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BARDIAN

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All the problems of the world could be settled easily if men were only willing to think.
—Nicholas Murray Butler

THE BARDIAN

When the archer misses the center of the target he turns around and seeks for the cause within himself.
—Confucius

A Journal of Individual Expression

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The Negro

By CAROLINE ANDREWS

The Negro of the United States presents one of our greatest problems today—a problem which moves into a more conspicuous light as time goes by, whose solution lies in the future. The possible alleviation or cure of the trouble is for the white people to decide, for in their conscience is the future of the American Negro.

The Negro problem included many phases which may be separated into these fairly generalized categories. Foremost is the need for the acceptance of the Negro by white Americans as an equal member of society. Linked with this is the necessity for a clear definition of the Negro's part in our economic, political, and social life. Racial questions, race-aversion and prejudice and race amalgamation must be settled. Emphasis must be placed on an intensive education of all the people regarding negro equality.

Various regions of the United States think very differently about the problem. Naturally those who live in districts where there is little or no Negro population attach little importance to the problem, although they are aware that one exists elsewhere. Few Americans are really unaware, and it is disturbing our national conscience more and more. This uneasiness is growing from the rising educational level and group consciousness of the Negroes themselves; the danger of intensified economic dislocation with its serious effects on Negro employment and the generally increasing tension around democracy as a way of life and a form of government.

Those people who feel it no concern of theirs attempt to explain away the problem. For example, many Southerners believe that the North has a Negro problem because Northerners have not yet learned to keep Negroes in their proper place. Northerners know that the problem in the South is more acute because of greater prejudice and more widespread discrimination there. Intelligent students of the situation realize that no matter what region is most to blame, it is the responsibility of all Americans to call the question and deal with the matter liberally, justly and *now*.

First among those who realize the seriousness of the problem is the Negro himself. Thanks to our fictionized literature, many Americans grow up with a completely misguided impression of the average Negro; too often he is depicted as a carefree, comical figure, free from worries, and satisfied with his lot. Quite a distorted view, when the truth is that a contented Negro is a rare phenomenon, and that he is acutely, uncomfortably and usually resentfully aware of his present status in society.

One phase of the situation which must not be underrated as a factor in discriminations, is what some term a "natural aversion" to Negroes. This allegedly innate revulsion may not take the form of active dislike; the victims of such feelings may wish the Negro every good thing, every equality, and may indeed feel friendly toward them, yet it will be impossible for them to associate themselves with any sort of active assistance. It is ridiculous to believe that white men were intended to shun their brothers because of differences in skin pigmentation and facial characteristics. In most cases, such aversion can be traced back to some childhood fear, experience or impression, which has developed as the person has grown. There are, however, very definite and logical reasons underlying race prejudice. Economic competition and urges and fears for social status make it easy to understand why it is so much easier to increase rather than decrease race prejudice.

(Continued on page 3 column 1 and 2)

IN MEMORIAM

. . . The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith.

The death of our late President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, has brought to our realization quite clearly, that the success of any future world peace rests as much on "intangibles" as on the written promises signed by various political leaders—documents which are many times empty gestures or momentary expedients. No matter how beautifully a declaration is written up, it is to no avail unless the faith of mankind is behind it, and its leaders show a deep and heartfelt interest based on trust and cooperation.

When the world heard the sad news there was at first a sense of shock, followed by a feeling of emptiness—the emptiness felt upon the loss of a personal friend, for President Roosevelt had that quality of making the average person feel as though he or she were taking an active part in Presidential leadership. What was still greater, he was able to instill faith in the faithless.

For two years, beginning in 1940, the fate of the world hung on a precarious balance. First came the Fall of France, then the Battle of Britain—a battle which the enemy never knew how close he came to winning—then another disastrous blow which crippled a good part of our Pacific fleet at Pearl Harbor.

In the meanwhile, the war on the Eastern Front was being enacted in all its fury and the Russians were reeling back before the onslaught of the Wehrmacht. Then in early November, 1942, came the turning-point of the war—El Alamein—a name important in the annals of the European conflict, for at El Alamein the long and bloody road to Berlin started.

Across the waste and desert land of North Africa and into the mountains of Tunisia; across the Mediterranean to Salerno, Cassino, and Anzio; from Stalingrad onward to the West and from the Channel to the East, the Allied forces rolled forward wtih increasing crescendo. They would not be stopped.

While these momentous events were passing into recorded history, the tremendous task of rallying the world against a common enemy began, which was to bring the Allied Nations out of the dregs of defeat and place them on the road to victory.

President Roosevelt early realized that successful battles alone were not enough to win the war, and that the ultimate defeat of the enemy was only a part of the total victory. The great task that lay ahead was the attainment of lasting peace based on international cooperation. To this task the President devoted to the full his strength and wisdom.

Starting with the Atlantic Charter, he fought with heroic effort to keep the Allied Nations —nations with differing ideas and ideologies —working together on common ground for a common good. Through the United Nations' Declaration and the Teheran Conference, he extended this endeavor.

Then in the first month of this year the rumblings of discontent again were ominously heard among the leading powers. This time the President was to expend the last of his energy at Yalta to repair the cleavages wrought by changing conditions. Today only his spirit remains to give the necessary impetus to carry on the task which he set for himself and the world. He has now taken his place among the great symbols by which men live, the symbol of a stalwart leader in the struggle of humanity.

We can build no greater monument to the memory of Franklin Roosevelt than the monument of peace. Stone statues are cold and fill the empty spaces in our parks and squares. Let us instead fill our hearts with that spirit with which he fought to shape a better world. The San Francisco Conference can be such a monument—a successful one. It not only can be, but must be. It will be a difficult task; even more so since the war in Europe is in its very last stages and the Allied nations are no longer as dependent upon each other as in those months when the outcome was far from certain.

For Tomorrow

By CHRISTINE FRERICHS

The prospects for next year appear excellent. With many more applications than there are places to fill, the Administration has a great deal of leeway in selecting new students. An enlarged student body means faculty expansion and a wider variety of courses, besides being a much needed shot-in-the-arm for campus organizations.

We can do much next year toward widening the chances for educational experience at Bard. But, just as easily, we can flounder as a college community the way we have done this year. We can feel after three months, as many of us did, that the social atmosphere of the college, so one-sided and over-emphasized, gave little incentive for work.

We can lose interest in the experiment of progressive education because of the general attitude of disinterest in work and community life. Things did pick up in the second term, I believe. Probably because a reaction to our college anaemia was inevitable.

There are obvious reasons why this year has been more chaotic and less productive than it ought to have been and a major one is the fact that we entering students had no large body of experienced students to set the tone of the college for us. Little orientation was planned by the old students. Many of the boys had only been here one term themselves, they were dis-united and a little appalled by us all. Some appeared, and still do, quite unenthusiastic and unsure about Bard, progressive education, and all that goes with it. This got us off to a bad start. The social life was heavily emphasized those first few weeks (dances in Albee every night, etc.) while little stress was put on the educational side.

When we registered many of us were very vague as to the meaning of "divisions," "majors," and "TMC's." Even now many of us are unacquainted with people in our division. However, we were all vitally aware of the social freedom we were granted. No wonder all our major campus discussions were to be over social policies (inter-visiting, the constitution, rules, etc.) instead of educational ones. Even as yet we are comparatively uninformed as to the exact nature and work of the EPC, an organization that should equal the Convocation and Council in importance.

It is needless to say more about the necessity for united effort next year. The greatest test will be bridging the yawning abyss that is inevitably felt between entering students and the old timers.

