

Bard College
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BARDIAN

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Page 1	Improvements “Thunder Rock” [Play by Robert Ardrey] H.W. Shadow Strain [A Story] Ralph Kahana Kaleidoscope
Page 2	Sophomore Moderations and Senior Projects Freedom of the Press Looking Around Harry Winterbottom Correspondence “Delilah” Review by Donald Watt
Page 3	Art Theodore N. Cook Music Theodore Strongin Glee Club on Tour
Page 4	Sports

The Bardian

Volume 20, No. 10

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ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1941

Four Pages

IMPROVEMENTS

The tentative buildings and grounds program for the coming summer is ambitious and then some. It is, however, only tentative, but if only a fraction of the planned improvements are made, the physical plant at Bard will at last begin to make up for lost time.

Starting with the store: the switchboard will be removed to Ludlow, a soda fountain will be installed, and booths will be added. It is planned to convert the store into a luncheonette which will take the place of the present service in the dining room by Mrs. Isaacs. As yet, no plans have been made for the installation of a juke box and space for dancing; but, as yet, Bard has not become co-educational.

Two squash courts will be added to the gymnasium on the southeast corner, and these will also be able to be used for handball courts, filling a need which has existed at Bard for too long. The courts will plug a gap in the intramural program and will provide a means of athletics for those who are not particularly fond of team sports.

The tentative plans also include refurbishing Potter, McVickar, South Hoffman, and Seymour, and those buildings, along with North Hoffman and South Hall, are scheduled to get several coats of paint—they'll probably need more. Some of the present sophomores who started with the comparatively new furniture of South Hall, advanced to Albee and got new furniture, will now continue to Stone Row, where their taste for new furniture will not be neglected.

The reading room will be completed downstairs in the library, and Dr. Hirsch will also get a new office downstairs. The coal, all 70 tons of it, will be emptied from the library's basement during Spring vacation by means of a special pulley system. It is hoped that before Spring vacation the new lights which have been ordered for the library will arrive. They were due more than a month ago, but because they are made with aluminum, defense priorities have held them up.

A new water filter will probably be installed, which means that at last we will be able to drink water at Bard without wondering why the foul-tasting liquid was ever thought to be tasteless.

The tennis enthusiasts will also benefit from the new program, for it is hoped that two of the courts will be resurfaced. No decision has been made as yet as to the material to be used in the resurfacing.

The art library, theatre, chapel, and the interior of the gymnasium will all be repainted, according to the tentative plans, and even Hopson will be renovated and made ready for student occupation. All 18 rooms in the latter dormitory will be painted and furnished, and even the hallways will benefit from the program. The third floor seminar rooms and the hallways of Ludlow will also be repainted, and a new slate roof will be put on the chapel.

The old garages which are scattered around the southwestern corner of the campus will be ripped down and 12 or 14 new garages will be built in a central location. The garages which are by the steam plant will be remodeled into a plumbing and paint shop.

Other incidental plans for the summer include a new floor for the junior dining room and a new compressor for the kitchen ice box.

With the physical plant at Bard as old as it is, there is little hope of any lasting improvements being made until new buildings go up. It is obvious that the buildings and grounds staff has all it can do to keep the old buildings in repair. With the improvements planned for the summer, however, we can at least hope for more comfortable quarters in which to live.

"THUNDER ROCK"

While Robert Ardrey's three-act play, *Thunder Rock*, will be unremembered, save to the statisticians of the American theatre, it nevertheless served as a suitable vehicle for last week-end's excursion in the Bard Theatre. Under Paul Morrison's direction, an exceptionally able group of people were assembled in the imaginative and handsomely executed setting of Richard Burns and performed in the Ardrey opus with uniformly calm expertness, some with distinction and brilliance.

By now most of us know that the hero, David Charleston, has sought, in the light-house on Lake Michigan's Thunder Rock, escape from the world that is rapidly going to hell. As he tells Streeter, former crony, who in the play's first act is bent on going to help the Chinese fight the Japanese, he has happened upon some records of service which tell him something of the passengers who went down with the good ship Land O' Lakes in 1849, filled with hopeful emigrants from the old world coming to find peace, hope and livelihood in the new. A one-time newspaper man, Charleston has a penchant for Irish whiskey and for conjuring up the characters of some of the people who perished 90 years ago when Captain Joshua's good ship went down. In fact, for Charleston, for Audrey, and for the audience these characters actually come to exist. After the business-like Inspector Flanning and cynical Streeter leave, Charleston is alone—but not for long. "Cap'n" Joshua comes down those stairs which creak and groan almost as much as some of the mechanics Ardrey uses for plot.

