

There is in the world but one work worthy of man, the production of truth, to which we devote ourselves, and in which we believe.  
—Taine

# THE BARDIAN

Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.  
—Coleridge

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## Community Religion

By MADELEINE NOCE

"The worship of God and the cultivation of the spiritual life are an essential part of a truly liberal education, and, therefore, are and ought to be, an integral part of the Bard program." Thus reads the first part of the preamble of the constitution of the recently organized College Chapel Association. Just what do these phrases, "the worship of God," and, "the cultivation of the spiritual life" mean?

Is worship not an artistic masterpiece created by many thousands of devout worshippers, who, through centuries, have contributed to its development and perfection? It is not meant to be a haphazard arrangement playing on the varied emotions of the worshippers? It provides an orderly manner, correct psychologically and spiritually, for the participation of every worshipper in balanced and full religious experience. An authority has written:

"The Church in its institution of corporate worship holds aloft standards of thought and life higher than those which the individual worshipper unaided could sustain. The Church's passion for goodness, truth, and beauty lifts worship above the commonplace, the secular, the local, the ephemeral, to levels of spiritual and universal significance. Worship, rightly understood and practiced, is the finest illustration of man's pursuit of the highest good."

Worship offers opportunities for quiet meditation upon the Word of God, for self examination — facing one's spiritual and moral condition frankly with the purpose of seeking to correct what is wrong and to strengthen and improve what is right, and for activity in forms of personal and spiritual service to others. Yet, it is said that if one "follows his conscience" and "prays alone" that is all that is required. But the conscience of the individual must be corrected by the group. Care must be taken, of course, that the group itself is controlled by right standards. Every student should constantly correct his conscience by the group conscience of the church, which is enlightened by the pure standard of God's Word. Sound religious faith is not an individual matter, nor is true religious life solitary. No one is capable of reasoning out his own faith alone. He must have the cooperation, not only of others in his own generation, but of all those in the past through whom he has gotten the Word of God.

It is natural that some students who participate in the worship of God may find campus customs and traditions often opposed to their own. The realization that the worship of God is completely universal, no matter what form it takes, and is not cramped, narrow, and limited, and will create a broad-mindedness that will make participation in the campus form of worship possible.

Members of the C.C.A. "believe that the difference between those who take seriously and seek honestly the principles of religious faith, with its consonant standards of conduct, and those who are indifferent and hostile to them, is of far greater importance than minor differences of expression, form, and usage, and as supporters of the community way of worship at Bard we express our liberality toward and hospitality for all faiths."

The purposes of the C.C.A. are to support the services and work of the college chapel, to increase the influence of religion and uphold fitting standards of behavior on campus, and to associate in fellowship, service, and study. Any member of the Bard convocation who accepts the purposes of the Association and subscribes to its rule of life may become a member. Its "rule of life" includes the treating as an obligation attendance at the college

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## A Problem of the Novelist

By HOWARD MEUNIER

In a world which trains people to think for themselves, to inquire into the real meaning of things, it is natural that one should question the aim of the novelist. Especially in a time when everything must have a purpose, and a grim one, what is the role of the novelist? There are those who will say that his duty is to keep up morale, to provide a means of escape from the tragedies of life. This is true to a great extent; but there are numerous forms of casual amusement, and it is not a sufficient excuse for fiction to exist merely as something to pass away dull moments.

Yet entertainment is not the least important value of fiction. The reader is concerned with his own affairs, he is tired, he does not wish to worry about the sufferings of man in general. Wanting to be entertained, he does not buy books which make painful demands upon him. This may seem like a low form of pleasure, and the writer may look down his nose at the reader; but the reader exists, and it is no more degrading to provide a pleasing book than to provide a pleasing meal.

It is improbable that writers write for great masses of people. Even those who talk about social revolution write to a special public. This explains the attitude so prevalent against writing merely to give pleasure to the reader: it is assumed that those who buy books already have enough (or too much) pleasure, and that they had better see what real life is. In other words, the writer should not amuse his audience, but instruct or scold it. The writer must have a message; he must let people know what he has seen and try to get them to do something about it.

This attempt to influence social action

makes the writer extremely vulnerable. It puts him in the field of the social worker or the politician, and he must suffer in comparison. Unhappily, most writers have not impressive minds. Their comprehension is limited and is frequently adjusted to make concessions to art. They are held up as men who see life more intensely or more accurately or more perceptively than most people. They have prestige. They are respected for their judgment when too often they have little judgment. For example, it is unlikely that many novelists have grasped the essentials of economic thought in the last one hundred years; yet without such insight, they attempt to evolve grand schemes about world order. They catch a point in passing and then go ahead writing about theories and suggestions which are quite useless. If they want to do that kind of work, they should be people with broad and deep understanding, but they are not. It would not matter were it not that they and the public consider it the writer's job to be political-moral-philosophical: perfectly satisfactory if they have the ability, but very few people have such ability and few of them happen to be writers. The writer feels it his place to interpret, but he is a pathetic interpreter who knows only one language.

With this sense of social obligation, the writer has changed his perspective on his actual writing. Now, instead of romanticism or fantasy, he confines himself to what he calls realism. He is contemptuous of those who looked at the world with rose-colored glasses and, in the name of realism, proceeds to wear muddy ones. He talks about realism. What is realism? The old writers gave us the pretty in life. The new

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## The Road Not Taken

By CHARLES W. TOTH

There comes a time in the life of a man when he wishes for two minds, two souls — nay, even two bodies. That moment is the moment of grave decision. There was, just before the last war, a young lad who had just such a moment to live.

The only son of a wealthy family that had been for generations connected with high naval affairs, it probably was not surprising that his parents should have planned his career in the service of the government. However, the inner qualities of this youth seemed to run against these wishes. The lad having been brought up by private tutors, these qualities were brought to full maturity. His inclinations proved to be artistic rather than military, and he was considered an exceptionally gifted pianist.

The moment of decision arrived. Was he to continue his study of the piano in some garret, or should he obey the commands of his parents for whom he had the utmost love and respect? Now, a young man only sixteen years of age cannot very well run and hide in some corner with a piano. Yet, in choosing one field for a career the other would be, in all probability, relinquished forever. Finally, owing to pressure from his family, he agreed to accept their ready-made plans.

A student in one of the best naval academies in Europe, he soon became, through his insatiable thirst for knowledge, one of the leading cadets of the school. A master mathematician and excellent linguist, he was, upon graduation, a first-class officer.

This graduation came, however, at an unfortunate time. It was in 1916 and a fearful war was raging throughout Europe. Being assigned immediately by his country to active duty, he was placed as an officer of the bridge upon a swift destroyer. With no more than a year of active service upon the sea,

he was, what with the shortage of commanding officers and the growing intensity of the final stages of the war, made a commander of his own destroyer.

For the first time in a long while he felt happy that he had chosen as he did. Was it not better to be a commander of a ship on the Black Sea than an artist-soldier lying in slimy trenches? But this happiness was momentary, as was all happiness in those years of unpredictable destinies. For one day, just as the setting sun was sinking into the sea, a periscope began slicing the waves on the starboard side. The ship, unfortunately being between the submarine and the setting sun, made a perfect target. The periscope was sighted—a few seconds too late however. Before the ship could be swerved around, a terrific explosion at its stern rocked the destroyer like a cradle. A matter of a few minutes and the sea became as black as its name.

The next morning, in the malaria-infested swamps not far from the delta of the Danube, the wreckage of a sunken ship and some human beings lay strewn about. Among the half-dead forms that had managed to float to shore was the figure of a young commander.

The story of this man continued is one of anti-climatic events—bullet wounds, shrapnel, malaria, prison hospitals, escapes, and further sea adventures in a mad dash across the Atlantic.