How shall we go about channelling the experiences of those first weeks toward an interesting and productive college year? It is my opinion that during the first week of orientation for new students, more emphasis should be put on the academic aspects at Bard. Dr. Gray might speak on education and perhaps assign some appropriate reading to be done before registration. Divisional meetings with faculty describing the work of the courses, especially TMCs, should be opened to all before registration. Reading lists of books should be issued immediately so that work can begin, eliminating the boredom of pre-class days. During the first week there should be student divisional meetings to enable the majors in the several divisions to meet each other and discuss their common work, courses, teachers, etc. Questions could be answered and student work of the year before could be exhibited.

In reference to the social life of the campus, the Council is preparing a handbook to be given to all students. It will relay useful information regarding campus organizations, standards, facilities, etc. There will also be a separately published directory of all faculty

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The Bardian

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War Bond Drive

THE Treasury Department has announced that the Seventh War Loan Drive will begin on May 14, 1945. The reasons for a new loan, at this time, tend to be eclipsed by elation over the collapse of Germany. This should not be the case.

Although the expense of a European campaign has been eliminated, the problem of financing the war is far from over. Japan will not be defeated without an intensification of effort that will place additional demands upon the Treasury, requirements that can best be satisfied by a successful War Loan.

The defeat of Germany will not put increased quantities of consumers' goods on the market, overnight. To prevent inflation, purchasing power must be diverted from competing for the still-limited supplies. This can be accomplished only if the Seventh War Loan is successful.

Awareness of the fact that the war is not yet won, coupled with the realization that the return to a peacetime economy will be a gradual process, makes it apparent that the Seventh War Loan is a necessity. War Bond purchases must not decrease, if it is to fulfill its purpose.

For Peace

THE best way of trying to convince people is to talk to them in language they can understand. Regardless of his moral bent, a person is always willing to accept what seems to be advantageous to him. In the case of nations, this same truth applies.

A country might conceivably exist which concerned itself first with the world's welfare, then with its own. People have been known to achieve greatness, not because of these motives, but in spite of them, and it is plausible to imagine a nation doing the same thing. However, three centuries of national power politics have served to convince nations of the inadvisability of altruism. Instances of unselfishness among world powers are few and far-between. The attitude of any nation is one of pure self-interest, uncolored by adherence to any set of moral precepts. Groups guided by this force can only understand arguments which are ethically neutral. Tragic as this fact may be, it is the only realistic way of discussing peace conditions and post-war plans. Appeals to the humanitarian instincts are morally uplifting, but of little practical significance.

It does not seem unreasonable to state that, since the rise of etatism in the 17th century, states have been occupied with no ends other than the increase of their power. This has led to numerous wars, interspersed with periods of unstable equilibrium, during which the vanquished plotted, while the victors consolidated their forces. The problem of the post-war planners is to prevent recurrence of this kind of history.

It can hardly be believed that the dominating motivation of nations will change at the peace table. If it does, then the problem is virtually eliminated. Nations, consciously seeking a warless world, even if it appears to require sacrifices of individual power, would have little trouble achieving their goal. But states, consciously seeking to increase their power, with world peace as an important, but subsidiary objective, will at best, stalemate themselves, unless the conditions for both ends are shown to be the same.

International cooperation, the proposed solution, is an ideal way of establishing lasting world peace. Offered as the ethically correct answer, it has little influence. If international cooperation is to appeal to egocentric nations, it must adopt another approach. Emphasis must be placed on the fact that the self-interest of any nation can best be advanced by cooperation with other nations, that voluntary abandonment of the power principle, besides being the ethically proper action, is also the most enlightened policy a self-seeking state can follow.

Here is the only way to influence nations towards the adoption of a system that will benefit the world. Awareness of it should enable true humanitarians to substitute a realistic approach for moral appeals that fall upon deaf ears, enabling them to exert an influence in an unhumanitarian world.

J. P.

Common Ground

NEW students at Bard are often amazed to find their instructors asking for suggestions as to how classes should be conducted. "What do you want to do?" "How shall we do it?" Questions like these, heard by every student at some time, are an indication of the faculty's desire to avoid being bored by students, forced to work on assigned topics in a specific manner. For the realization of this desire, a definite understanding between students and teachers is required.

It is the duty of every student to inform his instructors when he is dissatisfied. This does not mean that the instructor is bound to acquiesce to the complaint, but friendly discussion of the problem is conducive to an ultimate solution. Failure of students to make their complaints known to the faculty concerned has resulted in the unnecessary embarrassment of certain professors, besides creating an atmosphere of distrust.

There is no reason for hesitance on the part of any student. One of the functions of the advisor is to encourage advisees in the expression of their reactions to various subjects and methods of teaching. It is impossible for students and teachers to work together effectively, if the former do not cooperate by being frank in their opinions. It is useless, and sometimes harmful, to voice complaints in conversations with other students. A dissatisfied student should discuss the matter impersonally with the advisor, or more directly, with the instructor involved.

Faculty members must emphasize their willingness to discuss complaints and suggestions. Advisees must realize that student initiative is welcomed in planning work. These procedures should indicate to students that complaints are not regarded as personal insults. With this realization, few barriers will remain in the way of mutual understanding and progress.

J. P.

Memo

Now that Spring is here and the campus is budding with various blossoms, both human and botanical, it is more necessary than ever to keep the grounds neat and uncluttered. Please, please, please remember that although it's very delightful to shift quarters to the green, those paper napkins and that milk shake carton must be thrown away—in the proper place. Visitors will hardly admire the Bard campus if the grounds resemble the local waste paper salvage depot.

Looking Fall-ward

IN this issue of the Bardian there is an article written by Christine Frerichs which the editors strongly encourage. It is a simple statement of facts known to most of us in the community; the question now remains, will we endorse it fully?

Christine Frerich's article should be read carefully and thoughtfully and with the realization that Bard has outgrown its adolescence and must approach full-grown maturity gracefully and without mishap. It is up to each old student to take the problem to heart and endeavor to help as much as possible.

It is hoped that Council members will consider appointing so-called student guides to form a "welcoming committee" in the Fall for newcomers.

In close connection with some salient points brought out by Miss Frerichs, week-ends like the Potter weekend, and taes such as the one sponsored by Warden's Hall a few months ago contribute to the solidification of a happy, harmonious campus life. Everyone joins in and promotes well-being and the feeling of *camaraderie* so necessary to the successful functioning of community living. It is hoped that more plans will be made along this order, for the Fall term. Teas and picnics, dances and bonfires, as well as interesting lectures and stimulating discussions, foster the tradition of a normal, homologous society, working and living on an even tenor.

J. R.

Looking At Books

By JIM GAVIN

APARTMENT IN ATHENS by Glenway Wescott, 268 pages, $2.50, 1945.

Apartment in Athens, a novel by Glenway Wescott, is another one of those stories which have gained considerable popularity lately. The setting is Greece, but it could have been any one of a number of countries which have felt the horror of Nazi oppression.

With their oldest son, Cimon, killed early in the war, Mr. and Mrs. Helianos were left with their younger children. At the beginning of the invasion, this middle-class Greek family moved from their suburban home into an apartment in Athens.

Although the Helianos family suffered the privations common to all Athenians at that time, their existence had pretty much been their own until Captain Kalter, an officer in the German army of occupation was billeted with them. He immediately took over two of the four rooms in their apartment for his own use. He lorded it over the entire household and reduced the Helianos' to the lowest form of domestic servility.

This situation continued for more than a year until Captain Kalter went to Germany on leave. When he returned to Athens two weeks later, he seemed a completely changed man. His former attitude of unrelenting cruelty was replaced by a listless preoccupation.

It is interesting to note the psychological effects on the family of Kalter's varying attitudes. They were very submissive to his whims, almost to the point of being sycophants. His changed attitude therefore, made them anxious to find the cause. And so they lived in constant fear that he would return to his former cruelty.

