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# BARDIAN

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This above all:  
To thine own self be true.  
—Shakespeare.

# THE BARDIAN

A Journal of Individual Expression



No. 5, New Series

BARD COLLEGE, ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Monday, August 28, 1944

## Why I Am A Free Thinker

By H. S. THAYER

I profess to be a free thinker, and I mean just what the word free and thinker mean. I hold this position in contrast to that majority of people who, in accepting formal religious dogmas, are free to think in an unbiased manner about things *providing* the conclusions they reach are not in conflict with the laws laid down to them by their church.

An unfortunate attitude is thus necessarily created between the two above factions. For whereas the free thinker is usually willing to consider and respect a contrary position to his own, the person dedicated to act by a certain professed set of religious laws must, according to these laws, and almost always does, consider any other position than his own as immoral, evil, blaspheming, and devilish.

It is a curious fact that religious preaching tolerance, and professing a tolerant attitude toward all things, are so intolerant of those who doubt the validity of such beliefs, or hold other positions than the particularly desired ones. I am afraid that the records of events show that the attitude of these so-called tolerant sects was adequately expressed by the man who said "I am tolerant of everyone who agrees with me."

The records show this in Catholicism versus Judaism, Protestantism versus Catholicism, etc. There has been little sign of tolerance toward other positions and other ideas in this case. And this is but one of many instances where certain of the most fundamental, and in many cases the finest, ethical principles are violated or non-recognized by the very faith that propounds them. Slap a "believer" in the face and see if he turns the other cheek, or ask him if he will share all his material gains with others. I suspect he will inform you that he thought these things were to be taken figuratively, and that it was naive of one to expect a literal interpretation of such laws. Naive perhaps, but where does one draw the line between literal and figurative? Possibly wherever it is convenient to avoid facing the responsibilities of an undesirable situation. Perhaps then the whole Bible should be taken figuratively, including the idea of God.

I think that living by moral codes only when they are convenient and useful to oneself is hardly to be praised. For example, the Pope's change during this war, from one "unerring" position to another, his blessings to Italian soldiers in the Ethiopian campaign, his "thou shalt kill" fascist attitude and policy toward Spain during the revolution, is, for one who is believed by some to be the first representative of God on earth, not above deserving of the contempt one has for a small town party-playing politician.

I say quite carefully that the organized church religions, including those stemming from the bloody thirteenth "century of faith," are among the greatest forces of reactionary doctrines in the world today. Every step toward racial tolerance, moral progress, and the dissolution of war has been opposed by the great church organizations.

I shall not ask one who might be discussing the good of religion the embarrassing question of proving the existence of God. The field of theology and speculative philosophy lies strewn with the countless futile attempts at logically demonstrating such a hypothesis. Such questions are considered "scientific" and are resented as being unfair, or at least unimportant since the Sunday theologians seem to make a point of avoiding or forgetting them, and occupying themselves with things of a "deeper significance."

Ever since Kant did away with the four fallacious classic proofs of God's existence, and modern logicians have gotten after the other

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## Religion's Meaning To An Undergraduate

By DANA E. BLANCHARD

Throughout the United States, the College chapels are becoming more and more a separate institution. No longer do they play an active part in the life of the student body. The majority of American colleges and universities have abandoned compulsory chapel services, and the attendance has steadily declined. Those of us who still feel that religious services should play an active part in student life, must pause and ask why this state of affairs has been brought about.

Religion is a matter of an individual's private relation to God; religion is a matter of the heart. Each one of us must decide for himself whether or not he is to take part in a worship service. During the years when a student was compelled to attend chapel services, there was much grousing about it. Yet, how many of those who would grouse would take the time to ask themselves what the purpose was behind this compulsory act? To how many did it occur that the chapel service was a meeting of students and faculty for the purpose of uniting daily, or weekly, to think about the truths of Christianity? Was it not also a chance to come together to sing the well-known hymns, and to look together to something higher than themselves for guidance?

It is often helpful in a discussion of this sort to use local facts concerning the matter. In the days when Bard College was St. Stephen's College, a strong stress was laid upon religious thought, accompanied by compulsory chapel attendance. From former graduates, we have heard that, in after years, this compulsory act was the one thing that tied the student body together. It has been, and still is, thought by some that daily gathering in the chapel to sing the college hymn and

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## Economic Influences On Convocation Policy

By J. M. PINES

With all the unrest during the last few months over the administration's refusal to follow some of the student body's suggestions regarding the spending of money for movies, food, and a few other things, a restatement of the Convocation's powers is needed.

