

Bard College  
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# BARDIAN

Vol. 20      No. 5      November 15, 1940

Page 1	The Cigarette Gil Maddux Comes the Prom From an Outsider E.D. Brownley 6 More Join Frats MacCracken Speaks [Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken] Writer's Organize
Page 2	Truth [Will America Join the War] Looking Around Harry Winterbottom Gray on E.P.C. [Educational Policies Committee] The Vulnerable Bede
Page 3	Music Theodore Stongin Drama Bert Leefmans Art T. Cook Sundial Scott Bowen
Page 4	Sports



# The Bardian

Volume 20, No. 5

Z-445

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1940

Four Pages

## THE CIGARETTE

by Gil Maddux

The room across the hall had been vacant for a long time, but now, at last, someone had rented it. That night the new guy across the hall came into my room—he wanted to know something about the landlady. His name was Allan. He said he was twenty-two but he looked more like seventeen to me; maybe it was just the way he acted—wanting to know about the heat and electricity—it seems to me he should have asked the old girl herself. I told him to sit down and make himself at home. I started asking him questions—what work he was doing; where he had come from, and about his folks. He answered, saying something about upper New York state and connected with an advertising company. He didn't want to talk much about himself. He got up and went to the window. It was snowing outside, but the panes of glass were black-shiny black; you know the way windows look at night. For the first time I really saw him. He was a pretty tall guy, or maybe it was just 'cause he was pretty thin, anyway he wasn't short. And he was pale, very pale, especially against the shiny, black panes of glass. He had dark-brown eyes and a narrow face, sort of aristocratic; he wasn't bad looking. I offered him a cigarette, but he said he didn't smoke, then he added that now and then he took one. He left shortly afterwards—said he had to get up kinda early.

When I got up next day I found he'd gone to work already.

That night, and many nights afterwards, we talked together—mostly usually we talked about something not connected with himself; sometimes we talked about me but hardly ever about him. Now that I look back on it, I do remember him saying something about his being out west and not being allowed to do much work on 'count of his health. That's about all I ever heard him say about himself.

It had been raining a couple o' days and all the snow had turned to slush. Allan caught a cold but still kept going to work everyday. He didn't have many warm clothes, so I said he could have my raincoat—maybe I should've given him my overcoat; I had a real good one. His cold got worse and he had a pretty bad cough. I didn't like the sounda that cough; it wasn't like the kinda cough people have when they got a cold. He kept it up nearly all the time—just a weak, little cough; but all the time. And he couldn't keep much food in him—just some warm milk now and then and some toast. I asked him if he wanted me to get him a doctor. He said he didn't need one. He went to the movies that night; suppose he wanted to prove he wasn't so sick. When he came back he said that he was going to church tomorrow—guess he did. But he'd never gone to church before when I knew him. I didn't see him that Sunday at all, so I don't know what he did. The next day he said that he was going for a ride on the roller coaster at the amusement park. I told him that it was closed in the winter time. He laughed and said he'd forgotten about that. Then he decided that he'd go to the circus instead. I told him he oughta go to the hospital. He got mad at my suggestion and said he wasn't so damn young and that he didn't need any of my fatherly advice. Later he came into my room to tell me he was sorry about his losing his temper and that maybe he'd go to the hospital today. But he was young, I thought to myself, eighteen maybe even seventeen but he wasn't any twenty-two.

That night when he came back I had to help him up the stairs. He hadn't gone to the hospital—said that he would tomorrow—that after a little sleep he'd feel better he thought. I found out from him that he hadn't gone to the circus either; he'd gone to work instead. Then he asked me to keep away from him—said he didn't want to see me get sick.

Next morning he'd already left before I'd gotten up. I thought I'd go to the hospital myself to find out if he'd gone there.

(Continued on page 4)

## COMES THE PROM

The Junior-Soph prom looms up in the rain today, but the spirit is not damp. South Hall is being evacuated, dress clothes resurrected, wallets probed, and electricity is all around. Imagination is steep, lovers anticipate, and conscientious males have already begun to groom themselves. Showers resound in all the halls and there is a sweet smell of Yardley's in the air.