Amazingly enough, Kalter became more and more friendly with the Helianos; he invited them into his sitting room during which time he constantly expounded the Nazi doctrine. According to this doctrine, Germany's ultimate goal is the domination of the world.

In the course of such discussions, the secret of Kalter's sudden transformation is revealed. How Mr. Helianos reacts to this and the eventual outcome of the situation make the high point of the book.

One criticism which might be made of the author's presentation of the character of Mr. Helianos is that the man's thoughts are revealed objectively, rather than though words and actions. Then again, Wescott has never seen Athens.

In a letter from Helianos to his wife, the author brings out one of his important points—an apparently superfluous warning to America to prevent Germany from carrying out her plans in the future.

In Tune

By RICHARD GAYNOR

The Music Department of the College presented the Fifth Concert of the 1944-45 season at Bard Hall, on April 11th. The program consisted of three works for piano trio, namely the *Trio in C Minor* by Brahms, Paul Schwartz's *Trio (Op. 10)*, and Mendelssohn's *Trio in D Minor*. A distinguished group of artists performed these works with preciseness and feeling. Walter Bricht was the pianist, Guido Brand the violinist, and Isadore Gusikoff the 'cellist. By way of information, Mr. Bricht was for many years on the music faculty of Mason College at Charlotte, West Virginia. Mr. Gusikoff was formerly first 'cellist of the Philadelphia Orchestra and is at present filling the same position for the WOR Symphony Orchestra.

The summer of 1886 was a fruitful one indeed for Brahms. It was during this time that he completed three of his noblest chamber works, among these, the *Trio in C Minor Op. 101.* Only the Double Concerto was yet to come.

Significantly, this concerto follows the *C Minor Trio* in a chronological catalog of Brahms' works. If we bear this in mind, we can more readily understand how it was possible for the composer to say so much by utilizing the instruments that comprise the trio. The opening movement is one of Brahms' greatest creations. Its conciseness in thought is the key to its success.

The large audience that filled Bard Hall heard a fine performance of this Trio. The only complaint that I might have found was the seeming lack of balance between our performing artists. This might have been due to the accoustics of Bard Hall. Mr. Brand and Mr. Guisikoff proved their artistry especially in the second movement with it marvelous effect achieved through pizzicato.

Modern music was represented on the program with a performance of Paul Schwartz's *Trio Op. 10*. The work has been performed at the Maverick Concerts in Woodstock, New York, and was among the prize-winning compositions at the Composer's Congress in Chicago last year. The titles that Dr. Schwartz has given to each of the four movements are a clue to their form. The first movement is simply marked "Fantasia." Within its confines we find the two motifs that make up the major part of the trio's themeatic material. We are introduced to the first of these themes in the opening chords played by the piano. This first theme is rhythmical in character and is used to contrast the second theme which enters a few bars later. This second theme is melodic. The first movement leads directly into the second without pause. This second movement, marked Sonata, is in sonata form, utilizing the above two themes. The third movement, Intermezzo, begins and ends in the strings. It affords ample opportunity for the expression of each instrument. The work is concluded with a quick rondo. I liked the Trio for many reasons. One of them is the way in which the composer uses each instrument to accompany the other two and so achieving a balance between all instruments.

The concert concluded with the playing of Mendelssohn's *Trio in D Minor (Op. 49)*. Of this trio, Robert Schumann said; "This is the master-trio of our time, even as Beethoven's in B-flat and D, and Schubert's in E-Flat were the masterpieces of their day; it is an exceedingly fine composition which will gladden our grandchildren and greatgrandchildren for many years to come." What more can be said of this work?

With this concert, the 1944-1945 Fall-Winter season is concluded. The season has been a noteworthy one during which we have had ample opportunity to hear music of almost every school and for a variety of chamber instruments and groups. Throughout the season, we have had several open workshop concerts to augment the regular formal concerts. These workshop programs have been of a very high quality both from the standpoint of programming and performance.

Our performing artists have been chosen not only from the faculty and students of the college but from the active concert world as well. As examples of this, I can recall the memorable concert last fall when Elly Kassman was heard here in a piano recital. Miss Kassman later appeared in a Town Hall recital playing virtually the same program.

Summer plans have not as yet been announced as yet. However, I feel certain that the high standards that have prevailed throughout the fall and winter will be continued for the summer term. The 1945-1946 concert season will begin in October.

The Negro

(Continued from page 1, Col. 1)

Within the last generation the problem has been brought more and more to the attention of the public and its perplexities have increased. Until the advent of the New Deal, the practical Negro problem involved civil rights, education, charity and little more, but now it has widened to include housing, nutrition, education, relief and social security, medicine, wages and hours, working conditions, and lately, the armed forces and the war industries. The Negroes' share in all this new state activity is meager but it is at least a share—certainly a step forward. All these problems arise from one fundamental complex of human valuation known as American caste. This comple derives its power from race prejudice, and in its manifestations is a general tendency toward discrimination.

At the present time there are about thirteen million Negroes in the United States and the vast majority are in destitute conditions. They own little property, their household goods are inadequate, incomes are low and irregular. They live from day to day with no security for the future. They have little or no opportunities to obtain jobs. The solution of this phase will be slow and difficult, but foremost in its solution is the awarding to the Negro of equal opportunities for employment and the erasure of discrimination in the industrial field. Tied up with the employment problem is the educational question. Since Negroes are so seldom in demand for jobs for which education is necessary, there is certainly nothing surprising in the conclusion that they usually fail to improve their opportunities by staying in school longer.

Those who do continue through college are not entirely dependent on white society as are most of the less-educated members of the race. The segregated Negro community offers a small but increasing number of jobs to Negro professionals. In the same way, businessmen and white-collar workers, few as there may be, are either dependent on the segregated Negro community or else serve in public institutions set up exclusively for Negroes. Therefore it is obvious that the caste system blocks the economic opportunities of some, while others depend upon it for the little opportunity they have.

From the tangle of economic, political and social inequalities — inequalities which include deficient legal protection — political disfranchisement by means of complicated voting requirements, violence and intimidation; insufficient incomes, limitation in the choice of housing brought about by residential segregation and thus, intolerable housing conditions; discrimination in the armed services, in religious orders and in general social life, arises the Negro of today: resentful but helpless, misunderstood, and to an appalling extent, unaided and ignored.

What the Negro wants is simple enough. He wants a revision of beliefs of race and racism, which will in turn tend to eliminate discrimination and prejudice. He wants to be considered a citizen of the nation under whose allegiance he was born. This is his country; he is not an alien. He feels himself entitled to its rights and privileges and this justly so. The Negro wants the abolition of segregation in education with the equalization of educational opportunities as an immediate step toward this end.

All of these things can and must be accomplished. The Negro's opportunities for education and employment must be as good as any white man's. He must have freedom and justice. All inhibiting restrictions must be removed from his right to vote. Discrimination in the armed forces must stop. Lastly, and perhaps most important, white people must be educated to accept the Negro as an equal and to treat him with fairness and respect.

The answer to this question is within the mind of each thinking American, but it is in the minds of a few to do anything about it. The issue cannot be avoided or explained away. Something must be done and it is for this generation to think about and to act upon — *now.*

Escape

By CAROLE WAGNER

Pipa's feet made no noise in the soft oozing sand that lay just between dry land and water. She turned around to see if the mark of her footsteps would betray her. But her imprints were erased by every new wave. Pipa felt light and at the same time strangely disturbed.

Suppose they couldn't find her. Suppose they thought she'd drowned. Then daddy would have to drain the whole ocean, like they did to the pond when uncle Ben was missing. Only that was a little pond. Where could they put all the water from the ocean? For a minute she stared perplexedly at the sea. But I guess daddy'll fix it. He always does, she thought, running on.

