

# THE BARDIAN

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Eight Pages

## Thus Spake Sedgewick

It has come to our attention that certain blighted souls which have been lain to rest amongst us have given rise to the philosophical treatise, "I do not understand, therefore I do not like." If these lonely lives are to remain consistent with their statement, they can't like anything at all! Furthermore, this pre-supposes that they have a capacity to understand. Therefore, it seems well that, before we jump to any harsh conclusions concerning their particular function, as they have apparently to ours, we have spent the night probing into the critical faculties of the Freshman mind, and a certain managing Editor's (See undeserved credits on Editorial page.) We are even willing to overlook our basic prejudice against bow ties, camel's hair overcoats, and saddle shoes, but to flaunt one's ignorance at the top of one's voice, when teeming with the company of sagacious upperclassmen, is neither the life of truth and beauty, nor the life of beauty and truth. "Mark ye well," which, when translated into Freshmen English means: "Watch it, Mark, or you won't be well."

Having thus taken care of the unimportant fan mail, we now turn to the more "objective" criticism. To the wry chap who said, "Very Prep School, but a good deal like *The New Yorker*," we refer him to the *Go Climb A Tree Department* of our favorite magazine. To the cove who said, "i didn't like it,"—same department, same magazine. To the bloke who said "It's a humor column, but it isn't funny," we reply, "What makes you think so?" (See first paragraph.) To any other young sprites, we say, "First one out of the theatre last Saturday night probably feels better than we do now."

Which brings us to our newly created department—BLIGHT OF THE WEEK, whose honor we now bestow upon that decayed dispensary of dessicated dirt, that theatrical anathema, that flagrant violation of the Golden Rule, LOUDER AND LEWDER, which we are forcing ourselves to even mention at all. With surgical interest in the right of any Freshman—who permitted this debacle to unclthe itself in public—to criticise anything at all, we will now proceed to exhume this "production," and analyze it—kernel by kernel.

*Mr. Jones*—Meet Mr. Hayden sometime.

*Mr. Weil*—Why bother?

*Miss Babbs* and *Miss Pond*—Would you do that at home?

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*Mr. Frohman*—Leave your private life out of this.

*Mr. Lagunoff*—That's enoff.

*Mr. Martin*—If you have that trouble, why flaunt it all over the stage?

*Mr. Gillin*—Weren't we on about an hour too long?

*Mr. Eels*—Mi-ister Eels!

We have put these criticisms in words of one syllable. We hope the readers' imagination is sufficient to make them quite clear. In fact, if said reader will again glance briefly at the first paragraph, we don't feel it's necessary to say another word.

And, if there are any upperclassmen who feel inclined to level the snickersnee at this column, come on in, we'll blip you one. Don't underestimate us. Our crusade is just beginning. *For tomorrow is the opening of rushing season*, and next issue, we will speak on "Fraternities in General, and Three Particular Fraternities in Particular," a touchy subject, which we shall touch briefly, but fatally.

Say, Gillin, have you heard the one about the dope who thought he was a comic? Well, he went . . . .

Sedgewick.

## NOTICE

The Editor wishes to apologize for an error in the listing of the officers of the Freshman Class. Howard S. Babb is the Secretary even though Pres. Slagal when asked by our staff was not aware of the fact.

## Ernst Toller

by WAYNE HORVITZ

It is exceedingly difficult to write a column on the subject of Ernst Toller. It is difficult because Toller represents so many things. He can be discussed as an expressionist in drama, as the only representative of post-war literature in Germany who amounts to anything approaching the achievements of pre-war literature in that country. He can be discussed as an exponent of pacifism, as the leading spirit of the intellectuals who opposed Hitler, or as the last of the great German liberals. I think it better to discuss his many sides at the possible sacrifice of depth, because all of his characteristics and activities contributed to the artistic achievements which resulted in his plays. First, it might be well to give a short picture of post war Germany.

Following the Versailles treaty, Germany after four years of war and starvation, was the most beaten country on the face of the earth. The immediate result of this condition was internal conflict, as if the Gods of War were adding insult to injury. Into this came that short period of democratization known as the Weimar Republic, and out of this came the rise of Hitlerism. It is hard to conceive that any intellectual atmosphere could flourish in such a political and economic situation, but it did. As mud gives forth the lily, so did this living death bring forth a wave of intellectualism in politics as well as in art. The intellectuals were the communists and the pacifists. The liberals also to a small degree, and as always the artists. During this period then we can conclude that something was happening to the drama. Men of the caliber of Toller and Hauptmann were not left out of the influence of any intellectual climate around them. What then was the condition of the post-war drama in Germany which came from this political and economic strife?

