

# The Bardian

**Editor-in-Chief** . . . . . **Martin A. Johnson**  
**Managing Editor** . . . . . **Charles R. Naef**  
**News Editor** . . . . . **Kenneth Mah**  
**Associate News Editor** . . . . . **John P. Munzinger**  
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**Interpretive Editor** . . . . . **Andrew Ashlund**  
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2. A plan to build a Community Recreation Hall has been kicked around for a long time. Now is the time to put this plan into operation. About \$1,600 have already been collected. The Trustees have pledged an additional \$1,000. Now we have free C.S.P. labor which can be used constructively. We suggest that Council take the initiative and appoint a committee not merely to examine the situation but to determine the best possible method to construct this building.
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We do not intend to let these four points be forgotten. The BARDIAN is determined to keep these issues alive until they are satisfactorily resolved.

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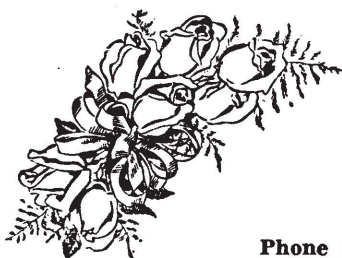
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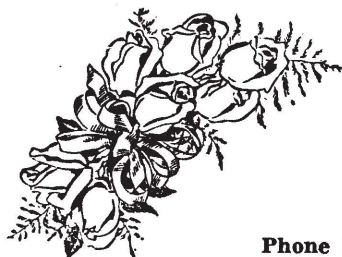
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my song!" Ben said. "Yeah?" I replied. The negress went on playing p on the stage. She was playing my song on request. The music was I liked it. I loved the negress for playing it. I didn't want to hear about because I was listening to mine. So I said, "Listen Ben."

ened.

means a hell of a lot to me," I said.

' asked Ben, "What means a hell of a lot?"

ong," I replied, "The one being played."

ted me what my song's name was. I asked him to take three guessts. I guessed my song; not in three guesses they didn't guess it. Ben fished the cherry in the bottom of his glass. He tried to grasp it between the

he hell can I get this out of here," he asked?

the ice," I replied.

' said Ben.

Ben," I said, "She's playing Laura."

s that?" asked Ben, placing his cap on the empty chair of our table

is my song," I said.

leaned over from the table next to ours. He looked at Ben's cap and

n's uniform. He spoke to Ben "Hey, shorty, you in the Air Corps?"

mmmm." That's what Ben said. He just said Um—hmmmm.

an held out a large hand and grasped Ben's. "Glad to meet'cha," the

He went back to his drink.

amn this cherry," exclaimed Ben.

I said, "you don't mean that. You don't want to God damn anything

ou," said Ben.

knew he understood. Ben always understood! He didn't cuss for the

se that. Ben only cussed when he was good and mad.

I asked, "you ain't mad at me?"

io," answered Ben. "Why would I say God damn this cherry if I was

u?"

iled. "Sorry kid," he said.

re both quiet for a few minutes. We always were after an argument.

I known Ben since we were kids. I loved him as my brother. Hell, I

d the time he took that girl up to my apartment and used my bed without

me. I was twenty, a grown guy, and I cried all day about it. But, hell,

have to go and do a thing like that! That wasn't anything to do, to go

girl in my apartment without even asking me. Ben didn't drink nor run

n except when we was out bingen together. He drank then. That night

the girl to my apartment he was drunk. I knowed he was. If I didn't,

never spoken to him again. I'll never forget that night. I was coming

working down at the club. The door to the apartment was open and

st plain stank of perfume, beer, and cigarette smoke. I went into the

ause the door was open. I walked back to the living room kinda sickish

was Ben sitting in my best chair and as drunk and all gone as one guy

Slouched down in the chair there, he pointed a finger at me and then

ken in French, then in Italian, and then he started cus'n at me in German.

speak four lingos.

d God damn you pointing at me.

' I says. I was already cry'n and sobben. "Why didn't you tell me?"

a done this?"

st swore at me again.

## His Song

by Mike Zuckerman  
(an excerpt from a novel)

d. It wasn't just tears, like happiness cry'n. No, it was cry'n and being  
h sobs as though I was retch'n.

why?", I choked.

I worked every night at the club till nine thirty. I was wash'n pots and

dirty smelling greasy water. I couldn't even eat cause it made me so

ad been that way ever since my wife left me. She took my kid with her.

ie into the living room one day when I was home from work and just plain

wife on the couch with some guy give'n her the boots. Why? I loved

ten her pregnant, I was worken hard to build us a house. Why. I didn't

ing to the guy there on the couch with my wife. What can you say to a

hat? I just stood there all quiet like. My wife got up from the couch

l at me standing there in the room, standing there as dumb as could be

ted so's I couldn't speak. She yelled.

you little snivell'n creature, it's come enough of you!"

I knew I was pretty weak and sickly like. I wasn't much of the masculine

that guy in the pictures. I was sorry that I was what I was. I was sorry

had to put up with what I was. But she didn't have to tell me and yell

at way!..

I knew, I was in a straight jacket in the hospital a yell'n to beat all hell.

uess I just couldn't understand. I had worked hard to try and build a

7e had a kid. We was happy, I thought. For five days I lay in that

elling that I wanted my kid. That's all I even thought about.

r Ben?" I sobbed, "why you done this?" Ben looked up from his chair all

d sour like and says God damn you. I understood though cause Ben

k. I knowed he was. I forgave him for going up to my apartment and

girl on my bed without even telling me. Ben didn't mean it. We didn't

other for a few days after that though. All the folks who knew us kept

where my pal was. We always gone around with each other since we

1 and nine. Now Ben was twenty-two and me twenty. We came together

ugh. Ben was always with me since my wife went and left me. There

er times like Ben and the girl though. There was the time Ben got his

and took another guy out for a drive in it before me. I was working at

when I heard about it. I couldn't work anymore cause I couldn't stand

of all that grease and ammonia. It was hot and I used to get head aches

head cook used to say I was just a kid not growed up yet. I don't know

have to be mean like that. And then Miss Rale had an off day and

ght'n into me cause I wasn't doin anything the way she wanted. Hell, I

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couldn't just sit and take that. Well anyway, I had to quit my job. Then Ben called up and took me out in the new car. Gee, I was ever happy! Everything went on alright after that. I guess I love Ben like a brother. He had been in the service for four months now and I had just been drift'n around waiting for him to come home on leave and now here he was.

The negress went on playing the piano up on the stage and I listened. The song she was playing was "Laura." That's my song . . .

I hummed it along. Ben looked up. He said, "O.K. kid, I'm sorry." He had said that before.

"Yes, Ben," I said, "I know, I KNOW!" People looked at us. I didn't know that I yelled.

Ben said his back teeth were floating and getting up, walked toward the men's room. He smiled so's I knew everything was alright. I knew Ben wasn't mad at me. I looked up on the stage. A guy is up there before the mike and he's about to do something. He's a great big fat guy with bright blue eyes that laugh when he talks. He says to us that he's going to blow his trumpet. He does. He's as good as anybody who can blow the horn and in fact he's damn good at it, I think. So's when he finishes I clap as loud's I can. Nobody else in the dive claps very loud cause their all look'n at their buddies or gals and say'n nasty things about this guy. They're say'n things about how he can't blow as well's Harry James or Benny Goodman or that the fat guy's fat and ugly. I don't know why people always want to say things like that about the guys and gals that get up and make a livin like on stages in dives. Maybe people say nasty things because they get embarrassed. Maybe it's just because they're just people and that makes em all self centered and judgey like. I don't know. I don't know why people say nasty things. Well, this fat guy doesn't let no claping phase him at all. His eyes are still laughing and he's still pouring all his self into his horn to make all those people who are say'n nasty things about him, happy. So's he blows his horn some more. This time he's really good, and I lean back and let the screaming notes grind into my ears and let the world shut out. Those screaming notes are sort of beautiful cause they're the fat guys' soul pour'n out and he's trying so hard to make all those people happy. And this time the people clap cause they see he can blow that horn. And I can see that makes him happy and helps that down inside of him that's all cold and hard against those people, all warm. Then, instead of stealing the show like he could of, he motions to another guy in the four man orchestra. This guy is playing a saxophone. He's small of build, dark, and has wavy black hair. A guy who's Italian, I see. He's not dark though, but sort' of white like he's never been out in the sun or is sick. His collar is dirty and ragged, and the red tie he wears under the flashy black and white band uniform, has a big spot right on its knot. When the fat man motions for this sax player to come out on the stage, the sax player shakes his head shyly. He shakes it as though he was frightened. He shakes his head desperately. He's never been on stage ever, I see. But the boy gets up cause everybody's look'n at him and if he backed out now that would give everybody on uncomfortable feeling and anyway he trusts and likes the fat guy. He stands all stiff, the sax player, like a little wild animal. He plays. And soon I see he's having fun and he relaxes. His band mates nod and smile at each other cause the sax player's doin such a good job. And when he finishes, he goes back and sits down. The fat man claps and claps as loud as he can while talking into the mike and saying what a wonderful job the boy did and if there's anybody could play the sax the way he's done. And I clap too cause it's such a beautiful thing, this fat guy with the laughing blue eyes has done. And I cry a little too because it is so beautiful that the fat guy didn't steal the show but gave a chance to this kid who never has been on stage. The people don't clap though, cause they don't think the sax player is so good, which he isn't. But I clap cause it makes the little guy who plays the saxophone happy and I keep right on clapping because Ben's not mad at me and I feel maybe I'm the happiest guy in the world because of that. And the fat guy goes on pouring his soul into the trumpet playing "Dixieland."