How nice it was to be alone, without mother or that squealing little thing called Brother. Why, he hadn't even been there for Christmas, and now there wasn't anywhere she could go, without his going, too. And when she asked where mother got him they said under a cabbage leaf. That was a lie. She'd looked under every single cabbage in old Mrs. Pott's garden, as soon as they'd come here this summer, but all she could find were worms. Worms reminded her of fishing. She remembered when daddy used to let her come with him and help keep the worms in a jar. But now daddy never went fishing anymore, because he had to work for Buddy.

And Pipa couldn't answer that Buddy always dropped everything and got it dirty and torn. She had to give it to him. When she got her favorite dog back that time, it wasn't the same dog at all. She'd gone in a corner with it, and cried. But all they'd said was "Now Pipa, you're not crying over that horrid dog. It's a good thing he is so dirty. Now we can throw him away. Here, give it to me." But she'd only started to cry harder, and clutch the torn toy tightly, until they grew tired and left her.

It was always the same thing. No one wanted her anymore. That's why she was running away. They'd have to worry about her now. Maybe daddy would drain the whole ocean. And when he couldn't find her, he'd tell mother she was dead. Then they'd be sorry.

Suddenly tired, she sat down on the warm sand. The sun seemed to

(Continued on page 4, Col. 5)

Your Roommate

Who borrows all your ready cash?
Your roommate.

Whose talk is senseless balderdash?
Your roommate.

Who borrows all your notes and maps
And plans to give them back—perhaps?

Who get you in the worstest scraps?
Your roommate.

Who clutters up your bed with clothes?
Your roommate.

Who never looks before she throws?
Your roommate.

Who keeps you wide awake at night?
Who never puts the alarm on right?
Who ought to go and fly a kite?
Your roommate.

Who giggles at you when you flunk?
Who always laughs when you are sunk?
Your roommate.

Who always on your bedside camps?
Who breaks the furniture and lamps?

Who borrows all your postage stamps?
Your roommate.

But who's a constant pal to you?
Who overlooks the things you do?
Who knows and loves you through and through?
Your Mother.

Compliments of

ABRAIL LIQUOR

Red Hook, N. Y.

Preamble To Spring

By JEANNE ROSENBERG

The soldier leaned on the straggling fence, bordering the empty lot by the railroad tracks. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, ignoring the steady throb in his arm. Three kids tossed a ball half-heartedly back and forth, paying no attention to him.

This was home. This a furlough. What the hell. No guns, no screams, no terse commands. Everything smelling good and spring-like, not heavy and hazy with the smoke of powder, nor with the stench of wounds. Maybe it was better that way. Maybe not.

He remembered other springs; mustached Italian organ grinder with his ridiculous monkey in the city streets. Kids fighting in the lots by school, lots with hard cement.

Why did he run off on this furlough? Why did he take it in a hick town miles from nowhere . . . everywhere . . . all unconscious of the war, ignorant of its pain and terror . . . smug in its narrow righteousness . . . its big flag outside the small post-office, a flag with stars and a sign beneath it with local heroes' names printed impersonally in neat letters.

Spring in the South Pacific . . . a tropic flower budding next to his shoulder; his body deep in the damp fox-hole. What was spring like back home? He tried to remember, hoping to forget the pain in his legs. The city smelling differently; spring cleaning hanging out the windows, rugs and pillows beaten and swept violently on the stoops by stout women like his mother, with kerchiefs around their hair, big aprons with patched pockets tied loosely. And so he left it after a day . . . went to a small town for some cock-eyed reason.

He wanted to see what spring was like where there were no apartments blocking out life . . . no familiar things. Like in Fred Taylor's home town. Fred used to talk about it at night when they lay in bed, hot and unable to sleep, waiting to be shipped.

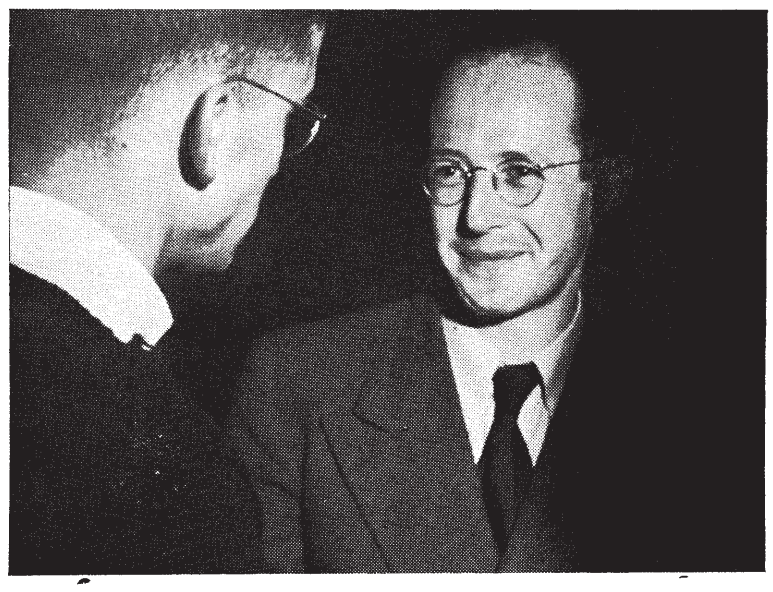
"Meekerville is the best town in the States. Boy you ought to see it in April. My mom's violets come up, the ground smells good, the kids play baseball in the lots . . . boy, wait'll I get home again!" Fred talked for hours. And in his mind, the soldier saw the warmth and tenderness of Meekerville, and wanted it, more than his own bustling city.

And so this was a small town . . . quiet, apathetic. The splintery wood dug into his forearms. In the sun his bars glinted and the kids saw and moved towards him.

"Hi." He was a tow-headed kid, two teeth missing in front, a cowlick obstreperously wagging back and forth.

"Hi." The soldier spoke out of the corner of his mouth.

"Whatcha doin'?"



On the twenty-fifth of April Dr. Horst Mendershausen spoke on "War and the Road to Serfdom" in Albee Social.

"Nothing. Watching you." He lit another cigarette, leaned back against the fence.

"That's my dog out there." The tallest kid pointed a dirty finger at the mutt.

"He's got fleas," the red-headed kids observed.

"All dogs do, you know," the soldier said. He reached in his pocket, brought out a package of gum. The kids chewed happily.

"Jim's brother is a lieutenant, too," the red-head said, pointing to the little one with the corn-colored hair.

"Where?"

"I don't know," Jim answered. "My mother cries a lot when she gets letters from him. Women don't know."

"My sister never cries. And her boy friend was kilt even." The red-head's gum snapped loudly.

"She's a dope." Jim was superior. There was a scuffle, and the soldier pulled them apart.

"Break it up, you guys. Come on, let's exercise my arm." He took the baseball bat from the tallest who was kneeling on the sidewalk rubbing the mutt's stomach. He jumped up, shouting.

"Oh, boy! a really good game!" In an outburst of glee, he shadow-boxed a few feet along the fence.

The ground was damp here too, but it smelled good. Throwing the ball high in the air, the soldier started across the lot. They played for an hour, all four yelling, trying to outdo the other.

"Boy! what a game! hey, were you a profesh?" Jim hung on to the soldier's hand, ignoring the thin line of sweat that trickled down his boyish cheeks.

"No, but we used to play a lot." Suddenly he remembered the games in closed-off streets, saw the fights and bloody noses. "Let's have a soda and celebrate."

"My sister works in the drug store," the red-head suggested.

"Yeah, Mike's sister makes good sodas, two balls of ice cream for us," Jim complimented.

"Let's go," the soldier said. The four of them marched down the street.

The sun stretched, grew brighter. Along the sidewalk a violet poked through a shady spot, and the air hummed with bees and crickets. Meekerville, hell, he thought. Any place with kids and dogs and empty lots. And spring.