According to the constitution, the Convocation can make recommendations to the President on matters relating to college administration. In other words, the student body can offer suggestions as to how the college's income may be disbursed. The use of "recommend" means that the ultimate decision rests with the administration. The Convocation cannot "order" the administration to do anything. A comparison of the Convocation's position with that of a trade union will show why the Convocation's power is limited and how it may best use that power it does possess.

Presupposing the existence of a profit economy, no trade union can order an employer to spend his money in a certain way. Trade union leaders may make recommendations, but a business man is limited in his ability to comply with them. In order to make a profit, the employer is forced to set a limit on the amount of revenue he can distribute to his workers. In return for a certain quantity of value which he receives from them in the form of work, an employer can pay out up to the point at which the minimum profit he is willing to accept, remains.

The administration is in a similar position. Although the college is not trying to make a profit, the principles upon which our economic system is based require that it spend no more than it receives. From contributions and fees

Not since May of 1943, has the Bard College community had the opportunity of hearing performed a Senior Project from a member of the Music Division. At that time some of us heard the two compositions of Stanley Smith. On July 9th, Arnold Davis gave his Senior Project recital.

Davis first played the Schubert "Sonatina in a minor for Violin and Piano," accompanied by Paul Schwartz, his instructor in composition and his advisor. Although Davis seemed to lack fullest confidence at the outset, he maintained true tonal color throughout, and by the time that he began the "Menuetto," he seemed sure of the music and of himself. The "Allegro" was brilliantly played, and due to the fact that both soloist and accompanist played almost as one instrument, the composition was completely successful.

The "Prelude and Fugue for Piano," composed by Arnold Davis, and played by Dr. Schwartz, exhibited a freshness to a classical style. The composer was fortunate to have such a fine interpreter to play his music.

The next number on the program was the well-known "Air on the G-String," which Davis played with feeling and accuracy. The composition itself is always listened to with enjoyment at a violin recital.

The Fiocco "Allegro," gave the artist an opportunity to display his technique with the violin, which he did to good advantage. From a melodic standpoint, the piece is not particularly interesting, but having the technical advantage, as Davis did, the piece was well received.

The other composition which was composed by Davis was the "Spanish Intermezzo." One could not help but contrast this piece with his first composition, the prelude and fugue. Where the first one was of a classical style, with its strictness and precision, the "Intermezzo" was of a more singing, melodic

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## Summer Music Reviews

On July 23rd, the Bard community had the opportunity of hearing a recital by Robert Goldsand. Mr. Goldsand is well known in New York musical circles for the Beethoven Cycle which he gave last winter. The cycle included all of the thirty-two sonatas and the *Diabelli Variations*. His Bard appearance was for the benefit of the American Red Cross. His program included Beethoven's *Sonata in G Major, (Op. 31, No. 1)*; the *Ballad in F Minor (Op. 52)*, three *Preludes*, and four *Etudes* by Chopin; Debussy's *Jardins Sous la Pluie*; Stravinsky's *Russian Dance*; the *Harmonica Player* by David Guion; and two *Etudes* by Scriabine.

The *Sonata* stems from the early period of Beethoven. In the slow movement, it is reminiscent of Mozart. In sharp contrast, the first and last movements are characteristically Beethoven. Mr. Goldsand gave us a very well conceived performance of the work. His playing of the last movement was especially well executed. In general, his interpretation was neat and to the point of the music.

The *Ballad in F Minor* was the most interesting work on the second part of the program. From the opening note to the final chord, this work is representative of Chopin at his best. Like most of the composer's works, this *Ballad* is highly nationalistic in flavor. Mr. Goldsand's understanding for the music coupled with his technical ability proved to be equal to the music. The *Preludes* and *Etudes* were interpreted in the same way.

The third section of the program was devoted to short compositions of four modern composers. The Debussy work was handled a bit too mechanically and coldly for my taste. On the other hand, the *Russian Dance* was perfectly played. Mr. Goldsand extracted all of the life and sparkle that the composer wrote into this score. The *Harmonica Player* by Guion was well played but the piece is not very interesting. For those who have never heard Guion, I might say that he has arranged many American folk tunes for orchestra. The two Scriabine *Etudes* were good examples of the composers art. Mr. Goldsand did them justice.