Today, in one of the few neutral countries of Europe, a man in his late forties sits at a piano in a large, somber room. The music that meets the ear seems void of that quality of genius he once possessed. It seems lifeless—as artificial as the legs that control the timbre of the music. He is trying to bring his body back to the road traversed all these years by his heart and his soul.

## Letter From Europe

Some significant thoughts of a former Bard ASTP student now attached to AMG and billeted in a private home in Luxembourg.

October 16, 1944

... I am still in this Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, the total population of which is only twice that of Grand Rapids, but yet much more impressive — by which I mean no criticism of Grand Rapids. Having received almost no mail at all for some time, my comment will necessarily be of a local nature only.

The other night I decided to attend a civilian motion picture show, which had proudly advertised an English film of recent date, and thereupon I ran into my usual difficulties. The cashier could not speak English, addressed me in French, and we finally settled on German. There was a different price for each floor, and balcony, all in Marks. All I had was Belgian money, so after some confusion, I got my charge in various types of French and German money.

This of course was at a leisurely pace, for no one hurries here, and one often exchanges pleasantries no matter how long a queue is behind one. The theater proved to be quite modern, though small, and the seats were quite luxurious. But alas, although the film was indeed an English film, with English characters, the original sound track had been removed and French voices substituted. Thus I did not understand the dialogue too well. Yet it was interesting to note that the synchronization of dialogue to lip movements was perfect, that the voices portraying the various characters had been selected with regard to age, sex, and character, besides the care to give the proper emotional overtones to the speech.

The news reel was potent stuff, for it showed Paris in the throes of street battles, and the cameraman had evidently stood behind various civilians as they killed others, and it was not a pleasant sight.

On a visit to a civilian family who had invited me over, we had a discussion over movies, and I was told that civilians are astounded at the scope, humanity, and honesty of our films. "You do not hesitate to admit your mistakes," said one man, greatly impressed, "You do not always win, it is not always the enemy who loses. The German movies always showed them victorious. That you should be so honest is truly tremendous."

"What is more," said a lady present, "is that you do not glory in war. The German movies always spoke of the greatness and rightness of war. Your movies show us your wives, your families, your homes, and what happens. For years we passionately longed for the Americans. We knew they would come, they must come. They were our symbol of liberation, and when you appeared, our joy had no limits. That horrible imprisonment of the mind and body was broken. And further than that we did not think. It was not until we began to meet you in our homes, to see your wonderful films, that we realized that here is a man, a human being, with wife, mother, children at home, far away across the ocean. He cannot stay, what has he to do with our affairs? He will go home, and it is up to us to put this witches' castle of a Europe in order. We want him to say, we love him. You say you have many faults. Faults! Then what do you call what the Germans have done? There is only one thing they taught us well, and that is to hate. Oh yes, one must somehow include the Germans in the world of peace. My mind tells me that, but my heart tells me, "Kill them, kill every last one of them."

"I cannot understand them," said another lady, "They are people like you and me, they must be, and yet I will tell you that years

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# The Bardian

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## To The Reader

ONCE AGAIN we should like to remind all that the Bardian is a journal of expression—your expression. We of the editorial staff have as our main task the selection of those contributions which appear most interesting, timely, and original, so as to present to the community a paper that is representative of a free and progressive society.

In order to obtain a true cross-section of community thought, it is necessary to have as many individual contributions as possible. The new editorial staff hopes that the members of the college will help in this endeavor.

—THE EDITORS

## Free Activity

THE traditional pattern of education is that of external imposition of subject matter and discipline. The curriculum is static in that the program is handed down through the years without considering that this is a changing world and therefore constant revision is necessary. The result is that often the work is not meaningful and external discipline is a necessity on the part of the teacher. The pupil must give way to the demands of the school.

In contrast to this, progressive education is considered to be the "expression and cultivation of individuality" with its characteristic of "free activity." The needs and abilities of the student should not be subordinated to a set and unchanging pattern of experience. Discipline, externally applied by an authoritative voice is not necessary. The Progressives, however, do admit that "free activity" should be "controlled free activity."

Thus it is recognized that control is necessary, but in what form shall this control manifest itself? Shall it be brought about by external discipline? Dewey gives the answer quite clearly when he says that "education is essentially a social process and through interaction social control is developed. It is not the will or desire of any one person which establishes order, but the moving spirit of the whole group."

But what of this free activity of which we hear so much today? Do we have the proper conception of what it is, or how it is brought about? Does it mean freedom of overt action, or is this merely a by-product of a greater action at work?

In short, this freedom of which we speak is primarily of mind: freedom to judge and to evaluate—freedom of thought, desire and purpose. Progressive education deems it important that the student, through free activity, shall have active participation in the forming of purposes based on his desires—wholesome desires that are capable of fulfillment.

—C. W. T.

## One More Responsibility

THE curriculum listed in the next Bard catalogue may require the completion of 4 teams of physical education for promotion to the upper college. This, in effect, would make compulsory physical education an integral part of the Bard program. The final inclusion of this provision does not depend upon what Bard students think about it. Their actions are the only thing that will prevent it.

Granting the fact that some form of physical exercise is necessary for a well-balanced existence, a dispensation few will refuse, the problem of any college administration is to see that its students do not neglect this part of their education. Compulsory physical education is the common method, prevalent in colleges throughout the country. Up to now, the Bard program has not adopted this "crutch," a symbol of educators' beliefs that college students are incapable of assuming the responsibility of their own physical education.

From its beginning Bard has been the dream college of both extremes in physical education. The sports enthusiast is free to use the gym until 11 P.M., and even that curfew may eventually be removed, as the community educates itself. The athletic Philistine, a type Bard is not without, can pass through college without entering the gym, except on registration days.

There is no doubt that compulsory physical education could correct this situation. Assuming that most Bard students intend to enter the upper college at some time, it is obvious that they would have to participate in some part of the athletic program. This, in itself, would not be calamitous. However, resort to compulsion would be an admission by the formulators of the Bard program that they had overestimated the capacities of Bard students. A declaration of this sort can be of no benefit to a college that is promulgating a new idea in education. Prevention of it is the students' responsibility.

Currently, a physical education program is in existence at Bard. The majority of students have voluntarily committed themselves to participation in some part of it. If we do not fulfill this commitment, no Special Committee will educate us concerning it. At least, not for the present. However, the September surprise of compulsion will make a vague memory of individual freedom in this sphere. Educate ourselves, or have it thrust upon us. This is the choice.

—J. P.

## Freedom of the Flat Hat

AN editorial appearing last month in the *Flat Hat*, campus publication of William and Mary College, Virginia, exploded into a fight for a free student press. Because the editorial called for complete racial equality between Negroes and Whites, President J. E. Pomfret, yielding to powerful political and business interests, suspended the paper and announced that future editions would be subject to what amounts to censorship. The resignation of Editor Marilyn Kaemmerle was also demanded.

This is a serious blow to the student press of America. If, as one member of the *Flat Hat* staff has charged, the Byrd political machine of Virginia is behind the suspension, then colleges throughout the nation are in grave danger. For if a reactionary political machine can control the expression of student opinion it may not find it too difficult to control the colleges themselves. By weakening on this point, President Pomfret has opened the door to further demands by pressure groups. If certain interests were to demand changes in the college curriculum might not he be forced to yield in the same manner?

A free student press is the expression of ideas without the shackles of censorship. Freedom in education is the teaching of ideas untouched by the pressure of business or politics. And one cannot be had without the other.

The student press of America must be free if education itself is to remain independent. And it is therefore up to educators to see that students have an unshackled medium of expression—regardless of the consequences.

—S. L. F.

## We Can't Stop Now

IN the first fifty-eight hours of that grim ordeal, tribute to American courage and heroism, the battle of Iwo Jima, Marine casualties exceeded 5,300—almost twice as much as were inflicted on us in the first seventy-two hours of Tarawa. On the lava-covered beaches and hills of Iwo, American blood flowed as had never been shed before in so brief a struggle.