The formal dance at Rhinebeck tonight promises to be interesting with La Falce Bros. furnishing the music and Champagne punch furnishing . . . and tomorrow the houses swing into action, and if these associations have been derided on week days, no one has yet complained about them during a prom week-end. Tomorrow night there will be a dinner dance in commons with beer and what do you say in the fraternities on the side.

This is the first Prom of the year, in the old frost and pumpkin time. Spiritually it is a lovely time, one of stillness and shivering in the morning and stored kitchens. It is doubtful whether many people are going to think about this, as the poetic essence of things has receded for most promsters. But if generally they do not become spiritual, there will be no lack of spirit. We can vouch for that.

### FRIDAY

7:00-7:30—Dinner in Commons.

10:00-2:00—Prom in Rhinebeck Town Hall.

12:00—Intermission supper.

### SATURDAY

6:30-7:00—Buffet Supper in Commons. Informal functions at all fraternities.

## FROM AN OUTSIDER

To the Editor of The Bardian:

From the distaff side comes a dissertation which may receive anything from a boo to a possible blossom if anyone should chance to read it. The students of this institution of learning participate so slightly in the interests of the place that it is doubtful if too many of you read the Bardian. One would imagine that my own observation would be too detached to matter enough to loom on the editorial horizon, however, it has occurred to me that if the school itself lacks enough individuals with the instinct of the agitator, that it is time the outside, who is interested, put in its two cents for what it's worth.

Agitators, I know, are frowned on in the austere reaches of National labor organizations, but it must be admitted that they usually, and with spirit, drum up the necessary feeling they happen to be gunning for. Usually it's detrimental, but I think the idea might be used to advantage. That is, if there be among you even one whose soul of cooperation is not entirely dead. Bard needs a great deal of exuberance to prove it a successful educational unit, and so far few students themselves do anything (if it's not compulsory) to prove the merit in the system. The general lack of spirit is more than evident to the casual observer. Groups of lackadaisicals in various stages of evident disinterest in anything wander about the campus in plain sight, and we who attend your proms, fraternity extravaganzas, and we who date you consistently become reduced to mental yawns and crys of anguish when we're subjected to you for very long. Bard has the record collection of consistent grippers and it's boring and often offensive to have to listen to your disparagement. And we have to listen. Call it the woman's intuition or call it hot air, but I think it's time you stopped the griping and undertook a little reconstruction work or your collec-

## 6 MORE JOIN FRATS

The following students have recently pledged to a fraternity:

Eulexian:

Alfred Roe

Ralph Hinchman

Gregory Lindin

Richard Price

Daniel Ransohoff

Kappa Gamma Chi:

Richard Conway

THE BARDIAN apologizes for the omission, in the last edition of the paper, of the name of Milton Jahoda, who accepted a bid from K.G.X.

tive morale. You're only running yourself down because it's your own job to remedy the complaints. There's so much good co-operative organization to dig into and you won't dig because it's just too much trouble. May I ask if you really wonder why American youth is criticized? Even when you do achieve a bit of good team work, you must all go as quickly as possible and get as drunk as possible to celebrate it's being over. In the words of the Bede, it's not so goodie, and it makes this feminine blood boil to think you can't be bothered to do anything about it.

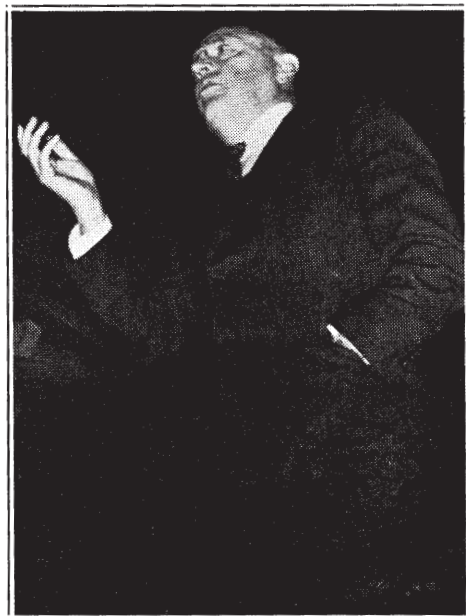
The well-known and discussed senior lethargy will waste little time in its insidious seepage into the lower classes' consciousness; and when it has taken possession of that group, you'll have just that much more to do. It seems to the commentator that it is up to the student body AS A WHOLE to take advantage of its educational as well as its social advantages. Team-work is possible on the Bard campus. This has been proven by the theatre group, and it's too bad, therefore, that the spirit this group can and does show can't be spread into the rather musty recesses of other college activities. True, Bard sets out primarily to develop the individual in you, but let us hope that no student really expects to be so ruggedly individualistic that he can't put out a little for the good of the school itself.