I light a cigarette and a waiter comes up seeing that we have drunk our toms and asks what'll it be next. I tell him I want two rye and ginger cause I know Ben likes that drink. The waiter goes away and comes back shortly. He puts down the ginger and ice on the table and then the little glasses of liquor. He asks, "Mixed or straight, sir?"

I says, "Never mind, pal, we'll take them straight." I call him pal because he's called me sir and that's sort of nice him callin me sir, a low down jerk like me.

I hold up the glass of liquor and watch the light play through it and make it all amber, then golden. I wonder how something so beautiful can make a guy feel so sick and lousy. I pour the rye into the glass of water, mix it, and take a sip. What in the hell is keeping Ben? I get worried and feel'n that my back teeth are float'n also, I get up and go to the men's room. The little smelly room I go into is just big enough for four guys abreast. "Ben," I ask poking my head inside, "are you in here?"

Ben's voice says yes from behind the partition hiding the can so I knows he's there. I walk in. There are three other men in the room besides a Negro man who holds out a paper roll of towels, Ben in on the can, and me who's just come in. I push past a guy with a big paunch cause a guy has pushed at the swinging door behind me ask'n if he can get in.

"Sure," I says, "there's always room for one more."

The guy comes in.

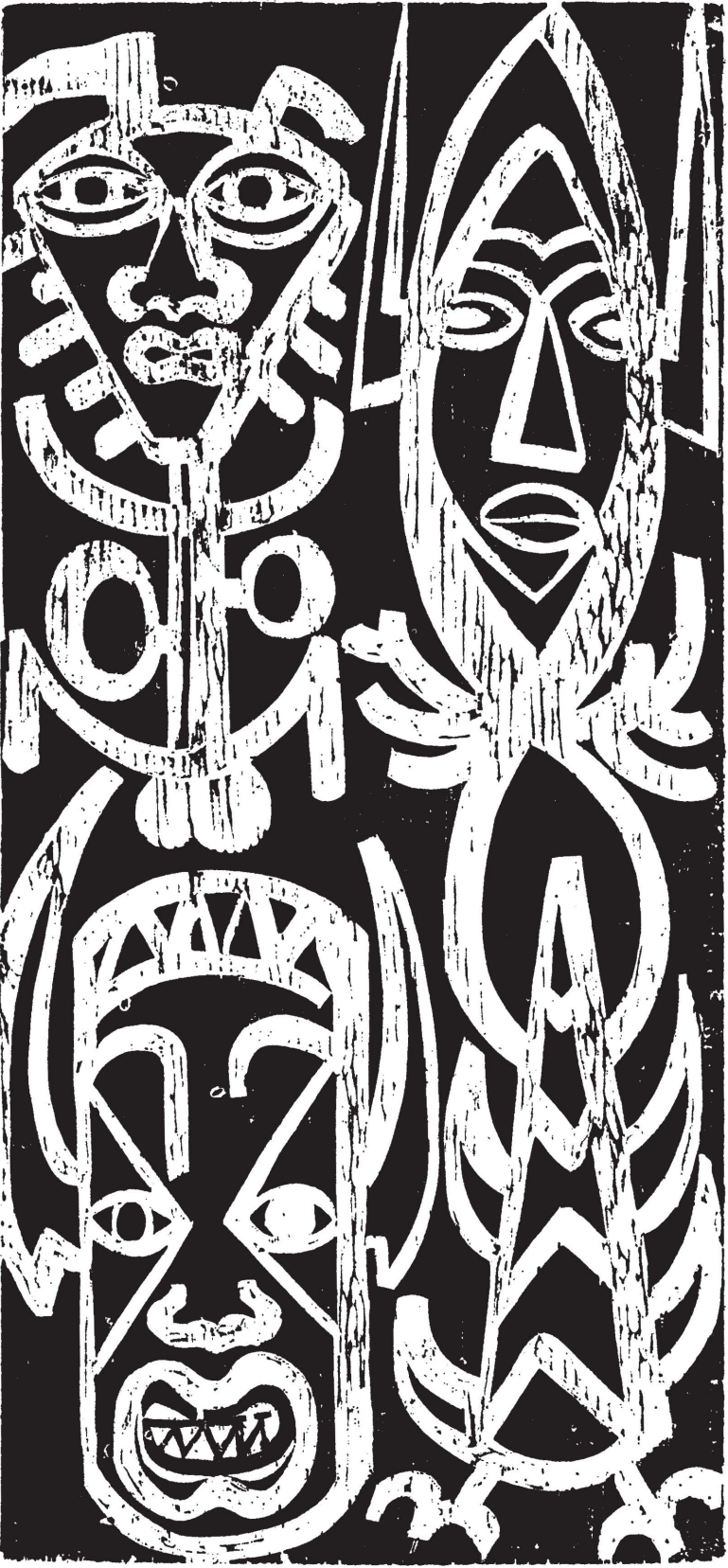
I open my fly and look up at a piece of cardboard pasted with scotch tape across the yellowish wall above and in front of me. On it is scribbled in black crayon:

YOUR TIPS ARE MY WAGE. thanks Tommy.

I know the colored guy who's look'n at me is Tommy cause he's got a paper roll of towels in his hand. Tommy looks at me and I look at Tommy out of the corner of his eye. Hell, I never can take a leak when a guy's look'n at me. I concentrate, but it does no good. I get mighty embarrassed and push up close and pull down the flusher so's Tommy can't see I was embarrassed. But I am, and when I go to get a towel from Tommy after washing my hands, I know I can't look at him. And then I get real embarrassed cause I think that Tommy may think that I don't think he so good because he's black, and though some guys want Tommy to think and know that, I'm not one of them because I'm not that type of guy. I figure maybe Tommy's got hisself a wife, they're going to have a kid, and that's goin to be just like me so what the hell. So now I am embarrassed cause I can't look at Tommy. But Tommy knows just what's goin on and he says to me, "Das alright Mister. Neither can I when someones look'n at me." And I look up into Tommy's face and it's all covered with a broad smile. I think what Tommy's just said is one of the most beautiful things a guy could say. I think

Cont. on page 4





Wood Cut by Peter Hoag

## Choice Vintage

by IRIS OSEAS

We kissed.  
And I came face  
To face  
The ghost of some young girl  
Whose warmth  
Still lingers  
                on your lips.  
And phantom kissing mine,  
Strange sighs  
                and foreign breath  
Are bated to the promise  
Yet in us.  
How many tear-graves we despoil,  
Rising from the plots  
More tender sweet.  
For all the axioms  
Where sorrows meet,  
Your eyes can consummate  
The point.  
You, too,  
Must taste the tart  
I mouthe,  
Of fresh, green boys.  
God knows  
How many troubled loves  
Have come to rest in ours.  
December, 1948

## Invective

by WALLACE JACKSON

You who lean on long quiet wood,  
and stir the patronizing still with  
your brief moments,  
you ask me to describe.  
very wise,  
then you leave,  
very wise.  
and when I have told the half  
truth of all I can explain,  
you will say bad,  
or you will say good.  
but not forget your coffee,  
nor the prop of burning cigarette,  
and you will ease the fumes of  
your insecurity  
into an air,  
now empty of your words,  
soon free of your smoke.  
can I tell you of spring—  
should I say that spring comes  
with long fingers  
and the hush of warm body . . .  
you will only say that spring is  
wonderful,  
and I shall know that I have told  
you nothing.  
Should I say that autumn is the  
sadness of a one time,  
now gone,  
that winter is the glance of all  
our loneliness . . .