Ernst Toller himself attempts to answer this question in an article in the *Nation* for November 7, 1928.

Post-war drama he says is a misleading definition of the German drama which came after the war. It unfortunately implies that this particular drama was a result of the war. It was not, says Toller. It was the result of the rising intellectual revolting against the artistic *status quo* as well as the political and economic *status quo*. This condition, realized by the younger intellectuals long before the outbreak of hostilities, was only clarified and pointed by the war itself. I quote, "The younger dramatists felt that an unbridgable gulf

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## "BAD WATER"

A short story by NATHANIEL FOOTE

"Do you know where you're going?"

"Naw, thought you did."

"Well you'd better ask someone then, 'cause I don't."

"Ask someone!—Jesus, that's the smartest thing you've said all day. Ask someone! I suppose you want me to inquire from the traffic officer at the next corner. Here we are in the middle of the desert and haven't even seen a live bug for the last hour and you pipe up and say 'Better ask someone then.' Now listen, Marge we had better get this thing straight right now, you do the planning, and I do the driving. Why didn't you look at the map, huh? For two hundred and eighty-nine days out of the year I add up figures and when my one holiday comes, what does my wife do, huh? She won't even do the little figuring on the map—she won't even look at the map. That's gratitude, that's what that is, gratitude!"

"Now just you wait a minute, Albert Benning, before you go talking to me like that any more. I did look at the map and it didn't have it on it, so, I asked one of the official guides, while you were stuffing yourself on a steak sandwich, and he said that if we turned right at the hotel and kept our eyes peeled that we couldn't miss it 'cause it was all marked so plain—so there!"

A long silence ensued and Albert drove a good deal faster. It was a thirty-nine Pontiac and Albert knew it could do eighty-four point three—he had clocked it. He had it up to sixty now and Marge didn't like it.

"Albert, you can't tell what this read's like; it may be full of holes. If we got in a wreck out here it would be days before anyone would find us, days! and we would be—uh—and we would be—scorched alive by the sun—in no time at all!"

"In a car going sixty miles an hour, the driver ordinarily looks at a spot on the road two hundred feet ahead of the vehicle. This car, while going at a speed of sixty miles per hour, is able to come to a full stop within one hundred and seventy-five feet, and any damn hole worth stopping for, I can see in plenty o' time, get that, plenty o' time!"

It was all true too. All these statistics were quite correct. Albert and his brother-in-law, Claude, had tested the old Pontiac on the turnpike back east and she had come out all right.

"But really Albert I don't care what you say, you can't see a thing going at this speed."

Albert slowed down to twenty-five and once more the desert silence covered all.

"Now don't be silly, Albert, after all we can go a little faster than this. Oh, see those beautiful colors, those gorgeous blues and purples. Albert you really ought to look at the mountains. Oh if we could only take some colored pictures of it all, you know, to show our friends at home."

Albert stared straight ahead. His eyes

were squinted a bit and his jaw protruded slightly more than usual. "Albert you're acting just like a little boy. All I want you to do is to drive at a sane and safe speed so we can look at the scenery and so that we won't miss what's-its-name when we come to it—and what do you do?—get so sore that you won't even talk. And besides you know I don't give a hoot for all your facts and figures; they don't prove a thing to me, not one little thing!"

This last remark hurt Albert and Marge felt rather sorry she had said it. She started to twiddle his hair with her finger and at the same time she noticed with satisfaction that he hadn't a single gray hair. But Albert was stubborn and it was difficult to make up to him. He boisterously opened the ventilator on the hood and a cloud of dust flew in his face. He jammed the brakes on and the car came to an awkward, sudden stop. Albert rubbed his eyes but it didn't help any. Marge, with a handkerchief wrapped around her forefinger, opened his eye and carefully removed the flecks of dirt. When he could see he looked at her and smiled, and gave her hand a little squeeze. They drove on again and Albert looked at the purple mountains and the yellow sands.

Suddenly, "There it is!" Marge yelled.