Soon the large hospital ships, marked with great Red Crosses, will be coming back from Iwo, carrying the wounded to clean, efficient hospitals far from the fighting front. Then the "women in grey" will pass through the wards, bringing light and hope to those who feel the darkness. Red Cross nurses, as they have done before, and as they always will, will perform for the wounded what we at home would want to do ourselves, but which we cannot. Candy, books, cigarettes, magazines, a little conversation, a few letters written—this will be the job of the Red Cross. And in their quiet, efficient yet sympathetic manner, the "women in grey" will bring a little bit of home to our wounded.

And the Red Cross will not stop here. It will stretch out, across untold barriers, to reach American prisoners of war, to aid them in their loneliness with the familiar packages that they have come to look forward to.

## Looking At Books

By JIM GAVIN

**LIFE AND CULTURE OF POLAND**, by Waclaw Lednicki, 1944, 328 pp., New York: Roy Publishers, \$3.50.

Once again the map of Europe faces another major revision, and in the reshaping of boundary lines one of the prime questions will be what to do with Poland. Throughout modern history, Poland has been used as a pawn by the great powers east and west of it; occasionally its nationalism has come into evidence, only to be again submerged. Occupying the position of a "buffer" state, with the great power of Russia to the East and the Prussian power to the West, it has been an easy prey to the militaristic wolves, and has frequently been subjected to partitioning by them.

Although it is not generally known, Poland has a rich background of culture which dates back further than many of its neighboring states. This has been brought to light in a series of lectures delivered by Dr. Waclaw Lednicki in the Lowell Institute in Boston. These lectures have been revised and published in book form under the title "Life and Culture of Poland."

The book exhibits the keen insight of an author well versed in his subject. Dr. Lednicki, drawing on a wealth of experience gained in more than twenty years of studying, teaching, and lecturing at the leading universities on the Continent and in America, has gathered together the various strains of Polish life and thought as reflected in the historic, poetic, and literary writings of Poland. He has interpreted and presented these in an exceptionally readable form.

In his interpretation of Polish history, Dr. Lednicki presents some

extremely interesting, though all too little known, facts about Poland's heritage. The author, for instance, reveals that that country, as early as the 13th century, had a government far more advanced than those of her neighbors. Although admittedly it was a government of the aristocracy, it had the support of 14 percent of the people.

Another indication of Poland's advancement was the introduction of a fundamental principle of civil liberties, the habeas corpus, in 1433. Likewise, the importance of man as an individual was recognized by the practice of religious tolerance and the furthering of his education through the establishment of the first public education system in Europe.

During the Insurrection of 1831, many colorful literary figures were forced to emigrate to Western Europe, bringing a Polish influence to the culture of France and Germany. An entire section of the book is devoted to the life of Adam Mickiewicz, the greatest national poet, who not only influenced the cultures of these countries, but those of Russia and Italy. Other literary figures instrumental in the spread of this culture were Slowacki, leader among the Polish modernists, and Krasinski, "poet-thinker and poet-philosopher."

Men like these have left an indelible imprint upon Poland's history, and one becomes aware that Poland possesses a definite national character, a spirit which will have to be reckoned with in planning the future of Europe. For no amount of partitioning or submerging seems entirely to obliterate this strong national feeling, this unconquerable spirit of the Polish people.

## In Tune

By RICHARD GAYNOR

To the conductor or the soloist, the matter of program arrangement is of the greatest importance. In planning a program, he or she must first of all try to please a majority of the public. This is understood, for it is only through pleasing the public that an artist can gain its favor and hence survive. But now by saying this we immediately run into a great obstacle. The public is not in agreement with itself as to what it wants. If a conductor announced that he was planning to conduct an all-Tchaikovsky program during one week and then a second Tchaikovsky program during the succeeding week, the subscribers and other regular patrons would doubtless demand a change, and in a hurry. In other words, variety is "the spice" of a concert program.

The question might then be asked, has the conductor or soloist any other duty after he has pleased a majority of the public in this fashion? I believe that he has. It is not so much a duty as a responsibility. He must take it upon himself to present new works. Here is where a few of our conductors fall down on the job. They continue to program the Beethoven and Brahms symphonies with little regard for the compositions of the present as well as of the past generations. As an example of this fact, I need only mention the name of Georg Philipp Telemann (1681-1767).

Telemann was a contemporary of Bach whose music spread all over Germany during his lifetime and later, after his death, all over Europe and England. At the close of the eighteenth century, popularity would have rated Telemann first, Handel second and Johann Sebastian Bach third. If we asked a group of concert-goers to rate them today, they would probably say Bach first, Handel second, and then some of them would doubtless ask "Who is this Telemann person." Of all of

the concert programs that I have ever seen, only once have I seen the name of Telemann on the announcements of any of our major orchestras. If Telemann were the only composer to have been neglected by our modern artists, it would be bad enough but he is just a typical example of neglect in music. A list could be drawn up with many names of composers in the same position.

Our contemporary composers are in a slightly different position. As an example, let us use Paul Creston, whose *Second Symphony* was presented for the first time by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York under the direction of Dr. Rodzinski, at its regular Sunday afternoon concert of February 19th. The critics received the work rather well, with a few praising the work highly. Now what is to happen next? The probable answer is that it will be tucked away in some dark corner of the orchestra's library and with luck, will be played next year or the year after. Other conductors will probably see the score and remark that it is a fine work with possibilities but their schedule is too crowded to permit a playing. Perhaps my picture of this work is too pessimistic but only time will tell.

Although this situation does exist in concerts of chamber music and at recitals, it is not so clearly evident. I imagine that the reason for this is the type of listener who goes to such a concert. He is usually the one who has had a wider background in music and consequently enjoys a wider range of composers. That is the point, getting back to the conductor, he should feel it his responsibility to do some indirect education when he is planning a program. It is only in this way that new compositions and forgotten ones will be enjoyed by many, for they then would have this wider experience.

**Letter From Europe**

*(Continued from Page 1)*

ago when I was in Germany a small incident occurred which impressed me deeply. Many of us were on a height, admiring the beautiful valley below, and do you know what this ten year old German girl said? She said, "What a place for a cannon." That thought, in a young girl! It made me cold all over. What manner of people are these?"

The soldier proudly displayed the huge Nazi flag he had found plus several pennants and even a bust of Hitler. With the zeal of a trophy collector, he placed the bust on a ledge in his room, surrounded it by an arc of pennants, and over the radiator he draped the huge swastika. Truly a colorful and curious room.

The next day, when he returned, he found the flag ripped away and thrown under the bed. When he questioned the chambermaid, she proudly admitted she had done it. "What do you think I felt," she said, "when I came in to fix the bed and saw that flag staring me in the face? I saw red, and I ran and pulled it down, and I'll always pull it down, and if you ever hang that up again, I'll put a match to it. The other things I will permit, since you spent a lot of time fixing them up."

The soldier, unable to convey to her our sense of hanging specimens on the wall, for the edification of others, gave in. The next day, though, the chambermaid seemed to be in very good spirits, and she laughingly showed me to his room. She had found a piece of black crepe and had covered the bust of Hitler with it. Not only had she done that, but she had made up his bed using the Nazi flag as an under-sheet, the only suitable use she could think for it!

The other chambermaid told me she had found one use for the huge red flags. They had no American flag, so she had cut out the red stripes from that. Considering the huge size of the American flag she made, she must have worked pretty hard. "No," she said, "What was a little difficult was cutting out 96 stars, 48 for each side, and sewing each one in." And these people refuse to ever lower their flag or our flag, even at sundown. They want them up there every single second and day.

Although I am not a Catholic, I have often stopped in many Catholic churches and cathedrals, for of course France and Luxembourg are Catholic countries. Those in France were quite beautiful, quite in the tradition of the old Gothic style, but many of those in the Grand Duchy are of quite a different type. One was the most strikingly modernistic church I've ever seen here or home. Everything was done in a severe block and formal, highly stylized manner, which was withal very successful. I attended a special mass there, and I got the drift of the sermon which was given in the Luxembourg dialect, so was quite surprised when the other priest addressed us in English, until I realized that he was an Army Chaplain.