With Joshua come Dr. Stefan Kurtz, Viennese experimenter in anaesthesia who flees the intolerance and scientific ignorance of his colleagues and neighbors; with him his wife and Melanie, their young daughter. There is cockney Mr. Briggs coming for gold and wealth and happiness, and there is Miss Kirley—repressed dried-up spinster who searches for a husband and for the freedom of women from men. They talk of their world, their hopes. And Miss Kirby despairs for women, and Kurtz for the freedom of science, and Briggs symbolizes a rotten economic system. And

Charleston, the bitter recluse, sees in their despair a blindness because anaesthesia did come about, and women are free, and on with the show. Finally he dismisses them all. They are creatures of his making; they have given him courage to go on. They are bound for the sea again as the German armies start into Poland. Charleston greets Streeter, the cynic, on his return with a brave, resolute speech concerning his restored faith and brings down the curtain with the rather cloudy statement that summed up seems to be—we must not risk our democracy by fighting now, but if we have to, we shall fight.

This brew of idealism, hope in things past and wandering ectoplasm is happily presented in many splendid performances. One attribute that makes this show such a distinguished one is that nearly everyone turned in a first-rate performance. Outstanding to this reviewer were the following players: Alvin Sapinsky, as the cockney Mr. Briggs, brought a luminous quality to his characterization that was deeply moving, finely done, and will, I think, be remembered by a great many people. Overton's Captain Joshua was just as it should have been—gruff, human, flashing with kindness in remembering the cockney as he was and in his scorn for the presumptuous Charleston. Concerning the performances of the women in the cast, I think acting honors should go to Mary Moore who, during her tirade against Mr. Briggs and all he represented, was completely believable and magnificent. Mrs. Betty Bierstedt was effective and lovely as Melanie.

As Streeter, Randell Henderson had one of the most difficult assignments of all. I think that he was miscast, that it was almost an insuperable task to perform and that he almost did it—but not quite. Phillipson's attempt and measure of success in portraying Charleston was easier for him, but, while his performance was better than Henderson's, it lacked the smoothness of Overton's Joshua, the rare understanding that Sapinsky brought to his characterization. As Flanning and Dr. Kurtz, Westbrook and McQueeney were both good. McQueeney, for once, did not sound as if his voice were manufactured by a tired spiritualist.

—H. W.

SHADOW STRAIN

by Ralph Kahana

He was fettered to the silence of the high, bare room. Yet, he was fortunate to find work in a museum. There were deaths worse than this vigil of gray-clad nonentity for the shell-shocked. In this far corner of the building he had few people to cope with, and these, for the most part, wandered in by mistake. This was the fault of the pictures, of course.

The paintings in his room were a set of fat-joweled, listless portrait faces, the pastily draped upper bourgeois, the solid citizens of some remote period of Western Europe. They were framed in the usual heavy, ornamented, gilded monstrosities. When he had first come to this room he had tried to touch some chord of emotion through one or two of the paintings, but now he could not meet the dead stare of characterless eyes; he guessed that one day he would stick his head through an oil-encrusted canvas and bite a piece out of it.

Then the girl came.

He was a bit jarred by the unexpected squeak of the workmen's shoes and had to

leave the room when the hammering began. As he passed the workmen he caught a glimpse of the new picture frame and was again surprised. The frame was made of a light, tan-colored wood.

He returned to his room warmly expectant, and shuddering with a the pain of an unaccustomed excitement. The portrait was hanging in a half-lit corner and as he crossed to it, as the form grew, he knew that he would like this picture.

The painting, by some obscure Frenchman, was of a girl of seventeen or eighteen years, clothed in a long, dull-black dress, was sunk in a heavy brown armchair. The sleeves of her dress came down to thin hands, and at her throat was a vagueness of green gauze. A softly curled black hat caressed the strength of straight, black hair. Her pallid, hollowed cheeks, and bloodless lips were immobile.

