A LOOK AT THE ART DIVISION

There is a group on campus with a particularly eager and intense look, a group that drinks more of coffee and is seen prowling about the art classes, mumbling about the price of paints and brushes. These are art majors and can be distinguished from the mob by their talk of spots of paint on face and hands and by the subtle odor of turpentine and linseed oil on their clothes. Little has been said about them in these columns, their work, which they are trying to say and the results of their work.

This writer examined the exhibit in Orient Gallery and the finished canvases in the studio. There is a marked difference between paint- ings. They don't all look as though the painter was influenced by the same artist. This is generally the case in most art schools; the teacher turns out a group of painters who are reasonably the same as the teacher. The fact that there is a variety in style is due to Stephen McRory, the professor of art. He has taught technique without forcing his own style into each canvas.

Some of his students are talented and there is evidence that one or two may be good in the future. The chance to paint whatever one chooses and the freedom to find a style has resulted in an excellent fine painting.

The exhibit was mostly graphic or as little abstract as possible. Todd still lives in constant risk to reproduce colors of color depicting phases of violence. Nevertheless, even the worst seems to show an improvement as compared to the same artist's work earlier in the year. We can look forward to cer- tain artists and rapid improvement if this last show was a criteria of work to come.

A poster exhibition is now being held in Orient Gallery and upstairs in the art studio. There are lettered posters, photo and motion- picture effects. This writer liked them all. Although some were confused in their information, they served a purpose; to be attention-getter. Mr. McRory feels that "attention-getting" is interesting, unless it is done with impressive taste and with consum- mate skill. This exhibit of posters we feel, has answered and fulfilled these requirements. The exhibition is well-worth seeing.

Literary Yearbook

The idea of a school yearbook was bandied about last fall with disappointing results. The book that was planned was a leather-bound pandemonium rivaling the worst other yearbooks. The idea was sub- mitted to President Grey who felt that there was no need for a yearbook here at Bard and he suggested try- ing to get a yearbook that would make a Yearbook different from that of Michigan University and every high school in the country. Larry Henderson and Bob Grinnig, who originated the idea here couldn't attempt to make up dummy issues with photographs and cut-ins without knowing beforehand whether or not the idea would be accepted. The result was that the idea was dropped.

We feel that there is a need here for something chronicling the school... (Continued on Page 5, Column 2)
LOOKING AROUND

Ed. Note. With this issue the Bardian resumes the column identified by the title of “Looking Around.” Each week the members of the community will report on a phase of campus life particularly interesting to him. Unsolicited contributions are also desired and should be sent to: Campus Mail, “The Bardian,” for “Looking Around.”

To the Editor:

In calling attention to the rather sharp attack on the administration of the college in the last issue of the Bardian, I should like to state my opinion that the “incidents” which served as a basis for the article appear to be petty and a bit foolish. The effect of the article was weakened by using comparatively insignificant matters. Furthermore, the degree of sharpness was uncalled for and serves little constructive purpose for the present.

However this might be, I approve of the article because it bluntly points out a trend which is becoming more obvious to us each day. The present state of affairs finds the administration attempting to enforce certain little rules and orders arbitrarily, and the students responding with disobedience and resentment. This is indeed a deplorable situation which must be remedied immediately. I believe that certain members of the administration should stop paying lip-service to community government while engaged in figuring out how to get around the students.

No one enjoys being dictated to, but has anyone stopped and asked himself why the administration has suddenly broken out in a rash of action? Have you forgotten how we wallowed around in Convocation last year without accomplishing much in the way of constructive action? Remember how a weak Council didn’t have the courage to carry out its own resolution, thus rendering the Constitution a scrap of paper? Most certainly such and every one of us recall that the very simple and liberal rules concerning the proper use of the social rooms have been ignored by the members of the community.

These rules were passed by Convocation, not by the administration! Many members of this community are unwilling to accept the responsibility of governing themselves as mature persons should. If this is so, the administration is quite right in taking back the power which has been leased to us.

