Destroyed by Literature

Sorbonne Professor of Comparative Literature Makes Statement in Interview

"Literature helps to break down the international barriers set up between the various nations and in so doing tends to create a better and more complete feeling of understanding throughout the world," stated Dr. Fernand Baldensporger, in an interview with "The Pennsylvanian." Dr. Baldensporger is Professor of Comparative Literature at the Sorbonne in Paris, and is now a member of the Princeton faculty.

"Great progress has been made and is being made in the realm of literature in this country. I have had the privilege of addressing audiences in the United States for many years and have noticed this significant change towards an appreciation of the classics of this language.

"If internationalism is to be found in the true sense of the word we must keep before our eyes what is best in literature. A hotel may be a place of hostility but a library may be a place of familiarity. The traits of many peoples are quite similar so that it is possible to appreciate the literary works of other countries, and thus promulgate congenial likings the world over. I believe that the university is the place to establish this international sympathy so that in later years when the undergraduate has begun to follow his life's profession he may do his part towards creating that uniform and mutual understanding known as internationalism.

tion. They have been more severely handicapped, in a physical sense than most peoples, whose inevitable body-coloring was not a brand of shame. But America at one time split in two, that they might be extricated from this web of persecution; and a kingdom was given them, wherein to prosper in civilized independence. When a nation has escaped from such bondage as theirs, should it not, in all human reason turn aside from that misery which constituted its unspeakable past? White men considered the evil of slavery a vital enough crime to sacrifice their lives for the regeneration of humankind. Today the released people itself is reviving its own persecution. Shall it always be the oppressed who keep themselves inferior?

Mildred Barish

A Change In Gym

If we were to grant that training in sports and games is a necessary part of a college education, if we were to admit that without the two or three hours of required gym work most of us would spend the winter months wholly without exercise, would we need in regard to the status of Physical Education?

It is contrary to laws of logic and justice that a grade in Gym can rule out honor points and scholarships, while it cannot aid in attaining them. The Department of Physical Education must either be granted equal footing with the other departments, with a specified value in points, or it must be regarded as being entirely separate from the academic aspect of college work, having absolutely no weight in determining scholastic standing.

While the present situation exists, gymnasium work will be considered a punishment, and as such, something to be avoided. Justice can be done only by giving it positive as well as negative value, or by giving it no weight at all in academic considerations.

Madlyn V. Millner.

HERE AND THERE ABOUT TOWN

Second Balcony

The Moon in the Yellow River

Guild Theatre

"The Covey: What does Karl Marx say about th' Relation of Value to th' Cost o' Production?"

"Fluther (angrily): What th' hell do I care about what he says? I'm Irishman enough not to lose me head be following foreigners."

Fluther's attitude in O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars* is clearly one of Denis Johnston's principal starting points in *The Moon in the Yellow River*. The play is the conflict between youthful, rebellious, native freedom and foreign, Teutonic power. The curious, half-futile ending is composed of two events: the murder of Darrell Blake, the leader of a Utopian Ireland, and despite his murder, the destruction of the German power-house recently erected by Tausch. So power is momentarily destroyed—and the exponent of freedom dies.

More interesting than the more or less authentic political struggle in the play, is the character of Dobelle, the professional neutral. He infuses into the play the leisurely Irish tempo of Cathleen in Houlihan—the strange quietness, non-committal discursive, surrounded by the rude blastings of power-houses. He has a creed, but it is, of course, a negative one. He does not believe in the right because the right sanctions the killing of one friend by another (as Darrell Blake was killed), and the right sanctions the death of a mother for the sake of saving an infant (as his own wife died). Despite his mildly-voiced attacks on the sentimentalism of the German Tausch, he comes, at the end, to a state of semi-sentimentality in which he begins to love his child and preen her against his shoulder.

Claude Raines, who takes the part of Dobelle, is the only example of that mild, discursive leisureliness which the right-wing Russians as well as people like Synge and James Stephens have achieved. Only once—when Tausch traps the Irish into a power versus freedom discussion before the expected blowing-up of the power-house—is that leisureliness really projected across the footlights. The moment could and conventionally would, be one of pre-blood-and-thunder tenseness. But the discussion continues quietly in a tea-table fashion. The dampness of Blake's large gun, making it impossible for it to go off is another fairly accurate example of the mild, thoughtful mockery of the Irish playwright. These two instances, together with the character of Dobelle, would suggest that Mr. Johnston meant the entire play to proceed at a quiet, hazy tempo. The direction of Philip Moeller is too blustering, too rapid, too American. Ireland carries off its revolutions in a passive fashion. And so the Abbey Theatre, and not Broadway, is the place for an Irish play.

M. B. S.

Music

Town Hall

Irma Sivano's piano recital in Town Hall on March 15th included the Beethoven Appassionata Sonata, op. 57, Chopin's Scherzo in C sharp minor, Pavana (Pour une Infante Defunte) by Ravel, La Fille Aux Cheveux de Lin, by Debussy, Ele Albaicin (Gypsy quarter of Grenadaz) by Albeniz, Gnommenreigen and a Polonaise in E major by Liszt.

The Beethoven sonata was played with nicely modulated expression but also with a good deal of reserve which tended to detract from the warmth of the piece. Nevertheless it was always in good taste. The Chopin scherzo produced a somewhat choppy effect because of the performer's strange habit of clipping the ends of phrases. Before one phrase had really been finished, she had plunged into the next one. It was like hearing a minister start to make an announcement before the last strains of the organ had died away. This was particularly noticeable in the Debussy. There is so much to be brought out in each separate phrase of this piece that it completely destroys its unusual subtlety.

The Albeniz number showed a nice feeling for Spanish syncopated rhythm but lacked the finely graded expression which characterizes a true interpretation of this Spanish composer. The program concluded with a masterful rendition of the pianistic E major prelude of Liszt.

The performance as a whole showed a fine lightness of touch and mastery of technique, but lacked the force and spontaneity which are so essential to the establishment of a sincerely attentive audience.

P. W.

Art

Grand Central Galleries

The art gallery at Grand Central Station has received little attention, on the whole, perhaps because it has been taken so much for granted. It would be a god-send in case of a long wait for trains, and indeed is well worth a special trip down-town.

The works of the same group of artists are always represented, but the exhibitions vary: the present one has

many points of high interest, especially in the line of sculpture. One room has a charming garden arrangement, with a pool and greenery, totally inundated by sculptured pieces. Several of the bronzes are excellent, for example the delightful little faun who sprawls animatedly at the side of the pool. His brother who dances along the wall shows a strong family resemblance in his vigor and joie de vivre. The satyr babies and laughing children are done with a similar delicacy of touch and are equally vibrant with life. A few statuettes of bacchantes keep up the same woodland spirit, but in the garden room are also several marble pieces, and the transition is rather shocking. Taken by themselves, however, the marbles are of a rare beauty especially the kneeling woman, which moves up by its very simplicity and quietude.

Scattered about the other galleries are various sculptures of interest, such as the modernistic dogs fighting, the amazingly violent amazon in bronze, and a finely done portrait bust. Miller's striking group adds adornment in the first gallery—two strong and beautiful heads in some black material.

There is an extensive array of paintings with varied subject-matter, Nichols' landscapes being among the most appealing.

Tyson's colored etchings fill one room; they are charmingly fantastic little Oriental scenes, pleasing in color and distinguished in execution.

The etchings and engravings without color deserve much more than passing mention, particularly the satirical studies by Dwight and Levy's portrait work.

M. N.

Higher Education

Inmates of San Quentin, California, State Prison, may enroll as extension students of the University of California without charge. Of over 5,000 in prison, about 3,000 are taking this privilege.—*Adelphi Fortnightly*.