He examined the painting carefully, critically. He could see that the color was bad, but the indifferent brushwork had a personality, a firmness underlying light strokes. The body was hidden in a casualness of dark color and all attention travelled to

(Continued on page 4)

KALEIDOSCOPE

The principal subject on campus now is the C. A. A. At last Bard was able to get the course, but her troubles are far from over. Ten men are needed and only ten men signed up for the course. All of which means that should any of the men fail to pass their physical examinations and should replacements from the outside who have had two years of college training and who are able to pass the other requirements not be found, then apparently the work of Dr. Gray and Dr. Garrett has gone to waste. Altschuler, Dalton, and McNair have already passed their examinations unconditionally. Roe and Hale both have slight defects in their eyes, and their status will not be known until the examining doctor has communicated with Washington, D. C. Church, Blech, R. Cook, Karlson, and Shapiro will take their examinations tomorrow . . . The Institute of Economic Education already has about fifty interviews handed in and checked off. Word is being awaited from the Sloane Foundation to determine whether or not the Institute will receive that organization's support in its vital work . . . Mrs. Katherine Hepburn will speak here Wednesday evening on birth control, and we may expect some fireworks. Recently she spoke at Wesleyan and lambasted the Connecticut Supreme Court so strongly that an apology, on behalf of the university, was made by its president. As a matter of fact, her talk there continued to be front-page news in Connecticut newspapers for almost a week . . . The intercollegiate British war relief ball, to all outward appearances, will go through. It will probably be held in New York in the latter part of April. The tickets will soon be printed and distributed to various colleges, so be smart and put in a word now for your date. Redlich and Jim Freeborn deserve much credit for developing the plans and following them up to their ultimate conclusion . . . The Community Council is doing all the things which it claimed it would earlier in the year, even going so far as to arrange for dances. If the one tomorrow night is successful, the chances are that there will be many more of them. Bard, at last, is getting socially active . . . Dr. Morris Schaeffer, research associate of the New York Health Department, spoke here Wednesday evening, March 12, on "The Indefinitely Small in Biology; Viruses and Virus Diseases." He claimed that all plants and animals have their own virus diseases. The talk, held in Albee, was followed by a lively discussion . . . It was decided last night that the Senior prom will be held Friday, May 16, in the Memorial Gymnasium. No further plans have been announced . . . The Eulexians, as expected, won the mythical league basketball championship. Only one loss was chalked up against them, and that was at the hands of the fast-moving Sigs, who came up with a rush to tie the Kaps for second place. The Non-Socs, with a team of fine individual players, won only two games and finished a poor last . . . Volley ball is next on the schedule for intramural athletics. The new league should begin next week, and with the faculty, who won last year, having gotten an abundance of practice, they should again prove to the students that there's life in the old boys yet . . . The bowling schedule, having passed the first half with little doubt as to the strength of the Kaps, has gone into the last half, but it is too early to make any definite statements as to the ultimate victors. Bob Aufricht is still top man among the bowlers with an average of above 155, and he is followed closely by Karlson for the Eulexians and Alexander for the Help, who are only a shadow of the team that won the championship the four previous years. Aufricht has high game with more than 200 and Johnnie Parsons, for the Faculty, has high match score with almost 500 . . . The Bard basketball team is playing some Red Hook quintet tonight; Bard lost two earlier games to Rhinebeck 59 to 45 and 70 to 26.

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SOPHOMORE MODERATIONS AND SENIOR PROJECTS

Student enrollment at Bard has gone beyond the point which the most enthusiastic supporter of the four-year plan could have hoped for at this time. Above all else, this means one thing; at last Bard can afford to raise its standards.

At this time of year, two things should be uppermost in the minds of at least half of the students, Sophomore Moderations and Senior Projects. Neither one, however, is taken seriously, and it is time that they were. It is time that the administration convinced the students that both the Sophomore Moderations and the Senior Projects should be taken seriously. If the only way to do this is to hold back the diplomas of the seniors who have not done an adequate job on their projects and to ask sophomores who have not shown that they have done an acceptable job to leave, then this must be done. If Bard is to realize its potentialities, this must be done.