I am not writing this to make selected suggestions, although I might say that I think concentration on activities which require team-work, and particularly athletics, might help. Rather I am here to tell you what the outside thinks about your school spirit. I live in the hope that it is not entirely non-existent and that there are those among you who care enough about your school to do a little agitating and bring it out of moth-balls. You have something few college men have access to, that's a hand in building a sound structure for future Bardians and incidentally yourselves to work in. You were the ones who decided to come to Bard and if you don't like it, make your own suggestions and stir up some interest in the improvement of the status of things. You haven't such a lot of time.

—E. D. Brownley

Dr. Leighton and Mr. Lydman have announced that all plays to be submitted for the radio broadcast over WGNY on Thursday, December 12, must be handed in by the first of next month. The play, which will constitute a half hour program, may either be original or a rewrite of some play that is not copyrighted. All plays are welcomed, and those that are not used on this broadcast will have a chance to be used on other broadcasts to be held over the same station in the second semester.

## MacCRACKEN SPEAKS



Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken's talk in the Bard Theatre Wednesday night, on the subject of Chaucer's "Troilus and Criseyde," was a success so far as the student body was concerned. The Vassar president presented his topic with such informality and such an intermingling of humor that his complex subject was understandable even to those who were not fully familiar with the poem.

Dr. MacCracken began his talk by reading the first few stanzas of the poem, and then described the nine "spheres" by which "Troilus and Criseyde" is bounded. This approach, novel even for students of Chaucer, was simply an analysis of the influences which affected Chaucer when he wrote upon this famous theme, and includes the fourteenth century conception of the "court of love" and the Court of Richard II. Other spheres were Chaucer's own personality and such historical influences as the legend of Troy and classical mythology.

Speaking of "Troilus and Criseyde" as the first really great fiction, Dr. MacCracken pointed out that many people had termed it a "novel of psychology," a term unknown in Chaucer's time. He compared it with Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," but said that Tolstoy lacked Chaucer's humor and understanding in dealing with female characters.

In concluding, Dr. MacCracken discussed briefly the characters in the poem and reviewed the plot. A possible criticism is that he might better have covered the plot first for the benefit of those who were not acquainted with the poem, but in any case he kept his audience tremendously interested.

## WRITERS ORGANIZE

Seldom is a professor's critical analysis and comment enough incentive for the average student to do a large or even a meagre amount of writing. Thus it has been decided that all you potential writers, who have been merely potential for too long a time and have perhaps produced one or two publicly accepted and rather good pieces of your little-used developing skill, are going to have a chance to write and get some criticism of your writing both from students and professors.

At our first coming together around the fire in Albee Social Room at ten o'clock Tuesday evening, November 26, you are going to have a chance to discuss your own and others' writing. It would be greatly appreciated if those of you who wish to attend would submit for discussion one creation every other time you come. Professors are not exempt. It is the writing that we want and the mind behind it, not the title or respect that an individual has previously gained for him or herself.

Bring your manuscript and your pipe.



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## TRUTH

If there is anyone in doubt as to whether the U. S. will go to war let him consult the recent book, "War Propaganda and the United States," by Harold Lavine and James Wechsler. This is a book published for the Institute of Propaganda Analysis and it is both astute and thorough.

By now most of us know about propaganda. We saw it work on France, and at the present time both the Totalitarian states and the Allies are administering an injection of it over here. Today American opinion is divided in a state of confusion. Generally speaking we want the Allies to win, but we do not want to go to war and everybody knows this. But not everybody knows the strategy of propaganda and the measure of its success in the United States. Not everybody is aware that already he has to a lesser or greater degree been victimized. Allied propaganda has seeped into our editorials, into both pulp and "slick" fiction and into Hollywood. Lord Lothian, Renaud, Eve Curry, Charles Boyer, and last but hardly least President Roosevelt are some of the notables who have spread the gospel. What little the Nazis have to parry them are Father Coughlin, James Dudley Pelly, and the Communists.