Seeing How It Feels

Juniors at Tulane University Medical College are required to swallow rubber stomach tubes in the study of their course so that they can appreciate the position of their future patients.—*Swarthmore Phoenix*.

Flunking Abolished

Johns Hopkins abolished the ancient ritual called "flunking" and has placed the students completely on their honor as regards studies. Under this new arrangement the student must satisfy a board of collegiate studies that he is entitled, by his interest and ability, to remain at the university.—*Skidmore News*.

Sophomores Work Most

The results of a study carried on by the Curriculum Committee at Bryn Mawr show that sophomores work most, then seniors, then juniors, and lastly freshmen, who work about the normal amount of time.—*Wilson Billboard*.

Symbol-WO

The *Maine Campus* tells us that another element has been discovered by a chemist at Indiana State Teachers' College. And here's the way in which he tabulated it in his lab book:

"Element: Woman.

"Occurrence: Found wherever man exists. Seldom in free state; with few exceptions the combined state is preferred.

"Physical properties: All colors and sizes. Usually in disguised condition. Face covered with film of composite material. Balks at nothing and may freeze at moment's notice. However, melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

"Chemical properties: Very active. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones. Violent reaction when left alone. Able to absorb expensive food at any time. Sometimes yields to pressure. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen. Ages very rapidly. Fresh variety has very great magnetic attraction."—*Spotlight*.

Men More Mercenary

According to tests made by Dr. N. W. Marston at Radcliffe College, Tufts College, and Columbia University, men have a much better opinion of themselves and a much lower opinion of the opposite sex than have women. In reply to one of the questions, "Would you prefer a perfect love affair to a million dollars?" every man replied in the negative while 92 per cent of the girls expressed preference for the love affair.—*Wheaton News*.

College Clips

Prayer To The Grave
Vera Schaffer, the only native German attending Temple, frankly admits that the first time she attended a football game and saw the players huddled together she thought they were offering a prayer in unison.—*Cloister Window*.

Pride In Saber Cuts
The right of university students to engage in "friendly" duelling has been upheld recently by a court in Berlin, Germany, thus giving a further set-back to those reformers who would banish this custom from German student life. Although student duels have declined greatly since the war, they still hold a strong place in the life of certain student groups. Recently a student was released by a court, although his opponent had died as a result of the battle. Saber cuts are still worn with pride and even a feeling of superiority by many otherwise modest and innocent appearing first or second year students.—*Campus News*.

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Tatlock Prize Exam To Be Given On April 23

Department of Latin and Greek announces; All Students Eligible.

The following communication has been received by *Bulletin* from Miss

The Department of Greek and Latin announces that the examination for the Tatlock Prize will be held on Saturday April 23rd from one to four Room 330, Milbank.

The prize, founded in memory of an Willard Tatlock, 1895, is awarded annually to the undergraduate most proficient in Latin. The examination consists entirely of translation from Latin into English, and is open to all Barnard students, whether or not they are now taking courses in Latin. Incoming competitors should give their names to me or to some other member of the Department.

Through the kindness of Mr. Benjamin F. Romaine a prize in Greek will again be offered this year. All students who have had courses higher than Greek 1-2 are urged to compete. The examination consists entirely in translation from Greek into English, and will probably be held on Saturday, April 30th from 9:30 to 12:30.

Gertrude Hirst,

Chairman Tatlock Prize Committee

PROFESSOR FAIRCHILD REVIEWS QUARTERLY

(Continued from page 1)

Block's *Mockery* has a bit of the stiffness almost inevitable in a translation, but breathes a queer, capricious, ironic, pathetic spirit which I suppose characterizes the original.

Persistence demands of the reader a little too much of the quality expressed in its title. In order to understand the somewhat perversely private sense in which Mrs. Stix is using the term "nothingness," we must think harder than we feel; hence, in spite of some good images, the channel of emotional communication is blocked.

Miss Kane's *Three Sonnets* are intelligent and well-wrought. To me, the third is the most impressive as being most simple and direct and least afflicted by the desire to write like John Donne. The second seems motivated by a self-conscious "metaphysical" ingenuity which has not been transformed into poetic feeling. The first begins with the faults of the second but ends with the virtues of the third. In all three, what a lot of luscious words: stellar function, minuscule, convolutions, counteraction, radians, terrain, indigenous, decadence! I can't help suspecting a slight effort to be distinguished and difficult, an effort which always muffles feeling instead of revealing it.

Miss Stern tells me that her translation of *Hymn to Mary Magdalen* falls short of the original, and I am willing to take her word for it. Nevertheless, the blend of archaic *naivete*, grotesque horror, Christian tenderness, and mystical intensity is mightily well conveyed. The direct emotional impact of this mediaeval poem, with its absorbed concentration upon the simplest and clearest expression of sin, love, and joy, reads a lesson to those who toy with melodious syllables or construct sophisticated verbal puzzles. The words are as close to the thing as bark to the tree.

Book Reviews Like Themes
I see no harm in the book reviews except that they sound like themes. The editorial gives the impression of a sincere wrestling with something hard and important. It is great fun for a teacher to see the stuff of education being transformed into the personal thinking of another human being. Mingled with *Quarterly's* poems and stories indeed, I should like to find vigorous expressions of student opinion on literature, art, philosophy, education, or anything else of interest to intelligent minds. Ideas are not uncommon at Barnard; sometime one stumbles upon them in term papers and examination-books. But they are

Sophs and Freshmen Urged To Sign For G. G. Entrance

Sophomores and freshmen are urged to sign up on the poster in Barnard Hall for participation in Greek Games entrance. A schedule of rehearsals has been sent to every student in the mail, and rehearsals are now in progress. Entrance attendance is competitive.

Liberal Beliefs Called Destructive In America

Editor Accuses Faculty Groups Of Influencing Students Toward Socialistic Ideas

Providence, R.I., (NSFA)—In a recent address here "in defense of American institutions and doctrines," John B. Chapple, editor of the *Ashland, Wis. Press*, traced the growth of what he termed "destructive organizations" entrenched on university campuses, and called upon the students so "keep America American."

Chapple blamed "an element in the faculties" aligned to the radical forces within the nation as responsible for the movement which, he said "would supplant our system of socialism."

The movement "to turn students into Socialists," Chapple said, "is going on in 15 of our colleges, and the radical enemies of America are making an intense effort to get college students to go on record favoring the disarming of America."

"We want the principles of the American system, not of communism or socialism, taught in our university," Chapple concluded.

"Socialism and communism, which are dependent upon inciting the emotions of envy, hatred, and greed to secure a following, suppress the individual to excel in art, in business, and in earning power. Our system lifts people up. Socialism and communism would drag important people down to the level of the ants and bees where the group is more important than the individual."

JUNIOR SHOW TICKETS GO ON SALE MARCH 24

Tickets for "It Happened in Utopia," the Junior Show, which will be presented Friday evening, April 1 in McMillin Theatre, will go on sale Monday, March 24, according to a recent announcement from Aileen Pelletier, Manager. Prices for orchestra tickets will be \$1.25, and \$1.00; balcony tickets will sell for \$75, and \$50. All but the \$50 tickets include dancing in the Gymnasium after the Show.

Participants in "It Happened in Utopia" are reminded that two rehearsals will be held in the McMillin Theatre during the Easter Holidays, at which attendance is compulsory. One will take place Thursday, March 24 at 9:00 A. M. and the other on Monday, March 28, at 12 noon.