"There's what?" Albert asked.

"Bad Water!"

He stopped the car and they both got out. They went over to a rather large, placid puddle and solemnly looked at it. It wasn't very deep, six inches perhaps, and you could see things that were like bugs swimming around in it. Marge and Albert give each other a quick glance out the corner of their eyes. Then Albert read out loud the sign next to the puddle.

"Bad Water, two hundred and seventy-nine point six feet below sea level, lowest point in the western hemisphere."

Albert pulled out his watch, stared in the sky, and then said, "Jesus, we'll have to go fifty-four point four miles per hour if we want to get to the hotel before they close the dining room, and I feel like a good steak. Jesus, that's a hell of a speed, eh, Marge? What ya say, huh?"

## Editorial

We called you once before to bring forth your genius in writing. Gentlemen, where is your spark? We are forced to repeat over and over again that—this is your paper and you must write for it. You have the time to write a short story once in a while. And you have time to write a poem, too. The problem is not with the time. Are you on bad terms with the Muse? Or perhaps you just haven't given it enough thought or care?

We are convinced that THE BARDIAN does deserve this thought and care. We would like very much to convince you, because you will be the factor which decides

the degree of its success. We would like to take you all up to the presses and let you watch the good, but scanty material we get from you, being stretched out to fill the paper.

But we can only ask for your cooperation. We can only hope that you will each go to your room, light your pipe, and sink down into your armchair, and give this some thought. We hope that you will close your eyes and reach down into your soul. If you find something, bring it out into the light. Don't be scared if it looks a little like an octopus. Write it all down on paper and bring it to us, and if its good, we'll print it.

But, as yet, the college community is not fully aware of this responsibility. Perhaps you don't realize the importance of it all, but you needn't take our word. We are more than pleased to present some statements by Edward J. O'Brien, deceased paragon of the intellectual world, and editor of numerous short-story anthologies. In the Introduction to his last book, "The Best Short Stories of 1941," Mr. O'Brien pointedly remarks:

"For the past two years I have had occasion to point out the rapid crumbling of European cultures."

We need not present any credentials for this man. The above sentence, in itself, is sufficient to justify our faith in his opinions. His next sentence widens the scope of his first statement and shows us his insight:

"One by one I have named the cultures which are dying."

But see what else he says:

"During the past twelve months, creative writing has practically succumbed outside America except for the Portuguese and Icelandic . . . I do not think that the spiritual torch of the world can be upheld alone by the Portuguese and Icelanders."

That's just it—that's just what we mean. Mr. O'Brien has expressed our point of view in vivid terms, and has backed us up with his amazing statements and his unquestioned authority.

Now you have it, Gentlemen. Now you're face to face with the truth. It's not a pleasant situation, but the truth rarely is pleasant. This is really the test of your courage that will make a great difference to everyone. Are you going to default in favor of the Portuguese and Icelanders?

You have been challenged. You may accept or reject it as you please, but realize the gravity of your decision and don't be hasty. We would like you to remember Mr. O'Brien's solemn warning, from this very same book:

"If the American writer misses his chance, he will be leaving the future to the Chinese, in whom I have considerable faith."

# THE ARTS & SCIENCES

## DRAMA

by ALVIN T. SAPIINSLEY, JR.

On Saturday night, September 27th, the Freshman class presented to an eminently broad minded Bard audience, a musical revue, entitled defensively, LOUDER AND LEWDER. To borrow a phrase from Alexander Woolcott, the heroes of last week's performance were in the audience, rather than on the stage.

The Freshman Show in itself is a custom more honored in the breach than the observance, for it is a throwback to the old Bard days, when Freshmen had the privilege of undergoing a few weeks of rigorous hazing before they were accepted as ranking members of this odd institution. During this festive period, we are told, there was one particular orgy, in which the Freshmen foregathered on the athletic field and sang songs, while the upper classmen—who loved music dearly in those days—applauded with tomatoes and other nutritious fruits and vegetables.