Cont. from Page 3

that maybe there should be more guys like Tommy who understand guys who can't take a leak when somebodys watch'n 'em and who gets embarrassed because of it.

Ben finally came out from the can, washed his hands, joked with Tommy, and combed his hair. I watched Ben and adored him there combing his hair and joking with Tommy. I wish maybe that I was good looking like Ben and could talk like that to people. But somehow I can't never talk to people the way Ben does.

Ben said, "Come on kid, let's get back to our tables."

So we walk out of the men's room and back to our table and rye and gingers.

Ben said, "Kid you're getting better look'n all the time." Hell, I knew I wasn't but I liked him sayin that and payin attention to me that way. I knew I was no good lookin cause the girl photographer who came over to our table to take pictures joked with Ben, not me. She was a nice girl. I felt I wanted to get up and hold her and kiss her to show all those nasty people who were lookin at her legs and hips that I thought she was nice. I looked right into her eyes, though she wasn't looking at me, because I knew that girls liked to be looked at like equals and not have men undress them the way men do with their eyes. I didn't get up and kiss her though cause I knew Ben wouldn't want that.

Soon the fat guy gets back up on the stage and starts talking into the mike. Ben and I stop talking cause we want to see what's going to happen. The guy says that we are about to see the most beautiful girl we ever seen. He tells us a story about how Zeus, this Grecian god, in the form of a beautiful bird makes love to the goddess of love. He says that this girl we are goin to see is goin to act out that story. The lights go out and the girl comes out on stage. It's all dark except for a long silk skirt the girl wears and another bit of silk she wears to hold up her breasts. Both these glow all lavender in the dark. She carries a huge paper bird which glows all ruby and golden in the dark and lights up her long blond hair. The orchestra plays some strange music and the goddess of love goes through some beautiful dance in which she makes love to the bird which is really Zeus. It all catches my breath. I see that this same girl did the act before. The last one, the lights were on and she came out and danced while she took off her clothes. The guys in the back of the dive are yell'n for her to take it off and she's take'n. I can see the rose nipples swell and her rounded belly roll convulsively as her hips and thighs swing to the music of the act. She's completely undressed now and the music grows louder. I know and feel she's unhappy that she has to be doin it too. I wonder what ever makes a girl do a thing like that instead of being sweet and lovable, findin their guy and gettin pregnant by him when they marry. I feel sorry for her that she is what she is, what ever that is, and I wonder why God has girls like this that makes the guys in the back of the dive yell take it off. Soon I see why.

Cont. on page 5

## Soft Afternoon

GERARD DE GRE

Millicent smoothed down the skin over her hips. There is something so compelling in the reality of your flesh, that at once she feels a kind of solidarity with all other living things, vertebrate and invertebrate—vegetable and animal. After all, wherein lay the difference between a black cockatoo and a burlesque queen? Or, for that matter, between a dish of artichokes and St. Francis of Assisi? But need one stop there, she asked herself as she carefully braided her hair on the strings of a Mexican guitar. Why not Lake Erie and Immanuel Kant? Matter in motion, motion in matter, what did it matter and what was the difference? She, the guitar, and the disgustingly rococo wallpaper, with the silly cherubs shooting arrows into the flanks of over-dressed Louis XIV ladies.

As she pondered over the pain that an arrow in one's flank must surely arouse, she felt a sudden yearning for overwhelming lassitude. A gallon jar of Turkish honey was close at hand, and she slowly covered herself with the soft, sweet-smelling substance that seemed to become part of her skin as she applied it. Slowly she worked from her forehead down, lingering awhile where it felt most pleasant. The arrows were quickly forgotten, and she strummed idly on the guitar, fascinated by the change in pitch caused by the intermingling of her hair with the strings of the guitar. Never before had Debussy been so exquisite. Yet—was it really Debussy? She played the written notes, the musical labels. It was a map of Debussy's music that she followed—yet the sounds, the music she heard was not Debussy's. Sometimes an accurate map is not enough. Here she was playing a map of the music, yet it wasn't the music. It was a map for guitar hairs, not for human hairs. One must write a new map for a humanized guitar. One must give a new name to a lobster souffle when it is prepared with oysters.

Such thoughts promptly aroused her appetite, and she found herself unconsciously licking her left arm. The guitar and she searched for some food, and after swallowing a few raw eggs she thoughtfully fed her companion a little fresh resin. The poor thing was speechless, so she plunked out a little melody of thanks for it. She tried to make it say what it would have said on its own account: if it had only known how. There is a certain pathos about inanimate creatures. They rarely utter sounds by themselves. Dogs can bark, clams can phhh, trees can rustle, but these pathetic physical objects are speechless, and humans must do their talking for them.

As if to contradict her in these speculations, the refrigerator began to hum a crude melody, startling her back into the reality of all things and the intimate kinship of all forms and substances. She felt ashamed to be standing naked before the nude refrigerator. Horrible but fascinating thoughts flashed through her mind. There was something indescribably stimulating about its shiny, white body; its name proudly displayed on a copper plaque affixed to its bare chest. Almost as if it reciprocated her lust, it stopped and defiantly stood facing her.

This piece of masculine arrogance further aroused her feminine curiosity and whetted her desire. She played an erotic tune on her guitar, which in desperate but hopeless jealousy, snapped one of its strings into her face. Tearing it loose from her hair, she threw it to the ground in a rage, and mercilessly crushed its body with a heavy skillet. A short, high strung scream in a sixteenth tone—and her erstwhile companion lay dead upon the multicolored and indifferent linoleum.

Anguish followed upon rage, and in a burst of remorseful tears she tenderly collected the pieces of her victim. How awesome, and yet how simple was death. It could be defined as losing one's form. There, on the floor, lay the pieces of the guitar, yet it was dead. What had happened to it? It had lost the former arrangement of its pieces, it had lost its form. The substance remained, its form was gone. In time, its substance, too, would transform itself; but its ultimate being, its matter, was imperishable. In this sense, then, it had an immortal soul, an indestructible substratum that would live again in some other form.

Somewhat comforted by these considerations, she placed the pieces in an oversized jewel box, and after reciting a few verses from Lucretius' *De Rerum Natura* she buried them beneath a guava tree so that they might feel more at home.

## Poem

WALLACE JACKSON

the post meridian of a Seventh day:  
soft time      sleepy time  
—the equatorial point of stodgyness.  
the infinity for parollel depressions.  
the vitality of a last night      gone.  
the filmed hope of a morning      gone.  
only the dulled resignation to a black on gray,  
only that  
and the stale acceptance of a canned lullaby,  
meaningless.  
words      broken in their first thrust by unmindful grunts  
or the heavy silence of no reply.  
and so sit,  
and watch this comfort crowded  
pattern stamped square,  
fill with the melancholy infiltration of a summer's wane.  
and through the imposed haze of uniformity,  
look where to joy.  
an autumn day darkens  
no bell rings  
and so sit

Wallace Jackson



Cont. from page 4

But now in her second act she's the goddess of love like this fat guy has said she was goin to be. And all the lights are low when she starts undressing and making love to Zeus. I see what a beautiful body a woman has. Maybe she loves this guy Zeus and she's goin to have a baby by him or something or other. Any way, it's all sort of beautiful and lovely like. It makes me think of my wife and that makes me cry. But I'm happy cause I know she's got my kid and he's part of me. Everybody in that dive is as quiet as silence, cause all those guys in the back who had yelled take it off are all feel'n something down in that place where they ain't just men. They're feeling what I'm feeling and I hope they keep right on feeling it and not spoil it all by yelling. When this girl finishes her act, the clapping singes my spine because it's the clapping of guys who aren't all privately layin that girl back stage after the show in their minds, but it's the clapping of guys who seen something really beautiful and it's sort of touched 'em in a place where they never been touched before. The lights go on again and the fat guy gets up on the stage once more and his laughing blue eyes are all clouded over with happiness and again I see what he's done. He's made up this story about this Zeus guy and his goddess and that's made all that sex and dirty stuff seem lovely and beautiful. Somehow what this guy has done has made men that yelled take it off sort of humble like. I think maybe that the goddess of love there in the back stage is sort of happy too. But now the guys in the back are all look'n at each other sort of sheepish like as though they was ashamed of theirselves for yell'n take it off; as though they just couldn't explain something they never felt before. They get up, pay their checks, and go out to the next dive cause this dive has suddenly lost its flavor and they suddenly don't know what they're doin there. And I know that this ain't good for the dive and I hope its owner won't give the fat guy hell for having the guys in the back get embarrassed so's they leave and not buy anymore drinks. I hope maybe the owner sort of got touched by something too. Now the dive is quiet and the negress has come back to play her piano. A few guys are sittin around drinking or drunk and waiting to feel something they never felt before cause they'd never known no beauty nor understood what ever the goddess of love done to them. Ben and I are still sitting there at our tables too.