The drug store smelled like all country drug stores . . . cold marble-topped tables, round, flimsy chairs filled the narrowness.

Behind the counter a red-headed girl, small, shiny and clean-looking, was washing dishes, the soap suds bubbling around her wrists.

"Mike! I thought you were practicing your violin! What'll mom say?" A dimple at the corner of her mouth punctured her smooth face. The soldier stared at her. It was girls like this that guys wanted to come home to. He thought of the flashy babes around his neighborhood at home . . . their high heels clacking down the streets all day, their laughter and noise jarring the air. And he was glad that it was spring, that he was here, in the small-town drug tore with these small-town kids and Mike's sister.

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Alumni Notes

By ARTINE ARTINIAN

After months of nearly constant action all over the Pacific, Yale Newman returned home for a month's furlough and has been reassigned to the communications center of the 3rd Naval district in New York . . . Abbot Smith, now a full lieutenant, has been in Italy for some time . . . Maj. Louis Stoller, former college physician, is back in this country after nearly three years' service in England and on the Western Front . . . Dr. Lyford P. Edwards is the recipient of the Meritorius Service Award given to civilian employees of the War Dept.

Dr. Edwin C. Upton, professor of English at Bard for nearly forty years, passed away in March after a long illness. His Bardian son, Carleton Upton, was killed in action in Germany in February . . . Lew Pessin also lost his life in action in Germany . . . Joe McMichael of the B. and G. staff, who lost a foot on the Western Front, is recovering satisfactorily at an Atlantic City Hospital. A frequent visitor to his ward is Tom Marshall, who now gets around without any aid . . . Dr. J. Nicholas Gale has been teaching English and Dramatics at the Brockport State Teachers College for the past seven years.

Major Johnny Parsons is home on 60-day furlough after nearly 30 months' service in the South Pacific.

Maj. Harvey N. Brown, now head of the Fordham R.O.T.C., was in charge of the military school sections of the Army Day parade in N. Y. on April 7 . . . Larry Leighton is Assistant Professor of classics at Middlebury College . . . Bill Asip is getting a full dose of the well known G.I. routine at Camp Blanding, Florida, and apparently thriving on it . . . On April 9th Dr. Gray treated the Literature Club to one of his illuminating interpretations and readings of James Joyce . . . The same group is sponsoring a visit to campus by James T. Farrel.

Somewhere in Germany as a parachute officer in the 1st Airborne army is Ed Friedland . . . Rolland Marlburg has been doing experimental testing for the Wright Aeronautical Corp. of Patterson, N. J. . . . Dick Watson is with the 7th Army . . . After considerable sightseeing as a member of the Merchant Marine, including a memorable trip to Antwerp, Tony Petrina is back on campus dividing his time between academic work and B. and G. . . .

Phil Klein and Dave Sabo have left the Great Lakes Naval training station on new assignments . . . G.fford Marshall is with the American Export Lines, at their LaGuardia Field headquarters. He was married a year and a half ago to Miss Belinda Bailey of Baltimore . . . Bob Redlich and Ted Strongin occasionally spend a very pleasant evening together in Marseille. Wonder how that famed *bouillabaisse* is, these days . . . Junius Adams seems at least to have found the dream job. Still at the Lafayette. . . .

Gerry Cohen has given up his N. Y. City Dept. of Health job and is shopping around for a small farm in the neighborhood of the college. . . . Two other Bardians are contributing to the war effort by farming: Bob Haberman and English Walling work at the farm owned by Bob's mother at New Paltz . . . Stewart Martin has been discharged from the Army, plans to live in Beverly Hills, Calif. . . . A daughter, Martha Spencer, was born to the John Honeys on March 9. . . .

Cpl. Dick Sylvester of the Marines visited campus early in April while on furlough after thirteen months' service in the Pacific on board the transport Rochambeau . . . Jay Manley is back in the European theater . . . Tom Mulcare and Frank Weil ran into each other in Belgium . . . Dave Margolin is acting as unofficial morale officer for his company at Camp Blanding . . . Mike Krugman is a civilian once more, has a responsible job as chief chemical analyst for a N. Y. firm.

Charlie Selvage was home for two weeks in March, has been sent to Fort Lewis, Washington . . . Dannie Ransohoff visited campus recently while on furlough from his post as morale officer at the Norfolk Navy Yard . . . Leonard Meyer had a full-page "letter to the editor" in a recent issue of the "Saturday Review" in which he took sharp issue with an article by Dean Carman of Columbia regarding G.I. morale . . . Another visitor on campus: Dave Burke of "Mermaid Tavern" fame, after two years of overseas service. .

Johnny Gillen is a midshipman at Annapolis . . . Barely six weeks after visiting campus in January, Willy Wilson wrote from Germany. He is with the famous 30th Division . . . 1st Lt. Bill Zehrung completed training at Washington and Lee University as well as Lawson General Hospital, is now doing educational reconditioning at Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Penna. . . . Joe Owen is a S/Sgt. with the 100th Bomber Group. . . .

Mort Leventhal is now an Ensign in charge of an LST in the Pacific . . . Carl Gutmann is also in charge of an LST, at San Diego . . . Continuing his peregrinations as an able-bodied seaman in the Merchant Marine, Jimmy Westbrook is now on the SS Ethan A. Hitchcock of the Isthmian Line. In case you don't know, an A.B.S. according to Jimmy," is a helmsman, mechanic, painter, garbage man, chamber maid and janitor combined" . . . Due to receive his degree in May, Stan Falk has been called by the Army and assigned to a special unit at the Univ. of Michigan because of his linguistic qualifications.

We were profoundly grieved to learn of the death of Lt. Dave Stevens on April 11. Dave was killed in action while serving in Germany with Gen. Patton's 3rd Army . . . Although official records decreed that Saipan was "freed from organized resistance on July 9, 1944 after bitter fighting," Pfc. Justin Gray reveals in the May 11th issue of "Yank" that members of the 24th Infantry Division, veterans of Guadalcanal, New Georgia, and Bougainville, are still busy mopping up there. "Since then," writes Justin, "over 12,000 Jap troops have been killed on the island and 1,100 more have surrendered."

S1/c Cammie Jameson, after considerable service with the Air Corps as well as the Navy, has finally ended up with the Armed Guard. He spent the winter in Antwerp, returned to this country early in the spring, and is now in Seattle, Washington, waiting for a ship to carry him to the Phillippines . . . Lt. Ducky Pond of the Merchant Marine, now serving in the European theater, is married to Katherine Westerfield of Essex Fells, N. J. . .

Dick Segal, who is an ASTP medical student at Flower Hospital in New York City, was taken ill suddenly and is now recuperating at Bronx Veteran's Hospital . . . we all wish Dick a speedy recovery and much success in his work . . . we still remember those delightful boogie-woogie sessions with versatile Dick on the piano.

DEAR WILLIAM:

Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh! I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. No, I have not gone mad —not yet—but one of my roommates (his name escapes me for the moment) is rehearsing his lines; consequently I use the pen and not the machine. Would I had a sword.

I have been here for two weeks, and where shall I begin? Shall I tell you of one of my roommates who the other day appeared with pulleys, ropes, weights and set up a physics lab? He tells me, in between clicks of the stop watch and sprints across the room, that he is determining inertia. He does not seem the ideal person to work on such an experiment. Or shall I tell you of the Strength Through Joy Society which is designed to counteract tendencies of isolationism? Or perhaps you would be interested in knowing that Professor Hickenlooper is now at St. John's?