As an encore, we heard Busoni's transcription of the *Prelude and Fugue in C Major* by Bach. Busoni, while writing little music of his own, added greatly to the keyboard literature by transcribing works of others for this instrument. This work of Bach was originally written for the organ. Mr. Goldsand's interpretation of this work was superb. Busoni, who was a great admirer of Liszt, patterned his transcriptions after the difficult style of this master. Mr. Goldsand overcame all of these obstacles with flying colors.

—R. G.

the necessary revenue may be acquired.

When Sidney Hillman told his union that "If you destroy the employer, you destroy your job," he was expressing a condition which applies not only to trade unions. If a union's demands are too great and they refuse to change them, the employer, because his revenue is limited, may be forced out of business if he complies. Similarly, if the Convocation tries to administer college funds without being aware of certain limits, the administration must either ignore their requests or take a loss, which means eventual bankruptcy. On the other hand, if a union cooperates with management to determine the most satisfactory distribution of available revenue and to discover economies which increase this revenue, business progresses and both groups are as near agreement as possible. When the Convocation exercises its advisory powers with an awareness of their limitations and cooperates with the administration to increase college revenue, the college prospers and moves along the path of progress.



# The Bardian

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## For The Better

THE BARDIAN is no longer a newspaper. It is now a journal of individual expression. The sudden change was caused by an extreme reaction to the immature, unexpressionable, inert mass of belated news that it uselessly presented.

As this became clear to us, we acted. We knew we were in a progressive system, which meant need of maturity, ideas, and convictions. We knew the old Bardian was received with a casual hello and a swift goodbye. It meant that little. It was just an old tradition being exploited, because it was the proper thing to have a school newspaper. A great sum of money and valuable time was wasted on this haphazard tradition, and the results were negligible.

Today we are on the rebound and seeking our goal by a new means. Our aim is to bring the student into focus. We want his ideas, reactions, and motives expressed in articles, stories, poetry, and whatever else he may find at his writing command.

Everyone here must have something to say on the many subjects articulated upon and studied in a war-time academic setting. We must see it in this light, for it is evident that we have yet to move with the responsibility implied by our college status. If we are the generation of the future that everyone is to depend upon, including ourselves, can we not speak now in the present?

We ask for no inhibited or socially pleasing articles. We ask the individual to express himself with sincerity, courage, and Today. Yesterday is to late. Let's write what we think; let's say what we mean; and let's not be afraid of extremes.

## Why Criteria Sheets???

THE TIME has come for a realistic appraisal of the system of marks now being used at Bard. The criteria sheet, which was originally instituted to replace the obsolete system of giving meaningless As and Bs as marks, has itself become obsolete.

Begun with the theory of doing away with the vague letter system of grades and presenting instead a critical evaluation of the student's work and abilities, the criteria sheet has degenerated into a mere printed form of limited, ambiguous and entirely incomplete and almost useless comments. For by restricting the instructor to a form series of phrases, it has kept the student from discovering his strengths and weaknesses, his merits and faults, his successes and failures.

Such marks as "above average," or "superior," are not only ambiguous but also useless. Of what use is it to the student to know that he is "above average?" The phrase tells him nothing in regard to his capabilities and weaknesses. It is left for him to guess what "average" is. Is it the average of the class; is it a standard that has been reached after a number of terms; or is it some purely imaginative value which the instructor visualizes, probably in different form for each student?

How is the student to know exactly what his instructor is trying to say, to find himself in such vague wordings? And, in reality, just how much time does the instructor himself take to determine which printed comment is nearest to what he would actually like to say? Finally, how does the criteria sheet give a critical evaluation of a student and his work which an oral conference could not far surpass?

We feel therefore that the criteria sheet has not fulfilled its purpose, that it is not carrying out the function for which it was originally conceived. Obviously some remedy must be found and we offer the following suggestions: First, that criteria sheets be done away with, and, since the present educational system requires some sort of mark, that the mere grade of pass or fail be substituted.