The Bardian’s article was too one-sided. We should look to ourselves for a great deal of blame, and corrective measures should begin with a little soul-searching within each of us.

Everyone on this campus envisions ahead of us the greatest year in the history of our school. Let us not spoil it by squabbling over petty differences. The administration is still apparently willing to let the students handle the affairs of community government. We must accept the responsibility and privileges that the Power justly, wisely and, above all, forcefully. We must be effective, or lose the right to govern ourselves.

The Power of the Council

There is a general consensus that the present Community Council is ineffective and weak. Rather than place the blame on themselves, some members of the Council appear more willing to indicate that both Convocation and the Constitution are to blame. The Convocation is at fault for not passing strong legislation. The Constitution is lacking because it does not give the Council the power to legislate. So runs the argument, as indicated by the discussion carried on in the Council at its meeting October 15th.

It might be strongly pointed out that Convocation has past all the necessary legislation the Council needs. The rules are quite liberal it is true, but there has been little complaint either from the administration, or from the more conservative members of the Community regarding the rules themselves. The complaint enters regarding the rules themselves. The complaint enters...
A GIRL LIKE THAT

by Robert B. Sherman

The night was red and a girl sitting at the table to my left seemed like the kind of girl she’d like to know how to talk to; and in talking to her I cried and decided to meet her.

She was sitting at the bar with another girl, and she was drinking. I looked over to her and the bar and plunked down a ten dollar bill and said your drinks are on me girls; although I didn’t care much for buying drinks for the other girl, I didn’t want it to seem too obvious that I was making a play for the red head.

The other girl looked up at me and smiled and said thanks because they were just about broke at that time. I felt like a real nice guy and glanced at myself in the mirror behind the bartender and thought I did look nice in my blue serger with the gold discharge button on the lapel.

After a couple of drinks with the other girl, she would come back to the bar and would have a dance with me. She looked up at me for the first time then, and she didn’t seem about broke any more. My eyebrow went ever so slightly and slid off the bar stool and took my arm as we walked over to the dance floor. Maybe it was the drinks and maybe it was the way she always danced, but I thought that she danced like she liked me. And after all, why shouldn’t she like me? I’m a good looking guy and I bought her some drinks, and I was very polite. When the music stopped, I gave her an extra little squeeze around the waist to let her know that I was still there and she pushed away from me and led me back to the table and waited and out of the corner of my eye I saw my pals were leaving the night club; I watched them wish ed at me as I left, and I smiled and waved at him behind the red head, so only he could see me and I left. I didn’t want to ruin the night with the girl. And I guess that then I thought I wasn’t doing too badly myself. I kept hoping that the red head would loosen up and talk. She hadn’t said anything so far, and I really wondered what her voice sounded like. I could always tell a lot about a girl just by the sound of her voice. I guess some people are just born with that ability; like my old man most of the time could distinguish a horse just by the way it walked.

I thought that maybe I could draw her out by telling her a little about myself. I had a few drinks in me and I was feeling rel eased, and when I look that way I talk and feel like, “wow how beautiful it is at night when you’re driving along the coast highway with the beach house lights and the stars and the mountains on one side and the sand and the water on the other.”

After I told her about that she smiled and said that it sounded really nice. She had a soft low voice and I could tell that she was a dame with a heart and could easily be passionate with a guy, that she liked pretty well.

Then I remember that I asked her if she would care to hear some songs that I knew when I was in the Army. She said not now, but she did, so I sang a couple, but they were a bit too slow for her, and she finally said that she would take a rest. After singing, I wanted her to join in with me for a chorus, and she refused and just sat with the elbows on the bar and looked over her drink into the blue mirror behind the bartender. The other girl must have left with some guy when I was singing, because I didn’t see her around. A couple of guys with discharge buttons came over to the bar and we started singing that Linyee song again, and I wanted to be a soldier. It was a lot of fun because those guys all knew the words too. But just try me, I’m going to change the band.