I leaned over to Ben. "Ben, I said, "that was beautiful."

"Yeah," said Ben. "It was beautiful."

I knew Ben had felt what I felt.

"It reminds me of my song," said Ben.

"What song?" I asked.

That's what I was try'n to tell ya when they was play'n your song," said Ben. I felt angry at myself cause I had been selfish and listened to my song, instead of hear'n about Ben's.

Ben said, "My song's called 'To Be a Pilgrim.'"

Ben brought out a crumpled piece of paper from out of his pocket and showed it to me. All it had was some words on it.

"Ben," I said, "that's no song. It's got no music. It's just words."

"Ain't no difference," said Ben. "I like them words. We can sing 'em to the

music the negress is now play'n." The negress was playing "Some Enchanted Evening." And so Ben read and sang his song in a low scratchy voice that grew louder and longer and more scratchy.

He sang:

He who would valiant be,  
and gave "valiant" a hell of a bellow that sounded real good,  
'Gainst all disaster,  
Let him in constancy  
Follow the master.

There was a pause. Ben looked at me and said "come on kid," so I leaned over and joined in.

There's no discouragement  
Shall make him once relent

The waiters was all watchin us by now and Ben had gone so in a passion over his song that the negress just gave up playing the piano cause, hell, she couldn't hear herself think.

His first avowed intent

Somebody bellowed in on the last line from up near the bar.

TO BE A PILGRIM.

Ben put the piece of paper with "To Be a Pilgrim" on it quietly down on the table. He layed it down deliberately and slowly as though it were something having taken years and years to do, it's done, it's a success, and the guy lives happily ever after. He looked at me. He was cryin too.

He said, "That's my song, first verse."

I said, "Ben it's beautiful! What's the matter with the second verse? Can't we sing that too?"

"Ben said, "I can't. I'm too stinken potto . . . he sobs . . . why the hell do ya love me so?" He repeated it. "You poor dumb fool why the hell do you love me so?"

He gulped down his drink and dropped his arms on the table and his head on his arms and lay there quiet. I thought it was all kind of beautiful, Ben loving his song so much. Ben was always loving things and people.

I bent over to Ben huddled there on the table and asked him who "the master" was in his song cause I thought I ought to say something about a beautiful song like that.

"Christ Jesus, Christ Jesus," sobbed Ben, "how should I know?"

I knew he was drunk cause he was swearing again. I pulled out the crumpled piece of paper from under Ben's elbow and read the last two verses of his song. I liked the first verse best cause it was the one Ben, me, and the guy at the bar had sung. I began thinking about Ben's song. I thought about how disaster meant my wife saying I was a weakling and leaving me to take my kid with her. Disaster meant me getting sick and not being able to wash pots and pans at the club so's Ben had to support me. It meant Ben getting drunk and planking that girl in my apartment and Ben taking somebody else out in his new car before me.

Cont. on page 7

## My Week by Tallulah the Turtle

I have a gripe!

All week long, I had been trying to relax in my little domiciliate on the grass in front of Stone Row. (I acquired a terrible case of lead strain while covering the tennis matches on my first journalistic adventure.) No sooner would I snuggle my weary head into my caloused shell when another Bardian would walk up to/on me with he same tiresome question: "Are you a turtle?" Of all the nerve! In the past, when people asked me if I was a turtle, I answered in a very nice lady-like manner: "You bet your sweet life I am, dah-ling!" However, if, if this keeps up, I will have to resort to a more profane retort. Just because my eyes are closed, pinkish, or squatting in two inflated pouches is no reason to confuse me with a Bardudent. I have sentiments like everyone else and I must say these people are constantly treading upon my feelings, among other things. Why, the other day, four militant-looking Bardiens marched around me, repeating in Gregorian Chant fashion, these enigmatic phrases:

You Are Not What You Are  
But What You Seem To Us—  
And To Us, You Are Not What You Are.

After the last shadow of these would-be monk-eyes left me, I began to talk to myself: "Tallulah, dah-ling, just look at these people. You're wasting your time. Why, you could build up a lucrative business selling rose-colored glasses to these cynics!"

But I was not to be lost in reverie for long. Sauntering down the road from the direction of The Bardian office was a familiar figure. It was our Managing Editor who informed me that he had been sent by The Hat who was taken up with weightier matters. It seems that for practice, The Hat was busy cutting holes in paper mills in order to sharpen up his ability to look through people. However, this editor had arrived with the Message from Garcia which took to be my next assignment. He smiled at me as if the pencil he chewed on was still in his mouth (horizontally) and the slithering sounds which emanated from his throat reminded me of the churning of butter! The Accent had informed me that my next assignment was to cover the debates.

I beat all my previous records for speed by crossing Stone Row in 10 hours flat. I crawled into the Coffee Shop and settled myself under the chair of the Speaker. Those who had come to listen were seated across the long table near the window. I soon began to realize that I was witnessing a most unique type of debate, for there was only one speaker! A dilly of a headline for my story began to take form in my mind. To wit: Ear Witness Account of Debates Between Split Personalities. I posed one of my stubby legs on the dust on the floor all set to take notes. The Debate has begun! I will quote direct sections from it:

"It's 6:30 and time that you should get down to work . . . But I've just eaten and I can't work on a full stomach. If I relax for an hour here in the Store, I'll be in a better frame of mind to absorb my studies . . . Stop procrastinating! Your half-hours are like rubber girdles—They stretch so easily . . . No, this time I will initiate, positively, absitively leave on the dot of 7 . . . What if someone suggests going to the movies? . . . Movies? Haven't seen any in ages. Now, if I went to the first show I could be back at 10 and then really settle down to work . . . Of course, you wouldn't think of stopping in for a short beer, or sandwich on the way back.

Hmm? . . . Well, I guess it is kind of hard to settle down to work right after a movie, but I've been getting plenty of sleep lately so it wouldn't kill me to stay up late tonight studying. Besides, I work better at night . . . Stop rationalizing! You know darn well that your eyes will start to close at 12 . . . etc . . . etc . . . etc . . ." It was 7 o'clock and this debate didn't look like it would end in the near future, so I decided to drag my short, stout body across to the other side of the Store where another debate was ensuing. This one sounded something like this:

"Should I or shouldn't I go home this weekend? . . . Why go home? You have a date with Malcolm here at school . . . But I could go out with Archibald in the city and Mom's been warning me that if I don't watch out, I'm going to lose all my contacts in the city . . . But you're going steady with Malcolm and he just wouldn't understand this . . . But then, Archibald hinted that if I didn't go to the city this week-end, he would come to Bard, and that would be in one word—louse things up!"

Once again, I left before the end of the debate, so that I'm not quite sure which of the fellows won the prize, but I think Arch had more box-tops than Mal.