Second, since the criteria sheet was dropped because it failed to give the student a fair appraisal of himself and his work, obviously some better form must be found. Therefore, we urge that instructors meet at least twice per term with each of their students for an analytical and critical discussion of the student's work, abilities, strengths

# Alumni Notes

By ARTINE ARTINIAN

Cpl. Bob Sagalyn of the Special Service Dept. is an active member of the Fort Logan Players, with the State of Colorado as their camp of operations. . . Norman S. Howell has been commissioned into the Army Chaplain Corps as a 1st lieutenant. . . Fred Sharp, a 1st lieutenant in the Army Air Corps, has been in Italy long enough to add another language to his growing string. . . Wayne Horvitz and he spent several pleasant afternoons together. . . Don Houghton is attending pre-midshipman's school at Asbury Park. . .

According to a note in a recent issue of "Yank," Bucky Henderson is co-author of a successful show entitled "Egg in Your Beer." . . . Incidentally, Dick Burns is also doing a bang-up job with a summer stock company at Great Neck, L. I., doing all the scenery and some directing. . . . Pvt. Stanley B. Smith has been transferred to Bergstrom Field, Austin, Texas. . . . Also in Texas, at Corpus Christi, as Flight Instructor Lt. (j.g.) Dick Kennedy. . . . Pete Josten is also in Texas, at a Glider School. . . . Andy Eklund of the Seabees was last reported in New Guinea. . . .

Pvts. Phil Green and Dick Watson are both at the Univ. of Rochester School of Medicine and are lucky enough to have as their C. O. Maj. Harvey N. Brown, genial and greatly lamented head of the A.S.T.P. unit at Bard. . . . Walter Krivine is finally out of the British coal mines and hitting it hard with the RAF. . . . Dick Sylvester in the So. Pacific with the Marines. . . . Ens. Jim Storer finds the island-dotted Pacific so interesting that he hopes to utilize his first-hand knowledge of that region in a professional way as soon as the Seabees release him. . . .

As if to confirm our suspicions that the Army does occasionally do the reasonable thing, Pvt. Lloyd Marcus, on a recent furlough visit to campus, informed us of his new assignment as assistant to the divisional psychologist at Fort Bragg, N. C. . . . Pfc. Francis Whitcomb, on duty somewhere in the Mediterranean theater of operations, finds time enough to study French and Government for relaxation. . . . When last heard from Dick Bardsley was headed East from Calif. to Solomon Islands, Maryland, under delayed orders. . . .

Harold Lubell, classified a limited-service man, is doing his civilian bit as a research assistant for the Federal Reserve System in Washington. . . . Pfc. Frank Weil is acting as processing interpreter in a Prisoner of War Distribution Enclosure in England. An account of his post-D-day activities appeared in the June 9 issue of the N. Y. World-Telegram. . . . Don O'Meara is also in the Army and in England. His South American wife is with him. . . . Cpl. Robert Seaman and his wife are in Oklahoma. . . . Our pipe-smoking friend Pfc. Dick Eels is attending the Cornell Univ. Medical School. . . .

After nearly two years' service with the American Field Service George Stump has received his honorable discharge. . . . Milton Jehoda is working for a master's degree in Social Service at Columbia. . . . Pfc. Donnie Watt was transferred from the West coast to the Pacific theater. After spending some weeks fighting pests he expected any moment to be busy with Japs. . . . Joe Forman is in New Guinea. . . . Walker Hart was headed for Calif. with the 97th Inf. . . . Also on the Pacific coast, as a Navy chaplain, is Donald Platt. . . . Walter Dotts has been assigned to a medical corps at Camp Berkely, Texas. . . . Bill Wilson was also inducted into the Army on Aug. 18. . . .

Lt. (j.g.) Abbot Smith was in the thick of things on D day. With his usual modesty he reported having fulfilled "divers humble functions," including the safe piloting of an ammunition ship to her anchorage. . . . Pfc. Charlie Selvage, after two years' service at the Tilton General Hospital of Fort Dix, N. J., which included teaching French and Italian to home-coming veterans, has been transferred to the West coast prior to assignment in the Pacific. He is now undergoing basic medical training at Fort Lewis, Washington. . . . T/5 Benedict Seidman is also participating in the Battle of France. . . .

Lt. Bob McQueeney reported from somewhere "just East of Hell," New Guinea. Though up to his nose in work, he occasionally finds time to do a little reading and think of the good old days at Bard. He plans to return to the stage when its all over. Those of you who want to bet on a sure thing, here's your

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and weaknesses. This may entail more work on the part of the individual instructor, but we feel that he will not mind this if he realizes that it is helping the student to attain a higher degree of self-understanding.