Happily, these enlightened days have brought an end to the majority of these machinations, but Freshman Song Night remains. It remains, it is true, in a slightly more polished form, but still it remains, and we feel it is high time that a movement grew afoot to inter it for good and all, before somebody gets hurt. The Bard Theatre is a prolific group, and this department thinks that the campus' craving for entertainment can be satisfied between the Theatre and the Weekly movies, without resorting to such painful procedures as went on in Orient Hall last Saturday night. It is impossible for a group of inexperienced amateurs to rehearse for one week or possibly two, and expect to give a performance that will result in anything more than an embarrassing half hour for all concerned. There were those in the company, I imagine, who will take umbrage at being classed as inexperienced amateurs, but we cannot conceive of anyone but an amateur imagining that such an effort could terminate in anything other than that which it did.

In all fairness, however, we will say that the performance was not wholly bad. In the thirty or thirty-five minutes of adolescent twaddle that we had to sit through, we found as we left the theatre that we were humming the tune, title un-

(Continued on page 6)



“ . . . my new Fifth Column course  
—Spanish with a German accent.”

Prof. Fraunfelder

## MUSIC NOTES

by MILLARD WALKER

The first concert of the current season will take place next Monday evening, October sixth, at 8 p. m. in Bard Hall. The program is an interesting one, and has been arranged to introduce the new members of the department to our concert audience. Arnold Davis, violinist, Harold Lubell, cellist, and Seward Slagle, flutist, will offer solos on their respective instruments. These men are advanced students in their fields, so they are welcome additions to the musical life of the community. An enthusiastic and re-vitalized Glee Club will also contribute to the variety of the program. Merrick Danforth, another new music major, will sing the solo part in Grieg's "Land-Sighting." The other numbers to be presented by the group are by Bach, Cherubini, Paxton, and Sullivan. John Atherton, senior in the Music Department, will play several violin solos, among them the first movement of the well-known Sonata in A Major by Brahms.

The concerts this year will be given regularly on alternate Monday evenings. The schedule of programs is widely diversified, and will include excellent outside artists, as well as our own local talent.

## SCIENCE

by KARL SCHLEICHER

As the opening semester of college moves along one hears of various new clubs being formed or old ones getting steam up for the new year. Among these clubs is one which so far has not been heard of much in THE BARDIAN, and therefore its function may be a little vague in the minds of most people here. This club is the Science Club and I think here and now is the proper time to inform the community just what the club is trying to accomplish.

The membership of the club is based upon the divisional set-up of the college. In other words all students who are majors in the Natural Science Division are automatically members of the Science Club. Although the club embraces the Science Division it is not a College organized affair. It is run by the students and has its own elected student officers. There are no dues required. The only qualification that a member must have is an interest in Science and a willingness to participate in the club's activities.

As formulated and agreed upon in our first meeting last Tuesday, the main purpose of the club is to get the students of the Science Division together to see what individual members or group of members are doing in their particular field. This type of meeting takes the form of a student report on some particular experiment or topic which he might be doing or studying. A general discussion follows and it has been found from past experience that these discussions are healthier and often more illuminating than those following a talk by a guest speaker. The main function of the club as stated above is one of the better ways to broaden the scope of an individual's scientific education in that it offers a means of seeing the really intimate connections between the various sciences. This is in direct agreement with the academic policy of the Science Division as well as with the general trend of Science itself.

As in other years the club will also invite guest speakers to present a subject of particular interest. The subject matter will be as evenly divided among the various branches of the Natural Sciences as possible.

The meetings of the club are open to the community and anyone interested is cordially invited to listen to the student reports or the guest speaker and to enter into the resulting discussion.

## ERNST TOLLER

(Continued from page 1)

divided them from the older generation. The struggle between the generations, the father and son problem, the fight between compromise and directness, between bourgeois and anti-bourgeois, had stirred young intellectuals before the war had made a reality of what they had prophetically seen coming. To be sure, the war destroyed many moral and social, many spiritual and artistic values. But the foundations of these values had become rotten. . . . Freedom had become hypocrisy-freedom for the few, spiritual and economic bondage for the many. . . . In the first dramas of Sorge, Hasenclever, and Werfel this hatred toward our elders was already smoldering. And these were the same elders who did nothing to prevent the war but, tricking it out in romanticism, pitilessly and unfeelingly sent battalion after battalion of young German manhood out to die."

In this discussion Toller goes on to say that the lifting of the censorship ban on writing after the war released stores of knowledge in men whose tongues had been silenced by military regulation. Men like Toller became the leaders of expressionists. The idea of the expressionists in Germany was to set down more than mere impression. The expressionists realized that only by questioning the roots of impressions could they change the outward environment, and this they wished to do. Also a contributing force to expressionism was the appearance on the scene of a character called "proletarian" man which the expressionists tried to make the crux of their argument.