One cathedral I saw was not modernistic, but seemed almost Spanish in the elaborately-figured columns. Unlike so many others who had removed the stained glass windows for safety, they were still here, and cast a vivid hue of life on the cold stone. I knew that what someone had meant when he said I should come back to see the Cathedral of Chartres in the moonlight, when the stained windows were in place, for at the present, plain frosted cellanese covers the windows and all is white.

Dorothy Parker's article in the September issue of the "Reader's Digest" about how many men would return home strangers to their families, in view of the long separation and blood-curdling experiences, interested me greatly, especially because of the savage attacks that followed it in the next few pages. The former represented the introspective, and the latter the extroverted types of human being, and as usual, the introverts express themselves in a vague, wishful, unhappy way so characteristic of them, and so annoying to the extrovert who prefers direct action, who sees all in an intense clear light devoid of pastel shades.

While to a certain extent Dorothy Parker has always been a rather severe critic of both the helpless, clinging vine type of woman and

also the stolid unimaginative woman, I felt her remarks did have much substance behind them, consequently I decided to check, by asking the impressions of a loyal, young, married college graduate who could evaluate and express his side of the question in a scientific and impersonal manner, a man who writes pages to his wife daily, and who does not philander.

To my utter surprise, he agreed with Dorothy Parker. "After all," said he, "I've been away from home only a few short months, and yet, in that time, my wife has gone through the experience of childbirth, and all that goes with it, alone. I have not even seen my child. I shall return to a household quite new to me. And on my part, I have crossed an ocean, have lived in the field, tents, foxholes, and all, have celebrated in town with foreign, friendly people, and have had a variety of experiences. Obviously, things cannot be the same." But apparently he was not worried about it, and possibly the final answer to the whole thing is simply that marriages founded on flimsy foundations could not survive, but that those founded more deeply would indeed be even better. And so I take leave of this subject.

One thing that has impressed me in my various travels is that there is one universal language, and that is music. You may dismiss this as a common truism, and yet in actuality it is most amazing. In so different communities as Manchester, Chartres, and here, I find people quite familiar with "After You've Gone," "La Cumparsita," and almost any song at all.

In fact the day after we arrived in the Grand Duchy, the local band not only played the "Star Spangled Banner" (which everyone calls the "Stars and Stripes") but several citizens sang it loudly and clearly, all the way through, without a mistake in the words, a feat many of our soldiers cannot duplicate.

Often I may be in a community and find a piano in an empty room and play whatever comes to mind, and my friends may meanwhile roam the village, leaving me alone, whereupon many people will come in, of all ages and sizes, and I cannot understand their words, in fact, for all I know, they may be on the other side of the fence, but they run away excitedly and bring back sheaves of music, "The Beautiful Blue Danube," "Danube Waves," etc. Though the radio has popularized or rather spread our music, most do not care for jazz and prefer simple but pretty little pieces, and even if it gets dark and there are no lights, I must play, and we all sit there, invisible, united in the beauty of music, until I absolutely must go.

One of the days that I will always remember is the one I spent in Chauvy, France. The town was quite small, yet attractively modern, unlike so many of our own small main-street towns. Upon seeing an impressive staircase leading to a Park, I suggested we investigate. Unfortunately, there was nothing spectacular about the park, but as we continued our stroll, we ven-

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**False Sanctuary**

By PATRICIA VOLK

A young woman sat alone in the rear of the bus, staring out at the night. Drops of water fell slowly from the brim of her black slouch hat upon the shoulders of her black coat.

A corporal sitting across the aisle looked up from her mud-spattered stockings and discovered an attractive profile beneath the hat brim. His eyes quickly examined the mass of gold hair swept back and gathered loosely at the base of her neck. She was a pretty woman. Her clothes, severe and of unrelieved black, were smart. The corporal felt a glow of pleasure from these observations and wondered how he might begin a conversation.

Up ahead two windshield-wipers wagged back and forth, back and forth, in unrelenting rhythm. The dull monotonous tattoo caught up the rhythm of the woman's thoughts, and whispered an echo of the throbbing in her brain. The impersonal, unvaried rhythm made it somehow endurable. She was grateful for the flashing blades. They helped her to maintain the mechanical tempo in her mind. It was better than the agony of wholly feeling that limitless, inner void. The steady beat distracted, somehow, numbed awareness and sensation.

The corporal straightened his khaki tie and unconsciously glancing at the straight little rainbow of ribbons at his chest, cleared his throat somewhat louder than he had intended. Startled, he looked apprehensively across the aisle, but the woman made no sign of having noticed the sound.

The soldier frowned. Bored, he slouched back in his seat and rattled the change in his pocket. He wondered what the woman was thinking behind her leaden, unresponsive eyes.

She stared at the window. It was impossible to see outside of the bus. In the mirror formed by the window her reflection stared back at her. Tiny drops of rain coursed down the outside of the glass—tears coursing down the image of her face, a reflection of unapparent reality.

Suddenly the bus lurched around the corner and an overnight bag fell down from the rack above. The corporal leaped eagerly from his seat and seized the small case. "Your suitcase, Ma'am?"

"Yes," she said and turned her face again to the window.

"I'll just set it back up in the rack for you." He replaced it carefully and smiled down, expecting her thanks. The young woman said nothing but continued to stare at her weeping image. Rebuffed, the corporal stood awkwardly in the aisle, reluctant to abandon his opportunity. Upon inspiration, he jammed a hand into his pocket, withdrew a battered pack of cigarettes and recklessly sat down beside her. "Cigarette Ma'am?" he asked, extending the twisted pack. "No."

Her eyes never wavered. Yet she

" . . . For I Was Born To Tame You Katie . . . "



**'The Taming of the Shrew' —**  
*A recent workshop production*

became increasingly conscious of his uniform, of the polished brass buttons which caught at the light. A flash of pain swept over her. She experienced a wild desire to hide her eyes in her hands to avoid seeing the khaki-clad young man, but she remained rigid and silent.

The soldier leaned forward and gazed at her reflection. The leaden eyes stared back. "Don't you smoke?" he asked.

Unwillingly she saw the reflection of the tall young soldier sitting at her shoulder. It was somehow reminiscent of a snap shot which she had carried in her wallet until it had happened, and which had then become unbearable to her—and at this thought another wave of pain wrenched over her. It was as if an anesthetic had begun to wear off. She began to feel again the agony of emptiness, of the void. A kind of desperation seized her, a panic, a fear of feeling again—the pain she had fought to deaden.

She suddenly hated the corporal who was so poignantly reminiscent. She begrudged him his warmth, his very living, as she hated all those agonizing thoughts which his presence inspired, and which she struggled to repress. She felt unreasonably that perhaps he had embezzled his existence from someone else, and had returned to taunt her with the life he had stolen, to torment her into feeling again that which she had willed numb and senseless. In a split second her hatred and grief combined into a huge and massive rage.

The corporal, pettishly determined to obtain a response, said persistently, "Sure you won't change your mind?"

The woman in black spun around to face him, the leaden eyes now wide with emotion, animal-like hate, and a kind of fanaticism. "Damn

you!" she screamed, "God damn you! Why won't you leave me alone. Go away, God damn you!" And she shook as if with fever.

The corporal, aghast, leaped from his seat and scrambled into the aisle. Shocked and frightened at the outburst, he thought half aloud, "She's crazy, she must be out of her head." He looked fearfully at the few other passengers, expecting misinterpretation of her hysterical tirade. Two men had risen, about to intercede. Yet both, seeing the savage violence and fury of the woman's eyes, hesitated, stared, and resumed their seats. The other passengers slowly averted their startled eyes. An embarrassed quiet settled over them. The soldier, ashamed to leave his old seat, sat down uneasily across the aisle from her. They continued to ride along in a bizarre silence, all minds focused upon the incident; no one watched the woman.