It is not likely that Allied propaganda alone will drive us into the war. It is infinitely less likely that Mr. Goebles will keep us out. What has begun to happen though is a slow inflammation of emotion everywhere. Propagandists work to confuse rather than to clarify. A German said recently, "Reason?—to hell with reason. We spit on reason." And now in America it appears that truth is becoming more and more esoteric in a tumult of conflicting ideas, adrenalin, and anticipatory excitement. It is, when this sort of conditioning has continued till there is a minimum of sanity, that something like the Lusitania happens. Then later on we holler about a lot of dead doughboys.

Twenty years after a war whose wounds still hurt we are witnessing trends in public opinion which threaten another A. E. F. Afterwards a lot of people are going to be sorry, and maybe we will have some more of The Sun Also Rises, The Three Soldiers and Johnny Got His Gun. And we will have a splendid crash and new hospitals. People will call the war "that insane time" and shake their heads. So the necessity of America right now is to act so that it will not be sorry later on. If America believes in Peace, the time to bitch is not after the damage has been done but before. If America believes in settling issues by force, then nobody should condemn the policy afterward.

The pathetic aspect of Europe at this time is that almost its entire civilization has been fighting a war

## LOOKING AROUND

On Thursday evening in the Commons one of the Editors asks—"And how is that column coming? Don't forget you must have it for us by tomorrow's breakfast."

"Oh you'll have it," you say with that assuredness that all see through, yourself not least. All evening while in the library, while putting away the great volume of the Cambridge History or the slender scarlet book of Marianne Moore's poetry—"With a preface by T. S. Eliot"—you wonder what you shall write. What would interest the retiring, shy and charming professor of the sciences, the blithe, unencumbered blonde that your friend will bring to tomorrow's first Prom of the year? You are sure both do not wish to hear why people voted the way they did or didn't. But would they read with interest of one's seeing the President in the dusk of Dutchess County fall, in the rawness of the early November evening as the chanting of the children rang out sharply and clearly—"We want Roosevelt!"—and the awareness that Mrs. Astor stood shivering in that dusk with the wives of the hardware store proprietor and the village barkeep. They were probably all Republicans but they stood to hear and see him.

Or do they wish to read of one student's reaction to the speech of Vassar's President in the Bard College's theatre the previous evening? Of the sentiment prevailing in the Dining Commons before the speech—"Troelus and Criseyde!" "Why in God's name is he going to talk to us about that?" And then that superb feeling of discovery, of enchantment in hearing and seeing a man, physically ageing, become young and himself enchanted with the knowledge, the familiarity with an old love and speak brilliantly and memorably

on the work of an Englishman long since had but now to many always to be remembered because the President of a great college told the faculty and students of his awareness and affection? Would they be interested in all this? Or have they become already mesmerized? Have they become removed from the world, the college in the pleasure of the weekend to come? Has the anaesthesia already been administered? Have they sought and already found that escape lasting for so brief a time? Are they thinking of what color dress she will wear and "Oh God will the corsage be all right?" "Will we find something to talk about if there is no party to attend?" "Will we be able to dance well together and have fun and remember this always?" We wonder.

Or shall you describe the work, the real, hard journeyman tasks being accomplished in the various fields of student activity that you have learned about? Of the Senior's project in one of the arts that will, if successfully pursued, benefit each and every one of us? Of the gradual change in the center of gravity of student government and the wider frame of reference it is attempting to invade and bring to political and governmental reality? Would this be of interest? Again we wonder.

But most important perhaps of all we could say was that whether the last month we have gladly observed that all the worries concerning the academic slump, the intellectual lethargy seem to us completely cock-eyed. That blessedly at long last, with a respected and able Administration, we have a goodly number of students responding to its leadership. Is that of interest?