The student who has coasted through two years of college without adding anything or receiving anything, is no more unknown here than is the student who, as a senior, takes only three subjects and at the last minute decides that he ought to do something about his Senior Project, and so proceeds to do several weeks' work on it. Those students should be made to realize now that Bard cannot and will not condone such an attitude. We have few examinations here; our small seminars make them unnecessary. The two ways open to the college to get an exact record of a student's abilities and work habits is by means of the Sophomore Moderations and the Senior Projects. If a student cannot do justice to both, he must be treated accordingly.

We have heard from one informed source that the laxness which has existed in other years in regard to these two most important items will not exist this year. We hope this is true. We hope students and faculty alike become aware of their obligations.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

When there is no one—neither government, advertiser, nor individual—to say what the policies of a paper shall be or what shall and what shall not be included in the news and editorial columns of a paper, only then can that newspaper claim to have freedom of the press.

In the last issue of THE BARDIAN we made the statement that the Chesterfield advertisement would not appear in forthcoming issues until there was a change in their advertising policy. A week after we had made this statement, we received a telephone call from the National Advertising Service telling us to run the advertisement and to forget about additional publicity items. The call was followed by an insertion order with the welcome statement: "This cancels and supersedes our order of February 11." No publicity is better than bad publicity.

LOOKING AROUND

A fortnight ago, Lincoln Armstrong and John Shapiro vigorously disagreed with the two members of the faculty—Doctors Edwards and Smith—who maintained that although there was no danger of the United States being invaded by a foreign power, there was a grave danger to our economy, our democracy and our way of living if Germany defeated England and became master of the continent and the sea lanes leading to it. Armstrong and Shapiro disagreed with the conclusion of both doctors—that we should go to war with Germany rather than have her emerge victorious. As guest columnists they announced a desire "to delve into the ramifications of the ideas . . . of the interventionists Doctors Smith and Edwards." It is necessary now to examine the reasons they themselves gave, the ideas they expressed and the viewpoint they have to justify their accusing Dr. Smith of advocating a "cozy position" and of being "naive." As we have never heard Dr. Edwards discuss Holy Writ, we do not know whether he can be accused of being a Bible tumbler. They have and obviously think he is one.

These writers stated that because "both learned doctors agree that there is no danger of the U. S. being invaded by a foreign power after the war . . . they invalidate all arguments for giving aid to the British at the present time. In searching for reasons to justify this neat demolition of the case of those advocating all-out-aid to England these gentlemen write, "everybody knows we are not going to be invaded with guns and bombs." There is only one thing wrong with this statement. There are in this country many sincere, able minded, informed experts in naval, military, and economic affairs who agree that there exists a possibility that if the Germans conquer the British, secure control of the British Navy, British shipyards and British slave labor, they will be able to build two ships to our one and will thus be using potential allies of ours against us as they are using French ships, French workers and French factories against England. We do not maintain that this guarantees a successful invasion. We hold that, if this catastrophe does come about, our trade with the world, our "bridge of ships" that carry foodstuffs, manufactured articles to all corners of the globe will be at the mercy of the most powerful naval combine in history, Germany and Japan. Our navy will be strong but as Admiral Mahan once remarked — "the second most powerful navy is just as valuable as the second best poker hand—it isn't worth a damn."

Further on in their discussion these gentlemen declare: "Today we are concerned with a resurgence of the Great War which has caused a more potent conqueror than before to appear on the continent." And further: "This present was in little different from the last except that we have a Hitler with a more powerful organization behind him." Unfortunately for England, for us and for those countries now controlled by the Nazis, we are discovering that this is not the same war—economically, psychologically or strategically — as was the World War. Again there are informed correspondents, economists and exiled statesmen who tell us that this is no mere conflict between German Imperialism vs. Anglo-American Imperialism, but that we are witnessing a convulsion in the history of world economics and world politics that will finally shake our world to its foundations. But Armstrong and Shapiro say "sit tight" boys, "sit tight."

In their final paragraph they refer to the fact that 150 years ago the French ruled the continent of Europe, Spain was powerful. Britain was threatening, and that now Spain is weak, Russia and Japan have become strong. These facts, marshalled in this array, seem, at least to them, convincing evidence that Dr. Smith was "naive" when he stated that with the fall of England there would occur the first change in the world balance of forces since we became a nation.