The woman in black gradually ceased to shiver and looked once more out the window. Gradually the eyes of her reflection grew leaden again; tears continued to wash down over the face that stared back at her.

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## Alumni Notes

By ARTINE ARTINIAN

Jimmy Westbrook was married to Elizabeth Estey, an alumna of Skidmore, in December. Jimmy continues to serve in the Merchant Marine. . . . Announcement has been made of the engagement of Ensign Fritz Steinway to Mary Kathryn Castle of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Miss Castle is a junior at Radcliffe. . . . Harold Nichols was married to Jesse Brunt of Winston Salem, N. C., in Sept., and has since been living at Anaconda, Mont., where he got a discharge after graduating from the Nashota House (Wis.) seminary. . . .

Major Johnny Parsons is expected home from the South Pacific any day. . . . Bill Asip was inducted into the service early in March. . . . Harold Bassage is studying for the ministry at Union Seminary. . . . Sidney Smith, former assistant librarian, is doing graduate work at Univ. of Chicago after four years at Union College. . . . An article entitled "The New Powers of the President" was contributed by Louis Koenig to the February issue of COMMON SENSE. The Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park requested an autographed copy of Louis' recent book on the powers of the president.

A propos of autographs, I have just acquired an important collection of original, unpublished letters by Maupassant which will add new and interesting light on his intimate life. . . . Dick Richardson and Barbara Watt, sister of Donnie, were married last summer. Barbara became a student at Bard in January. Dick is doing personnel work at the Camp Swift Regional Hospital, near Austin, Texas. . . . Another popular new co-ed is Bob Redlich's sister, Betty. . . .

A few days after receiving an honorable discharge from the army, Elie Shneur went on an overseas assignment for the army which took him to England and France, the entire trip, by plan, lasting but two and a half weeks. He is now back on campus as a student, camera in hand as usual. . . . Alden Manley returned home from Italy in Dec., planned to re-enlist in the AFS, but according to recent reports is being tempted by a spectacular offer from Standard Oil of N. J. . . . Mort Leventhal and Carl Gutmann are now at the midshipman school of Northwestern Univ. . . .

Otto Kirchner-Dean lost a leg in action in the So. Pacific and is recovering satisfactorily at the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C. . . . On duty at the Walter Reed is Walter Dotts, recently transferred from Camp Berkeley, Texas. . . . T/Sgt. Charley Leone has left Cherry Point, N. C., and is bound for the Pacific. . . . 1st Lt. John Schultz is serving in the European theater as a chaplain. . . . Dave Burke is expected home soon after three years in Italy with the AFS. . . . In March, Milt Jehoda is due to receive his M. S. in psychiatric-social work from the N. Y. School of social work. . . . Since December John Morrell has been with the Publications Service of the Overseas Supply Division, N. Y. City. . . .

Ens. Bob Haskell left this country on Dec. 20 for Hawaii where he has been training seaman in attack boat technique. . . . S. 3/c Ed Bartlett is also in the Pacific area. . . . Mike Siegal is a Ph.M. 3/c, doing work in surgery at the USN Hospital, Great Lakes, Ill. . . . Phil Klein and Dave Sabo are also at Great Lakes, at the Naval Training School, in the pre-Radar group. . . . It may interest the above to know that the C.O. of the Naval Station is the father of Bardian Bob Emmett. . . .

Other recent inductees: Marty Weiss, at Camp Wheeler, Ga. . . . Dave Margolin, at Camp Blanding, Fla.,

and loving the grub, so far! . . . Howard Fisher was sent to the Naval training school at Sampson, N. Y. . . . Sgt. Ham Winslow is an Army Air Force photographer at Moluccas, So. Pacific. . . . Dick Lov-ing's marriage has been reported. . . . Expecting commissions any day: Pete Josten, from a glider school in Texas, and Don Houghton, from midshipmen's school in Chicago. . . . Tom Mulcare and Hal Chamberlin met in Belgium in Dec. . . .

Ralph Kahana ended his third year of medicine at Flower among the first five in his class. . . . Dominic Papandrea has a commission in the Naval reserve as resident neurologist and surgeon at the Albany Hospital. . . . Norm Goodman received an honorable discharge from the Army and is back on campus with a wife. . . . Pete Klitgaard is serving with the Merchant Marine in New Guinea. . . . Two pre-theologs: Phil Harris, finishing at Union, and George Palmer, studying at Nashodah House, Wisconsin. . . . Edde Leshan is studying engineering under the ASTP at Blacksburg, Va. . . . His one-time collaborator Lloyd Marcus is now in Europe. . . .

Bill Schenck has been promoted to a Captain. . . . Willie Wilson and Gus Szekeley are both serving in the European theater, the latter with the mountain regiment. . . . Tony Petrina has enlisted in the Merchant Marine. . . . Al Swerka is studying at the Naval Research Laboratory Radio School, Washington, D. C. . . . Al Marks and Jerry Saltzman received their degrees at impressive commencement exercises in the Chapel in January. . . . Milt Witro-gen is married and is doing journalism at his home town of Wichita, Kansas. . . .

Lt. Dave Whitcomb was one of six ground engineers at Wright Field selected to go to M.I.T. for a year's study of advanced electronics. . . . Hank Chandler enlisted in the Ambulance Corps of the AFS and is bound for No. Africa. . . . Danny Danforth is reported back home from overseas assignment. . . . John Castelli is getting an M.A. in art from Teachers College, Columbia. . . . George LaBelle is a T/Sgt. with the G.A.A.F. at Greenwood, Miss. . . . S. 1/c J. e. Schoolmaster has been transferred to Ft. Pierce, Florida. . . . Ens. Gregg Linden has left the Caribbean for a European assignment. . . .

Bill and Jinny Dills of Wilmington, Del., announced the arrival of Bill Dills Jr. on Jan. 29th. . . . Rollin Marquis, still in a hospital retraining unit at McKinney, Texas, has a temporary job in the admitting office. . . . After three years' overseas service, Bob Lynde is now stationed at San Juan, Puerto Rico, where he is meteorologist for Pan-American Airways, in charge of the station set up by himself. . . . Cpl. Stanley Smith was recently assigned to a veteran troop carrier group of the Twelfth Air Force. . . .

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## The Music's Not Immortal

By JEANNE ROSENBERG

Mia waited patiently for the bus. Behind her a woman in blue overalls was tapping her foot. The rhythm beat against mia's ears like some weird congo song. On this corner of Lexington Avenue the traffic was relatively little and the busses were few and far between even at five in the afternoon.

Several blocks away the East River glowed with the reflection of the setting sun like an immense gilt carpet. The sides of the skyscrapers were pink and shaded rose. Mia leaned against the bus sign. Nearby an organ grinder cranked an old machine and the melodies awakened in Mia the old poem,

*There's a barrel organ caroling across a golden street  
In the City as the sun sinks low. . . .*

The woman had stopped tapping her foot but the sound still reverberated in Mia's head.

*In the low-ceilinged room, the smoke rose in silver tracks. . . . broke languidly. . . . drifted seductively over their heads. Danny's hand held hers tight and every now and then the pressure increased and she leaned her shoulder against his. The floor show was on and spangled chorus girls threw themselves around in time to the conga drums and their rhythm echoed inside Mia's chest and hurt her breast-bone. Suddenly Danny rose and she followed him outside. The rain was very slight now but the sidewalks shone like mirrors and the little drops fell and bounced back. Taxis waded through puddles at the crossings, silver waves hitting against the fenders. Mia touched her hair and felt the fog settle down on them as they walked home.*

Like a fat woman breathing heavily, the bus stopped and Mia got on. She was very tired and she put her head back against the seat and closed her eyes. It was warm in the bus and someone opened the window in front of her.