—Harry Winterbottom

## GRAY ON E. P. C.

Dean Charles Harold Gray recently made the following statement in regard to the Educational Policies Committee:

"Next to the Community Council the most important student committee is the Educational Policies Committee, known as the E. P. C. Since a college like Bard cannot operate without the intelligent participation of its students in the planning and evaluation of the work we do, this committee serves as a means of getting out into the open all student opinions, interests, and desires. Let it be hastily assumed by either students or faculty that the Committee exists merely to make complaints, it has seemed wise to state publicly what are its functions. These functions are as follows:

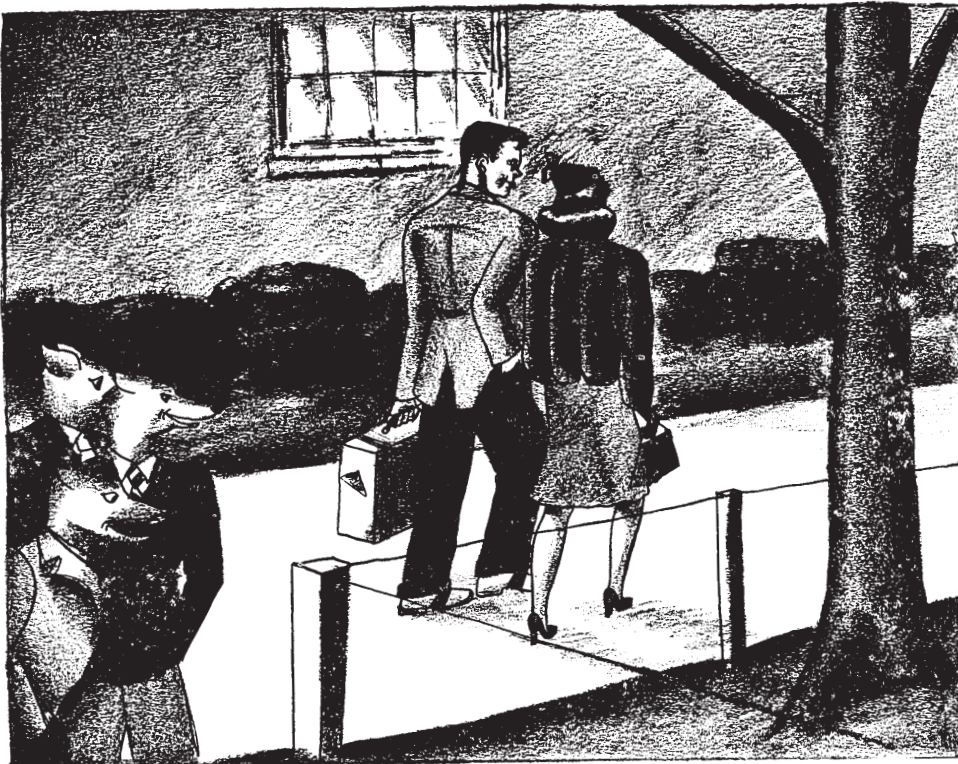
it did not want. This is a possibility America faces too. There are a lot of decisions ahead of guys like you and me. Now we are going to have to make a big one, so let us make a decision that seems most right to us and is our own decision. If we are honest with ourselves there is less chance that we will be kicking ourselves later.

1. To acquaint themselves with the underlying principles of the Bard College educational program. To this end, discussions of specific principles and procedures should be held with the Divisional Faculties.

2. To act as interpreters of these principles to individual students and to student groups or classes. To this end, there should be occasional meetings with various groups of students, particularly with the major students in the four fields. We all need to know more and more about why we work as we do under this system of education.

3. To act as interpreters to the Dean and the Faculty of student opinion as to the effectiveness of the educational policies and procedures. To this end, investigations can be made of the methods and results of teaching and reports can be made (1) to the instructors involved, (2) to the Divisional Faculties, and (3) to the Dean. The aim of these investigations should be to bring students and teachers closer together in their work towards their common aims. The reports should form the basis of discussions leading to clearer understanding by the students, or to changes by instructors or divisions. They should also assist the Dean to estimate

(Continued on page 4)



## The Vulnerable Bede

Pole-Marcus, in deploring the human race for this week, objects frantically to those who, in attempting to insinuate themselves into the good graces of this column, have been making this campus a supposedly better place to live in. Things have come to a pretty pass when repulsive individuals no longer repulse around the place. Though an even tenor of the ways is to be coveted, that tenor is no longer a tenor when it becomes a rut. If they think we can be squelched by removing evil from this campus they are much mistaken. Do they presume to imagine? Try it, we hint hopefully. Ods blood!