CENTENNIAL TO HEAR MESSAGE FROM BUTLER

(Continued from page 1)

have been sent to consuls or ambassadors, or other dignitaries. A limited number of tickets have gone to friends of the college interested in its welfare.

Madame Schumann-Heink, it was stated, has not yet announced her program. She has asked to have the choice of program left to her, but has promised Professor Braun that she will sing Schubert's setting of the *Erl Konig*. The thirty minute program will be broadcast over the NBC network.

Tickets may be secured today from Miss Weeks' office, in Barnard Hall.

used for passing examinations, not for mental delight. I had better stop before this criticism of *Quarterly* becomes too obviously a criticism of college education.

FATHER FORD DISCUSSES RELIGION IN RUSSIA

Soviet legislation is based on deterministic ethics, said Father Ford, addressing the Newman Club, on the Russian system, at a tea given in the Conference Room last Monday afternoon. Our courts, it was stated, assume that the criminal is responsible for his actions, but the modern psychological dictum that all action is predetermined by heredity and environment obtains in the communistic republic.

Justice For Good Of State

All justice is pendent on the good of the state, declared the speaker. Confinement or seclusion is the logical solution as a penal measure when the presence of the individual is felt to be menace to society. Banishment is nominally the highest punishment, but since a great many people would commit crimes merely to leave the country if such a measure were ever used, it is hardly ever put into effect.

Since the country is not yet stabilized, capital punishment is often resorted to as an extreme measure in these times of construction. After the desired goal has been reached, it will become almost obsolete judicial function. At the present, forced labor is also used. Crimes against the state include giving religious instruction to children under eighteen in the public schools, and failure to perform to good effect one's economic duties to the commonwealth.

Churchgoing is not outright prohibited, said Father Ford, but since the day of rest does not come on a Sunday, it becomes practically impossible. In an atheistic community, churches are often torn down or appropriated for other than their original uses for very trivial reasons. At the close of Father Ford's address, it was announced that an informal tea dance has been tentatively scheduled for April 29. Plans for a luncheon to be given some time in April were discussed; the luncheon will probably be held on a weekday.

ALUMNAE CONTRIBUTE TO COLLEGE PROGRESS

(Continued from page 1)

ly became secretary to the college and finally Vocational Adviser.

One of the most progressive steps of the Alumnae Association was the establishment of the Alumnae Employment Committee in 1910 under the auspices of individual members of the Alumnae. Eventually the work of this group was taken over by the college under the name of the Alumnae Vocational Placement Committee, with Miss Doty in charge. This organization undertakes the task of securing positions for Barnard graduates.

The Alumnae, too, have been influential in the erection of college buildings, according to Mrs. Lowther. They provided suitable lodging for the student when college first moved to its present location. Brooks Hall was built partly as a result of Alumnae endeavor, and the apartments on Claremont Street and 116th Street were established through their donations.

Aid In Campaign

In every drive that has taken place for the benefit of Barnard, the success of the campaign has been due largely to the sustained interest of the Alumnae featured prominently and in every subsequent attempt to raise money for the school, they have always taken the lead in collecting and giving donations.

For each anniversary, and especially for its twenty-fifth, each class gives a substantial gift to the college. These gifts usually take the form of money which the college may use as it sees fit, or of specific bequests, to the library, for the furnishing of rooms, and the financing of student activities.

Major Advisers To Be Chosen By Sophomores

Cards Indicating Choice Available In Registrar's Office Now; Must Be Filed March 23

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1934

Sophomores are reminded that, under the regulations of the Faculty, each prospective junior shall choose an adviser in the department in which she elects to major. This applies to all students who expect to graduate in June or in September, 1934.

A list of instructors from which advisers of prospective juniors may be chosen is posted on the Registrar's bulletin boards in Fiske and Milbank Hall.

Cards are now available in the Registrar's Office on which the student should indicate the name of the adviser she has selected. These cards must be filed before

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23

A. E. H. Meyer,

Registrar.

BEN GREET DISCUSSES SHAKESPEARE WOMEN

(Continued from page 1)

ten, and no white wash can purify her. Another villainess Tamora, who eats her son in the last act of "Titus Andronicus."

The lightness and fantasy of Shakespeare's comedy is in welcome contrast to the modern emphasis of the dollar. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *As You Like It*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, according to Sir Philip, are free from the contamination of economic consideration. They are free, joyous expressions of youth and springtime.

La Pucelle, commonly known as Joan of Arc, appears for the first time in the historical romances. In spite of the way in which Shakespeare treats this most noble of all the young girls in history, he at least pays her the tribute of remembering her, said Sir Philip in conclusion.



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Last year we were unable to accommodate all the pupils during the Easter holidays. To be sure of getting your appointments, call at the Studio as soon as you possibly can. A 10-minute guest lesson gladly given—without charge.

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Calendar

Friday, March 18
 4—Senior Tea to Science Faculty; College Parlor
 4—G. G. Entrance Rehearsal; Gymnasium
 10-4—Voting for Honor Board Chairman; Conference Room
 12—Election of *Bulletin* Editor; 304 Barnard Hall
 Saturday, March 19
 8:30—Quarterly Quadrille; Gymnasium
 Monday, March 21
 4—Faculty Meeting; College Parlor
 8—Menorah party; Casa Italiana

Recent Studies Have Revolutionized Science

Professor Crampton Delivers 2nd Address in Series of Alumnae Lectures

The advance made in biology during the last thirty years have done more to revolutionize that field of thought than developments in all the preceding years, was the declaration of Professor Henry E. Crampton of the Department of Zoology in his address to the Alumnae on Monday evening, March 14, in Brinkerhoff Theatre. Dr. Crampton's lecture on "Today's Biology and Human Life" was the second in a series of four in the Adult Education Program of the Continued Education Series for Alumnae.

Dr. Crampton, then began a considerable biological knowledge, especially of heredity and environment, through the theory of evolution. Although it is commonly believed that evolution is a modern idea, Dr. Crampton emphasized that it was original with the Greeks and it was taught and commonly accepted by educated people until the sixteenth century when the doctrine of creation during a period of six days was promulgated.

Greeks First Scientists

The Greeks began organized scientific knowledge, replacing the anthropomorphic conception of the origin of man with a theory that man has evolved through a series of natural changes. The Greeks, of course, had no scientific basis, such as we have nowadays for their supposition, but Aristotle, whose mind encompassed all the knowledge of his times, guessed rather close to the real essence of the doctrine of evolution, said Dr. Crampton.

Dr. Crampton then began a consideration of the modern concept of evolution, discussing the main features of the doctrine. Since there is no such thing as absolute permanence even from one generation to another, it is not difficult to visualize the aggregate of such changes bringing about the human organism. Dr. Crampton cited examples showing that heredity is a more potent factor in life than environment, that the latter might in truth be neglected. Twins who have been separated at birth and raised under totally different circumstances when tested at a later age display identical characteristics. In addition, that acquired characteristics can not be inherited by Dr. Crampton in his description of an experiment performed upon a group of mice whose tails were cut off during successive generations in despite of which each following generation of mice was born with tails. Numerous other examples of proof of this fact were cited.

Dr. Crampton related the story of Kameron who came to this country and tried to show that mice could inherit dark coloring. Kameron was exposed when it was revealed that he had inserted India Ink under the skin of the mice. This was a further illustration that no mutilations are subject to the laws of inheritance.

Dr. Crampton described the vast influence of biology upon fields of modern life, prominently mentioning criminology, education and public welfare.

Frances Homer Gives Four Interpretations

Program Of Character Sketches Heard By Members Of Institute Tuesday Night.

