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BARDIAN

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THE BARDIAN



-Rollo

June 12, 1947

THE BARDIAN

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We have been visiously attacked here on the Bardian, for presenting a journal that satisfies only a small minority who read without moving its lips. Therefore, in this issue, our last for the year, we have gone to the funny-men on campus and assembled their work here.

First of all, we looked for Don O'Meara. Now down in Veterans' barracks, they publish that "SCOPE" thing and O'Meara's son, Gabrielle (who is actually Mr. Honey) was busily writing copy while the Frank Weil brood proofread. Resting his feet on Ed Nadir and being the master of his fate was Don O'Meara and it is he who has written the opus on page four.

Bernard Baker (who resembles Gene Kelly) has come through with a satire on Dramatics (page fourteen).

We found Pete Kauffman sadly waving a copy of "Human Comedy" at passing trains. "When is old Pete Monath coming back?" he asked. Just then a hobo, riding a freight train, called to Kauffman. "I'se goin' home boy," the darky sang. Pete ran back to his brother who is a messenger boy for Postal Telegraph and running, he promised the story on sports. (Page seventeen.)

Rollo of the fake beard did the drawing on the cover. In it, observant spectators will find V. Bruno, G. Robinson, A. Baxter and Z. Pruzan all involved in some sort of a discussion with V. Bruno.

So then; Phyllis and Vinnie and I say farewell, and may good fortune smile on you all.

WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

Following a correspondence course in inductive reasoning can present itself as a pretty fascinating form of amusement to a jaded collegiate in these perilous times. Of course a progressive institution, filled to the very academic brim with live-wire realists (some of whom should have copped a mope with Maxwell Bodenheim, believe me), would stress the fact that a far more satisfying source of enjoyment can be found in the typical Bardian pastimes of comparing neuroses, ("I am so more sensitive than you!"), malicious gossip, philandering on the Zabriskie Estate or simply goofing off on paper and handing the resultant mess in to the battery of overworked professors that grace this campus with their own presciences and that of their individual groups of sycophantic students who follow them around in lamblike droves, calling them loudly by their first names and asking them how many courses they're putting on next year.

From my own far from expert observation, they (the students, that is) have a tendency to pinch each others' buttocks when the Master is not looking, and to grace every chance remark with a comment on the Master's condition at last night's soiree when the visiting lecturer on James Joyce's financial affairs was over to the house for a hooker of Strega and a perfumed reefer. It may be camaraderie to the envious students from Rutgers, up for the weekend, but if I were a professor around here I wouldn't trust my opinion of the little grabbers to an asbestos criteria sheet.

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WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

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Anyway, to get back to my original point, that USAFI course in inductive reasoning I'm taking, I figured that for my first term paper a careful perusal of the Bardian and its contents might lead me, tripping perhaps over the curbs of fantasy, to a reconstruction of an editorial meeting at which the sheet is stacked together. My wife only lets me read one back issue a day, but after expending some forty-four man-yard-hours on careful analysis of what is finally printed, I should imagine a staff meeting to be something like this:

(The scene is a small, dimly lit social room, somewhere in the Hoffmans. The room appears at first glance to be peopled by a fire extinguisher and three green eye-shades, but as the door opens and a little light from the poker game in the next room gleams in, we see the entering figure stretch out a cautious foot and fall flat on his face over a large double-bass, usually referred to as Grace Steinberg's Instrument. A muttered "oi, weh," proves the intruder to be none other than BRUNO. The editor, FRED SEGAL, who is also president of the Know-Nothing Group on campus, for the very good reason that no one who knows anything will speak to him looks up.)

SEGAL: Well, Vince, Get the stuff? (He makes a sly motion behind his back to PHYLLIS, who belches quietly and goes on revolving a small wax statue of ORMSBEE over a slow flame.)

BRUNO: You mean that survey of ours? I got it all right. I

went into Fairburn social and hid under the couch in the side room. A couple came in a few minutes later and I started my stop watch as they sat down and only too late recognised their voices. They were both non-Literature majors, so I-----

(at this juncture the closet opens and MEL FRIEDMAN, bronzed and sweating, naked from the waist up and shouldering an entire set of an Aramaic translation of Flaubert steps out.)