They are dodging the issue. The fact still remains that even though Spain was our strong neighbor, France under Napoleon after the revolution was mistress of the continent. Neither of those nations was the final arbiter of the world because they did not control the seas. What Dr. Smith meant and what is historical fact is that for the 160 odd years of our existence English sea power has been supreme and we have not suffered. To the contrary, our commerce has increased, our wealth has been growing and after the last Great War we emerged not as a debtor nation but as a creditor nation.

Unfortunately, Armstrong and Shapiro either do not see or refuse to admit the dangers economic and political, in the collapse of British sea power and the control by Germany of what Walter Lippmann has called "the Atlantic World." These gentlemen can be blithe about the fate of England, but the instant the British Navy is destroyed or falls into German hands, the United States of America has lost one of the great guarantees of its liberty, security and the happiness of its people.

HARRY WINTERBOTTOM

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE BARDIAN:

Where is the camping club, the trail shelter, the overnight trek to the Catskills in spring? What has happened to the pioneer spirit at Bard? Has it sunk into obscurity? Surely a cold can of beer pulled from some bubbling spring to be quaffed around a cheery campfire is just as tasty as the beer in one of Howard's brittle goblets. Between each swallow, you inhale long breaths of the woody air, instead of stale tobacco fumes—after all, why breathe the smoke of another's worn-out butt, mixed with almost solid carbon dioxide, when the mountains beckon and a cool night breeze caresses?

A Saturday morning start is the most convenient for those Bardians who respond to the call of the hills, for in most cases there are no classes to bother with. After a good breakfast, they dump their packs into an aged jalopy and are off. With the kind assistance of the camp-minded car owner, the interminable streets of Kingston are left behind, and the rolling hills around Woodstock open welcoming arms to their explorers. The car parked in a safe place, they strike into the woods where their hike really begins.

Having reached the jumping off place at about 9:30 A. M., (with due respect to the Kingston Ferry), they continue until about 1:00 P. M., when there is a stop of an hour or so for lunch. From a little after two o'clock, they keep going 'till, having looked for about a half an hour, a campsite is found and occupied by four-

thirty. With a couple of hours before dark, there is plenty of time in which to have a presentable bivouac ready for the night. Wood is gathered, a lean-to rigged, the fireplace dug, and a fire laid, the "grub" hung from a limb off the ground, camp generally put into order, and their flimsy quarters are completed.

Now, as the day fades, as twilight comes—then fuses with the deepening shadows, has come to the true enjoyment of camping. The silence is broken only by the crackling purr of their fire; the friendly, if sometimes startling noises of the night; the campers' low, happy voices. A wonderful sense of freedom fills them. Finally, quite late, they begin to drowse, then sleep.

The next morning after breakfast, camp is broken, and the homeward trek begun. Nothing can equal that feeling of self-sufficiency which comes over them when, tired, ragged, and dirty, they file into the dining hall and shuck their packs. To himself at least, every man a woodsman.

At one time, the Outing Club rented a shack near Woodstock. The money was appropriated from a general "club" fund by the student council and given to it. This club and the shack, are now merely memories to those who once enjoyed them. These memories are a challenge—they should be turned into present actualities. If enough fellows were interested, trails, running in loops through that part of the Catskills near us could be marked, and

(Continued on page 3)

"DELILAH"

a Review by Donald Watt

Every once in a while comes out a book that the reviewers say will survive the test. There are about fifty of these each year, and if any one of these fifty does survive, it is unusual. *Delilah* is one of these novels which is allotted to the upper division, and with good reason.

It is written by Marcus Goodrich, a Hollywood scriptwriter who seems to have found that a writer has a soul whether or not he wants one. As the *Saturday Review* puts it, "Mr. Goodrich . . . has been keeping his soul alive by putting all his secret passion for fine writing into this novel. He has extended himself gloriously, doing everything prohibited to a screen writer."