A series of original character sketches were presented by Miss Frances Homer before the members of the Institute of Arts and Sciences on Tuesday evening in the McMillin Theatre. The three curtain calls which she took were indications of the enthusiasm with which these sketches were received.

The program consisted of interpretations of four incidents. The first was the private rehearsal of a play in the home of a young matron. The second was a wedding scene in which Miss Homer took the role of the mother of the bride, the maid of honor from Georgia, the bride, and the French maid, in this sequence. The third described a Sunday School Class as it was carried on by the minister's wife. The fourth was the interpretation of three episodes in the life of Sally Fairfax, a friend to whom George Washington wrote that it had been with her he had spent the happiest days of his life.

Reasons For Cheating Studied At Columbia

According to a recent report of "Studies in Deceit" made by the Psychology Department of Columbia University, persons who attend the movies cheat most, girls tell twice as many white lies as boys, and country boys rank higher in alertness than city boys. Among the excuses given by cheaters are: tests and subjects are too hard, they wish to stand high, and they do not want to lower the class ranking. Students say they are influenced by other people in the following order: parents first, then friends, then club leaders, then Sunday school teachers.—N. S. F. A.

McMillin Audience Hears University Orchestra

The Columbia University Orchestra, in which there are several Barnard members, gave its third concert of the season last night in the McMillin Theatre under the direction of Professor Douglas Moore. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
 Zigeunerweisen.....Sarasate
 Alexander Harsany, Violinist
 Prelude: L'Apres Midi d'un Faune
 Debussy
 Introduction et Cortège from Le Coq d'Or.....Rimsky Korsakov
 The concert was given under the auspices of the Institute of Arts and Sciences and the Department of Music of Columbia University.

BARNARD STUDENTS PLAY-DAY AT N. Y. U.

Miss Holland of the Physical Education Department and twenty-five Barnard girls went down to N. Y. U. for a Play-Day to which Hunter and Barnard had been invited, on Friday evening, March 11. This was the first college play-day Barnard had ever attended although several attempts have been made to hold one here. There were about twelve teams, each composed of about six N. Y. U., three Hunter, and three Barnard girls. Among those present were Miss Wayman, Miss Holland and Miss Crowley.

The games were opened by a short welcoming speech from the N. Y. U. Senior manager followed with an explanation of the purposes and aims of the play-day by the head of the Physical Education Department of N. Y. U. The games included Basketball, Volleyball, Cagball, and two sets of comic relay races. After all the rounds were over there was a Grand

Barnard Glee Club Will Sing At Chapel Sunday

Barnard Glee Club will join the Women's section of the University Choir in the Sunday service, March 20 in St. Paul's Chapel. The augmented women's choir is occasioned by the presence of the choir men with the Columbia Glee Club at Vassar for a concert and service. The Order of Morning Prayer will be followed, with Pearce's "Venite." The offertory anthem will be the first chorus from Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater," which was presented recently by the same group in the Chapel. Palm Sunday hymns will be used for the Processional and Recessional of the chorus of fifty voices.

Twenty Years Ago

Reprinted from the Barnard Bulletin of March 15, 1921.

Barnard And Brooks

The Greatest Show On Earth

On Friday, March 15th, Brooks Hall gave a St. Patrick's day party in the form of a circus. Each resident invited one non-resident Barnard girl as her guest. These, together with the Brooks Hall faculty, formed the audience.

The circus began in the approved style with a parade, which marched into the dining-room where the guests were seated. The parade was led by Miss Weeks dressed in regal robes and seated in a chariot.

When all had seen their fill, they proceeded to eat the same. Daintily dressed refreshment girls served pink lemonade, peanuts, ice-cream and cake. Dancing followed and continued until the party broke up.

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Verdict No. 1. In favor of our candies.

Now about the sodas and sundaes. The other day about thirty-five Barnard girls ordered, all at once, thirty-five different kinds and flavors. Each declared her own the best. You would have to order three times thirty-five to test them all, but then you'd be a "Connoisseur" of sodas. Some of them are so fancily fussed you would never recognize them as one of the soda-sundae family unless they were personally introduced. But then such a sweet, new acquaintance and so good to know!

Verdict No. 2. There are none such fountain products anywhere but,


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march followed by refreshments and the announcement of the winning team which happened to be the "Browns." The college groups then separated to different corners of the gym and sang their Alma Mater Songs. A short speech by the N. Y. U. manager concluded the evening.

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Literary Supplement OF THE Barnard Bulletin

VOL. XXXVI, No. 35

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1932

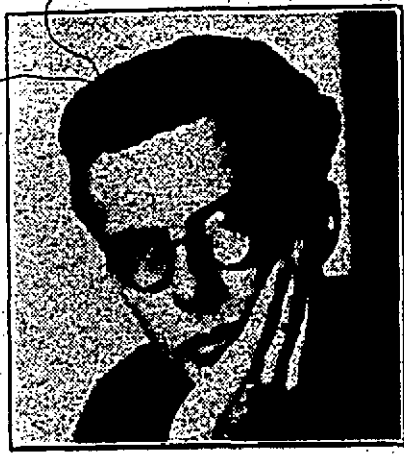
PRICE 10 CENTS

Ford in His Heaven

BRAVE NEW WORLD: By Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.50

Reviewed by Edith Kane

MR. HUXLEY'S literal bitterness arises to strange parodies in his picture of this "Year of Stability A. F. (After Ford)." London of that period is presented as the home of men who have lost their individualities, their sorrows and



ALDOUS HUXLEY

their repressions. The world is ordered by biologists, engineers and psychologists. Families and motherhood are unknown, and sex is a wholesome and amusing way of passing spare time.

In this peaceful and industrious London, Lenina Crowne, an extremely attractive and "pneumatic" young woman, is carrying on a useful, normal life, working conscientiously in the baby hatcheries all day, and refreshing herself with intoxication and copulation all night. (Science has abolished hangovers.) On one of her free weekends a young psychologist at the hatchery takes her to a savage reservation in Nebraska. There she meets a white youth whose education has been confined to the perusal of a book found in a chest, the complete works of a forgotten rhymester, one William Shakespeare.

The white youth returns to London with Lenina and her gentleman friend, completely enamored of the charming factory worker. His untutored idealism conflicts with the Utopian dictum that life must be enjoyed since "everyone is happy nowadays." Visions of Desdemona interrupt him when Lenina, in the wholesome modern way, offers herself to him. One evening, inebriated with the contemporary version of strong liquor, he takes her, much as he is expected to.

The jolt to his neurotic personality is too great, and he hangs himself in the morning in a fit of unjustifiable remorse.

Of course, Huxley's parody is intended as a caricature of modern industrialism, and clever as it is, its fundamental premise is the stale outmoded ado that at-

(Continued on page 4)

LAWRENCE, A NOBLE SAVAGE

APOCALYPSE: By D. H. Lawrence. Robert McBride. \$2.50

Reviewed by Madeleine Stern

APOCALYPSE is a boon for all consumers of handbooks, and for professors emeriti who have specialized in the modern novel. For it is an unmistakable declaration of Lawrence's life work, and idea.

Throughout literature there have been cycles of thought, conveniently labelled romanticism and rationalism. After Burns, came Lord Chesterfield. But to disconcert our most ardent classifiers, there are what may be named sports in literature—rationalists in a period largely romantic; romantics in a period largely rationalistic. With Burns, came Crabbe; with Johnson, William Cowper. And today, we have Aldous Huxley and D. H. Lawrence.