*And then the troubador begins to thrill the golden street,  
In the City as the sun sinks low;*

*And in all the gaudy busses there are scores of weary feet  
Marking time, sweet time, with a dull mechanic beat,  
And a thousand hearts are plunging to a love they'll never meet. . . .*

As the bus trolled its way downtown the melody of the barrel-organ still followed them. Mia looked around at the passengers. Across the aisle the woman in overalls was reading her paper; her face was lined and sallow, her eyes heavy-lidded, her mouth thin and tight. Her wispy gray hair was drawn beneath a tight kerchief, and her hands were gray, too, as if she'd tried to wash and couldn't get them very clean.

When the bus stopped, throwing Mia involuntarily forward, a short,

elaborately-dressed woman got on and sat next to her. The odor of her perfume filled Mia's nostrils—it was very sweet and she had to hold her head towards the window to breathe in fresher air. The woman was humming the barrel organ tune. Her bleached hair was set in geometric waves and a too-youthful hat perched over one eye. She was pretty once, thought Mia.

*There's a thief, perhaps, that listens with a face of frozen stone*

*In the City as the sun sinks low,*

*There's a portly man of business with a balance of his own,*

*There's a clerk and there's a butcher of a soft reposeful tone,*

*And they're all of them returning to the heavens they have known;*

*They are crammed and jammed in busses and — they're each of them alone*

*In the land where the dead dreams go.*

Before very long Mia would get out and walk up the narrow, agonizingly twisted street to her house. First she had to stop at the corner to buy a container of milk and a bread and the paper. And then the walk up four flights of stairs and then to sink down on the couch, too tired to eat.

When the bus stopped, she got out and started across the street. Another barrel organ was playing nearby, and Mia remembered other springs and other nights. . . . nights when she and Danny walked to the river and planned and dreamed and sought. Nights when the streets were light and joyous. . . . when April love was new and wondrous. . . . when dreams came true. Springs when the lilacs looked brighter and when Old Mary sold violets on the corner. . . . when the gardens in back of the Village houses shrieked with bloom.

*And all around the organ there's a sea without a shore  
Of human joys and wonders and regrets. . . .*

In the amber gloom of the delicatessen she bought the milk and a loaf of bread and on a wild impulse picked up a jar of huge black cherries. Danny and she used to eat them right out of the jar. . . . long ago. As she struggled for change, the jar slipped out of her hand and rolled along the floor under the counter.

"Oh, damn!" she bent down and started looking for it.

"Here, ma'am," said the soldier who was standing next to her. He held the jar while she nervously counted out the money.

"Thank you so much. I hate dropping things and they're so expensive it would be awful if they broke." Confused, she stopped, wondering why she talked so volubly to this strange man.

"But they're delicious," he an-

swered, handing her the jar, in which little purple bubbles topped the fruit.

"I know. . . have you ever eaten them in tarts with whipped cream?" Mia found herself walking out of the store with him. It was pleasant, talking to someone new, to an unknown quantity about commonplace things.

"I should say! My aunt used to make them like that all the time. I can taste it now!" He held her elbow as they went across the street. Mia stopped.

"I'm afraid. . . I. . . I live here and. . ." A little veil of pink covered her face. He was very serious.

"That's all right, I'm not trying to pick you up or anything like that." He was very tall, and he looked down at Mia, stared at the gleam of her black hair under the street lamp. The streets were quiet, barren, and over them stretched the sky, cherry purple.

"Oh, of course I know. . . uh, look, suppose you come up and I'll open the jar of cherries and since we both like them, we'll have them for dessert?" Mia shocked herself, but it was a new Mia, not the old shy one, a Mia now infected with spring. . . . tired of the silence of solitude, of lonely dinners, craving another person sitting opposite her again, wanting another set of dishes to wash, candles to light, aching to see two cigarettes smoking in the ash tray beside the radio.

"I'd love to, but, well." He was embarrassed. Mia laughed and the happy sound echoed up and down the empty, narrow street.

The two of them stood there on the corner, a lonely soldier, a lonesome girl. The glow of his cigarette was brighter than the street lamp; above them, the evening star was bold and bright. As they walked slowly into her house, a barrel organ grew fainter and fainter in the distance.

*And the music's not immortal;  
but the world has made it sweet*

*And fulfilled it with the sunset glow. . . .*

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## The Bad Man

By ELLEN R. ZUCKER

Ruth-Ellen was five years old, and she loved to roller skate. That is why she was mad at Mary when she stuck her head out the window to call. When Ruth-Ellen was in the yard, nothing ever happened, but when she was in the street, Mary stuck her head out every minute. Mary was the maid. Maids beat pillows out the window every day. Today there was a little hole in the pillow, and Ruth-Ellen caught some of the little things that flew down into the street and blew on them. Mary said,

"Be careful, and don't talk to no one, because there's a Bad Man around."

"Why is the Bad Man bad?"

"He just don't like little girls, that's all. He takes them away from their Mommas, that's what."

Then Mary put her head back in and shut the window.

Ruth-Ellen thought about what she had just heard. She wasn't afraid of the Bad Man. If he had been a Bogey Man, she might have been afraid, but not a Bad Man. She knew a Bad Boy. The boy across the street, he was nine, he lifted up little girls' skirts and looked at their petticoats, but she wasn't afraid of him either. She never let him see her petticoat.

She roller-skated down the block to the Candy-Store, and back. She wasn't allowed to go any farther than that, because Mommy said. She would never disobey what Mommy said, or she would get something, frinstance a whipping. Daddy said frinstance a punishment. She wondered why Daddy always said "frinstance" before everything.

After lunch, she went out to play with her friend Alice. Alice was old—she was seven, and she had a two-wheeler, only she didn't know how to ride it. Alice's Mommy was there. Ruth-Ellen liked her, because she was so tall, and she always smelled good. Ruth-Ellen's Mommy was short and blond, and she only smelled good sometimes, mostly at night. Alice's Mommy said.

"Stand here 'till I powder my nose, and I'll take you both to the Candy-Store and buy you a cone."

Ruth-Ellen wondered why she always had to powder my nose, and she waited, because she loved cones. She started to think about it. Soon she saw that Alice wasn't there anymore, and that she was walking up the block holding a big man's hand. So she poked Alice's Mommy, who was still powder my nose.

Alice's Mommy yelled very loud, and ran up the block after the big man. Ruth-Ellen ran too. Alice's Mommy caught the man by his arm, and the man said,

"This is my baby"

And Alice's Mommy said,

"No, it's not your baby, it's my baby."

And then the man started to take Alice away again, and her Mommy stopped him, and they yelled a lot, and then Alice's Mommy started to cry.

Soon a policeman came, and took the man away, and told Alice's Mommy to take Alice home. Ruth-Ellen went home, too.

That night when she went to bed, Ruth-Ellen heard her Mommy talking to her Daddy about the Bad Man, and she wondered if the Bad Man was the same man who made Alice's Mommy cry. She hoped he wouldn't come back, because she was afraid of him now, and she was afraid of the boy who wanted to see petticoats, too.

## Community Religion

(Continued from page 1)

chapel service at least once a week; associating oneself in some practical way with the chapel program, either by volunteering services or willingly carrying out duties whenever called upon to do so; and exerting oneself in every way to increase the attendance and influence of the chapel among other members of the community.

## Are We Tired?

This article is an answer to "Tired," which appeared in the last issue of the Bardian.

