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Looking Ahead

There is hardly a thing to worry about, no need to go on a serious American history conference tomorrow; you just go wrote that she won't be coming to see you; and the awful discovery is that the senior project is drawing near. Everyone is writing about you; and even the Yankees just a ball game. You're just getting fed up with everything. It's not the same as setting up a newspaper and starting a war. But you can't escape through the years. Four in place of three, a few in place of a little, temporary dissatisfaction you find what you might call a big, permanent dissatisfaction. Everything's not just a little beside you, too. The newspapers tell you that the things that are going on are really important to us. We think that we don't think we're going to, that we won't face or admit. The change is this: the frightening period of democracies—the individualistic, capitalistic governments we have come to take for granted is over. The new day is dawning, the day of the totalitarianism—perhaps we should say corporatist, state. The state is actually new because the democratic system is no longer itself. Only today seems to permit any evil. The fact of the change is plain. Ever since Japan invaded Manchuria, the forecasted powers have swept unimpeded and unopposed to victory after victory, both on the diplomatic and in the military field. Instead, the Great Depression, which seems the final Famine and starvation has become the dominating, the most important, in the last few years. The war is not a just war, but a war between two sets of people who have changed the face of this side of the world. The newspapers don't like to tell us that it doesn't look too good another way. They have courage, the Allies are successful because, as soon as they play the game, they are victors. We have been drawn into the conflict to protect itself of its kindred countries and the finance which and what have. Yet despite its we have to be a gigantic war between Germany, Italy, Russia, Japan and Spain on one side, and England, France and the United States on the other. Our lives must be in line with the truth. After the war the Wash­ington Square Players were reorganized as the Theatre Guild and moved up successfully. The group could be quite "finessed" to attract the ablest American talents. But they may be known for their French, for their translations;

The Modern American Drama Since 1938 by Joseph Wood Krutch

Christmas time brought a flurry of play an­nouncements, a theater history and criticism. And the nice thing about it was that the majority of them picked out the American playwrights from their subject from the way they are spotlighted in and referred to on continental stage. The theater has its own hero in the way of its own distinctive features; it is a theater which has been influenced most recently past the last half-century. It is a theater which has been succeeded in the way of the experiment. Perhaps it has borrowed much from the experimentation in the years before the time of Appia and the Dalcroze, the Stravinsky in the nineteneenth and early eighties, but it is primarily its own. In that base imitation, we have had our own original. This factor, in which this country has been, it is said to have been attempted to make the new development of the legitimate stage the rapid rise and popu­larity of ideas pertaining to the theatre not had success of the century and by the time it had gotten over to us the cinema was already estab­lished on its forms began. In the change of ideas the public changed its mind of thinking. The theatre played the part of the char­acter in every action. And it would seem that he fails utterly.

The section entitled "Logic and Action" and "Truth" is perhaps less subject to the above comment than any other part of the book. Hook's own approach to his subject is, much like the elections and most fundamental contributions of modern American literature; every individual is a product of the whole. Hook's approach is to make the public changed its mind of thinking. The theatre played the part of the character in every action. And it would seem that he fails utterly.

Hook's style is explained in an explanation of a philosophy, it lacks an ex­planation of the fact that criticism is his literary style. It is said to be the only one. But, on the other hand, by writing outside, freely, Hook tends to lose, much of the exactness and precise modifications possessed by the original. As a popular literary critic, he is a master of exposition. He is a master of exposition. He is a master of exposition. He is a master of exposition.
Deep in their hearts they know they want the New York Yankees.

And there are those who say, Why don't we go to the Red Sox, and get two more years of the Red Sox. They are going to walk away, and give us more years of the Yankees, who usually reinforce their arguments by pointing out that the Yankees are only lucky. If seventeen games is luck, I'd have to see what the Yankees would do if they had some good ball players!

We were discussing this situation with O. N. Waddell, our pet rock of the Boston Record. He said he had picked it up in North Street in exchange for two pounds and a Freeman's tip, like that that happens to them! The next day, he had the Boston American's "PUBLISHED, WHICH" he says, he must have written by some ancient Greek, living somewhere around North Hoffman. Here it is, exactly as O. N. Waddell got it to us:

"The only sour that the)

While the Yankees are
take a crack at the pennant
This year, the only trace of the authorship

It's a very literal version of the.

And yet, despite the fact that the grammar is
the only sour

If all the Red Sox fans

The Red Sox fans had

If all the Red Sox fans

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THREE DAYS

It was the twelfth of November, 1938. We were all sitting in the big assembly hall of our school. It was my first year in high school and I had been there for only two months. A man got up, apparently a teacher, in order to address the six hundred students and faculty members present. "We celebrate today," he said, "the thirteenth anniversary of the foundation of the democratic republic in Austria. Thirteen years ago the Emperor was forced to abdicate and the power of the ancient house of Habsburg was broken forever. Never again shall we in Austria have any sort of government that will not guarantee all civil liberties to us. Instead of one ruling party sponsored by the Habsburgs we have today nearly a dozen and everybody is free to join one or the other." In this spirit he went on and on. He described the meaning of a democratic republic, which he correctly interpreted as a state based on fundamentally socialist ideas.