In the nineteenth century most of the romantics believed in the noble savage. Burns ignored the fact that Highland Mary died of tuberculosis, and created a cult of inspired Scottish peasants. Southey was giving to the world his account of the virtues of leafy bowers and sunsets, saying that the noblest of savages became nobler when they bathed in the sun. Wordsworth was only slightly deterred by Crabbe, and he continued to advise his sister Dorothy to let the moon shine on her in her solitary walk.

D. H. Lawrence is a twentieth-century advocate of the cult of the noble savage who may become more noble by a kind of assimilation into sunlight. The only difference is that the assimilation demanded by Southey and Wordsworth was more transcendental, and less material than that advocated by Lawrence. In "The Rainbow" we saw fairly clearly, Lawrence's noble savage—a woman who was noble because she had lived in the sun, and because she had been touched by all kinds of physical experience. "Lady Chatterley's Lover" became more specific. He was noble because he knew the secret of sexual satisfaction.

In *Apocalypse* Lawrence assembles his views about living to the hilt beneath the sun. Instead of going to the nineteenth century for corroboration, he very ingeniously turns to the Book of Revelation in the Bible. He perceives the pagan influence on John of Patmos which deacons from time immemorial, and indeed John himself, have conscientiously hidden for the sake of the pale Galilean. The Great living cosmos of the "unenlightened" pagans lurks behind *Apocalypse* and provides a text for D. H. Lawrence.

"There is an eternal vital correspondence between our blood and the sun: there is an eternal vital correspondence between our nerves and the moon."

The pagans realized that great truth. Even Ezekiel, in his vision, realized it. And even the four policemen in John's revelation "were once the winged and starry creatures of the four quarters of the heavens, quivering their wings across space in Chaldean lore." We have lost the "sensual awareness" of the pagan cosmos. With our Christian suppression, our direct, rationalistic ways of thought, we have abandoned the intuitional healthy "sense-knowledge" of the ancients. We must come to it again. We must read Lawrence, and not Huxley. We must use images and not words. We must feel; we must not think. We must act and not reason. We must cease grinding the "moral axe."

The spirit of Christianity has not only taken away our sensual awareness; it has crushed our women. Even Lady Chatterley had to be taught the secret of life. We have lost "the great cosmic Mother crowned with all the signs of the Zodiac." We are left with harlots and virgins, and both of these are only half-women. "Today, the best part of womanhood is wrapped tight and tense in the folds of the Logos, she is bodiless, abstract, and driven by a self-determination terrible to behold." The twentieth century leaves us with nothing but "the grey little snakes of modern shame and pain." Surely Lawrence and Swinburne are lolling hand in hand in heaven.

Since we are unnaturally resisting our cosmic connections, our efforts must be applied to re-establishing our harmony with the pagan skies. We must live wholly. "Re-establish the living organic connections with the cosmos, the sun and earth, with mankind and nation and family. Start with the sun, and the rest will slowly, slowly happen." In the celestial groves not only Swinburne, but

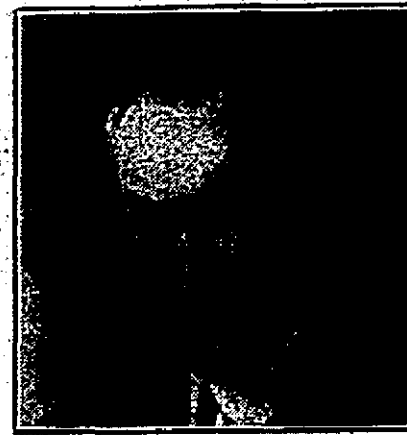
(Continued on page 4)

A Hollow Skeleton

THESE RESTLESS HEADS: By Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride. \$2.50

Reviewed by Helen Block

READING *These Restless Heads* is like viewing the hollow skeleton of James Cabell's once vital and colorful art. The old rag-bag of verbal tricks remains; there are still misplaced adverbs, tortured circumlo-



JAMES BRANCH CABELL

cutions, and sing-song phrases. There are still discreet and indiscreet glimpses of "sex," there is still reference to frail, faded women, to dwindling mysteries, to the passage of time and to the leaven dullness of realism. There are even snatches of that critical brilliance which made *Beyond Life* an invaluable piece of contemporary aesthetics. But James Cabell, than whom was once no cleverer anywhere, has gone, and we cannot but lament his passing.

The new Branch Cabell is heavy-handed. The glitter, the gorgeous tapestry of prose is replaced for the most part by leaden, over-studied effusion. Passages of wonder at the facts that "matches come from Finland" and "coffee comes from China," passages which sound as though they were last in a too-detailed geography of a high-school essay on "Fire: Master or Servant" could never have found their way into *Straws and Prayerbooks*. Nor would the author of that book have written stuff so trite and so tritely worded as this:

"So for that matter do the scientists (at present) assure us that human life is but a stage in the long journey of evolution; and just so, in the lately departed days when people rode upon railway trains, did the stories told in all smoking compartments deal with the adventures of a traveling salesman."

The man whose sympathy and malice and lusty humor created Robert Etheridge Townsend now writes like an effete Southern snob. He speaks with conscious carelessness of adoring letters from bright young authors, and of offers of promiscuity from "matrimonially Jewish women." He dilates with impossible vanity upon the number of people who have asked him how to pronounce his name. There seems no limit to the variety of details in

(Continued on page 4)

Anatomy of Music

LISTENING TO MUSIC: By Douglas Moore. W. W. Norton & Co. \$3.00

Reviewed by Hinda Barnett

LISTENING to Music is evidently designed for the unfortunate concert-goer who, assailed by the bewildering intricacies of, say, Ravel's "Bolero," endeavors in vain to link up the descriptive program notes with the music. Mr. Moore who, needless to say, understands these intricacies perfectly, succeeds where other writers have failed; he has produced an interesting book on music which neither talks down to the inexperienced layman nor addresses itself strictly to the professional musician. His purpose is to provide the average music lover with an adequate scientific knowledge of music so that he can, in the trite phrase of today, not only know what he likes, but why he likes it.

From a general discussion of the "language" of music, Mr. Moore leads to an analysis of musical literature from Bach to Gershwin. Melody, rhythm and tone are defined both from a musical and a physiological point of view and Mr. Moore points out, incidentally, that while modern music may be just a few taxi horns to you and me, an analysis of its elements may show us that there's a reason for even the Stravinsky Violin Concerto.

One of the most interesting chapters is that on "design" in music. Here we find a discussion of, first, the musical pattern of folk-song and, then, the simple piano pieces of Schumann, Dvorak and Rubenstein. Although Mr. Moore pulls these pieces apart for us and shows us the mechanism of each one, he adds, however, that close analysis is only necessary for study and for enjoyment. As time goes on, the listener becomes unconsciously aware of the design and development and is able to devote his attention to the emotional quality of the music. It is not as important, he concludes, for the listener to be able to recognize the form of the musical word as for him to understand just what it is all about. One can easily learn to identify musical themes by listening to phonograph records and attending concerts, and the best advice Mr. Moore gives us is to be absolutely definite and exact in describing the musical themes which please us. "Snappy" or "hot" may describe our feelings about Irving Berlin, but I doubt whether Alfred Casela would consider the same adjectives adequate for his music.

Mr. Moore's book is not merely to be read for entertainment—it is far too full of good information for that—but it is not on the other hand the kind of book that sends us off rushing to Grove's Musical Dictionary, so we can pass that quizz. It should prove an invaluable aid to the music enthusiast, the student and the average radio-owner and a necessary addition to the artist's library.

TRIFLES HITCHED TO HISTORY

ONLY YESTERDAY: By Frederick Lewis Allen. Harper and Brothers. \$3.00

Reviewed by Ruth Anderson

MR. ALLEN'S informal history" is a revelation. Our post-war America has been reeling forward so fast that we've tossed up heaven after upheaval into yesterday without catching more than the headlines. Mr. Allen has stopped.