Delilah is a U. S. Navy destroyer in the Philippines. Goodrich is very sensitive to the beauty of the boat and gets it across to the reader, although with a high percentage of overstatement. The first scene shows the destroyer rushing top-speed on a special mission to one of the islands, and from the very start (speaking in Mr. Goodrich's terms; he moves slowly) the reader gets the feeling that the boat and the men on it are all a part of one being. From that incident the story takes the destroyer and its men through a succession of incidents, which show them both in every sort of situation; the result is, by the time one has finished, one has a very thorough picture of the setting, but one is still waiting for something to happen. There are exciting incidents, but they seem to bear no relation to each other.

There are a great many (too many) characters brought into the book. Mr. Goodrich seems to think it necessary that the reader know something about each character whose name is brought up, with, of course, the result that one remembers only the two most important characters in the book. These two are interesting. The first is the executive officer, Lieutenant Fitzpatrick, an Irish Catholic with a temper. His intellectual leanings (which are rare in the Navy or in any such institution, as Mr. Goodrich makes clear) bring him into close connection with one of the ordinary seamen, and the fact that these two men break down the social barriers and have long and familiar discussions on intellectual subjects scandalizes the rest of the men. One suspects that the picture of this ordinary seaman, Warrington, is autobiographical. He is a young Texan (Goodrich is from San Antonio) who first comes aboard with a suitcase full of books and no clothes except the ones he is wearing. This starts him off on the wrong foot with everyone except Fitzpatrick, and the story of the way in which he gains the respect of the rest of the crew is well done.

The unusual relationship between the officer and the seaman creates the one train which runs through all the incidents and ties the various situations together.

There are far too few novels of style written these days, and for that very reason, *Delilah* deserves a great deal of attention. Since it is frankly a style novel, the only justified criticisms are those on the style. The main fault that we of the Hemingway-Steinbeck generation are bound to find with it is that it is not written in the simple and straightforward style which we like. The reason for this fault (for us it is a fault) is to be found, I believe, in the fact that Goodrich has been a scriptwriter. He has in this book reacted against everything which a good scriptwriter has to do. In this reaction he has lost several things which a good novel should have. In the first place, a scriptwriter has to write a great deal of dialogue; almost entirely, I should think. In reaction, Mr. Goodrich has not put enough into his novel to make the characters live. He describes them, and does everything except give them that touch of life which dialogue does give to a story. There is little opportunity for description in scriptwriting, and Mr. Goodrich has really let go. He fills pages and pages with it, and a good part of the time it is just the opposite of what we are getting in Hemingway and Steinbeck. Not that that makes it bad, but when the author begins to use archaic or completely queer (everything we don't understand is queer) language, I believe I am justified in requesting a little more simplicity.

ART

by Theodore N. Cook

Commercial art in many respects is a field for martyrs. With the exception of the recognized few who gain fame by drawing pictures of awed soldiers comparing the relative sizes of cigarettes, or similar well-known and inspiring series, most of the men in this profession wear themselves out doing necessary, but unglamorous work without ever gaining appreciable recognition.

The exhibition of airbrush drawings by M. Marek Feldman, now on view in Orient Gallery, is a good example of the kind of work done by the better-than-average commercial artist. It is flashy, slick, and readily understandable by children of five years, not so much because the artist likes to be so obvious, but rather because that is the way commercial art is ordered. It has to attract quickly, and then hold the interest until a sale is made.

Mr. Feldman's specialty is the airbrush. Although this is not a new invention, it has been mastered as a medium for effective advertising work only within the past few years. It is in reality little more than a glorified spray gun, except that it is as small as a fountain pen, and has delicate devices for controlling the flow of color and air. George Petty's ultra streamlined girls gave the airbrush its reputation, although it is used much less for figure work than for architectural renderings and automobile advertisements.

I do not think that anyone will question Mr. Feldman's reputation as a master of the airbrush. An airbrush drawing is good only when the artist has been able to control the thin jet of air and color without losing his identity. Without imagination to guide it, this instrument becomes one of mechanical skill rather than of artistic expression. Mr. Feldman uses it properly. As a result of his architectural training he has a strong feeling for form and takes advantage of all lights and shadows that make it visible. Yet, he is more than a renderer. His work has personality, and that is a commercial artist's chief asset.