The next beat to be covered was the Morgue. Since this is a great distance from the Store, The Cynical One, generously offered to provide me with air transportation. How innocent I can be at times! Before I knew what was happening, I found myself being wound up by the Pitcher, thrown at the Batter who swung and sent me for a long, line drive down right field. Luckily, I was caught by The Thin Man who was on his way down from Faculty Circle. I thought to myself: "He must be a Giant." As for The Cynics . . . air transportation . . . oh, warts to you, dah-lings!" After a great amount of exertion I managed to wobble into the Morgue. The bodies were placed in strange positions, most of them were propped up in seats with books on their laps. The only time they looked up was when someone would open the door to this innersanctum and walk in. Then all the heads lifted in unison for a count of three and then dropped back in their books. I was surprised to discover there were more books than bodies here. I decided to see what was downstairs so I began the descent and almost fractured my skull in the attempt. (I remembered that this was one of the unfavorable days in my horoscope!) I opened the door and found myself in the gas chamber. After I plowed my way through the smoke, I began to make my way on the shelves to discover the different types of books there, which I would write up. I soon perceived that the books were more lively than The Bodies. They poked me and tried to block my way along the shelves. There wasn't a single sound from The Bodies. And then it happened! My stomach began to talk to me in grumbles. You can't imagine how embarrassed I was. I felt that every stony eye was staring in my direction. But I was undetected except for The Body nearest me. He looked up for a count of three and then dropped his head back into a book. I became bold and decided I would live dangerously; I did what I had always dreamed of doing in a place like this . . . I breathed! Oh, you can't imagine the commotion I caused. I'm afraid to report that I was asked to leave. Anyhow, it was about time that I started my journey back to The Bardian office. I knew it might take me a week or so and I was afraid I wouldn't meet my deadline. If I recovered from this assignment, I made a mental note to ask The Hat to take out accident insurance for this Roving Reporter in the future!

—H. K.

## Larkey Interviewed

If you should wander into the theatre any afternoon or evening and see an industrious group of stagecraft workers, chances are that one of them will be Joan Larkey, Bard's new Drama Instructor.

Miss Larkey comes to us through the courtesy of Mills College in Oakland, California, where she majored in the technical aspects of drama and minored in dance. Between Mills and Bard, she has done free lance design and lighting in New York City.

"Students have time to develop their ideas throughout the week and will be able to answer their own questions," said Miss Larkey, pinning a verbal orchid on the Bard educational system. She also feels that it is an advantage for the students to work with their teachers and that the contact teachers have with their students is an enriching experience as well.

Joan (as this new faculty member is known to most everyone) is designing the set for the forthcoming production "The Importance of Being Ernest." It will be a stylized set, done in black, gray and white. She feels that the color will come through in the lines of the play.

Miss Larkey is not only interested in straight dramatics, but in dance-drama as well. In fact she has already adapted one play to this medium and is hard at work writing an original dance-drama production. She would like to see something of this type done here at Bard.

Although Joan wants to do professional work eventually, she thinks that there is much more freedom at Bard than in the professional theatre. "Plays here are more interesting to do," says Miss Larkey, "because greater attention is paid to the selection of them."

She feels that teaching at Bard is truly an advantage because, as in the case of the students, the Field Period gives the faculty an opportunity to do outside work.

Five



## C. S. P.

Cont. from page 1

academic spheres. The teaching budget for this academic year has risen by \$6,465, yet the saving on C. S. P. is only \$1,793 for the same period. This small saving is due in part to the establishment expenses of the project which amounted to \$1,327. There is, therefore, a gap of \$4,672. Next year the estimated saving will be \$5,000 but there is still a gap even on this year's scale.

Among the freshman there is considerable ill-feeling toward the project, largely due to the way in which it was thrust upon them. They feel that they were led into accepting the program by idealistic and specious arguments at a time when they did not understand the workings of the community and what was entailed by C. S. P. Moreover they were hardly prepared to speak on such an occasion and on a subject about which they knew nothing. Now that they are fully orientated to the college life they would welcome an opportunity of expressing their opinions and making suggestions.

The question of exemptions is another point which needs review. Obviously the fire department serves the community and should therefore be exempt from further compulsory community service. But are there not others who serve the community equally? Members of Council do at least three hours of community service each week. Let us take another example, the Budget Committee which recently drew up this semester's budget. In one week they did approximately twenty hours of work for the college, and most of these hours were between ten-thirty and two o'clock at night. They gave their time readily and unstintingly and do not want to have to ask to be excused from C. S. P., but the organizers should bear in mind that having given so much time to the college they are going to have difficulty catching up on their academic work, and should allow them some unsolicited latitude, where they consider it necessary. Such people do not ask for any reward for their services to the community. The fact that they can be of use to the community is sufficient reward for them, but they do not expect to be punished for their pains. However, there must be a line drawn somewhere. The fire department was excused because it was felt that the physical labor entailed in their duties was similar to that of the ordinary C. S. P. workers. If exceptions were extended to include all community services, nearly everyone in college would be excluded. The members of C. S. P. Committee themselves perform their normal services.

This article is made up of the opinions of different branches of the community, without stressing pro or contra, nor even acknowledging the sources of all the opinions. The author's personal opinion has not been directly expressed. General inferences may be drawn *per se* from the opinions and facts expressed.

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Six

## Remarks on Literature

by  
Peter W. Price

Literature is probably the creative art in which it is most easy to express thoughts and ideas readily. The painter can express his inner feelings on canvas, the musician can speak through an instrument or through a composition, but the comprehension of emotions thus expressed is sometimes open only to those who have been initiated. The writer, on the other hand, can give a fuller description and can make himself more clearly understood. Therefore, we do not have to be erudite to be able to read, understand and enjoy literature. A greater comprehension and appreciation comes from wide reading, and here I add the condition that it comes only from wide reading for pleasure, there is no hard work nor any intellectual snobishness necessary for literary work, whether as creator or critic.

Again, literature is always considered as having a very narrow connotation among those who view it from afar. It is true that literature consists in part of some dry and uninteresting work, and moreover much good writing has its value and interest utterly destroyed by the unintelligent approach of some schoolteachers to young and immature minds. But this is true of only a small segment of literature. Some people consider literature and Shakespeare to be synonymous, not realizing how vast is the field and how much can be included under one heading. To go to the other extreme it could be said that everything that is written is literature, but clearly there must be some selectivity. A justifiable definition of literature would be that which is written in a language which is appropriately correct, which has style and purpose and value, if possible, though not necessarily, lasting value. Under this classification we can list all the various sub-divisions of literature; the most obvious are poetry, drama, the essay, and the story whether as a short story or as a novel. Here again, we must remember that a novel does not have to be a hundred years old before it may rank as literature. However, these sub-divisions are by no means complete. It may startle some people to hear that humour is a very important branch of literature; that James Thurber and Damon Runyon are as much a part of literature as William Shakespeare; that Hilaire Belloc must be considered a poet just as much as Shelley, Keats, Byron or their like. Yet another branch of literature which unfortunately is often completely overlooked is that of historical writing. For some reason it has been thought that you cannot write literature and history at the same time, yet H. A. L. Fisher and A. J. Toynbee are just as much literateurs as historians. Journalism is yet another example of a literary art which goes unacknowledged. Admittedly much of what appears in the daily press written in that peculiarly abominable jargon has no claim either to literary distinction or to perpetuity. Nevertheless there is much covered by journalism in the form of articles and interpretive features which has a distinctly literary value, even more so when we remember that journalism includes the magazine as well as the newspaper.

It becomes apparent therefore that literature is a broader field than we have imagined it at first, and must necessarily include something to appeal to every taste, and to every nationality. Moreover it may include facets of the other arts. For example, the poet may conjure up the images of the painter as well as the rhythms of the musician. At all times the writer may discuss, explain and suggest.

From this discussion of what can be represented by literature it is clear that the Literature Club has a very broad basis and a wide field of operations. What has been written is in itself a vast enough subject but for the club this is only the starting point. It is the discussion of literary topics that interests them most. A discussion of the work of a given author, or of a group of authors increases the value of reading as well as its enjoyment. It is from such an exchange of ideas that true appreciation will spring. Besides it is always far pleasanter to talk about what you have read rather than to keep your experiences to yourself. Of course the Literature Club will not only interest itself with specific authors and works, but also with far broader topics such as style and the motivating ideas and theories behind creative writing. Each week the club will attempt to deal with a different type of topic so that the differing interests of as many people as possible can be covered. As a result, there is an ever changing group of people present so that discussion is never stale and there are always new ideas being put forward; thus the club has vitality and there is no danger of stagnation. At its weekly meetings on Fridays the club seeks to provide an hour and a half of lively intellectual discussion, as well as specific readings of selected works, or lecturettes. Nor is the original work of students on campus to be neglected. So on Friday evenings from 7:30 you can be sure of some relaxation and entertainment. To supplement this the club is organizing a Literary Weekend this semester at which they hope to have two or three notable literary figures who will be able to give talks to the students, but more especially they will be able to give an expert opinion on the topics discussed during the weekend or indeed at previous meetings. A club which has such wide scope and an attractive and varied program must surely attract many members, since everyone on campus may be assured that something that the Literature Club is doing will interest him.