Third, however, since there is a possible need for concrete marks — in cases where the student wishes to change to another school, or where his grades are needed to apply for a job — the marks which now appear on the back of the criteria sheet should be continued, but should be filed confidentially in the office, with the student not made aware of them except when he is doing poor work, if at all. For the individual conferences will certainly do away with the need for giving the student concrete marks which by their very nature cannot be complete.

We feel that in this way the student will be able to arrive at a much better understanding of himself and his scholastic problems than otherwise. The academic bogey of marks will disappear, to be replaced by what we believe will be a far more intelligent, sincere and successful method of aiding the individual student in his drive to discover himself.

# Looking At Books

By JIM GAVIN

STRANGE FRUIT, by LILLIAN SMITH; New York, 1944; \$2.75; 371 pages.

The setting of Lillian Smith's pulsating novel, "Strange Fruit," is in the deep South of twenty years ago, when, like all other regions, it faced the readjustments which inevitably follow any great upheaval. The South has always had its difficulties, but this seemed to be a particularly difficult period.

The Negro had participated to a far greater extent in the World War than in any previous event in our history. More and more he began to assert himself, and attempted to find a higher place in society. He moved away from the South to the industrial cities of the North. This disrupted an already outmoded economic system.

Maxwell, Georgia, exemplified this. The old mansions set back among towering trees, fronting on College street, were relics of a past era. Like many other things they were a reminder that Maxwell had once known better days. Maxwell had one foot still securely anchored in the past, with the other hesitatingly striking towards the future. With the old tradition of a feudal aristocracy lingering in her soul, she strove to find her destiny in an uncertain future. All she asked was to be left alone to work out her own problems.

Maxwell's inhabitants — both colored and white — are Miss Smith's characters, and around them she weaves the threads of her narrative.

The affair between Tracy Dean, son of Maxwell's physician and pharmacist, and Nonnie Anderson, near-white member of Colored Town's leading family is the connecting thread between the white and black part of Maxwell. From the beginning the reader feels that a chain of circumstances will inevitably entangle this affair in tragedy. This happens when finally Tracy is murdered by Nonnie's proud brother, Ed.

The consequence of this was the lynching mob. From Sug Ruston's turpentine farm, from Shaky Pond,

from Harris' saw mill, came this gang of poor whites to "get the nigger." It made no difference that they got the wrong one when Tracy's manservant was lynched in the ball park that day — burned at the stake. Vengeance had been exacted. Maxwell could now go back into its ordinary way of life.

In any consideration of the Negro problem it must be remembered that a vast difference of heritage exists between the white and black races. After all, the white man's heritage runs back at least six thousand years, while it has only been in the last three hundred years that the Negro has adopted the white man's culture. And during this comparatively short time the Negroes have made remarkable progress, for which they deserve, and should get, a great deal of credit. Such men as George Washington Carver are the proof of this.

It is inevitable, however, that, because of his late start, the Negro in certain situations should revert to type. This is clearly shown by Miss Smith's Negro characters. The two Anderson girls, their brother Ed, and the reliable Sam Perry were all college educated, yet at one time or another they all manifested latent African instincts.

We should not condemn the Negro for doing this, however. For this is only a natural characteristic of his evolution.

In many respects the Negro question is a peculiarly American problem. In the beginning it was largely restricted to the southern states, but with the Negroes' northern migration it has become one which the entire nation faces.

It was a great problem after the last War. It will be a still greater one after the present conflict. It will take all the patience and intelligence of which our country is capable to reach an equitable solution.

What is the solution I don't know. I don't think Lillian Smith knows either. For she presents the problem but she does not solve it.

# Towards Understanding Surrealist Poetry

By EDGAR GABALDON

Very often we hear the complaint that surrealist literature is meaningless. What is even serious, some people say they hate all things surrealist. That the situation is an unhappy one, we admit, but why in good faith could we not try to make at least surrealist poems understandable?