He's dug the blurred events of the decade between the Armistice and the 1929 stock market out of yesterday's confusion. He has ordered them, organized, related, found significance. Our mad waves of national excitement fall into logical and coherent sequence. Fads and follies and fashions run together like quicksilver and make the stuff of our national mind. Every conceivable expression of national consciousness—political, social, economics, religious, personal—are deftly worked into a chain that holds;—and we find ourselves quite nicely hitched on to that old rope called history which, for most of us, save out with the World War.

For the first time comes a complete account of the Harding complications, a clear explanation of the "bull market" tragedy. Information springs from every page, warm wiry fact. There's nothing that isn't here, from a nation's renunciation of its great idealist to the testimony of the "pig-woman" and the length of women's skirts; and yet, everything belongs and everything follows. The historian of the 1950's may not need it all, may not understand it all, may sneer at "the strange procession of events which a nation tired of important issues swarmed to watch"—the antics of a Red Grange or the "monkey trial." But for us is no such condescension. The millions of men and women who "turned their attention, that talk, then emotional interest upon a series of tremendous trifles"—who "gave their energies to triumphant business and for the rest were in holiday mood"—we are they. Know thyself, thou great American people. Mr. Allen doesn't say it. Even his ready wit rarely passes the bounds of a true historian's impartiality. But what pleasure he must have known as those delicious morsels rolled from his pen!

Glaring our idiosyncrasies have been, regrettable our mistakes. Nevertheless, there is something essentially flattering in the thought that we have all been making history. Read with us: . . . "and on Armistice Day 800 Barnard College girls snake-danced on Morning-side Heights in New York."

Creative Visions

LOOKING FORWARD! By Nicholas Murray Butler.

Reviewed by Olga Maurer

AN IMPORTANT book because it is a collection of speeches given by a leader in national and international affairs to various groups of people who are molding the destiny of the world. This is no mere outburst of rhetorical enthusiasms, it is an active attempt to stimulate and direct public opinion in such a way that the plans of foresighted thinkers may be actualized by the aroused common people. In concise and rational terms are given the reasons we must join the League of Nations and the World Court, cancel the war debts, disarm, and have unemployment insurance. And when the pros and cons of a situation have been adequately considered, there is invariably a neat little phrase summing up the whole idea, a comment of the sort which will become a password wherever such problems are discussed. For example, after giving statistics and arguments about the war debts, President Butler says briefly: "You might just as well try to make somebody pay the cost of the sunset."

Looking Forward is not and was not meant to be a source-book for the student of international affairs. Its unique value consists in the tremendous vision it inspires. The author (or rather, the speaker) is talking in big terms. A case in point is his idea that it is only when people become patriots on a higher plane than they are now, that international problems will be happily solved.

The reader cannot but be invigorated by President Butler's vitality.

Roar, Lions, Roar

RACKETY-RAX: By Loel Sayre. Vanguard Press. \$2.50

Reviewed by Evelyn Raskin

ANOTHER of our sacred institutions falls under the stinging attack of American letters. Racketeering comes in for its full share of burlesque and satire in this thin and ridiculous volume, as well as the more delicate aspects of American culture.

This time the Capones and the Diamonds decide to enter the sacred precincts of university life and convert its scholastic aloofness into a lucrative racket. Football, the most distinctive phase of collegiate activity, is the means by which the racket is established. They found Carnarsie University, and fill its halls with slightly weary chorus girls, bald-headed ex-wrestlers and paunchy gunmen. With its pretty co-eds (all of whom become engaged to midshipmen the night of the Annapolis-Carnarsie game) and ex-sluggo football players, Carnarsie becomes the richest and most famous American university, while Columbia and Princeton plead for places on its football schedule. Unfortunately another rival gang enters the racket and the last game of the season ends in a general machine-gun slaughter. This temporarily concludes the collegiate racket but the book closes optimistically with the promise of future onslaughts on the few remaining untouched phases of American life. Perhaps the injection of the ridiculous is what is needed for those who deplore the racketeering situation. At any rate, the book is "roaringly" funny.

Circular Mysticism

DOCTOR KERKHOVEN: By Jacob Wassermann. Horace Liveright. \$2.00

Reviewed by Gertude Epstein

DOCTOR KERKHOVEN, with its circular mysticism and its theme, the final resolution of which is a contradiction to the author's first postulates, brings another metamorphosis in Wassermann's world yearnings; we have a new problem stated, a new answer given. Perhaps the fault is compelled by the slowness of his artistic production, but it is six months too late to be writing of the rottenness of the age. The first signs of change are being heard, and the next half-year—we are told—will furnish some climax to our lassid slide. This book should have appeared in 1930—it might have moved us then, if only to a heightening of our own realization of this rottenness. But it is old stuff now; we have found these things out for ourselves.

Wassermann's story of the fulfillment by Kerkhoven of the "law of his own nature" through the agency of Irlen's personality is complete in itself. The author's decision to make this part of the book a narration of "The World that Was," as a preparation or antithesis for "The World that Is" result in the need for artificial connection between the two. This piece of writing becomes an inorganic waste stretch, filled with the self-conscious presence of the narrator. In their broad outline the two parts of the novel show a balance between the achievement of nature's destiny, the case of Joseph Kerkhoven, made possible by the relative fertility of his time, and the pitiable failure of Andergast, who is overwhelmed by Life's Horrible Complexity, and whose final breaking compels the Master's collapse into weakness. It is through Kerkhoven's fall that ultimate unity of theme is secured for the novel—as opposed to a mere balance of circumstance ending with a different cadence. The cracking of the past under the pressure of the present is the final tragedy. It is not enough, says Wassermann, that we have made it possible for the past to help us to our own fulfillment, but our failure brings their ultimate failure—every generation exists in time only for its children—and like a poison spiral licking its heart, the world's rottenness spreads itself.

True or untrue? It is not yet time for one's decision now. In six months we shall know, perhaps. Militant purpose the book has lost by its tardiness—admiration for its thematic structure, its panoramic sweeping of situation and character before it into a world current is still pertinent. And if Wassermann has retrograded a little deeper into disillusionment, nevertheless his anxiety for us forms a retreat from the over joyful posturings of our professional optimists—all the way down from the financial John D's to the spiritual lady travellers in Russia.

Intelligent Mediocrity

FOOD AND DRINK: By Louis Untermeyer. Knopf. \$2.50

Reviewed by Hortense Calisher

IT is so difficult to appraise the intelligent mediocrity of Mr. Untermeyer's small sheaf of poems. One would not care to patronize such a worthy master of the mature phrase; one is sure that he himself does not overestimate these stray lambs from the magazines, here drawn into the fold in a book of cool springish format.

The title poem, "Food and Drink," is a rather affectedly earthy apostrophe to more than all the elements of a good Sunday dinner. Mr. Untermeyer enumerates the anchovy, the lettuce, the mushroom, etcetera, with a mouth-watering felicity of phrase—to be sure. The minuendos, of course, pointed at those poets (or mere intellectuals) who keep their heads in the pure serene and confine the coarser revelations of their dinner appetites for their wives—or their housekeepers.