The fiasco of the expressionists in Germany came not from their acquisition of false artistic values, nor did it come from their inability to express their inner emotions in artistic and dramatic terms. It came to each one in turn and as an individual, and it came as a result of what is commonly known as post-war disillusionment. Unfortunately for so many intellectuals this disillusionment came very soon after the end of the last war, and it consisted of a realization that their faith in the possibility of good results from the war, the war to end all wars, the rise of freedom for labor, etc., was completely unjustified and irrational and in 1922 at the end of the short post-war depressions in England and America, all indications were that everything would be about the same with the balance of power slightly shifted. In 1924 Winston Churchill rose in the House of Commons and told that legislative body that if England were smart she would start to re-arm right then. Innumerable examples of this type of thing could be listed. It is sufficient to say that the result in countries who were on the so-called losing side during the war was three or four times as bad. What was the result of all this then, for the German dramatist? Their disillusionment was complete. They turn-

ed from hope to despair, and attempted to satisfy this despair in several ways. An entirely new group arose which pinned its faith in ultra-radicalism, Sovietism, dialectical materialism, and finally in Freudianism. The end result was of course disastrous.

As to Toller himself, his life represents a pattern of conflicts which can only be understood in terms of Germany and of artistic thinking. Born to an ordinary life his artistic maturity and political convictions gave him nothing but trouble eventually ending in a prison camp for pacifists during the war and finally as an exile from the Hitler regime in New York where at the age of forty-six he died. His character as a man was as complex as his writing but first I would like to criticize his writing and then discuss his life.

Toller, I believe, was a great writer. I do not believe that he was a great dramatist. His plays have all the passion and fire that could possibly be desired to excite an audience. They have character and plot, but they are too often manipulated plots and too often characters are only put in for super effect. This is a direct result on Toller's part of being a good expressionist. He is not satisfied to pose problems—he must answer them and in doing so he often manipulates plot and character to achieve his end at the sacrifice of dramatic technique. Some of his plays are purely unproduceable in dramatic terms, unless they were produced before an invited audience which was convinced of the righteousness of the ideas expressed. It is hard to see how an audience would take some of his plays on a purely theatrical basis.

Another bad dramatic fault which Toller exhibits is using the same character in every play. He is out to state a case in point and in doing so his protagonist must by necessity be the same person although he may have different characteristics at different times. He also creates this chief character at the expense of minor characters and the play as a whole. In his four best plays, *Masse Mensch*, *Die Maschinenstürmer*, *Hinkemann*, and *Hopl*, the strictness of his method is clearly visible. He points a social thesis and attempts to solve it. Whether this can be done on the stage is still a problem with which modern playwrights are attempting to cope more and more. Whether it can be done in a production of one of these plays I think can be answered. It can not, because Toller never solved the problem in dramatic terms. He was first a crusader, second a poet, and third a playwright. What then is the result? His plays are great social documents to be read like the "Declaration of Independence" or Locke's essay on "Liberty" and they are secondly essentially poetic in form and as such are more often than not poetically beautiful. Thirdly, they are plays, and this never made for

great play-writing. For this reason I believe Toller was never understood in this country—in Germany yes, but here, no. A review of "Masses and Men" in the *Nation* clearly points this. The reviewer, Ludwig Lewhison, points out the beauty of this play and yet its failure to get across, and the evident relief of the audience when in the end Toller repudiates violence. He quotes one lady as saying, "Well, we'll just have to educate the common people—that's all." This of course is absurd, but to get his point across in a strange land Toller needed more than political passion and deep desire; he needed dramatic technique. Therefore, one can find the poetic and sometimes dramatic beauty of isolated scenes in all his plays. The whole is not good, but the individual scenes are beautiful.

One can understand this conflict in Toller's dramatic work when one considers the background and the driving force in his artistic life. This background and this force were not essentially artistic. They were political and economic. When interviewed by a reporter from the magazine *Living Age* in 1937, Toller talked mostly about his life as a pacifist, and a leader of the Hitler opposition. He talked very little of his plays or of the theatre although he was working on "Pastor Hall" at the time. This I think is very indicative of his approach not to art, but to play-writing as a technique for art.