MUSIC

by Theodore Strongin

Last Monday's concert, by the Maverick String Quartet, Gunnar Schonbeck, Mr. Brand, and Dr. Schwartz was the most enjoyable since I've been here. There was a first performance of an original composition by a contemporary composer: Dr. Schwartz. It is very encouraging to students to find activity, especially modern and good activity, by the person who's teaching them about that activity.

It was also extremely refreshing to hear a string quartet again, in the flesh. The richness and fullness of the sound is always a surprise after radio and victrola. I believe that music comes out dead in transcription, compared with the real thing.

Mr. Schonbeck's clarinet added a new sound texture to the string quartet. The sound of strings and clarinet are beautifully balanced against the sound of strings alone in the Clarinet Quintet played Monday night. The Maverick Quartet, though not perfect, played well, and Mr. Schonbeck had a very mellow and well-controlled clarinet tone.

Last weekend the Intercollegiate Music Guild held its second festival of the year, for colleges in the Southern Division, at New Jersey College for Women, New Brunswick, New Jersey. Those participating were Adelphi, Barnard, Columbia, New Jersey College for Women, Princeton, and Sarah Lawrence. The music, especially student, was very good, but there was a certain enthusiasm missing, the kind that made our festival such a success. By all reports from the outside, Bard's festival was the most enjoyable in the Guild's history.

GLEE CLUB ON TOUR

Last week-end the Bard College Glee Club fulfilled a heavy concert schedule by performing two completely different programs in two days.

Saturday, the club journeyed down to Vassar to participate in the first performance of Whitman's "Song of the Universal," set to music by Clair Leonard of the Vassar faculty. The work is dedicated to the memory of Philip Haldane Davis who

was, until his death in 1940, professor of Greek at Vassar. The composition was scored for mixed chorus, soprano soloist, brass ensemble, and organ.

The remainder of the program consisted of contemporary music. The Yale Symphony Orchestra, which had come over for the occasion, presented works of Clifton, Hindemith, and Shostakovich. The Vassar Glee Club interpreted the Whitman Triptych with music by Roy Harris, and the Bard Glee Club performed two Motets for male voices written especially for the group by Dr. Schwartz.

On Sunday, the boys again ventured afield to sing a Lenten Vesper Service in the First Presbyterian Church in Hudson. The program consisted of works by Palestrina, Bach and Beethoven.

The club has made remarkable progress since its start last September, and the future looks equally as promising. The members have gained ability in singing and poise in presentation with each successive concert, and this may be attributed to the group spirit and the desire to have a real singing organization.

MILLARD C. WALKER.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 2)

spaced leantos built. On the part of the college, it would mean money spent on a project for which student zeal would slowly decline. Therefore to save that added expense, it should be the students themselves who would finance the plan, not with money, but with time and energy. The product of a man's labor remains with him as something he can take pride in, and say—"I made that with my own hands." Thus the participants in the scheme would hardly forget, or become tired of anything which they had built themselves for their enjoyment and that of others who will follow their footsteps.

—HARRY MONTGOMERY.

To the Editor of THE BARDIAN:

It has been the policy of THE BARDIAN this year to refrain from publishing articles expressing opinion on foreign affairs, and this policy has been a good one, for it is impossible for college papers to obtain enough information to make such articles

carry any weight. However, it now seems that things are happening in this country which are becoming very meaningful to all of us, and it is high time people got good and angry about them. With the exception of the last "Looking Around" column, nobody writing for THE BARDIAN has gotten angry enough.

I refer, of course, to the Lend-Lease bill. Now that it has passed, and though our Congress still assures us that we will stay out of war, the propaganda for war has redoubled. Witness these news accounts of German submarines suddenly knocking at our gates (though they certainly have justification now to do so!) A more dangerous example of war propaganda was offered to me recently by the editor of an Irish-American newspaper in New York: he told me that six British sailors roaming about the city abused a policeman because of his Italian origin, later beating him up. When hauled into court, the six sailors were released. My friend was able to furnish me with the name of the policeman and the name of the magistrate who freed the sailors. This incident received no prominence in the New York dailies, but imagine the headlines if even one German sailor had so abused a policeman of English ancestry. Suppression of news is the most dangerous propaganda.