In order that our job be easier, I feel a brief statement of certain surrealist conceptions must come first. Assumption number one is that poetry must be created both by the reader and the poet. Such "bilateral," or cooperative, poetry is assumed to flow from the subconscious as far as the poet is concerned. If the work thus obtained is obscure, it is due to the fact that our innermost personality hides itself behind the mask of irrational imagery. On the other hand, this creative process is not to suffer any restraint from our traditional idea of poetry. It cannot be otherwise with a poetry which expresses the world of dream. Therefore, when writing automatically, the poet is supposed to dismiss all the customary language rules, that is syntaxes, punctuation, accepted figures of speech, and the predominance of reason.

It is to be emphasized that in surrealist literature the reader's collaboration is of primary importance. He gives the poem its final touch. His congeniality enables him to make poetry something deep in his personality. Now what the reader has to do in the way of collaboration we ignore. He might read meaning into the poem. He might be as creative as the original poet. But how?

In this article we are trying to reach the meaning of a poem of the Spanish artist, Pablo Picasso:

"In the corner a purple sword the bells the paper folds a metal sheep life lengthening the page a shot the

paper sing the canaries in the white almost pink shadow a river in the white emptiness in the light blue shadow lilac hues a hand at the edge of the shadow makes shadow on the hand a very rose-colored grasshopper a root raises its head a nail the blackness of the trees with nothing a fish a nest the heat in bright light the fingers in the light look at the sunshade light the white of the paper the sunlight in the white offsets a glittering wolf the sun its light the sun very white the sun intensely white." (Translated from the French by Clara Cohen, for the New Directions Surrealist Anthology of 1940.)

Because the elements of this poem were thrown together in a ramble of color and nouns, I think that it cannot be read from an emotional angle. Its content has to be brought out and displayed. I have been unable to find a more convenient device than what I call the word-listing system. Here is the result:

A) the color in the series: purple, metal, yellow, white, pink, light blue, lilac hues, rosy, metal, black, red, sunlight white, very white, intense white.

B) the names in the series: sword, bells, paper, metal sheep, canaries, hand, grass-hopper, root, head, nail, trees, heat, light, wolf, and sun.

In the color series I notice the idea (or is it a feeling?) of elevation which rises from the earthly purple moving on to yellow, and pink, and blue, and black. A shadowy object is placed in the center. Then sunlight steps in, to be followed by white of increasing intensity, of sunlight intensity, of creative intensity.

In the noun series there are things that shine and ring, things that flutter and fold, that sing and flow, that hop and grow high, things that sustain and form others (Continued on Page 3, column 5)



Alumni Notes

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chance . . . A propos, Hurd Hatfield is finally hitting the jack-pot in Hollywood, whereas Frank Overton is doing a swell job in "Jacobowsky and the Colonel" . . . Norman J. Siegel has been at Camp Wheeler, Ga. and is due to be shipped overseas at the end of this month . . . Paul Smart has given up defense work to accept a position at the Fessenden School, near Boston . . .

Lt. Ray Filsinger got himself a commission and a wife practically at the same moment, saw service in this country before being sent to India. We are grateful to him for news of several Bardians: Dick Stevens, a captain in the Med. Cps., stationed at Fort Logan, Colorado; Lt. (j.g.) Dick Jacoby is on an LCI and has seen action in the Mediterranean; Capt. Brewster Terry and Lt. Eolo Testi are both in New Caledonia, the first in the Medical Administrative Cps., the latter with the Chemical Warfare Service. I wish more fellows would follow Ray's example and share with us news of friends . . .

Pvt. Bill Rueger was shipped back to this country from India, spent two months at San Antonio, Texas, and proceeded to an OCS at Harvard. He was due to receive his commission on Aug. 12. We've had no news of that particular event, but those who know Bill will give any odds on it . . . Dick Rovere, after serving as Managing Editor of Common Sense,

is now freelancing, living in Brooklyn with his wife and daughter. Has recently had articles in Harper's, Nation, Am. Mercury, etc . . . Ray Carpenter, an Army captain, has been busy telling our fighters all about jungle life . . .

Harry Jones, Harold Boardman Jones, and Frederick Shafer, clerics all, have been recent Chapel preachers. Another cleric, Clinton Jones of New London, Conn., also visited campus recently. Other visitors: Rev. David H. Clarkson of Rhinebeck, Bishop Wallace J. Gardner of New Jersey . . . Rev. N. M. Faringa, assistant rector of St. Peter's School, Peekskill, has preached at Barrytown . . . Rev. Major Herbert Smith, one of the most colorful of our older alumni, passed away after a long illness . . .