In 1939 Ernst Toller, at the age of forty-six committed suicide in a New York hotel. The steps which led up to this fateful decision have never been entirely clear. Apparently there were many sides to the question. He was not well, because of his five years in prison, he was worried for Germany, and tortured over the fate of the Spanish republic which he believed to be very serious, and last but not least, he was afraid that his will to write had left him. All these circumstances together seem to have brought on the great tragedy. There is no telling what might have been his future. He was comparatively young and he was only a step away, a simple step, from being one of the world's greatest dramatists. Above all, however, the death of Toller was the death of the great leader of German Liberalism in exile, and as that he will always be a symbol to those Germans who someday wish to return to the world they once knew.

Toller as an artist will probably grow on the world. Toller as a thinker has already won recognition. I recommend him to lovers of poetry more than to lovers of theatre. I also recommend him as the

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## Looking Around

by JIM WESTBROOK

I am at Camp Belvoir. I am in an engineering unit. This unit is also a fighting unit. So I spent my time between digging holes and infantry drill. I do not like to dig holes and I do not like to do infantry drill. I want to go back to Bard. I want to go back to the house parties.

I am at Fort Bragg. I march many miles with sixty-five pounds on my back. It is Goddamn hot in Carolina. Soon we shall be at maneuvers. This is bloody business and the sooner over the better. If I work very hard there is a possibility of my becoming a corporal. I shall probably try to become a corporal because there is not much else to do.

I am in Kansas. It is very drab here. I wish you would write. I wish everybody would write. I want to get out of Kansas and the army. I want to see Maggie. I want, I want . . .

I thought I would inform you they have a nut house here; a perfectly legitimate insane asylum. It is what first impressed me when I arrived. They come to this place and go crazy. There are about a hundred of them in number. Around the building in which they are kept is a barb-wire fence. When you inquire about them someone tells you they are the guys who think too much, a democratic shortcoming apparently.

Father thinks it's just the nuts that I am in camp. He writes every week and tells me this is going to do me a world of good. He says we have got a war to win and I s'pose there really isn't much argument there. All the old governors are that way. All the same it is different with us from what it was with them. They went in a little naive, don't you know. It was afterwards that went so bad with them. For us the afterwards imposes itself already on the before.

It would be all right if we did something. But we do not do anything. It would almost be a relief to go across. I had two raises in the law firm I was with and I had another promised in the spring. Pretty good for two years out of law school. But this is waste. I might just as well chuck two years. There is no equipment, we don't go on maneuvers, we don't do anything important. We just march and sit in the sun.

## Correspondence

Dear Sirs:

This is written simply to point out the assault on mankind made by "Sedgewick" in the last issue of THE BARDIAN.

We jumped right into things in the first paragraph and found out that "Sedgewick" says he's intelligent—we discovered in the next four that he was a liar in the first.

Then Sedgewick gets funny—but good—with cracks on his own inability to stand, and drunk olives, and the fact that fraternities are—well, they just are.

This article seems to point to the question, why is Sedgewick? No one cares who he is but why do we need an article on nothing that has to be followed by another article on nothing, such as this.

About the only thing we find out about Sedgewick is that he "hits the dope." Which we knew from the first paragraph.

He then proceeded to make a dirty crack about a freshman being found dead in the library. I hereby state that he wasn't dead—he merely lived in South Hall.

He then gives a free adv. to Walgreen's which caused no end of trouble for Ransohoff with the Red Hook Drug Co.

Thence cometh a very vulgar reference to the Bierstedt's dog which wasn't fair at all, since it cast an ill light on all the other dogs on the campus. (students included)

Then comes a nasty note to all hopeful contributors telling 'em not to waste the editor's time. Is he kidding? What does he thing he's doing?

About the only thing he leaves out is a quick reference to the faculty member who went to Bowdoin and has been trying to ascertain certain freshman's parental connections.

Sedgely winds up stating that needle points are out of style. Now this is too much—I have it on good authority that needle points are in style. When I asked the newest Artinian he backed me up—saying, quote:

"Oogle—gougle—Pough."

Which should settle Sedgewick's hash better than alka-seltzer.

Respectfully submitted,

N. M. B.

JUNE 1940—SEPTEMBER 1941

by DONALD WATT

The barn fell down that autumn. Creaking beams

Gave way at winter's first foreboding day.  
Not knowing how to cancel or redeem  
Their loss, the family turned their eyes  
away.