The Gallup poll (as of Jan. 10) shows that only 12% of the people in this country favor intervention, yet Congress and the President have persisted in legislation which ultimately means war and therein are fulfilling the wishes of 12% of the electorate. Nobody looks with more disfavor on Hitler than I do, but if we go to war it will be to keep the British flag flying over Africa, keep the status quo in India, and keep the Bank of England in control of Ireland—a true war for democracy.

Isolation is not ideal. If America had followed Wilson and joined the League of Nations, we would have put teeth into it. But in 1920 the electorate of the country voted to abstain from even this peaceful intervention. Does that mean we must endorse belligerent intervention now? The government, backed by the able help of propaganda, would have us believe so.

—E. A. ANDERSON.

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SPORTS

After one semester of complete isolation as far as athletics were concerned, the Bard basketball team played the Rhinebeck A. C. on March 13 and again Tuesday night. The results of those games are something to consider, for basketball requires only a five-man team, and it is to that sport, therefore, that we automatically turn when the question of intercollegiates arises. Spring is not so far off, and with it will come agitation for a baseball team—which requires nine men. But, rather than condemn intercollegiates, it would be better to present some facts.

On March 13 Rhinebeck defeated Bard 59 to 45 and on Tuesday night they again won, this time 70 to 26. Last year Bard lost twice to Rhinebeck and once to the Alumni, but if we really want some figures for comparison, we must go to the '38-'39 season, the last one that Bard had an organized basketball team. That year Bard played basketball against five colleges, losing to them all, and defeated an Alumni quintet and the Rhinebeck team, the latter by only two points.

In themselves, those figures mean little, but looking at them closely one begins to get the idea that athletically Bard is not so well set, and if we cannot win from a team that is certainly inferior to college basketball teams, then how can we possibly expect to see intercollegiates push their way into the Bard intramural program? Two years ago, with a team that worked out every day and that had sufficient practice, Bard barely licked Rhinebeck. Now, with a team that plays together only when a game can be scheduled, Bard gets walloped by Rhinebeck, and yet there are advocates here of an intercollegiate schedule.

Let us suppose that with an average amount of practice Bard could get a team on the basketball court or on the baseball diamond that could hold its own against other college teams; then, theoretically, we could take part in intercollegiates. Practically, however, we must take two other things into consideration.

First of all, it is too much to hope that Bard could raise a team which would practice daily and maintain comparatively strict training rules. Even those athletes who are vehemently pro-intercollegiate do not attempt to keep themselves in condi-

tion. Witness the two games against Rhinebeck: in the first Bard led at the end of the first half 26 to 25, but lost the game by fourteen points; in the second, Bard trailed at the half 28 to 12 and lost the game by 44 points. In both games Bard had substitutes and Rhinebeck did not. It was clearly evident to an observer that the reason why Bard was slow on the offensive, why the men stood listlessly under the basket, why they were slow to break, why they did not follow their shots, and why by the middle of the second quarter they were puffing as hard as if they had played a full game with a couple of overtime periods thrown in for good measure was simply that they were not in condition.

The success of the present intramural program must also be considered. Intercollegiates and intramurals cannot continue at the same time without one—or more probably both—of them suffering. Certainly there is no reason why our present program, which has proven itself to be all that was hoped for and even more, should suffer because of the ill-considered whim of a very small minority of the students.

—P. G.

SHADOW STRAIN

(Continued from page 1)

the face. It was a moody portrait. He looked at the eyes, the gold-flecked eyes then.

And the canvas and tan frame vanished in the silver throbbing of an amber violin. The painting moved to light from line and shadow.

It became "she."

Galatea.

As time went on in the timeless cycle of his room, she was life in the room of dead eyes. He would spend hours looking at the mourning of a tragic autumn that her cool, gray-green eyes held.

Times were when he leaned on an opposite wall lost in a mist of fading fragments, in a storm-shrouded memory, and she came to him and whispered in a green-gold melody. He breathed to her his dream of crimson eve, across the room of never-changing skylight glow.

Times were when his heart would reach to touch her softness and could find but the breath of a dying dream . . .

The other attendants found him near the shattered frame and sundered canvas of the girl. He held his head in nervous hands as if ashamed to bare his tears to the wall of dead eyes.

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