Ian Thompson and Gerry Cohen, 4-F civilians, recently spent several days on campus. Ian is studying medicine at the N. Y. Medical School, one of his classmates being Pvt. Mike Krugman, now a married man. Gerry is temporarily in the fur business in N. Y. . . . Taro Kawa is with the Am. Transit Lines of Chicago . . . Jim Kinoshita is also in N. Y., waiting to enter medical school . . . Arnold Davis, another 4-F, decided to stay on campus for a little post-graduate work in psychology . . . Ens. Gregg Linden is second in command on a converted yacht in the Caribbean . . .

Douglas Schultz has left the Personnel Service Division at State College, Pa., to devote half time to teaching psychology there and the other half to the completion of his Ph.D. dissertation . . . Al Stwertka is at the Great Lakes Radar School.

Free Thinker

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known theories, the more honest speculators of such ideas have had to admit that Kant was right in stating that such a proof is impossible to give. And they have had to fall back, as did Kant, to the primitive idea of God as a wish fulfillment.

The child's need for parental comfort and protection, psychologists have pointed out, does not disappear with maturity, but becomes manifested in something else. This I think is the basic reason that people believe in God, and, in spite of demonstrably logical fallacies in the church formulations of such belief, their emotional nature dominates them beyond any conclusion that objective rationalization could offer.

Let me conclude a too brief expression of my opinion by saying that all of this has been said time and time before. What I look forward to lies beyond the logicians satisfaction in dissolving metaphysical speculation. For the great need for religion hangs on. The finest and most inspiring values I have found in religious thinking have been the human values.

And I look forward to that time when men with clear minds and honest hearts will look at the world as it is, and as it can be made. I look forward to the time when the bulk of cruelty and fear propounding doctrines, and unscientific speculation, can be dropped from what should be personal (as against corporate) religious aspirations, and the need for good living and social consciousness can be stimulated and satisfied among all the peoples of the earth.

Religious Meaning To An Undergraduate

(Continued from Page 1)

to repeat the college prayer was something which had a pronounced effect at the time, and remained a cherished memory long after the students left the college to become citizens of the world. I should like to ask what present meeting unites the students and faculty today for reasons other than arguing chair confiscation, or why we should, or should not, wear clothing in the dining commons?

Faith in God was not made and finished nineteen hundred years ago, and it is quite probable that Jesus never expected that it would be. The writer of the fourth Gospel uses these words to express Jesus' spirit: "I have yet many thing to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."

I feel that as students we are neglecting a factor necessary to our education when we turn our backs on the study of faith; it is part of our education to know of some of the great Truths. Ignorance of our own religion, if we have any, is on the up-grade. Of the few people one finds in College Chapels, how many of them know the history, the practices, the ideals or the tasks of his, or her, religion? The knowledge and understanding of these things is education.

The times in which we live have led many young people to believe that church worship, with its ritual and observance of traditional rites, is an empty and meaningless series of acts. This belief very often has come from failure to investigate the meaning of these symbols. There are also many who believe that God does not exist at all. Whether or not one believes in God depends upon

experiment; you cannot be certain until you have tried. Browning has put this thought into poetry:

"In youth I looked to these very skies

And probing their immensities I found God there, His invisible power."

As students, we should realize that religion is a growing thing. Condemnation before investigation is one of the most unintelligent ways of approaching any situation, and men and women who condemn and turn their backs on religion without a fair inspection, can hardly be classed as men and women who earnestly desire to be educated.

Towards Understanding: Surrealist Poetry

(Continued from Page 2)

that warm, and illuminate, and terrify. In a word, the whole of the earth is here, and besides there is the hand of man, which in Engels' dictum created and liberated humankind through its toiling faculty. Picasso gives us the three natural kingdoms, and the all powerful hand of man. Undoubtedly this is profound poetry, but we have to recreate it if we are to feel and enjoy it at all.

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## The Herd Human

By RALPH A. BALDA

The self satisfied stood waiting. The other moved on in search. Hungrily they moved, and quickly they passed. But there was an endless amount. Onward they poured in the torrents of flesh. The stink was growing. The search was mad. What could the blind ever find?

Lead them on you cowards. You fakers. Lead them on and bury them as deep as you can. Tell them they're moving forward—to Hell. Don't be afraid they won't believe you. They will believe. You're the rat.