Ignoring facts, and wanting once again  
To hear the reckless shouts and tinkling  
bells,  
The group around the stove commanded  
men

To fetch the herd down from its summer  
fells.

The cows, aware of autumn's small red  
whirl-

Winds, dutifully took the long descent;  
But somewhere they had lost their bells.

Each girl  
Who came to laugh and shriek stayed to  
lament.

And when they saw the fallen barn, the  
great

Men's wonderment, the cows lay down  
to wait.

### ERNST TOLLER

(Continued from page 4)

tragic example of an insane intellectual  
cynacism which drove him to take that step  
in a New York hotel.

In Toller's own words from "Masses and  
Men."

THE WOMAN: Men have been killed,  
he said,

Hundreds of Men

Killed.

Did I not cry to heaven against  
war

Yesterday—and to-day

Suffer my brothers to be done to  
death?

THE NAMELESS: There is confusion  
in your views..

In yesterdays wars we were slaves.

THE WOMAN: And to-day?

THE NAMELESS: In to-days war we  
are free.

THEWOMAN: In both wars . . . . .  
people

In both wars . . . . . Man . . . . .

No one heard this voice midst the roar  
of a maniac descending on a beaten country.

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## DRAMA

(Continued from page 3)

known, that opened the show. Investigations followed, and it was discovered that the song was a composition of Merrick Danforth; who sang and accompanied himself in the rendition of it. We regret that this high spot came so soon in the performance, and that it was sung in darkness, with the curtain drawn. For Mr. Danforth had written a good number, and sung it well, and it is a pity it was in such bad company. This song, plus the hot little combine in the corner, was the only thing that made it possible for even the most phlegmatic human being to remain in his seat for the whole performance.

Although the failure of the production was due largely to the material presented, the performers showed their lack of ability in coping with an audience that seemed to be in the theatre to amuse itself rather than be amused by the play. Skipping for the moment the exhibition of flagrant bad taste by certain members of the community, who felt it necessary to revert back to their primitive hazing instincts, we were inclined to believe that certain parts of the show could have been more successful, had the actors known the delicate art of handling audiences. Generally speaking, to the amateur, there are two things to do when faced with an audience. The first is to turn tail and run, the second is to fight it out until the audiences turns tail and runs. We happened to drop down by the theatre during the dress rehearsal, and we must admit that, in the solitude of the empty house, the performance was considerably more stable and polished. The material, of course, remained the same, but the presentation was considerably more self-assured.

When we left the rehearsal, we felt that praises were due the juggling chap, the E above high C bartender, and Messrs. Babb's and Pond's subtly colored characterizations that rampaged all over the stage right corner. The fact that these numbers failed to jell during the performance, was quite possibly due to the fact that none of them seemed ever before to be faced with such a mob of Roman holiday seekers.

But the main issue seems to be the simple fact of why have a Freshman Show at all? We don't believe the Freshmen enjoy, and we don't believe the rest of the college community, should they be in a more sober condition, would enjoy it any more. It is the remaining barb in a community that has been trying for three years to break away from the college class system, and for the sake of consistency, that too should be tossed into the void.

## College Meetings

by RALPH KAHANA

A column that reviews, that debates with, and draws conjecture from the "Wednesday Evening Lecture," must be written from the layman's viewpoint. Although, as a rule, the lectures are "popular" enough to be comprehended by students in all Divisions, for the average student (and the columnist). Approximately two-thirds of the lectures are not in his field.

The "Outside Lecture Season" did not open brilliantly, judging by attendance and interest aroused. Our first lecture, to refresh a few memories, was on The

New School For Social Research. Unfortunately Dr. Feiler was not completely familiar with the English language. He did not give a clear or satisfying picture of the work that is being done in The New School.

Mr. Genzmer's lecture was a success. He had the advantages and used them. He is, in a corroded phrase, "Bard's Own." His subject was unusual and not at all intellectual (one didn't have to do a bit of thinking all evening). His delivery was good, his wit untarnished. It is not surprising that his topic should appeal to a generation raised on a sterile diet of *Tom Swijt* and *Bomba The Jungle Boy*. *Makers Of The Dime Novel*—a strange choice—I wonder if Professor Genzmer has ever harbored an urged to turn out a bit of paper-bound blood and thunder.