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## Miss Brandeis Speaks Tonight

Miss Irma Brandeis can usually be seen on this campus for only one day each week. Otherwise, she is teaching graduate courses at the New School. We feel that there is a certain spirit of vitality about this woman. She is unique; unique in the sense that she is willing to devote a great deal of her time to Bard, despite the fact that this opportunity does not present itself too often.

Miss Brandeis is not only concerned with her classes. Her course on Dante blows its own trumpet; particularly since three members of our faculty are sitting in on this course. This in itself is worthy of merit, but Miss Brandeis is anxious to participate in the extra-curricular activities of the school, not merely the academic. Therefore, the Literature Club ought to be proud to have her speak before them this Tuesday.

In light of Miss Brandeis' knowledge of Italian and Dante, her topic, *The Problem Of Translation*, will provide a vital and stimulating talk. She will render the tone of the entire meeting, since poetry will be read from many foreign languages by students here. Baudelaire, Mallarme, Pushkin, Darrio, Dante, Rilke, Homer and many others will set the stage for expression, universal in one sense, yet distinctly nationalistic in complete meaning. The beauty of the sound, in its original form will be heard at this meeting.

The Program includes:  
Baudelaire *Les Fleurs Du Mal* "Correspondences" Violette Petit (French) Martin Johnson (Trans.)  
Mallarme *Tristesse d'ete*, Angelika Mayer (French) Bill Walker (Trans.)  
Mr. Shepard will read two verses of the Aeneid  
Pushkin, Untitled love Lyric . . . Alexander Gross (Russian and Translation)  
Arnon Gafny will read Hebrew poetry and translate it.  
Homer, *The Odyssey* to be read and translated by Alexander Gross  
Dante, *La Divina Comedia*, (Italian) D. Ristaino Rilke "Der Panther & Das Karussel" (German) Horst Herke . . . translation read by Naomi Feinfeld.  
Yan Engelman *De Ballade von den Boer* (Dutch) Meta Sark Grillparrer (German) Hugo Schmidt translation by Elli Frohmier.  
Shimazaki Yashinomi (Japanese) Yui Tsutsiu  
This meeting of the Lit. Club and all subsequent meetings are not only important to those with a specialized interest in the subject of Literature, but should be of interest to others not necessarily bound to the division. I will be clear that these meetings are not only open to the community but are geared to the need and expectations of the community as a unit.

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# WXBC: You Should Tell Me Please?

Though television has not yet come to Bard College, students who visit productions through the glass windows in WXBC's studio come as close as they can to the real thing. Those who are unable to attend broadcasts need only the turn of a dial to be wafted away to adventures in music, science and drama. And all to the tune of the magic words: "WXBC presents."

Bard's radio station has come a long way since it first tried a few experimental programs way back in 1947. Since then it has been broadcasting infrequently, having some good years and some bad. Last summer, the studios were completely rebuilt and many improvements were made. To wit: a new record library, to which one hundred new additions have been donated; a master console and two new consoles for use in studios A and B; and a new inter-broadcasting system complete with mikes and speakers, which allows students to talk to each other from one soundproof studio to another. Also, through a recent advance, Kappa House can get WXBC by "wired/wireless." This simply means that a wire is strung between the house and the station over which the programs are broadcast. Another very important addition is the new Tape Recorder. Through use of this instrument, many shows are now recorded beforehand and either broadcast later on or kept in reserve. It is now possible, for instance, to be listening to "Cynthia Presents" at the Coffee Shop while at the same time having a coke and discussing literature with Cynthia herself.

During the day, the assorted odds and ends of electrical apparatus at WXBS lay idle, staring bleakly at nothing. At night the scene dramatically changes, as flickering lights and odd sounds come forth from the once dead instruments. A number of students gather about, eager either to watch shows in action or to be members of a participating audience. On the walls are eye-catching signs either meaningfully warning people to "Keep It Clean," or urging studio members in ominous tones to remember that "Bardians are critical listeners; Be sure they don't criticize you."

On WXBC's present schedule, programs are broadcast regularly four nights a week. Particular emphasis is being given to "planned" hours and those of an academic nature. By the latter is meant hours which are especially put on for students majoring in certain subjects. A good example of this is "Music for Meditation" which lays required listening music for music majors each Wednesday night at 11:30.

Of a less serious nature are the various Disk Jockey shows which lay recorded popular music. Each night at 7:33 can be heard, for instance, "The Twilight Serenade." On Tuesday at 8:00 Jim Fueller gives you "Tin Roof Time" and on Thursday at 8:00 Helaine Kopp presents "In The Spotlight." Or, if you prefer musical comedies, Miles Kruger's show on Monday night gives you recordings and stories of such productions as "Brigadoon," "Peter Pan," and "Carousel."

On his show at 10:00, Monday night, Bill Lewit discusses subjects of a serious nature. In like vein, Steve Smith takes you to far away

places such as the Moon and the Planets in his "Adventures into the Unknown."

"Cynthia Presents," Thursday at 10:00, brings you members of the Bard Community, faculty and students, presenting their own original creations. These may vary from poetry to jazz piano music. For more talent, we have our own "Herbie at the Piano" at 8:15, and following him at 9:00 Bill Walker reads Prose and Poetry.

Besides the news broadcasts each night, for a summary of the past week's events, Bill DeLuccia gives his "News Roundup" on Mondays at 8:45, and for an interpretation of the World's Events, The International Students Association presents a "Focus on the Globe."

Wednesday night is the big night at WXBC. Francesco Cantarella starts things off with his Progressive Jazz program. Entonces Flip Morton presenta . . . or in other words songs from our Latin American neighbors are features, (Aqui no se habla ingles.). The next half hour highlights interviews conducted by Ruth Frankfurter. Interest is centered around their reasons for coming to Bard, what schools they attended previously, and what their plans are for the future.

Coming up next is one of WXBC's favorite children: "The Bard College Workshop." This show dramatizes popular plays and students are given the opportunity to display their dramatic abilities. Shows presented in the past were "The Test," by Joseph Ruscoll, and "A Blot on the Landscape," by Sprangler Berry. Scott Peyton, Ruth Frankfurter and Dave Schwab each take turns directing the show.

Helaine Kopp and Bill Walker then present their "Antics." This show had its beginnings when the two agreed to "fill-in" for a brief space of time and decided to take up where "The Little Flower" left off by reading the comics. The idea soon developed into an impromptu takeoff on anything and on which anything usually goes.

"You Should Tell Me Please," the last show before "Music for Meditation," is of a type in the sense that it encourages audience participation. Questions are asked by a mediator of a board which consists of students and usually one guest teacher.

All of the above mentioned shows would not be possible without the hard work of the members of the WXBC production staff. Pete Weston, for instance, handles the Technical details; Nancy Samuels is Program Director; Bill Lewit, Chief Announcer; and Bob Ronder Chief Engineer. Bob Ladd is Nightly Station manager; Mason Lemont, Record Librarian and Bill DeLuccia directs Special Events. Working for the station also are many other announcers and technicians whose assistance is essential for the success of the various productions.

According to Dave Schwab, Station Coordinator, "The more people interested in doing shows, the better." He advises that students keep watching the announcements to see which shows they are interested in and want to listen to. For this purpose there is a large bulletin board in Hageman Hall entitled: "WXBC On The Air."

In the near future, more audience participation and academic shows will be presented. The Bard Workshop has in store such dramas as "The Devil and Daniel Webster," and "The Glass Menagerie." In the main, future plans are as yet indefinite. Experimentation is the keynote. WXBC will, as it has done in the past, continue to strive toward its goal of bringing to the Bard Community the best that college radio can offer.

—Karl Wedemeyer

## Bardian Will Cover British Elections

With the approach of the British elections, the Bard Community has been made aware of the significance of this event through the newspapers. The College Library is subscribing to the London Times for a period of two months to facilitate election coverage.

However, owing to the importance of these elections, both with respect to the home affairs of the United Kingdom and its foreign affairs with special emphasis on Anglo-American relations, Station WXBC and The Bardian have taken upon themselves the task of creating keener interest that would otherwise be brought about by our dailies. The International Students' Association, under the chairmanship of Arnon Gafny, was the originator of this plan and will be devoting about fifteen minutes every week as part of its program "Focus on the Globe." Several members of the community will participate in the weekly discussions: among them, Arnon Gafny; Bill DeLuccia, who is writing his project on some of the difficulties that will occur in the country's political set-up; Peter W. Price, our recent arrival from England and hence our best informed member, and John Munzinger, who came over a year ago. It is hoped that others will be able to take part in these discussions which will be aired on Thursdays at about 9:45 p. m.