Call out the members of the Old Brigade

They’ll keep England free... and the bar and he saw and his lip arn around the red-head’s waist, and I always claimed him and she gave her bow ever so slightly. I wanted to call that mather off, but those type I can’t stand with wouldn’t let me go. And when we got through singing the end of the song.

Call out your mother.

Your sister and your brother

But for Christ sakes don’t you?

She was walking out of the club with this other guy. I didn’t know how to approach her in any shape or to begin running after darned, or arguing with other guys. But what then! She is the kind of girl that would let herself be picked up by just any old guy who she didn’t even know.

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

Sam Parelle is sitting in his favorite hangout with his favorite friends. The conversation has turned to the progress of the song that is playing in the ballroom. And in answer to that question, it is true. Sam is very eager to assure any of those who think he has many enemies, that he is not. I am not even sure if it is his heart to refuse Harry. "Yes, having a new sensation. It is all done as Harry wishes. My boys leave Harry on a very quiet island, as Harry does not care much for company." "Sam is very considerate of Harry’s feelings," Mifflin Grayborough say ed, "otherwise I don’t see anything of the sort. What is his name? Harry, is that it. It is true. It seems Harry does not care much for a musical policy."

And "very dangerous, handsome," Mifflinsına говорит, "but they are always engaged in Sam Parelle’s enterprise."

Don is a quiet little man, and he is true. Sam’s friends do not try to diminish Harry. Instead of which he nicely enough, which is something I am very proud of. Some of his followers stay out of sight for a long time, and he is soon cheerfully establishing a smuggling syndicate. Most of his friends can not feel unhappy. His name is very often heard in the club. There are some of some of his friends. Don’t tell me they are the same. He is an old Saint, Mifflin."

"Yes, that’s the name. And that’s the story of Harry. I believe I detected enough evidence in some of your faces. Don’t tell me you are not there, I know there is a truly magnanimous individual."

Joe the out doughs quietly.

Peter Kaufman come before you and say, "If you have any doubts, I’ll pick it up."

Ah! Here. Isn’t a little young? I guess you’re just used to being in an elevator the site of A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

The Bardian, October 23, 1946 Page 3

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

The Hay's Office

In case you didn't know it, the name of that man who gleefully bid a welcome to a new student at the beginning of the year is Ernest M. Haye. And Mr. Haye's his tory is, by all accounts, a story of getting one. Mr. Haye, a native of Tientsin, China, near the town of Chefoo, which was used by the Haye's Atlantic Squadron as a summer seaside. Mr. Haye attended prep school in Chefoo, came to the country for his college degrees, and then returned to China. He worked as a reporter on the fall of 1928, when he came to this country for a permanent stay.

Mr. Haye taught at his Boys' School in Chefoo as one of the most memorable influences in his life. The school was British and old fashioned, complete with prefects and the flag system. This system worked on mottos from my room so I have the impressions of the story. I can’t see you tonight. Dorm rules, qui ets and such.

Susa Osborn.

An N.Y. U. Student Looks at Bard

Come along with me, my dear little Bardian friend and see what it’s like at a big city school. Oh, don’t forget to wear your desk clothes at the other side of the building or you won’t get your loaf on the line for the ever-foul desserts on this side of the line. What? You’re feeling kind of stuffy, because you have a case of nose? Well, don’t mind that. At least you know to have that nose off for a change. You want to keep the light and the crowd will carry you along. You’ll get used to having your feet dangling. Will we get to class on time? Don’t be silly! It’s already a quarter past nine, and the class starts at ten.

Mind coming late? Well, there’s always someone coming in after you. It’s okay long as you expect after class that you were there. Don’t they know who’s absent? My God! With anywhere girls, the story of Harry. I believe I detected enough evidence in some of your faces. Don’t tell me you are not there, I know there is a truly magnanimous individual.