Mr. Axelrod met us all at the station with his fleet of one taxi and two buses. He made five trips. We had just enough time to throw our junk into our rooms and make the second shift at dinner. The menu said something about lamb chops, grapefruit, peas, ice cream, and egg plant. We were then directed to the gym where Dr. Bean welcomed us. Apparently he had a cold because I could not hear anything he said except Bard was a hothouse, we were plants, and the faculty members were gardeners. They were trying to cultivate us by the best poossible methods. The seventeen chairmen of Convocation activities gave us short talks. I forget who they all were—Rotator of Tables, Director of Propaganda, Checker of Beds, Head Planter, Chief Rationer, newspaper men, clubmen, etc., etc.

After the talks, they announced the entertainment for the evening: a movie, a dance, and a party at Dr. Bean's house. Too many people voted for the dance, and so they let us in by alphabetical order. Each group could dance for half an hour. I got in the third half, but someone dropped a cigaret on the records and they were lost, and so someone suggested we all go down for a beer. At the end of the hill two men with lanterns asked us where we were going. We told them for a walk and they told us to walk back. We were going to argue with them, but they were very big. (A former night watchman resigned because he could not lift the lantern.) But it did not matter much because just then the bell tolled for bed. 11:00 p. m.

Half asleep, I was shocked awake. All the rooms have portholes giving on the corridor (did they have them when you were here?) and a searching light flashed into the room, played on each of the sleepers, and left. Curious and incensed I stole out of bed, stole to the door, and peeked. The light was on its way down the hall. I followed it and asked it what it was doing. It told me that a boy used to walk in his sleep and fell out of the window and so it makes the rounds at midnight. I happen to walk in my sleep at five. Besides the violation of my eyes (to say nothing of my privacy) my ears suffered from snoring roommates. The Silence Committee promises mufflers.

They may be able to muffle snores, but what are they going to be able to do about pianos, voices, and typewriters? When someone typewrites, anyone who wants to read must retire or typewrite. Since it is impossible for all of us to type together, half the school is constantly escaping from the other half; and although they insist we can study in the library and in sundry cubby holes about, unfortunately I have yet to find an empty nook. Possibly we should learn to study under adverse conditions in order that we may be able to find a job in Times Square. Instead of a hothouse planned to give us ideal working conditions this place is a jungle. I found in my shoe this morning a spider.

In fairness there are certain attractive points which I should mention. When we asked to have pets on campus the Relations Committee said we could have goldfish. (I bought a can but my roommate ate them.) During the discussion, Dr. Bean reminded us that couples must have four feet on the ground. Since birds were not mentioned, I fear there was a confusion of terms. We are not completely denied pets, however, for Mrs. Bean likes dogs—she has nine bloodhound bitches, each named after a Valkyrie. And the Planting Committee provides a healthy outlet for those who cannot fit into the gym: all the bushes and shrubs are being dug up, their places being filled by Venus's flytraps. We had a naming contest which changed Albee to Bennington Hall and South to Black Mountain House. Unofficially Stone Row is called Sing Sing. The prize was Number One pass to the store for a week. There was a movement to change the name of the college from Bard to Butler, but it was nipped in the bud.

Enough. On again to the bad. I can bear a penny tax on every sale in the store in order to build a new sewer system; I can bear five compulsory lectures a week; but I cannot bear oleomargarine that is not fortified. But absolutely the most unbearable thing is schizophrenia. I must give you a case history. Dr. Bean gave a lecture on the Bard system. I forget the lecture—but the discussion! One student asked why he should bother to come here since his advisor falls asleep during a conference. His advisor was awakened and declared that the student was learning through experience that it was impossible to quote the *Encyclopedia Britannica* without putting people to sleep. The student fell through the floor and the janitor brought him up.

Someone asked why he had to be in a class of twenty-six and why he had to work on what the teacher handed out. There was no answer, so one of the girls asked how she was expected to do her work when she was not interested in it—the only reason she came to college was because her mother wanted her to. Dr. Bean explained that perhaps she would be able to find things which would interest her and make her a happy, useful citizen. He also explained that another college would not have given her the opportunity to explore herself. She rose and giggled that she did not want to explore herself—that all she wanted to do was get married and have five children, but that it was impossible to get married here because there were not enough boys to get married to. Dr. Bean was saved by two boys who proposed to her, and they left to fight a duel.

Next came the inevitable question: What is the meaning of progressive? Dr. Bean began by saying that he did not like the word because too many people misused it. Bard, he said, was neither progressive nor traditional but independent, combining the best points of each system. Mr. Beaglehole stood up and said he would resign. He came here because he thought it was a progressive institution and he would not stay at a place which was neither meat, fish, nor fowl. Dr. Bildilli got up and supported him which caused Dr. Tweedmouth to jump up and announce that he would leave since the other two were leaving. At that, all the professors rose and said they would leave.

Meanwhile, the students, disturbed at the vanishing faculty declared that they would leave if the professors left. Dr. Bean frantically yelled "Hear me, hear me!" There was some calm and he pleaded with the faculty and the students. He said he did not mean that Bard was not progressive, but merely that it was not progressive in a bad way. Mr. Beaglehole said he would like to know what he meant by a bad way in progressive education. A student popped up and yelled "This way!" Thinking he was the fire chief, everyone rushed out. The next day, all the professors apologized and withdrew their resignations again. They were reinstated, and Dr. Bean asked the students to stay. After a meeting, we all decided that we must leave.

So that is the end of this. I shall let you know where I go.

Sincerely yours,
H. MEUNIER.

Escape

(Continued from page 3, Col. 2)

glitter like gold on the sea. But I really won't be dead, she thought. I'll come back soon with lots and lots of gold, much more than the beautiful princess in the tower ever had. Then they'll see what I did while that awful Buddy stayed at home and did nothing. And everybody will come and tell daddy how lucky he is to have such a good girl. But I'll only smile, and think of how sorry he must be that he didn't love me enough.

The sun was beginning to make her uncomfortably hot. I forgot my sunbonnet. Mother'll scold me when she finds out. Maybe I ought to go back and get it. No. I'd better stay here. If I went back they'd catch me, and I'd never be allowed to go to the beach again. But maybe something happens to you if you don't wear a hat. Maybe I'll die. But I don't want to die now. I have to get rich first.

Here eyes filled with tears. I think it would be better if I went back and got it. Anyway I've been away an awful long time already. Probably three hours or more. They're all looking for me already so when I get back, they'll be so glad to see me. They must know by now.

She got up quickly, and, unmindful of the heat, started to run back the way she had come. She ran on, in spite of the pain which soon needled her side, until she came within sight of her house. Gasping she sat down on a grassy dune. When she had regained her breath, she got up slowly and started walking towards the house. Just as she reached the small gate, the front door opened and her mother walked out with Buddy in her arms. Expectantly Pipa waited. She already pictured herself in Buddy's place. But nothing happened. Only her mother said, "Pipa, how did you get so dirty? I've told you a hundred times not to run in this heat. Just look at that, and it's only ten minutes since I put that clean dress on you. Well, don't stand there. Come here."

Pipa left the gate and advanced hesitantly. Suddenly she rushed to her mother, and flinging her thin brown arms around her waist, muffled her sobs in her mother's skirt.

"Pipa, be careful. You nearly threw Buddy and me over." But Pipa's sobs only grew louder. The mother bent down to stroke the child's head but straightened up with a jerk. "Pipa, where's your sunbonnet. I told you never to go without one. Just wait until daddy gets home and sees what a bad girl you've been again. I never saw such a child. Why can't you behave like Buddy? He's never any trouble at all."

With that she angrily took Pipa's arms from her waist and stalked into the house, leaving the little girl to cry in the noonday sun.

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Greek Holiday

By TONY PETRINA

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday — not any of these ordinary days. It didn't belong to the calendar. It belonged to Maria and me.

It was given to us when I was with a signal corps outfit, stationed in Coonesville, about forty miles from Little Rock, Arkansas. We'd been there three months, sweating under a mad sun and working up such a thirst that we could drink the East River if we weren't so far from Brooklyn.