THE BARDIAN, on the other hand, will publish in its wall edition a series of comments on the speeches and the developments of the election campaign. Furthermore, on the eve of the election itself, October 24, a forum will be held in Albee Social with the participation of Dr. A. Sturmthal, this forum to be relayed over WXBC. The results themselves will be re-broadcast in the form of bulletins as they reach Bard over the short waves of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

It is hoped that this project may be rated as supplementary to the College's policy of broadening the student body's point of view beyond the campus' limits and beyond our shores, examples of which are to be found in the inauguration of the International Student's Weekend and the International Students' Program.

ship and management. The Administration acting on the findings and recommendations of the committee, decided these matters. Although we were in favor of it, no one actually voted for the management of the store being made a co-operative. The BARDIAN editorial of September 20th stated:

"... the college administration had the right to put the community co-op plan into effect on its own authority . . . the administration chose the more democratic procedure of delegating the planning and executing of the program to our community government. We should be grateful for that. However, consistency is indispensable.

Administration's ruling should not interfere with the slower but more democratic processes of community government. The resulting jurisdictional squabbles may endanger the very program under consideration."

Two motions were defeated at the meeting of September 19: that membership be obligatory for all members of the community, and that membership be obligatory for all regular students.

A week later, on September 26th, another community meeting decided that a Permanent Store Committee be elected to replace the summer committee. The Permanent Store Committee, which

Cont. on page 8

## His Song

Cont. from page 5

That's what disaster meant. It didn't mean fires and guys blown up in airplanes cause I never been blown up in a plane nor been in a fire. I don't know what it's like and there ain't no feeling in me, real feeling, that hurts when I read about those things. There's only words about how terrible the fire was and then there's goin down to Joe's to get a beer and forget all about the fire. There's forgettin cause there's no feelin down inside of yo say'n, remember. There's no feelins say'n Wife, lost job, Ben. Disaster meant me and Ben. That's what it meant. I don't know who or what "the master" was who "he" rose up to follow in Ben's song. Somehow it sort of meant the thing those guys felt when they saw all the loveliness of the girl make'n love to Zeus up there on the stage. That feeling was "the master." That would be a good feeling to follow. "Pilgrim" meant guys gettin up despite fires, plane explosions, left wives, lost buildings, and sickness. It meant guys gettin up and goin and follow'n good feelings in theirselves so they can be nice to Tommy back there in the men's room. It meant not only being nice to Tommy but like'n him. It meant no more I don't like the way this guy dresses, or I don't like the way he acts, or what an unpleasant guy he is. Pilgrim meant a sick guy with dirty collars and spotted tie whose never been out in the sun getting up on the stage and play'n his saxophone even when he's scared like a little animal. It meant the big fat guy with the laughing blue eyes who poured his soul into the horn and did all those beautiful things like helpin a poor little guy who's sick and tired of livin and makin a girl who's unhappy happy. Being a pilgrim meant the girl who took photographs of jerks like Ben and me in dives, goin and marry'n the guy she loves, get'n herself pregnant by him and raisin a family. It meant Tommy, a fat guy with blue eyes, a little sax player, a gal who takes off her clothes on the stage, a girl photographer . . . I thought Ben's song was maybe a damn good one and I loved it cause it meant all that to me. It made me thing and sort of get things straightened out.

"Ben," I asked, Ben was now sitting up look'n at me all peculiar like as if he didn't know whether to laugh or cry like a kid's got'n what he wants for Christmas.

"Ben," I asked, "can your song be mine also?"

I don't know why, but Ben just sat there saying, "Of course ya stooage . . . That's your song, that's your song . . ."

THE END

## Co-op

Cont. from page 1

mittee estimated that approximately \$3,000 in new capital was necessary if services were to be significantly expanded. It was therefore decided that every regular student would have to become a participating member. Under such a policy it is expected that at least \$2,500 of operating capital would be raised and that the additional \$500 considered necessary to reach the goal of \$3,000 would be obtained through faculty and staff participation.

. . . every member has one vote in determining the policies of the store."

A letter was sent before the opening of school to every student. This letter was prepared by the Temporary Store Committee and it concerned membership in the Bard College Co-op Store. It stated that:

"All regular students shall be required to become members of the Bard College Co-operative Store . . ."

This was discussed in the community meeting of September 19, 1951, called for the purpose of endorsing the co-op store plan. The motion that the store be co-op was passed 95 to 5.

Some misunderstanding about the status of the store in comparison with the Community Council can be cleared here. The Community Government has no jurisdiction over the store program. Both are parallel under the authority vested in President Case.

It is true that the Bard Community in February, 1951, decided on a committee to investigate the management of the store being made a co-op one, but no one made specific recommendations as to participation, site, member-

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## Inter-collegiate Press Roundup

**New Haven, Conn.—(I.P.)—**Since so many college men spend both time and money on weekends at women's colleges, a group of Yale students have now compiled a handbook to help the young man when he dates a college girl.

The book is called "Going Places" and is a guide to 20 Eastern women's colleges. There is a map of each campus, important telephone numbers, details about curfew, as well as a critique of nearby restaurants and nightclubs.

George P. Craighead, '52, of Detroit, Mich., is editor of the Yale Board that prepared the handbook which they plan to sell for one dollar to college men throughout the East. "Information about each women's college comes directly from the college officials," he explained, but added that his board did not stop there. About 40 college girls from the 20 colleges supplied "inside" facts about their own campus to aid visiting men.

Of the 20 colleges outlined, 19 are real schools, the twentieth is mythological. The editors have created a non-existent women's college located on a non-existent hill in New Hampshire. Life there is easy and the regulations lax, and the editors are hoping that the 19 other colleges may follow suit.

**Boston, Mass.—(I.P.)—**Is today's college student going to pieces under the pressures of a steady stream of crises in the international situation? "Not so," a Boston University educator states. "There is a distinct lack of demoralization in college students in these demoralizing times," he adds emphatically.

Dr. Edgar S. Brightman, head of the department of philosophy at Boston University, gave these views in an interview in which he praised the calm determination of today's college men and women. Students tend to take the long view, he believes. They sensibly see today's crises as important, but also know that men have always been faced with problems. "Today's low morals are not a new thing," Dr. Brightman said. "Go back in history, before Jesus and just after Homer. The Greek poet Hesiod exposed the wrongs of the day in his poems. And they sound very much like the exposures one reads today in the newspapers."

He believes that today's students have far less "war psychosis" than had the students during the last two great wars. "Compared to the students of my day, for instance," the noted scholar said, "the present generation of students is more informed and social-minded. Students have far more concern with international matters. They attempt to apply their ideals to the solutions of problems."

However, the ideals of today's college students are not of the

lost-in-the-clouds type, Dr. Brightman said. "Today's vast and complicated problems demand from students a great amount of faith in the ultimate goal of man, if these problems are to be solved." He sees that faith in students, and notes that they are continually developing it.

"Another noticeable difference in today's college student is frankness," he concluded. "In the matter of conformity to tradition, especially in sex matters, the college student today is likely to have what we'd call a 'looser' attitude. But the chief difference from yesterday's student is in frankness. Sex was not a talked-about subject. Today, it is frankly talked up."

**Wellesley, Mass.—(I.P.)—**"College pressures are not absolutely essential to Wellesley life," explained Mrs. Virginia Mayo Fiske, dean of the class of 1953 at Wellesley College, commenting on the survey of education conducted here. "They can be avoided by planning and discipline," she continued. "Too many people leave too much until the last moment."

The survey, conducted among students, teachers, parents, and deans in the college, is an attempt to discover the reasons for college pressures. According to Miss Jeannette McPherrin, dean of freshmen, "the majority of pressures in college seem to me to stem primarily from the everyday ones of our outside world. Others are a result of secondary school educations which demand perfection in every subject."

"Students must learn that there are certain times when cursory study is advisable. It is impossible in college education to dot every 'i' and cross every 't'."

Explaining the impossibility of better spacing of papers and quizzes, Miss Ella Keats Whiting, dean of instruction, pointed out that if only required courses were offered then definite scheduling could be arranged; without that, however, scheduling could not be accomplished.

Miss Whiting continued to say that although activities outside of the scholastic sphere are essential for a well balanced life, she feels that in Wellesley, major emphasis must be put on studies. If the academic program were not rather strenuous it would cease to be the central interest in the lives of the students.