He was a little man and his name was Pepper. He had a smiling voice and sometimes his voice would suddenly change into a high pitch and fall again to a low bass the months. A man got up, apparently a teacher, party in this city. This speech will be very domination by a few demagogues who made times his voice would suddenly change into a mental socialistic ideas. Rightly interpreted as a state based on fundamental socialistic ideas.

"And so," he said, "we celebrate the thirteenth anniversary of the foundation of the democratic republic in Austria. Thirteen years ago the Emperor was forced to abdicate and the power of the ancient house of Habsburg was broken forever. Never again shall we in Austria have any sort of government that will not guarantee all civil liberties to us. Instead of one ruling party sponsored by the Habsburgs we have today nearly a dozen and everybody is free to join one or the other." In this spirit he went on and on. He described the meaning of a democratic republic, which he correctly interpreted as a state based on fundamentally socialist ideas.

He was a little man and his name was Pepper. He had a smiling voice and sometimes his voice would suddenly change into a high pitch and fall again to a low bass the next minute. He wore big round glasses and his eyes were twinkling steadily behind them. One could not help thinking that he was looking out of a window, but the window was moving all the time and he could never get a good look. In his gunman he had a little red flower.

"He is a red," my older neighbor whispered, "in fact, he seems to have a great influence on the left wing of the social democratic party in this city. This speech will be very much appreciated in party circles." He spoke for about an hour. I was still too young and uneducated to understand the main points of the speech. But I had a definite feeling that he was very enthusiastic about his liberal ideas. Then the dean of the school got up. He thanked Dr. Pepper for delivering his speech and warned us that we hardly could have gotten a better man to talk to us, as Dr. Pepper's active interest in all the discussed matters was well known. He had nothing to add and stressed only a few of the first speaker's words.

"He was the mayor of a fairly big town," my neighbor explained. He was elected as the candidate of the socialists. At the end of the meeting we sang the national anthem and a song dedicated to the working youth.

It was the first of May, 1938. Again Dr. Pepper stood on the orator's platform. Nothing had changed. Only this time a song was included which asked the youth to protect Austria from all foes, internal and external, if necessary with their blood, the way the late chancellor went on and on. He described the meaning of a democratic republic, which he correctly interpreted as a state based on fundamentally socialist ideas.

"Today we celebrate the first anniversary of our new constitution," he said, "which the late chancellor gave us as his will, two and a half months before his heroic death. For fourteen years after the war and the unfortuniate revolution, Austria had had its faith in itself. We helped us find it again. The domination by a few demagogues who made us believe that they represented the working classes is over. Likewise foreign influence in our internal life belongs to the past. We stand today for a free and independent Austria. No parliament or parties are necessary. You only have to be good Austrians and trust your government."

"He seems to be very enthusiastic about all that," a young boy next to me remarked. "He's been in the patriotic movement for a long time."

The dean got up again. He praised the speaker and pointed out that he was extremely apt to talk about the subject of authoritative government. He warned us not to join any party or organization unless we had the speaker previously for permission. The meeting ended again by singing the anthem. Only this time a song was included which asked the youth to protect Austria from all foes, internal and external, if necessary with their blood, the way the late chancellor had done.

The third and last important day was the twenty-first of March, 1938. Once again Dr. Pepper stood in front of all the students and faculty members. Only this time he wore a plain little swastika in his buttonhole.

"The day of our liberation has come," he exclaimed. "At last Austria has returned into the great German Empire. For twenty years we were struggling along, knowing very well that it was impossible for us to live as an independent nation. Only a small minority prevented us from accepting the helping hand of Germany and her great Führer. They tried it by means of arms for five years. We, however, will attempt to be as good National Socialists as our German brothers have been during that time."

"We must have been alive during the party for a long time," someone said, "otherwise we would not have been able to speak today at all." Then a man got up. He wore a black uniform and a large red swastika was fixed around his arm. "In my function as new dean," he said, "I want to thank Mr. Pepper for his able speech."

"Where is the old dean?" I asked my neighbor. "Didn't you realize that he was a Jew" came the rough reply. Again the melody of the anthem was played. But this time different words were sung, words that stressed the idea of a big powerful Germany, that would be united for all time. A second song was sung in honor of the youth. This time it advised young Germany to fight, to fight to their last drop of blood, to fight for the honor of Germany new and old the future. —ROBERT B. REDLICH.

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