Tell him the honor, the glory, and the sacrifice forever more so help your convenience. Say that you care . . . Say that you're watching by—when you're only passing by . . . Give reasons. Tell him of life after death.

You can do it. You have so long now. And he's still new. Give him ideas. Give him lies . . . Break his back. Suck out his ties. Move him forward . . . Keep him going.

Now you've got him. Now squeeze him. The blood is running well. Lap it up you mongrel. Die in its red.

Yours for the best. That is all for you this life. Maybe next time. If you pass by again . . . Why look me up. No one can have more . . . Just enough . . . You don't want more. You're crazy—look at the rest. Go on this is the cause. There is no other. You can't grow anymore. You're stopped.

Turn around and go back. Keep moving back. Back . . . Back some more. That's fine . . . I am with you . . . You are good. Back . . . Back . . . Back.

## THIS IS REAL

By HOWARD MEUNIER

Since ten o'clock I had locked myself into my room trying not to think. I stared at the ceiling, counted sheep, thought of all the people I know, recited poetry, sang—anything not to have that thought. "I cannot bear this! I will not have it!" I shrieked. I beat my fists into my head to drive the thought away. But it was like a slimy mud worm which coils and squirms about dead clams, squeezing deep inside the shell, then two feet away oozing out of the black mud. I sat there helpless while my mind was running this diseased riot.

This was not the first time that my idea had tortured me. It came like an unknown form on the calm ocean: gazing out across the water, it appeared. There was a weird fascination watching it fade and reappear. What could it be—perhaps only a bottle with a message, perhaps nothing but a drifting log, perhaps a serpent of the sea, or perhaps the body of a man. Slowly it became bigger and clearer until finally it was on the beach before me rolling in the gentle waves that lapped the shore. I fixed my eyes upon it till the tide had changed and it was gone again. Ten years the sea kept tossing it at my feet.

"The room is too hot. I must open the window . . . what a fool I am. I know I shall not let the cool air in—I want to let my thought go out." I sat on the window sill and listened to the heavy straining of the waves. I sat half in, half out, wanting to stay and wanting to go. The darkness was suspended in the night. "I cannot bear this agony," I cried. The moon appeared and opened up the world. I slipped to the ground. "Oh, there's a falling star" said a woman's voice. "I see one too," said a man. I

hugged the building. I thought I was alone. Who can they be, I thought . . . Let's make a wish," I heard her say. "You make one first," the man replied. "What do you wish?" "Oh, I can't tell; it wouldn't come true." She laughed. "I don't know what I wish. I wish so many things. Tell me what to wish." "Wish what I wish" he said, "then you can make my wish come true." I heard her laugh again and then there was no sound. I waited. Who were these people? How I envied that man who had a woman who could laugh and wish with him. Why should he have her? How dare they walk along my beach and flaunt their happiness? "Who are you?" I cried. "What are you doing there?" I ran down to the beach, racing back and forth. "Where are you?" But there was no one there. I was alone with my idea.

The moon gleamed . . . I put a toe into its beam. An icy pang shot through me. I sat down at the water's edge and let the waves wash my feet. My idea enveloped me: what did I want; what was I longing for; what did I want in life; what was life—sitting around trying to be interested and interesting, listening to stupid people telling jokes or clever people being clever, drinking and eating, always waiting for something which is nothing, striving for things out in space, longing to know the answers to things that no one knows, eternal frustration, total boredom—is this life? How revolting. There must be one thing that did not go up in a puff of smoke when it was grasped. There must be something that is real. My idea had me in its clutches. I felt

## Music Reviews

(Continued from Page 1)

style. It showed an originality of musical idea and was well-played, but one feels that the "Prelude and Fugue" was a more substantial piece of music.

The final number on the program was the Mozart "Violin Concerto in D Major," which Davis began with confidence and vigor, which he retained throughout the composition. He executed quite well the arpeggios, and the tone was mellow and firm. The solo passage in the first movement was one of the high spots in the piece, and with Paul Schwartz assisting at the piano with substantial support which gave the soloist more confidence, the composition was a successful climax to the program.

The college community will hope for more Senior Projects in the Music field, especially with women music students coming this fall.

—D. E. B.

a thrill I could only know once. The tide was turning. Here was the answer.

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