**Gainesville, Fla.—(I.P.)—**"Job opportunities in architecture, building construction, and related fields will probably remain high for the next few years." This was the prediction made here by William T. Arnett, Dean of the College of Architecture and Allied Arts at the University of Florida.

Dean Arnett made the prediction in spite of record enrollments at the University in architecture,

## The Bayou

The night is young.  
Only trees swaying to and fro  
In the summer breeze  
Disturb the silence  
With a hush, hush, hush.  
Weeping willows bend and sway  
With the wind.  
The sky is grey;  
No life seems to exist in the Bayou.  
Fireflies light their way  
Through the dense, dark swamp.

The night is old.  
Only trees swaying to and fro  
In the summer breeze  
Disturb the stillness  
With a hush, hush, hush.  
—Joan Gluckert

## Letter to the Fakulty

Dear Teachers:

I no I'm knot a Fresh-woman but the enthusiasthma I have for my perished skool is intocksicating beyond the pint of normacy. This heres a sorta thank-q note too show my apparition four the help you gived me and for learning me so good. As far az I'm conceived theres know skool like Beer College and no peepal like yew, my teachers and fellow-stewdents. (Gal-stewdents, too.) My crickulem is good and I enjoy my klasses. Of corset duzn't leeve much tyme for Jim but one haz too remember I came here four Ed. Offen I procrustinate in the store or go too Jelly Sesshuns wear the mew-sikans send yew out of this world. When I return, I attend too my papers, (Mirror and News) so yew see its invenerial when I do my work jest as long az I hand it in to yew, my teachers. I like your good humors which reely sugar up my corses. You all ways are sew good-nutured. Frinistance, like the tyme I told yew the rezerve books were out and yew told me I could bye them in the store. Gee! I hadn't the mental ability to rason that out. I ges maybe I'm boaring yew, sew I'll sine out. Wishing yew good helth, happiness and posterity, I remane  
Yer everlasting stewardent,  
Helaine Kopp

building construction, interior design, and landscape architecture. "The phenomenal growth of Florida cities is creating an unprecedented demand for building of all types," he said. He stressed that there is an increasing shortage of qualified people to plan our communities and to design and construct the buildings needed.

In calling attention to this critical shortage, Dean Arnett emphasized three points: The building industry is one of the largest in the nation in terms of expenditure and employment; In spite of recent restrictions, estimates of building volume for 1951 have been revised; By the end of the year, the country will probably be geared to a defense economy that will be able to support increased construction in future years.

## Harvard's Psych. Department Too Interested In Tradition

—Smith

Lancaster, Pa. has given to Bard a new assistant professor of Psychology. Originally an Economics major at Amherst, Mr. Smith was interested in Industrial Management. However, an interest in teaching and people led him to change his major and after two years at Harvard, he received his M.A. Degree in Psychology. He left Harvard at this time, because he felt that as things existed in Harvard's former Psychology department, there was too much attention paid to tradition and not enough to stimulating new ideas in education.

When he left Harvard, he went out west and took a job in a steel mill where he worked as a Hot Bed Man, a Bundler, and as an Inspector. He became interested in the local union and was elected president. During this time he married, and finding that his opportunity to try his hand in the management end of things at the steel mill was stymied by his union position, he started searching for a job in management with another company. Mr. Smith succeeded in getting a job as Personnel Manager despite some difficulty caused by his previous connection with labor. Later he decided to go back to Harvard in their new Social Relations department, and his Ph.D. is now "hanging fire" pending the completion of his thesis.

With all this, Mr. Smith also found time to hitch-hike all over

the United States, missing only Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana. In the summer of 1937, he went to Germany, and again during the war he went to Africa and Italy where he was present at the Battle of Salerno. After the war, Mr. Smith spent a summer in England, France, and Germany, doing research on his thesis. This last trip was with the Experiment in International Living and each one of the group lived in a private home during their stay in each country, meeting the people in their own environment. Mr. Smith is very interested in "national character" and says that, of all the European countries, he finds Germany the most interesting and the most in contrast with the United States. He says that although he enjoys visiting Europe very much, he still thinks that the United States is the best and nicest place to live.

Most of you will be interested to know why Mr. Smith chose Bard. Well, after the "Ivory Tower" atmosphere of Harvard he wanted a place that was smaller and where closer attention could be paid to the students needs. He felt that here at Bard he has found this, and that the interest in learning is more alive and eager, therefore, more effective. He likes us very much and we are happy to have him with us, along with Mrs. Smith and the new addition to the family, David, as members of the Bard Community.

## Co-op

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was elected on October 11, was instructed to draft a set of by-laws governing such matters as membership; and to study financial needs. It was agreed that all regular students and members of the store be deemed members of the store for the purpose of electing the Permanent Store Committee.

The Committee will define membership and whether or not such membership shall be compulsory. They will review the actions of the Temporary Committee and draft by-laws subject to ratification by the community through the council. Most probably the membership of the store will be open to all members of the Bard Community, but that issue will be resolved at a later date by the membership.

It is to be remembered, in conclusion, that the college has donated the larger part of capital in the co-op store, and that actually the Administration through the President has delegated its authority to those members of the Bard community who wish to participate by having co-operative management of the store. This plan is for our benefit, and now, with the election of the new Permanent Store Committee, is our responsibility.

## SDA

Bard College's chapter of the Students for Democratic Action has begun its fall program with a campaign for Civil Liberties called "Operation Freethought." The campaign was opened by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt who spoke to an overflowing crowd in the gymnasium on "What Does the Threat to Civil Liberties Mean to Students." Mrs. Roosevelt is a founder and former vice chairman of Americans for Democratic Action which is the parent organization of SDA.

In cooperation with other campus organizations, SDA plans to hold two more general meetings with speakers of note who will discuss certain issues such as Academic Freedom and the Smith Act. These educational meetings will be followed by action programs designed to carry the weight of student and faculty opinion beyond the Bard campus.

During the Spring semester the Bard chapter will take up American Foreign Policy with special emphasis on President Truman's Point Four Program. Bard College may be chosen as the site for SDA's fifth annual national convention next summer.

SDA also participates in political campaigns in behalf of any candidate deemed worthy of its support. Last year the Bard chapter supported James R. Bourne, Democratic candidate for the House of Representatives, and Herbert H. Lehman for the Senate. Mr. Bourne is the husband of Mrs. Dorothy Bourne, a member of the Bard faculty teaching sociology. Of interest to some may be the fact that three Bard students are active in the national organization. Charles Naef is on the National Board and co-chairman of the Foreign Policy Committee of which Arnon Gafny and John Munzinger are also members.

## Charlie's Diner

Junction of 9G and Rt. 199  
DINING & SANDWICHES  
Service at All Hours

## McMichael's Jewelry Store

Watch, Clock and Jewelry  
Repairing

Red Hook, N. Y.

Eight

## Record Library Expands

"Students should take greater advantage of the one hundred new selections added to the Bard College record library over this summer," said Mrs. Fraunfelder. These recent acquisitions were made possible by the gift of \$500 from Frank H. Ferris, Jr., a Bard Alumnus, who donated this amount in memory of his sister, Mrs. Esther Ferris Audsley.

A group consisting of Mr. Clair Leonard, Mrs. Fraunfelder, and Miss Brownell met early in the summer to decide just what was to be purchased with the money. They decided that since the library would probably not have

such great funds at its disposal for quite a time, it would be wise to obtain large and costly collections such as complete operas, the longer works of Bach, The Damnation of Faust by Berlioz, and Negro Folk Music of Africa and America.

The collection this year is not limited only to classical music, however. Special care was taken to provide for all tastes. Outstanding in the library's new collection are Bach's Christmas Oratorio, Mendelssohn's Elijah; and such complete operas as Tristan und Isolde, Carmen, Aida, Orfeofi and Don Giovanni. The library contains most of the outstanding

Chopin records that have been released, interesting selections by Milhaud, Bartok, Stravinsky, Villa Lobos, Copland, Hindemuth, Schoenberg, and jazz recordings selected by Mr. Humphrey. Also among the additions are excerpts from L'Anthologie Sonore, which is a superb collection of early music, and duplicates of ballets such as Billy the Kid, to be used by the dance department.

"The record library welcomes recommendations from the students concerning future acquisitions," Mrs. Fraunfelder mentioned, "for the new record library is primarily for the students themselves."