"—The carnal gusto of red meat—"

This seems too abstract for simple classic enjoyment, and not technical enough for Brillat-Savarin. Granted that Mr. Untermeyer relishes the peasant simplicity of bread or whatnot—gracious—why be so unnecessarily virile about it? The best poem we know on the subject of poets and their food comes, as we remember it, from the "Southern Anthology," and the stanzas of it run thus.—

"In all the good Greek of Plato
I miss my roast beef and potato.
A better man was Aristotle
Pulling heavy on the bottle
Here's a note for Will Shakespeare
Who wrote big on a small beer,
The flatulence of Milton
Came out of rye Stilton,
Sing a song for Percy Shelley
Drowned in pale lemon jelly,
And another for Johnny Keats
Dripping blood from pickled beets.
God have mercy on this sinner
Who must write without his dinner
No pewter and no pub
No gravy and no grub
No belly and no bowels
Only consonants and vowels."

The other poems are by far less irritating than the first, and are utterly pleasant to read, at ease. It is probably evident that this collection, eked out as it is, with four line epigrams printed forlornly on pages by themselves, is of no supreme importance. We would except one piece—"Yes and No"—which has a dreamy power above the literal level of most. So many of the poems are only rural. Of course they are not meant to hold any disturbing Sturm und Drang—in fact they are perhaps too consciously tranquilized, for Mr. Untermeyer, without a doubt, is exploiting his middle-age joyfully.

STACCATO ON THE EASTERN FRONT

HITLERISM: THE IRON FIST IN GERMANY: By "Nordicus." Mohawk Press. \$1.50

Reviewed by Rose Somerville

WITH all the impartiality of Upton Sinclair "Nordicus" analyzes and evaluates the Hitlerite movement. But in spite of the evident animus, or perhaps because of it, the book is never dull reading. In a staccato, vivid style he depicts the state of civil war in Germany with the three contending parties—the Social Democrats (the strongest party in the Republic), the Communists, and the National Socialists (Hitler's party)—fighting desperately, the first to retain and the other two to gain power. In 1930 the National Socialist party, then but ten years old, was returned in the Reichstag elections as the second strongest party in Germany.



HITLER

This event focussed the eyes of the world on the activities and plans of the leader of that party, the thin nervous Austrian, Adolph Hitler. The fate of the National Socialist party is of vital interest to the rest of the world. Why this should be so can be seen from an examination of the Hitlerite program.

Hitler is a violent Nationalist. To some there is a comic element in the picture of this Austrian scorning everything non-German! But he has covered himself by proclaiming that a greater Germany will include Germany and Austria!

"We demand for the German people," reads one of the planks in the party program, "equality with all other nations, abolition of the peace treaties of Versailles and St. Germain." Behind this statement is the assumption that either all the other nations, even France, will gracefully accede to Germany's demand, or that Germany will reach a position of command.

"We demand land and ground for the sustenance of our people and settlement for our overpopulation." Since most of the habitable territory of the earth is already occupied, this demand undoubtedly veils a threat.

"If it is not possible to sustain the entire population of the country, citizens of foreign nations are to be deported." This doctrine might have a boomerang effect should the other nations of the world decide to play the same game.

In these, as in the other twenty planks of the National Socialist program, Germany's desires and aims step rather heavily on the toes of other countries, and the world situation, should Hitler gain control of Germany, will at any rate be exciting, though unpleasant. But the huge animal imports of Germany indicate how dependent she is upon the rest of the world for existence, and this may be the means of taming the wild nationalistic spirit of a Hitlerite Germany.

Under Hitler's leadership a dangerous sentiment is again sweeping Germany. Always a proud people, the Germans have been smoldering under the blanket of inferiority and impotence imposed on them by the Treaty of Versailles. Hitler is the stoker who is fanning into a steady and menacing flame the glowing sparks of national superiority.

The meteoric rise of the National Socialist Party is traceable to the personality and the psychological insight of Adolph Hitler. A remarkable orator, he can play on the emotions of his listeners with

(Continued on page 4)

Song of India

SHEAVES: By Rabindranath Tagore. McMillan & Co. \$1.75.

Reviewed by Mildred Barish

IN attempting to do justice to a group of poems which have been rendered from another language, the temptation is generally to be more conscious of the translator than of the poet himself. For, since devotional songs such as these of Tagore's must of necessity lose in metrical arrangement and musical harmony when measured in an alien form of expression, whatever of immediate charm is conveyed to the foreign reader will be the result of translation.

Whether we shall label the dominating mood of Tagore mysticism or idealism, is arbitrary. Either classification implies essential preoccupation with things spiritual, with the voices of moons and bees, and the "kine of light," the heavenly herds of suns and stars. Rarely does the poet confine himself entirely to the bare identity of material objects. It is always

"O God, thou hast made my life
Like that of the dew-drop.
Why hast thou not given me
The dew-drop's death?"

Yet, no matter where his metaphysical speculation may wander, he manages to convey the particular effusion in so artless a form, with so much superficial simplicity, that a child might delight in it, and the more discerning mind discover an apparently unintended nugget of philosophy concealed beneath.

In several places Tagore becomes the spiritual prodger of his people, and the "plain white garb" is extolled, and India constrained to "Place your free soul on the throne
Of poverty, filling your mind
With the leisure of want."

The longest of the "Sheaves," the hymn to Urvasi, who serves a sort of Aphroditian role in the Indian heaven, is the supreme expression of Tagore's persistent yearning for the ideal.

There is a certain relief in discovering a modern, serious-minded poet who does not feel the necessity of treating all the old themes in a "new" way. We appreciate that Tagore could restrain himself from writing the love story of Tristram, for example, (an impulse which the poet-laureate of England, in his latest book, could not resist.) It is such a song as Compensation, which may be cited as embodying much of the peculiar individual flavor of the "Sheaves:"

"There is sorrow, there is death,
The pang of parting;
Yet peace, yet joy
Yet the infinite are awake.
Ever flows life eternal.
The sun, the moon, and the stars
Smile.
The spring comes in diverse colors,
The wave disappears and rises
again.
The flower fades and again it
blooms.
There is no loss, no end,
Never a sign of want.
At the feet of that Fullness
The soul seeks a place."

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY, MARCH 18TH, 1932

Supplement Editor: Madeleine Stern

Assistant: Edith Kane

Ex-Officiis: Helen Block, Evelyn Raskin, Gertrude Epstein.

Bulletin wishes to thank Miss Lewis of the Columbia Bookstore for her invaluable cooperation.

Biography By Inches

CARLYLE: By Emery Neff.
Alfred Knopf. \$3.50

Reviewed by Ellen Lewis

"CARLYLE," by Emery Neff, represents some good solid scholarship on a subject which is inclined to be good and solid to begin with. The result as may be imagined is a craftsman-like biography and an efficient appraisal of Carlyle's works, but there are very few enlivening glimpses at Carlyle the man. After reading Mr. Neff's book one can see no reason why Emerson should have exclaimed delightedly "Carlyle, Carlyle is so amiable that I love him." Neff describes him as a plodding, industrious, soul, rather more sullen than amiable, who finally reaped the reward for his effort in recognition and wealth.

Mr. Neff traces Carlyle's life through his frugal boyhood with the inevitable 100 mile walk to school which men of his ilk invariably undergo. Then the meagre university training, the hours of undirected voracious reading, the discouragement of his first returned manuscript are described according to schedule. Next as usual, comes the marriage, the years of patient self-improvement, and finally success. These biographical facts are given at great length and with great accuracy, but unfortunately they are not what make Carlyle the brilliant personality that he was. Far more interesting would have been an account of his spiritual struggle, or a fuller, richer, report of his relations with his great contemporaries. Mr. Neff hardly touches upon Carlyle's tumultuous married life with the beautiful, high-spirited, witty Jane Welsh. Certainly incompatibility so intense that it almost drove her to madness several times deserves some notice even from a biographer who believes in a liberal application of white-wash.