Add definition: Bonhomie: what is a? Webster says, in his own dear dull fashion: "good nature; pleasant and easy manner." As usual, he fails to note the sinister implications of the words he defines. (Down with Webster) According to the Vulnerable Bede, one who would rather ratiocinate than bonhomie, especially in the early morning. Bonhomie: a certain revolting sort of oral backslapping which makes one's gorge jiggle and rise to heretofore unrecognized heights. (Down with gorges) Mating cry: GOOD Morning, OLD Man. (phaugh) It seems fairly obvious that we all know who commits this sort of barratry and soccage in fief. In fact, it is within everyone's Ken. Wipe that smirk, old man, (bang) afore we curl your clericals!

And how are the Frumious Four this week? Still fiddle-faddling among their frabjuous fungus?

Coffee shops, Sam Johnson, Reynolds, Burke; The Forum, Brutus, Cicero; On the Acropolis, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle. But the closes reference to the Coffee Shops, Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, Boswell. Life of Johnson. And the nicest thing has happened. Right here we have a counterpart of these. And if you aren't sure that it's counter, take a quick look some time. Just once. If we at Bard lack anything, it is certainly not antitheses. Let us express one. Just once. Please? Emotion is a fine thing. God forbid we should quell it. But emotion butters no beets, quoi? We don't demand much logic, but we feel, and deeply, that some is essential. We have watched the waiters in their little nooksie, arousing themselves to my what pitches of emotion, which do nothing more than sow the seeds of gastronomic discontent. After some rather cowed by all this watching of these war dances we have come to the conclusion that after all there is probably more relation here to the witch doctor-holy roller sort of stuff than there is to the coffee shop determination of ideas. "What Funny Little Menu Are." (The Vulnerable Bede, opus sesame)

Now it might be said that we are here disgruntling at just what we have been asking for. Here with the waiters it gives enthusiasm. True. But enthusiasm in the so utter abstract is not necessarily a good thing. It should be constructive. We have spoken. Boswell, Tell Samuel to take his foot out of the soup.

It has come to this column's attention that certain bitter people about the campus have forwarded the theory that we are this week trying to help "Looking Around." This is not true. Let it be known that what we can not harm—we will not touch!

The stark staring peace of this trackless tundra, peopled with its feckless figments of foiled foibles, has been singularly peaceful and we'd like to know why, quoi? Where is the quampus quasimodo these days? As we are writing this—a bell is ringing—and it is high time for that. Ods bodikins! Wherum worrifies thid hornnis floof, quoi?

Which brings us to the point of who is illiterate—us (sic) or the typesetter, or the proofreader, or the editor? We don't like to say nastynasty about past performance. But give the transient and befuddled reader a chance. Lines misplaced, words all wrong, Jesus! And here follow the cuts from the last two editions of *The Vulnerable Bedes* Oct. 18: There is no possible (line 14); inasmuch-aswhich (line 25); surfaces (inserted between 'acquired' and 'of' in line 2). Nov. 2: why in the name of all that's (line 12); watch it, bud, you'll get your (line 17); in a sling (line eighteen).

And in conclusion, tchaah. (Quoi?)



# THE EYE AND THE EAR

## MUSIC

Theodore Strongin

On November 25th, the third recital of the year will be held at Bard Hall, featuring a guest, Miss Lys Bert, soprano. Miss Bert had most of her training in this country and studied in Italy for a time. She has sung with the Philadelphia Orchestra and with the New York Philharmonic at Stadium concerts. Her program, covering a wide range of songs and arias from classical to Richard Strauss and Ravel, will be sung in English, German, French and Italian. Paul Schwartz will accompany, and Guido Brand, violinist, will also appear on the program.

Miss Bert is the first of several outside artists who will appear in Bard Hall recitals. These performers fill an important part in the music program; they not only provide more variety for the general audience but give much more extended listening experience for the music student himself.

The Intercollegiate Music Guild Festival is definitely established for the weekend of December 6th and 7th. Bard will be host to student and faculty from Bennington, Smith, Williams, and Vassar. The students will take part in three concerts, Friday night, Saturday afternoon, and Saturday night. Bard will be represented by compositions of Millard Walker, Dr. Schwartz, and myself. The campus can expect to be crowded that weekend by performers and guests from the member colleges and the outside musical world. The success of the festival depends upon Bard as host.