The burg was small. It looked like those ghost towns in horse operas without the people—I can't figure out why people do live in a place like Coonesville. They had a movie house and a coupla hotels. And they had a U.S.O. where the G.I.'s practically lived on liberty nights. I guess most of the fellows felt like I did. The town was too depressing to be out from undercover.

My buddy, Tangowski, and I usually visited our Greek friend, Charley Pappas, who ran a boarding house near the negro section. Tangowski had discovered the place when he was looking for somewhere to shack up with his wife. And he had made such a friendship with Charley that from that time on we didn't have to go to the U.S.O.

One time we returned from three days out on the field, marching, toting back-breaking haversacks and eating worm-seasoned beans. We were all set for a big toot when the Sergeant at Arms, Reilly tells us our names are on a POE draft which means you'd better say some goodbyes.

So I telegraphed Maria, that's my girl, about the info Reilly slipped us. We were probably going to the West Coast; I wouldn't have a chance to see her before going over. See, she never saw me in uniform or in a desolate place like Coonesville where even the climate never smiles.

"Please, Maria," I said, "Let's remember our last day together when we went picnicking up in the Catskills, when we climbed Overlook Mountain and almost picked our house. What more could we have before I come back for good? All we have to do is to pick the house. And that can't be done in Coonesville."

Tangowski and I didn't have a pass. We gave Reilly Charley's telephone number in case they had a roll call. Then we sneaked into the back of a milk truck that was just leaving the camp. I felt like I had dumped a Mack truck off my back. Christ it was going to be good to drink with Charley, knowing we were going to be shipped outa this hole.

Charley's boarding house was a two-story wooden building that looked sleepy from too much sun. It was shedding its over-aged paint and heaving to one side. When you pushed in the door, the house went more to one side but besides that a bell rang. That was the signal for Charley, all two hundred pounds of him, to throw on a clean shirt and rush downstairs to receive the guests. And that's why we always yelled "Umbriago!" and ran up to the kitchen, not too hard though, cause the stairs needed fixing.

Charley Pappas was a clean Greek. He just looked dirty cause he only shaved when the Cubs win and the Cubs were in the cellar that year. He left the cheese and beer he was supping.

"Where you guys been all week?"

"We were out on the field again Charley. Hey, we get the kiss-off orders next week. That's why we brought a bottle."

"You think it's the Pacific?"

"What the hell's the difference? Come on, get the cards out. Hey, if the phone rings it might be for us, we're AWOL."

Charley, an ex-marine himself, smiled, which was to have a reflection of all light on small teeth, contrasting against the darkness of his beard.

"You fellows want another trimming, eh?"

We sat down at the linoleum-topped table for a session of Casino. Each had a glass beside him and there was some jive scintillating from the radio. After a coupla deals the phone rang.

"Oh, oh, that's it." It was Reilly all right.

"Stall off for us will ya Reilly? We're practically in the barracks now."

Reilly laughed. "It's not that. There's a telegram for you from Miss Maria Neri, New York."

"Well, open it. Read it."

"Okay." . . . "Thought one day might have to go to Alcatraz to see you. Would have gone. Leaving on 4:40."

I didn't even bother to thank Reilly.

"Charley," I said back in the kitchen, "here's my ring. Tougy, keep that razor strop you been using. I'm going to blow my brains out on the sidewalk."

"All right, but what'd Reilly want? What's cookin'?"

"Maria just telegraphed she's coming down."

"So why you blowing your top? You're crazy for her. You talk in your sleep about her. Here's your chance for all those good-bye kisses."

"It's no use, you wouldn't understand. The next time we see each other it's got to be on the top of a mountain."

"Link, you mind I say something," Charley broke in as he poured us all another. "You let me fix everything. I'm going to take charge of everything. My cousin Alexander, he's a cop, only Greek policeman in the whole county. He pick her up at the station, make girl feel you're important. I fix that room I rent for two-fifty so's Mrs. Rockefeller be proud of it. What difference about lousy town? You two together that's all."

I couldn't think straight. I poured myself some tall punchy drinks. The music got louder and louder. All voices were whispers. All I can remember is Charley pulling my head up and saying, "Don't worry, Link. Listen to old marine."

The next time I met consciousness was when I was trying to join my two shoe laces and everybody was running out to formation. I staggered out, fell in the rear of the platoon in time to obey the Leutenant's order.

"Attention. Men, the list of those slated for Port of Embarkation is posted on the First Battalion bulletin board. Due to the high record made by this company those men are hereby granted two days leave to commence at 0800 tomorrow."

We marched to chow. And what we did the rest of the day I don't know. My brain was on wheels, hitting the rails to the cadence of Riff, Riff, Riff, or tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow.

* * *

All tomorrows come. They slip in through the side-door and hang around till pretty soon you want them to stay.

There's a little table that stands in the middle of a room, not enclosed seemingly by walls but by the borders of light and darkness. It supports a bowl of hyacinths, flowers that grow with the fertilization of a Greek god's blood. And it supports a bottle of Greek Pernod, a drink prepared by Plato's old butler, Charles Pappas. It has a dull color and it tastes like the licorice sticks we used to buy in Ridgewood, but it has the power when poured, not rubbed to bring you any place, say to Overlook Mountain, in the Catskills.

"How did we get here, Maria?"

"I'm not sure. There was a little policeman smoking a cigar . . . no, I'm sorry, a charioteer who met me in a strange teeming place and who took me in his car . . . no, a bird-drawn vehicle. He flew around the dwelling place of mortals and then ascended to the top of the world and that's where we are."

"Let's build our house up here. Those houses below are too small and anyway can't you see the noise?"

"Silly, how can you see noise, Link?"

"I don't know. Take that little town nestled in the valley. Can't you hear those cars crawling along the gray strips. See the smoke from the factory dissolving in the air, like the Pernod in water, fighting to keep its compactness, till suddenly it cries, 'I give up!' Can't you see all those noises?"

(Continued on page 6, column 3)

For Tomorrow

(Continued from page 1, Col. 4)

and student residences. A small group of returning students will be on hand to welcome the new entrants and carry on the student employment work for the first days. (It is yet undecided who shall comprise that group.) The assignment of "big sisters" and "big brothers," a practice common to many colleges, is too formal; however, a spirit of concern should be fostered. A standard letter of introduction might be sent by the Council to all new-comers suggesting that they write to Council if they wish to correspond with a member of the present student group. A list of those who wish to write should be compiled before classes end. It might be well for the house governments to get together after the first weeks of school and discuss individual cases to see if any one individual student needs attention that he isn't receiving.

During the first week, house meetings with refreshments and informal dsicussions about social government and standards might be a good idea. The Entertainment Committee will initiate affairs in which the whole community may participate.

These things suggest a beginning. The real job rests with the old student as an individual. The student who remembers his own first feelings at college, his immense self-consciousness, the sick-hearted feeling that new friends would never be found in the sea of strange faces. The old student will sympathize, will be patient, and will keep his or her eye out for those little danger looks that mean discouragement or loneliness and will be ready to lend a hand if needed. He will make the effort those first weeks to include new students at dining tables, in dorm discussions, on walks to Commons, classes, etc. The old student will be enthusiastic about the prospects for the year. Above all—if our old student is the female of the species she won't scream hysterically when she first sees her old friends, and gather continuously in tight little arm-in-arm groups to talk about "last year" till the lonely new kid begins to wonder if this year is really worth staying for.

Of course this can all be over done. Freshman students are usually quite capable people, glad to be independent to make their friends and place in their college society. In many cases the most intelligent move would be to accept them without ado.

There is one disastrous thing that can happen. That is a freshman dorm. An unnatural division between old and new students would be unavoidable. There is a good chance that this will not happen because there are enough old students who like their rooms to want to stay in them and there are some that will want rooms in the new dorm. We can only hope that this works out equitably.