"Has Hitler A Future?" As a lecturer, has Professor Abel a future? Professor Abel spoke for one hour on a hackneyed theme. He traced Hitler's rise to power; he showed where Hitler might have been an acceptable ruler. Occasionally he threw out an idea—"Hitler's actions may be traced to a desire to prove himself a legitimate ruler." He said that people have a basic morality and that the peoples of Europe, including the German, will rise to overthrow Hitler (vague music to the ear). But we have heard this before. Was Professor Abel driving at anything? Was he, possibly, an over-subtle Isolationist? Was this his whole lecture?

Perhaps I am unfair to the professor. He may be an able speaker. At any rate he should have delivered this particular lecture at one of Helen E. Hokinson's cultural meetings.

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## SPORTS

by PHIL GORDON

The softball league ends another season at Bard, and again it has been proved that Bard's best athletes are the freshmen. They haven't had time to forget the training habits learned in prep school or high school, but they are fast on their way. By the time they are seniors, they will be the poor physical specimens that the present seniors are.

The freshmen walked away with the league, breaking the non-fraternity spirit, which seemed invincible last spring. With all due respect to the freshmen, league honors belong to the faculty, who, in spite of the ravages of passing years, wound up in second place. The fraternities could probably have done better separately; they couldn't have done worse.

\* \* \*

The athletic equipment at Bard continues to improve. Not to mention, the forthcoming squash courts and skating rink, there are new parallel bars as well as outdoor sneakers and complete equipment for our intramural athletics. No place on campus has been improved so much in past years as the gymnasium, but probably no place on campus needs the improvements nearly so much. Although ignored by various members of the community, the gymnasium plays an active part in the campus life, and at last it appears that it will be able to meet the needs of the college. Aside from those improvements already made and being made, there are additional plans for the gymnasium during the reading period. These in-

clude the complete repainting of the interior.

\* \* \*

That intercollegiate chatter continues at Bard, and it now comes from the most surprising quarters. It is understandable that freshmen, not acquainted with the Bard program, should want to get games with other colleges, and it would not be surprising to hear someone who was active here in athletics take a definite stand in favor of intercollegiate sports. But the latest outburst has come from neither.

Among our enrollment are a small number of students who have never taken part in athletics. Their exercise here has been limited to rolling an occasional bowling ball or fooling around at the billiard table. One of these students has just had the bright idea of having a football team. It's not a new idea; there are always one or two fellows each year who think that Bard has the material to compete on equal terms with other small colleges. So they run up to Johnny Parsons with their idea, and Johnny, in a very polite way, tries to show them how impractical are such thoughts. But no, they are not convinced. Sometimes they get enough men to agree to come out and practice; more often they don't. When they do, however, it makes little difference, for nothing is more amazing at Bard than to see some team trying to have a practice session. In the first place only three or four men show up, and even they don't last long, for the previous weekend soon catches up with them.

We have had students here who were in favor of intercollegiate and who fought for them, but at least these students took part in the intercollegiate program.

Phil Gordon.

## The Writers Club

Do not be misled by the word "club" in the title. It is not a club in the sense that one has to pay dues, or attend regularly, or "function about." Everyone who can read and write is a member if they wish to be and they are invited to attend regularly or not as they choose. We discuss all forms of our own writing from epics to epitaphy, or from reviews to new theories. We meet on Tuesday nights, because we find it is most convenient for the large majority. We meet at ten o'clock because we feel more wide-awake at that time. We meet in Albee Social Room, and we are doing everything we can to change that.

You will find among the members, not only students but also some of the faculty. The teachers are unusually prolific and have produced some bits of writing which you would never expect from their pedagogical souls.

Don't be bashful! Come! and (please) bring with you anything you have written. We are not waiting for you like vultures waiting for carrion. On the contrary we are all very timid ourselves. Our criticism, we believe, is constructive and never lacking in tact.

We believe you can profit in two ways by attending the Writers Club meetings. For one thing, you can be sure of an enjoyable Tuesday evening. The literary quality of our writing is continually on the superlative side. Also, there is more than a vague chance of your learning something, not only from our criticisms and commendations of your papers, and also we learn your opinions of our works.

So we urge you to come, if you like to write, and we promise you some fun.

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