The Guild is expanding more than ever this year! Bard's festival includes only the Northern division. It is, I believe, acting as a stimulus in keeping its member musicians interested in something outside their own narrow circle. The Guild must plan now for carrying the same stimulus into the whole world of music, beyond the collegiate world. The success of Bard's festival will help, and Bard's festival can be a success only with community cooperation. Since the success is double-faced in that it is good for Bard both internally and externally, I hope that I, as President of the Guild and as a Bard student, can depend upon that community cooperation.

## DRAMA

Bert Leefmans

Enthusiasm. A fine and, in these days, all too rare virtue.

The tremendous enthusiasm of a group of people who are working in and for the theatre was made evident last week at Vassar in a production by the Chekhov Theatre Studio which, in spite of certain weaknesses, proved to be one of the most exciting theatrical experiences to which this reviewer has been exposed.

In their production of *TWELFTH NIGHT* this group attacked, with completely open mind, a play that has been performed innumerable times before. Refusing to be bound by the dull convention which tends to hamper the theatre in this country, they succeeded in presenting this play with remarkable freshness and originality.

Accepting the fact that they were doing a play, the group, carefully controlled by their director, proceeded to stylize and coordinate the entire production, including nothing which might break the unity of it, and omitting nothing which might add to the single effect they wanted to produce.

And it was this, the joining of ensemble acting, of design, music, lighting and script into a coordinated unit which expressed the ideas of the regisseur, that was so impressive in this production and that is so notably lacking in the American theatre today.

Originality we find often, in college theatre and on Broadway, but rarely do we find the complete unanimity of purpose and activity that was evident in this production.

The most important factor in achieving this unity was the activity of a single individual who, designing and directing himself, and using as tools actors of careful training and considerable skill, was able to produce this whole, built so ably from all of its parts. That the greatest actor of his day should have the ability to plan a production as skillfully and artistically as this one was planned is not surprising. But that there is a group which is willing and able to carry out his plans is very heartening.

## ART

by T. Cook

When a group of American artists about twenty years ago tossed berets and grisettes out of their Paris garrets and returned home to paint the American scene, a vigorous new style of painting resulted. An example of how they might still be painting if they had to come to their senses was seen in the collection of impressionistic paintings by Gordon McCouch in the Orient Gallery until Wednesday.

Not that these paintings were not worth seeing and studying—on the contrary I'm glad they were exhibited, because it made my faith in the current school of American art even more strong.

It isn't that I don't appreciate the courage of the fathers of Impressionism. They were on the right track when they broke away from the convention of the Academy. My complaint is that they became so absorbed in the technical study of light that they completely forgot to say anything in their paintings. Evidently they could not work on both phases at the same time, so they decided to forfeit ideas. Their disciples still seem to have the same difficulty.

Someone might ask why paintings have to say something. My answer, and that of thousands of other people, is that art should be a reflection of life, and should intensify and clarify experience. Impressionists don't do this because they are only interested in life as seen through a peep-hole. As long as they can paint reflected light they are happy.

Although such paintings are not profound, they are decorative, as Mr. McCouch's certainly were. The linear pattern of skyscrapers in his "Line of Giants" was a beautiful thing to see. In "Beside the Viaduct" his skill in portraying surface effects was obvious. You could almost feel the moisture in the air as the colors of the buildings reflected on the wet surface of the road. Likewise, only an impressionist could have painted the sudden bursts of light in "The Glass Furnace."

In spite of its technical skill, I don't think Mr. McCouch's art is what we want much of in America. We already have too many people among us who just see the surface of things. An artist should be more than a sightseer. He should have convictions.

## SUNDIAL

Scott Bowen

Symbol of an age—with bronze finger pointing

At past—present—future

All tenses tangent to the everpresent now

Caught in the moment only knowable through

eyes

ears

taste

smell

touch

And more important

The stained smoke of inward rhapsody

O moment almost visible

Unwinding silver thread tossed at eternity

Why?

Seen—or—Unseen?

Tracing futile fingers over the face of Forever?

Or heard

Or tiny staccato dance of sunbeams

Mutely antiphonal within us.

Or where?