MEL: Yes, Bruno, but weren't you sent down there to make an investigation of how long it takes for either one or the other to..... (BRUNO interrupts him, fortunately for this article)

BRUNO: Yes, but my dear boy, --Science majors. Who in the world would be at all interested in Science Majors. Completely impossible.

SEGAL: You grabbin' A-well right, Son, and what's more there's been a tendency on the part of you calfones to slip material into the Bardian that can be understood by over the chosen nine percent. I tell you right now, the next freshman who comes up to me and says he read the issue and didn't like it is going to mean only one thing. One of you is leaving. And get this straight: as long as no one has either the time or the patience to read the stuff we print, the less they can knock us!

MEL: Maybe so, maybe so, Segal. Just remember what Hegel said: "Let not your ego hang your Babo, lest your

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WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

babble hangle you." It was fellows like you he was talking about!

BRUNO: Oh is that so.--well right up your Senior Project, Friedman, and what's more....

(PHYLLIS steps forward and douses the light. In the ensuing darkness the sound of buffets is heard, accompanied by the high-pitched laughter of MARTY WEISS who has been watching the whole thing through a hole in the ceiling. Slowly the din subsides and as the moonlight wends its way into the room one can vaguely see BRUNO striking matches in a vain attempt to find his head. The lights flare on again and SEGAL whips off his overseas cap, revealing himself to be none other than SANDRA ROOME.)

SANDRA: Well, Gents, if honest work and clean co-operation mean anything, this little daisy (she waves several sheets of typescript in front of her) ought to be the dandiest little three-day-chocolate-fun-fester we've ever put out.

(The staff files out, pinching one another, all but PHYLLIS, who has melted down the statue of ORMSBEE and is now busy remodeling the still-warm wax into a rather unprepossessing likeness of SEGAL. She thoughtfully bites the mannikin's head off and spits it out with a loud Phoooo! as dawn breaks over the quadrangle and the BARDIAN goes to bed.)

-----DONN O'MEARA

ACTING AS AN ART FORM

Returning home after a whopping game of Acey-Deucey with the Upper Redbeck Historical Society, I tripped over to my Morris chair to *couche*. There I found an old copy of *Theatrics Yearly*, an annual devoted to the American Theatre and its "great". I read for the nth time, so it seemed, or was it the wth, of those great profiles who graced our theatre. Grace D'our Theatre, was one. William Gillette, (your father knew him as Push Pull Click Click) was another; Lionel Sheisinfenster was there.

So I turned, page after page, I grew sulky with a little fringe on top because I had my chance to act in the theatre and I fluffed it. Miserably, I remember, I left Haven McQuarrie's program *Do You Want to be an Actor*, alone, by myself, solitary, accompanied by my mother, alone, by me, solitary. *I would become an actor*, or better still, a director, or better still, I'd be better still. I might attempt new things with the theatre--"Bakerslavsky's Six Rules to Gin Rummy as applied to the Theatre." They scoffed at me in Scoff, Georgia; they

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ACTING AS AN ART FORM

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laughed at me in Laff, South Dakota; they threw it up to me in Vomit, Nebraska. But my ideas were grand ideas.

I wanted to do *The Hairy Ape* with a cast of apes. Nobody speaks, only William Bendix. As he is being thrown into the furnace he cries, 'Mrs. Smith, feed me, feed me, they're hungry.' I had signed Gargantua and Toto to a 'run of the play' contract, but it was no go. The theatre managers remembered only too well the elephant scene in *Aida* at the Met.

I next thought I'd like to do *Life With Father*, starring Papa Dionne. But he was always busy.