By CLIFFORD F. JEDDIS

Are we tired, can we not see the light of day? Are we tired of cowards whose vocabulary consists of but the words, "I quit." Are we tired, or instead, afraid to improve ourselves because of the face that it would take guts to do so? Life is full of trials, and he who shuns his duty in this world by simply stating that he is tired is either pent up with personal frustration or a fool incapable of sound reasoning. We have all been alone at times; we have been afraid; we have lived in solitude where we could see but not act. But life is not totally evil; it favors us all from time to time; it is imperfect only because we are too lazy to make it perfect; life is what we make it. If we are young, then we should not say that we are tired, for youth is full of wild emotional ideas that are tempered only with age. If our elders be tired, shall we allow ourselves to fall prey to this degenerating disease which makes men into mice? Shall we become dead by following death, or shall we live by creating new life? We who have seen harlots and pimps, do we look and say that we are tired, or do we attempt to do away with this which we abhor? And we who are so superior, we who can call a negro a "nigger," a colored man a "coon," we who can say this and then state that we are tired, are from word to word condemning ourselves as vacillating personalities. Are we tired or are we instead, tired of hearing that we are tired?

The fact of the matter is that we are not tired as some will lead us to believe. No, tired is not correct for we are afraid. Afraid, if anything, to attempt the "endless tasks" that confront us. But all of us are not afraid. All of us do not look upon this world as hell. Many are not cowards who hide behind the false pretense that all is evil and nothing that we are doing will change it. No, we cannot admit that we are tired, for if we do so it would be well that we died upon the spot. Life need not be a "mess," for those who have the courage to make it otherwise, will do so and they shall pull themselves from the "slough of despond" with the idea in mind that

it is perspicacity in time of trouble that leads to eventual victory. We must not allow ourselves to be influenced into submission. We must break the chains that hold us to this bed, despondent and disillusioned. We must not strive toward a better life by asking at one time if it is attainable and at another time saying that it is unattainable. No, we must strive toward the better life by surmounting hurdle upon hurdle until we know that it is true that we receive according to the fight we make.

We must not give up with the cry: "All is lost; we're tired of striving for betterment." Get it straight once and for all that a tired person can only degrade what is and can not build for the future. We are builders. We are not tired!

## Poem

By JEAN-PHILIPPE CARSON

See your footstep  
Pressed into the sand with loving  
care,  
Indistinct, now, and meaningless  
But then so much alive.

Simultaneously, the sand convulses  
And loosely runs, runs free and soft,  
Falls carelessly within itself;  
The lissom strands shifting languorously,  
As supple muscles under a dark  
skin,  
Or a lonely woodwind in a dark  
street.

Then a sudden, sharp spray,  
Flaunting the svelte mounds, whipping  
them,  
Leaving them smarting from the  
stinging attack.  
Strong currents shifting hard,  
Rippling quickly in frantic spasms,  
Harsh and wild,  
As they struggle violently within  
themselves.

The turn is soon over,  
And the gentle pantings of the  
wind  
Caress the bruised formations of  
the sand,  
Soothe them and regenerate them.  
The gentle breath consoles and  
brings hope,  
Lulls and carries a faint odor,  
That of the sun and of eternity.

## SUPPLY AND DEMAND



© ESQUIRE, INC., 1945  
Reprinted from the February issue of Esquire

"Someone called her for a date"

## Letter From Europe

(Continued from Page 3)

tured through an iron gateway that stood ajar at the end of a winding street, and found ourselves in an old cemetery.

It was an extraordinarily large rectangular plot divided by walls into smaller rectangles, and one could not get a unified impression because the individualistic French had treated each grave as though it alone existed. In fact, many had quaint frosted-glass shelters on iron supports, open only on one side, complete with roof, crucifix, candleholders, and tiny portrait of the loved one, plus a sentimental little poem, or thoughtful word. On almost every stone appeared colorful, small wreaths, gayly colored, in actuality stone and part of the stone. Everywhere were painted iron roses of all colors as though to deny death by these symbols of fragrant, loving life. Here and there a huge mausoleum arose, with its inner altar and shrine. It was all the expression of the grief and love of a generous child, that sought to compensate its ineffectualness with a super-abundance of gifts.

Suddenly a very old woman appeared, her thin white hair blown now this way and then that way by the gentle wind. She motioned for us to follow her. My friend spoke to her in high school French, and she understood. She insisted we must come with her. We passed through a stone portway, and suddenly found ourselves in quite a different cemetery. Beneath silver and green evergreens of tremendous heights were continuous rows of small wooden crosses, hundreds of them. They were the German dead of the first World War, and small yellow wildflowers united all in a continuous patch. In a corner, a huge stone tablet lay askew, resting against a brick wall, proclaiming in proud German the loud merits of those who defended the Fatherland. Nearby were new German graves, marked by huge wooden Maltese crosses, the size depending on the rank of the man beneath, for even in death Germans hold military caste. Bold black swastikas centered the Cross, carved and blackened deep upon it. Nearby, plain but prominent signs proclaimed furious penalties for any desecration, punishable by the German High Command.

"I saw some of them," said the old lady, "fall from the skies in a torrent of flames." She shook her head and led on.

We followed her through another portway into another, strikingly different cemetery. Here were buried the American and British dead of the first World War. Small, identical stones marked their resting place, otherwise indistinguishable from the rest of the ground, because of the deep green grass, neatly trimmed, which covered the entire plot. Covering the right and left walls were evergreen bushes and small trees, and in front of the far wall stood a large, broad stone wall completely covered with ivy, and this was as a stage, for the tombstones were as tiers and rows facing it, and one gained the impression of a vast theater of life in which all individuals lost all rank and distinction.

"It is beautiful," murmured my friend, and I assented, but the old woman turned to us and said, "It is not beautiful. Death is not beautiful. Our loved ones are gone."

We were a little apologetic at this, and wondered perhaps if we were unfeeling, and yet we could not deny our own impressions, but would admit the right of others to their own.

"Perhaps it is the curse of the intellectual life, of the speed and vigor of America, that we, her sons, should view a cemetery with an aesthetic and intellectual view of almost aloofness, instead of viewing it on an emotional level."

"That may be it," said my friend, "Although I do feel about it as you do, and it does worry me at times."

And so we took leave of the old woman, after much hand-shaking. As we passed the original section of the cemetery, a shabby middle-aged man stood alone before one of the graves. The tears were streaming down his face, and he was weeping bitterly. We paused, but he had no eyes for anything but the grave, and we involuntarily hesitated much longer than was in good taste. His grief was most affecting, and feeling the tears stinging my own eyes and nose, I turned to my companion,

## The Doll

By STANLEY L. FALK

The girl sat by the side of the road. She was young, not more than eleven. She sat on the edge of a rock, leaning forward, her legs crossed. She was staring, her large brown eyes gazing quietly before her. They had the appearance of those of a puppy whipped for what was not his fault. Her face was smudged and her hair was covered by a dirty rag that was once her mother's best kerchief. With her hands she clutched to her breast a doll plainly marked by the wear and tear of age.

She sat by the side of the road and watched the long line of tanks rumble by. She sat unmoving, stolidly watching the machines. Now and then she turned to look at the rubble behind her, at the still smouldering shell of a house. The long wretched line of people fleeing from the invader passed by her unheeded. Some walked upright and proud, still defiant; other trudged with heads down, beaten. The girl sat and stared, and held her doll. That was all. There was no defiance in her face, no bitterness, no servility. There was nothing. She merely sat.

The afternoon faded quickly away, and when the sun descended, leaving to the dusk the quiet shuffling of feet and the low rumble of the tanks, she had not moved. An old man detached himself from the line of refugees and approached her. He stood before her quietly, not speaking, just looking down at her. She returned his gaze with a calm look of resignation that seemed to age her features. Then he spoke: "Where are your parents, my child?"

He was old and he was tired, so he spoke slowly. He had seen much that day and was weary, so his voice was soft. The girl stared at the mud-brown treads of the tanks, and then raised her head to gaze at a passing formation of bombers. She said nothing. Her questioner waited. He understood. He saw in her eyes an old story, and he waited.

Now she looked up at the old man, as if seeing him for the first time. She gazed at him, questioningly. He spoke again: "Where is your mother?"