I don’t know many people here. Unless you join a club and get to know them that’s kind of difficult. You can’t expect them to open their doors to you. A lot of them just don’t know they’re not very popular. There are so many of them, and they all go different ways after class. When you have to take courses as a course, you also want to take courses, and you can’t be in two places at the same time.

One of the Bard’s greatest strengths is the way it is doing what it does. It is possible that the Bard is a true student for the students. Yet, Mr. Haye avers, "I find Bard quite different."

A.V.C. Chapter Started Here

(Continued from Page 2, Column 1)

The organization of the A.V.C. could not happen. The only way in which the A.V.C. would concern itself with any of the affairs of the campus, in my opinion, would be in matters affecting the students’ welfare and tuition payments. In addition an A.V.C. chapter on this campus would interest itself in the expediting of the numerous forms and claims with practices which large body of veterans currently request.

It is the conclusion of this task Steele asked for a squad of hands for the organization. Steele expressed the idea that in the future the A.V.C. interests would be concerned in the process of being interested in the A.V.C. The response was practically unanimous in favor of procedure set up in and form. The A.V.C. would be in the position of working on the many large body of veterans’ concerns.

The camp meeting on the V.O.C. Chapter is going to meet several times this year. On limiting their meetings to the small group presence it was assumed that these meetings would be held in the main part of the V.O.C. Chapter will try to meet every week, later on limiting their meetings to the small group presence it was assumed that these meetings would be held in the large part of the V.O.C. Chapter will try to meet every week, later on limiting their meetings to the small group presence it was assumed that these meetings would be held in the large part of the V.O.C.

Gee, I think we may be able to make some progress in the sciences if you can’t pull your teeth in a little further. I wonder, as I look back, why you can’t make me feel the breath, maybe we can make it easier for you. You can’t make me feel the breath, maybe we can make it easier for you. You can’t make me feel the breath, maybe we can make it easier for you.

(Continued on Page 4, Column 2)
Letters to the Editor
October 14, 1946.

To the Editor:

Readers: I trust that I shall not be considered too pedantic if I point out an error that is being committed frequently and has now found its way into the Bardian. It is the old mistake of the use of two titles—Bardian and Honorable. In this particular instance it is the reference to "Her Schaefer" (this page) on page 5 of your first issue. It is unfortunate for the Bardian that our Chaplain is no stuffed shirt, for he might well take offense. Not only his name misspelled, for it is Schaefer, not Schaefer, but the use of the word "Honorable" immediately before the last name of a person is incorrect. To call a priest " Reverend Schaefer" is as incorrect as to call the Governor "Honorable Dewey."

This has nothing at all to do with, choirmanship, Protestant or Catholic, "high church" or "low church," it is incorrect. The Bardian is not alone in committing this crime against English grammar; it has the company of the Register's office and of the Library. In the interests of good English I urge these people, as well as the Editors, to read "Correct Usage" on page 10 of the current dictionary in the Library.

Sincerely,

Emil Oberholzer.

Literary Yearbook
(Continued from Page 1, Column 1)

That something could include the best writings, paintings and essays that were produced for that year. Hand or division could select material that they thought worthy of being included in a presentation of the best work at Bard. We also feel that the Bard scholars should receive more recognition, more than just polite hand-clapping when their names are announced at graduation. Photographs of these scholars could also be included in this book. Perhaps small pictures of the senior class or a group picture should be added since their graduation is an integral part of the year; but all references to what they did, liked and disliked and who their favorite movie star is, should be omitted.

The book would be a record in plain binding for about a dollar a copy. A reminder of the best in scholastic achievement for a given year instead of a mass of snapshots showing any dances in Albee or the best looking and most popular people on campus. Certainly no group pictures of the various committees at school—that would run into money. Not even a picture of the "Bardian."

The Hayes Office
(Continued from Page 3, Column 1)

shouldn't have mentioned the incident, with the tennis courts here.)

Alan Ostrom.