Forming the entrails of some bewildered star

Or shape

As to the lover flushing brilliantly—immediately gone

To chaste nun burning sacrificial incense at some inwards altar

A moment separated by telling beads

A thing almost to be controlled by fingers

For many merely caught in watches held against them by straps

Or flung around the wrist

Something for forgetting and the quick downward glance of remembrance

To mothers something for love and eating

For soldiers to escape with and resurrected in agony

It lives with all of us

And if we saw it we would not take off our hats

Or even bow.

It is meeting immediately to decide on death and whispering covertly

Of the birth of posterity

Each man draws it according to his measure

One for treasure

One for seeking

Or one imperially to jest with

As a foil against its stark decision.

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## SPORTS

Well! And well again! This is very pleasant. The response to the last edition of this column was truly superb. In that column I discussed the possibilities of developing an athletic organization here at Bard which would participate with outside teams in the more progressive sports. A few of those sports suggested were rifle, squash, tennis, golf, wrestling, skiing, and others. It had occurred to me that the advertising value, the personal value, and the general pleasure which would be derived from such a scheme as that would be of great benefit to Bard.

And although the weather of late has been, to say the least, non-inspiring in regard to anything concerning the exercising of the limbs, I believe you will be pleased to learn of the number and enthusiasm of the comments already made on the last edition of this column. Skiing received the most attention and enthusiasm. It seems that we have here at Bard a tremendous interest in that sport, to say nothing of the skill that this year's new men have brought. It seems that we also have a bit of an expert in one of our professors, Dr. Sturmthal. Perhaps we will be able to induce him into teaching another course. Then also

I understand that Putney School and France have lent us a few champions.

The next most important sport, as far as I could determine from student interest shown in the past two weeks, is golf. There are several mediocre players and a few outstanding ones on campus. And, as in the case of skiing, there seems to be a widespread interest, although limited more than in the case of skiing. This is only natural, though, as golf is a springtime sport and there is a horribly long winter between then and now.

The response in the case of tennis was doubtful. Although there seems to be enough interest, a lack of material is pre-eminent. Squash is the game though. If we only had the courts. Everybody who has played this game likes it, and those who have not had an opportunity are looking forward to one.

And now for mention of the most interested member of the community, Dean Gray. In a talk with the dean your columnist found him very anxious to see what could be done to crystalize some of these suggestions. I know we can expect an athletic representative committee meeting in the near future with the dean. If in this meeting we can choose men to lead in these different sports and get those students who are interested together, I know that a lot can be done before we leave for vacation.

—Linc Armstrong

### GRAY ON E. P. C.

(Continued from page 2)

student opinion of the strength and weakness in any department of instruction.

4. To bring to the attention of the Dean and the Divisional Faculties the requests which rise among students for expansion of departments of instruction.

5. To bring to individual instructors student criticism of their work and in reverse to bring to students the instructors' criticism of student attitude and habits of work. Since in a college where classes are small and contact between students and faculty is easy, these criticisms should be aired in a less formal way; the Committee should endeavor first of all to have the students and instructors meet the problems without outside mediation. Only where relations between instructor and class become too strained for good cooperation should the Committee take a hand.

Some general rules for guidance of the Committee and of the community in their attitude towards the E. P. C. work should be mentioned. The first rule is that confidential matter should be kept confidential. Most of the discussion need not go beyond the walls of the Committee room and when it does it should go quietly and directly to those involved. Gossip about impending "investigations" should be kept to that unfortunately irreducible minimum. The aim of all the activities should be to promote confidence and to strengthen our work.

Care should be taken to weigh all evidence critically, and qualitative as well as quantitative criteria must be used. We should beware of perfectionism without falling into complacency.

The values in the use of the Committee will lie in the thought we shall all be giving to the problems common to us. Students will learn also the difficulties involved in conducting for mutual benefits a social organizations such as a college."

### THE CIGARETTE

(Continued from page 1)

I noticed some people across the street from its entrance. I went over to see what it was all about. There had been some sort of accident. I asked an old man that was standing there what had happened. He said that he was talking to the guy just a little while before. The young fellow was smoking a cigarette, but he didn't seem to like it and tossed it away just after he'd lit it. Then you know what the kid did—went out in the street to step on it. The old man said he thought it was kinda a stupid thing to do himself—it being slushy and everything. He went on to say that the first thing he heard was a loud horn; then he saw the young fellow somewhere under the car. He thought that his name was Denby—Howard or Allan or something like that.

"Nice guy," he said.

"Yea."

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