The child turned and pointed at the empty ghost of what she had once called home. The ruins were indistinct in the fading light, but her gesture was unmistakable.

"Have you no brothers or sisters?"

Again the tired gesture toward the rubble. Again the silent answer.

"Your father?"

Now the girl looked at the old man. Her quiet gaze spanned a generation as she pointed to the column of tanks. She clutched her doll tightly to her, and for the first time a tear was perceptible in her eye. The old man understood. "Come, my child," he said, extending his hand.

The girl gazed back at him. In his face she saw her own, harder, magnified. The eyes had seen more, and were wiser, and sadder. The features were tired, yet stronger, more bitter. She shook her head. "No."

The old man regarded her in silence. Patiently he held his hand extended.

"No," she said, "I must stay and take care of my doll."

"But—"

"No."

And that was all.

He shrugged his shoulders. "What can one do?" he murmured, and then he rejoined the long line.

who was also on the verge of tears, and I said, "We had better go while we can."

"Perhaps," said he, "We are not so hardhearted as we think."

Pfc. THOMAS G. MANDELARIS

ANNANDALE  
HOTEL

### A Problem

(Continued from Page 1)

ones says, "That was false; this is real." And so they present us with the ugly. Both points of view are real only in a limited sense. If instead of saying, "Now this is life," the moderns would say, "This is another part of life, and perhaps a more common one," their work would be more acceptable. Since they insist, however, on maintaining that the part of life which they show is life, they cannot expect serious people to heed them.

These complaints could not be made if it were not that writers have considered that their role in the world is to influence people's lives. They are not interested in being artists; they are interested in being plumbers: they want to repair all society's toilets. To them a novel is not a work of art but a social document. If it talks about fascism or rights of man, it is worthy of discussion. It is not hard to think that this frantic insistence on the social import of the novel is an indication of old age. The novel has competition from magazines, radio, motion pictures, and newspapers, for novels today are no longer the chief popular source of entertainment. Therefore the novelist is forced to do anything to keep interest. Unfortunately he ties himself to the passing political and social fancies of the day. The public remains unaffected.

But every once in a while, some book does make an impression. Why do two books produce two different reactions: apathy or excitement? The only answer seems to be the way the subject is treated, style. One author has the power to rouse people in a way that the other cannot. The main flaw seems to be that authors have chosen to write about problems. Their technique is journalistic rather than creative. They do not create but they explain. And in this, they give up their one chance for importance. That chance is this: to present living people. It is not necessary that the people be real, but that they give the illusion of having a personality. Instead, they clutter up their work with puppets who are parrots. They do not say anything that thousands of other people are not saying in the transient journals. Few novelists are remembered for their logical brilliance, the professional logicians do much better; few impress us with their philosophical or moral insight, we have seen much more in the Greeks; but many novelists leave us with the sense of a great experience because they have created living beings.

What is to be said of the novelists who persist in going on, oblivious of their true power, and attempting to write social tracts? Perhaps we should plainly recognize that they are not artists, but journalists who choose to write in fictional form. They may then not escape the faults of journalists, but at least they would not be accused of being poor novelists. They would simply not be novelists. Such a writer forgets that he is an artist and that his job is to create. Perhaps the creative drive is a special gift, but more likely it is choked by the cultivation of the journalist's faculty. It is the peculiar power of the novelist to create people. The painter can show a person, and, if he is good, can make him live for that moment at which he is painted; but this is nothing compared to the novelist's power to make a person grow before our eyes. It takes a great poet to describe the beauties of nature, while any third rate painter can portray them far more effectively. Painting scenery is not for the novelist. And the music of language in nothing compared to the music of music. In every field but one, the novelist is out-distanced, but in the creation of living beings he is supreme.

### Sports Slants

By AL HECHT

Shortly after this issue of the Bardian comes out, Bill Asip, the popular Physical Education instructor, will leave for the armed forces. We all know and appreciate the swell job Bill has done, not only in planning and supervising individual, intramural, and team sports, but also in helping to build a college and community spirit in so doing. Bill, in his quiet and efficient manner, has built the Bard athletic program so that it now occupies a position of importance unheld in many a moon. In the administering of his work, he has succeeded in making friends of the entire Bard Community and the surrounding countryside. We will all miss Bill and it will seem strange to those of who have been fortunate enough to receive his advice and coaching not to have him around. The whole community joins me in wishing him the best, and we all hope that someday soon we will be able once more to see Bill's friendly face.

While the bouquets are being tossed, let's give three long cheers for the members of the cheerleading squad. Not only did they succeed in pepping up the fellows on the basketball team, but they also managed to get practically the whole community interested in one activity. As one fellow on the team said, "You certainly can play a lot better when during a timeout you hear the whole school screaming their heads off for you."

And by the way, have you noticed that the basketball team is sporting a victory string of two games?

The new men's Intramural League is doing quite well after getting off to a rather shaky start. However, if it is to continue functioning it must have the full support of every male member of the student body. The Pirates, captained by Chick Bodner, seem to be the team to beat, but the rival captains say to watch out for some surprises.

The Bard women's basketball team did a nice job in their game against Red Hook for the March of Dimes. I believe that with a bit more experience they would have won, for it was nervousness and not poor playing that cost them the game.

I dropped down to the bowling alleys the other day and was surprised at the number of girls I saw there. Evidently they have decided that bowling, in addition to dieting, is good for the figure.

### Hostage

By ELIE SHNEOUR

He knew that nothing could save him.

He was to be shot at a hostage at dawn.

Around him nothing but cold walls, darkness, helpless silence. . .

Sometimes the noises of the sentries' steps on the concrete, the shadow going back and forth. . .

And silence again. . .

Nothing but the wind whistling against the window bars.

His people had lost the freedom of living, living in a happy and progressive society, the possession of these blessings having been misused, misjudged, disregarded. . . This was the bitter lesson.

And the cruel punishment that pays the ransom.

He would never again see his house, his native town, the girl he loved. . .

Hoisting himself to the high window, he saw, far beyond the barbed wire, the adjoining cornfield, the forest and the distant mountains, the first approach of the new-born day. . .

He tried to grasp that space, that light, that air. . .

He figured himself flying among birds, free from all bounds of reality. A smile appeared across his face, expressing disdain of death and forgetfulness of life. He was trying to see as much light as he could to carry with him into the deep darkness of the common grave.

The tempo of his heart quickened when he heard the steps of the firing squad coming from the distance. Inexorably they approached. . . the noise of their heavy boots against

the ground grew louder and louder. . . then a short guttural order, a stop. Noise of a key turning into a lock, a glimpse of shadowy uniforms. He refused to be blindfolded: his dignity had been tramped on too much, and this was his last request. The outside vaulted door opened. . . he saw the sun above the horizon in all its might. . . He smiled because he was strong; in a moment he would be a free man!

Slowly he advanced, followed by the squad, in silence, the sun was suddenly shadowed by a concrete wall. He looked at it with disgust, turned his eyes away.

The firing squad was moving into position, following the orders of the leader. . .

He challenged it by advancing toward it: for a moment an observer would have thought that these uniformed men were trying to protect themselves by raising their rifles.

From what? No, he was not courageous, but he was not afraid.

He could not be afraid of men, any men, for while he was still living

### From My Window

One falling leaf,  
Golden, quivering in the autumn glow,  
As a sigh.  
One wind-thin branch  
Shyly turning to face the sky  
For a time.  
One anxious squirrel

he was already in the domain of the dead. . .  
He heard sharp orders, clicking of bolts closing, silence, explosion followed by pain. . .

He fell. . . slowly. . .  
The world grew dimmer and dimmer. . . light failed him, cutting the last contact with oppression, forever.

Will the same scene be duplicated in another quarter of a century, With every tick of the clock. . . ?  
Slithering, chattering, through the tree,  
Caching forage till Spring.

—JEANNE ROSENBERG

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