The things that really matter about Carlyle, the force of his personality, his queer combination of sentiment and brutality, his irony and humor, his moments of exaltation and poetic upliftment, are all subdued in favor of what Robert Benchley calls "biography by the inch." Not enough of Carlyle's "unparalleled brilliance and cogency" shines thru this account of his life. Here is a picture of Carlyle the poor, patient, hack-writer, not Carlyle the Titan.

Ford In His Heaven

(Continued from page 1)

tends the incompatibility of beauty and prosperity. John Galsworthy has expressed it very sincerely and finally elsewhere, and high school theologians have been expressing it even more sincerely and more finally ever since. It is hardly the field for satire at this late date.

It is a little disconcerting to be scolded for bloated prosperity, anyway, considering the general financial status of this "bloated" brave new world. Mr. Huxley's admonition to guard the presence of beauty is superfluous. Beauty is the only luxury we can afford.

Romantic Earth

BROTHERS: By L. A. G. Strong.
Harper and Brothers. \$2.50

Reviewed by Blanche Goldman

TO read this work is to be gripped by some hard and painfully exquisite magnetic force. With a vivid prose style the author lifts his romantic theme to near epic heights. The result is convincing in matter and manner.

In a setting of the Western Highlands live the Macraes with their stubborn code of God-fearing and law-breaking. Upon the brothers Peter and Fergus, rests the burden of the clan's tradition. The cleverness of the elder threatens the animal nobility and unthinking strength of the younger. The one has only his brains, the other exults utterly in the pure physical joys of his being. Both are stirred by Mary, the orphan girl who grows from a coltish child into a strong and lovely woman. Their solution to the conflict between their desires and the demand of family clan is at once naive and breath-taking.

The other characters are drawn with the same three-dimensional qualities. There is the Rabelaisian captain, Aeneas, who plays his own dirge on a concertina as his boat is wrecked on the rocks. A fiery glow is added by the drunken ecstasies of the debauched priest. Willy McFarish, with his brute strength and lust, is a worthy enemy to Fergus. All these carry with them conviction as well as color.

A rare prose style makes each theme a substantial entity. It gives us the hot flow of strength through Fergus' body as he lifts the huge stone. It chills us with the wierd disposal of the informer. It stifles us with the confines of the mist, and leaves us tingling after Mary's swim. Mr. Strong has here given us a novel which, with its feet firmly on the ground, looks toward romantic heights. It has earthy romanticism. Its peculiar charm takes it from the timely to the timeless.

A Hollow Skeleton

(Continued from page 1)

his domestic life which he sees fit to expose. It is as though he were writing a highly-refined Daily News Interview of himself and could leave nothing to his reader's intelligence.

From a man who once wrote passionately of artistic principle *These Restless Heads* comes as a distinct blow. Pot boiling is forgivable in a sordid realist like Mr. Dreiser. But for a devoted follower of Seshra of the Dreams, this sudden allegiance to Aesred is traitorous, and certainly of inferior artistic worth.

Lawrence, A Noble Savage

(Continued from page 1)

Tolstoy and Southey, Rousseau and Dostoievsky are nudists in the Lawrencian manner, awaiting the time when they may project Aldous Huxley into their chariots of fire.

Singularly enough, there is another idea in "Apocalypse." Examined, it becomes a subjective response, more or less in the manner of Pater criticism, to the baleful effects of Christianity. D. H. Lawrence says that there are two types of Christianity—the one focussed on Jesus, having as its wall-motto the dictum "love one another"; the other, the far more malignant Christianity based on the self-glorification of the pseudo-humble. It is this weak, so-called democracy, which Lawrence perceives in the communism of today, a communism led by weak men who are forced to abolish Power in order to prove themselves powerful. It is not very significant whether or not the political science of today actually derives from the attitude of John of Patmos who cried boldly to the populace, authorising the cheek of pasty-faced deacons, telling them to murder the powerful in order to seize the power themselves. Lawrence's brief entry into the political world is important as another revelation of what happens when a noble savage steps on to a campaign platform. He detects the scheming sneakiness of the rationalist Christian in the politician, condemns him, and advocates nothing in his place. Perhaps it is incorrect to say that he advocates nothing; he would probably smile vaguely and say "Start with the sun; bathe in the sun; true democracy will follow."

Stacatto On The Eastern Front

(Continued from page 3)

consummate skill. He appeals to their prejudices, to their stereotypes, to their avarice, to their pride, and to their pathetic hopes. He talks with naive confidence about "pure" and "superior" races, making assumptions in his sweeping way of those matters which to eminent sociologists are still controversial. He instills in his listeners his own blind, narrow devotion to his adopted country. He paints an idyllic picture for them: full dinner pails for the laborer, two-story houses for the farmers, no unemployment, the spread of German culture, the spiting of that "negro nation," that arch enemy France, the subjugation of the hated Jews. (The Hitlerite movement is frankly anti-Semitic. All the misfortunes of Germany, even that of losing the war, are naively traced to the Jews. This keeps the German self-respect intact!) Germany for the Germans—all roses and no thorns. This picture could not fail to arouse the enthusiasm of a people toiling against hopeless odds, bitter with hatred for their "oppressors," ravaged by unemployment, and as "Nordicus" claims, by venereal disease. In this period of Sturm

A House of Cards

AND LIFE GOES ON: By Vicki Baum.
Doubleday Doran. \$2.50

Reviewed by Ruth Crown

AS she did in "Grand Hotel," Vicki Baum, in "And Life Goes On," has cut into a cross section of life and examined it carefully, in the present approved psychological style.

We are confronted with the sleepy reactionary little town of Lohwinkel, any place in Germany. It has the usual run of problems: poor factory conditions, extreme antagonism between two of the important inhabitants, a single harassed but ambitious doctor, and his lovely drudge of a wife. The town is waked out of its stupor by the advent of three celebrities, thrust upon its inhabitants by a bad automobile accident. This sudden excitement produces a radical, but ephemeral change in the town. With the departure of the great one, the dust settles again on the old roofs. "And Life Goes On."

The analysis of Elizabeth, the doctor's wife, is keen and sympathetic. Loaded with manual labor and economic worries, she struggles hard to retain that certain youthful liberty of thought which was hers as a girl. She and Herr Markus, the grocer, play Mozart and Brahms together on an occasional evening; she reads whatever she can lay hands on. There is pity for Elizabeth in Vicki Baum's characterization, pity for the spirited woman who has turned into a drudge.

Her husband, the Herr Doktor Persenthein, is an aggressive, ambitious young man with a scientific "Idea." He forces everyone to bow before this idol, and subordinates everything to it. Cramped in a tiny town in rivalry with a reactionary druggist, his antagonistic manner and modern pathology arouse the dislike of drowsy Lohwinkel and make his life increasingly more difficult.

"And Life Goes On" is notable for its one chapter on married life. Vicki Baum shows how strong the ties of marriage and habit are in keeping a wife at her husband's side while she is desperately in love with another man. The authoress very vigorously asserts her belief in the self-perpetuation of marriage. Despite the fact that it is "A house of cards, at its best; at its worst, the life of a galley slave for its willing victims. . . . Hundreds of thousands of marriages hold firm. . . . And so one can only assume that, in spite of everything, some deeper forces are at work in Marriage—deeper and higher and very forceful, corresponding to all that is best in human nature."

und Drang, almost any man can become a hero.

Although the tide of Hitlerism is rising steadily, carrying with it the support of over one-third of the German student population, there are still some in German (probably of "impure blood!") whose attitude toward the movement is expressed in the apoplectic reply made by a German judge last summer in response to my question "Hitler?—Hitler iss a bum!"