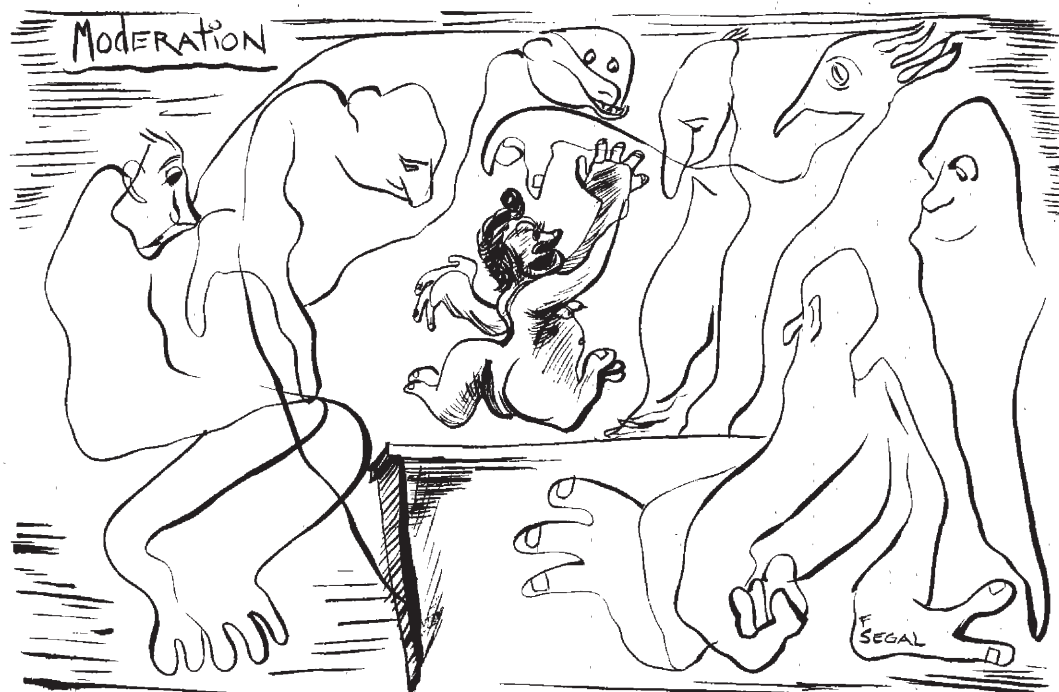
I next felt that I could do *The Iceman Cometh*. The possibilities were tremendous. A thousand ice-cubes floating on the stage--swept to the wings

by a treadmill; each ice cube a symbol of the evil in the world. Then we decided we needed one billion, eight hundred million ice cubes, not including the people in Gloccamorra. No ice.

I had an idea to do *Two-thirds of a Nation*, using the members of the FHA unit as actors. I wanted to do burlesque, starring Joan DeKyser and Jay Smith; to do *White Cargo* with Doris Steppacher as Tandelayo and Zeisler as Wptzel. I wanted to produce *Jumbo* with Beverly Pruzan and Mort Block; to try *East Lynne* with Williams. My greatest idea was to do *Our Town* with an all midgest cast.

But I still sit, still thumbing *Theatrics Yearly*, still waiting to be heard from. And they will, as soon as I produce *The Women*, starring the faculty wives.

-----B. BAKER



SPRING AT BARD

Gadzooks! It happened so suddenly! I woke up one morning and it was Poker Season. The sun was shining through the bars and Monath was feverishly dealing a final 'cold hand' before packing hastily off on his sabbatical with Harrigan (the rich man's Robert Lowell).

Yes, it is on just such bright and sunny days (it does a man's heart good to be alive on such a day!) that the poker clan invariably crowds into South Hoffman Social. The drawing of the blinds excludes all possible sunlight, curses resound as the cards are shuffled, and cigarette smoke fills the dark and musty, ill-smelling room. Mothers are frequently referred to, but any and all members would rather drop dead than have their mothers associated with the vicinity of murky South Hoffman Social. As a matter of fact, members often do drop dead, suffocation being the most prevalent cause.

Of course if this balmy and congenial weather happens to coincide with the deadline

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SPRING AT BARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

for term papers one can hardly get a seat, the room overflows with escapists waiting in line to play. These are the days on which one can look forward with assurance to the arrival of Krivine on campus, and possibly even B. J. W.

Often the clan is confronted with piles of snow or teeming rain on issuing forth from S.H.S. "Why what happened?" Tom Marshall is sure to exclaim. "It was perfectly clear when we came in here yesterday." Or else the sun is shining, and then, blinded and confused, the members are forced to grope their way back to the social room and the game is renewed until sundown.

Only last week Ben "What? You have a record I don't have?" Heller got kicked out of the society for getting a sun-tan. Or was he blushing for losing a large sum to Mr. Honey and those New York sharps?

I respectfully dedicate this thing to the hardy lasses waiting out side S. H. S. at 2 A.M. for 9 o'clock dates.

-----PETE KAUFMAN

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