The intelligent concern about Bard and our education, which is felt by most of us, can make college an exciting place next year. It can make a college community which is not pettily divided by ages or classes, but more organically, by major divisions. That society will be sensitive to the various facets of education for the individual, especially that of social growing-up in a sympathetic community. That society will do more things together. It will not take something like the death of President Roosevelt to make us feel together for once. Bard society can be the source of stimulating ideas and creations for the student who is in earnest about the most important thing for his education.

Modern Art

By JAMES PINES

The artistic idiom is made up of expression and style. Expression is what is on the artist's mind, what is on the artist's mind, what he sets out to do; style is the way he does it. Some authorities believe that the only criterion of intrinsic value for any work of art is the artist's truthful and competent judgment of his success in adapting style to expression. However, for a work to acquire full significance it must be integrated with the general culture of the time.

For earlier epochs, where the general culture has been dominated more or less by one universal idea, it has been possible to show how art adapts itself to the furthering of the idea. Medieval concern with salvation and life in another world, the Greek search for an ideal natural environment through intellect, and Renaissance glorification of the individual personality are some of the modes of thought, which have determined the ethos of other ages.

Our own time is dominated by the machine. Capitalism has brought glorification of certain individuals; hero-worship influenced by the "rags to riches" myth and the desire to escape from the feeling of standardization and regimentation which machine technology causes. Another development has been the rise of revolutionaries, both individuals and groups, seeking freedom for themselves or the masses on the assembly lines. The essence of our time is the paradox of progress, machine standardization combined with glorification of oneness. This contrast has affected modern culture. Modern art can be interpreted in terms of its surroundings.

Art, in any age, is enjoyed for its decorative appeal, that is, for its ability to satisfy the basic aesthetic impulse of human beings, the desire to contemplate beauty in the form of symetry, rhythm, proportion, vitality, expressed in line and color, space and mashs, or sound, the media of art. The world's earliest art is presumed to have originated from primitive man's aesthetic impulse.

The free aesthetic impulse was soon educated, inhibited and even dominated by the conditions of life. Art began to possess two values; utility and beauty. The first utilitarian art was adopted for an economic purpose, to add attractiveness to material object of use. The work of art was conditioned by the function, composition and technology of the object, creating the field of industrial design. The aesthetic components of the symbol were determined by its ideological connotations. Art became a method of expressing ideas, a system or mode of knewledge, one of man's ways of arriving at some understanding of his environment.

With the development of new values in art, new expressions or attitudes on the part of artists, there arose new styles in art. The study of these various styles is art history. By acquiring some idea of what people were like in other times, the extra-aesthetic pleasure of art is derived. Aesthetic judgment is developed by learning to recognize color harmonies, linear rhythms and unity, in the various styles.

The most important distinction to make in this kind of study is recognition of the two basic approaches to aesthetic creation. The Renaissance aesthetic was strikingly different from that of the Baroque period. However, Renaissance art had an antecedent in Greek classical art, and Baroque was also not new, following a concept of beauty similar to that of the Eastern world. But, Greek and Persian aesthetics were not new either. Primitive art, painted on the walls of caves, show conclusive evidence of both types of art. These two conceptions have dominated art since the creation. The rational Greek aesthetic has come to be identified with the branch of Post-impressionism started by Cezanne, leading to non-objective art, while the Baroque idea went from Van Gogh and later the Fauves, to abstractionists of the type of Arp and Miro.

For some reason, the critics have connected emotive art with the organic aesthetic and "intellectual" art with the classical conception of beauty. This assumption is unfounded. In our own time, Gauguin, certainly an emotional, self-expressing painter, adopted an aesthetic startlingly similar to primitive geometrical art. On the other hand, the Impressionists, whose art was defined as completely lacking in personality-projection on the artists' part, painted in a way that was much more nearly Baroque than Renaissance.

Having arrived at a definition of the two aesthetics which are conditioned, inhibited and educated by environment to create the style of a period, it is apropos to apply it to the modification of our present environment, in order to comprehend modern art.

Perhaps it is the scientific influence, emphasizing laws, universals and classification, that leads to geometrical styles such as Cubisn and non-objectivism.

On the other hand, the paradoxical glorification of individuals creates an art of self-expression, characterized, in some instances, by organic formlessness, representing the aspect of things to an individual mind. Nobody can validly label the styles of good or bad. They are representative of different attitudes, resulting from the conditions of existence. There is no battle of reason and emotion. It is simply the coexistence of two equally justifiable aesthetic ideas.

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Sports Slants

By AL HECHT

And it came to pass in the land of Bard in the year 1945 A. D. that with the return of the season of spring the players of softball once again reigned supreme. And there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth for the wise men had prophesied that the future would be grim and black and those gallant knights who had been chosen to defend the honor of Bard with their bats and gloves were weak indeed when one compared them to the giants who had done so only a short twelve months ago.

All this is merely a roundabout method of stating that softball has again become the top sport at Bard and the legion of fans, thirteen at the last count including the team and the coach, while willing to grant the fact that the material on hand seems quite good, sigh deeply and think longingly of last year's squad. True, Mendy Weiss is no longer with us to make those impossible one-handed catches which amazed both the spectators and Mendy at the same time. Gone is Ralph Balda whose timely hitting and superb fielding have practically become a legend at Bard. David Margolin who alternated between the outfield and the pitcher's mound is also among the missing. The heavy bat and steady fielding of Bill Asip, the popular carrot-topped coach, will also be hard to replace.

But consider for a moment just how lucky the team has been. Six members of last year's starting outfit have returned and considering that this is better than most major league ball clubs have done, we have no reason to complain. Holdovers from last year's outfit include Edgar Gabaldon, first base; Stan Schwartz, second base; Stan Thayer, third base; Jin Kinoshita, center field; Jack Kotik, short field; and last, but I hope not least, yours truly, catcher. Also several of the newer boys have shown a great deal of promise and Tony Petrina, an oldtimer who has just recently returned to Bard, seems fairly sure of a starting position. On the whole the team appears to be fairly strong, at least on paper, and if the season isn't too successful we too can cry like the Dodgers, "Wait till next year!"

Flash . . . A rumor has just been started to the effect that the final event of the Potter weekend will be a softball game between the faculty and the students. Being a bit prejudiced, I pick the students win in a close game.

Quite a few scoffers and nonbelievers, myself included, were quite pleasantly surprised at the Open Workshop of the Modern Dance Group. It had become almost a habit to criticize or make fun of this activity which is a major part of the women's physical education program, but after the workshop all that could be heard was praise for the girls and for their instructor, Miss Weigt. To all connected with it, congratulations for a job well done.

A hearty, though belated, welcome to Mr. William Steers, the new instructor for men's physical education. We hope that your stay at Bard will be a pleasant one. By the way, one idea Mr. Steers is working on is to have one evening in the week used as a community recreation night. Several sports, such as bowling, volleyball, ping pong, etc., would be available and the individual could make his own choice. It sounds good to me and if you like the idea why not mention it to Mr. Steers.

Now that the tennis courts are open let's all try to cooperate in keeping them in the best condition possible. This means that those who play should wear proper shoes so as not to cut up the rather thin base. It would do well also for the pedestrians to avoid walking over the courts when going across the lawns. While on the subject of tennis, it would be nice to set up an elimination tournament for those who intend to stay on during the summer.

Note on using tennis rackets: those athletes who insist on continuing the game in the store, please remember that demonstrating a serve will cause the innocent bystander to have his five-cent cone splattered against a clean shirt (?).

Greek Holiday

(Continued from page 5, column 2)

"But darling, those are the kind of noises we want. The ones that everyone hears, and the ones that just you and I hear. The ones to make us feel we belong to the world, and the others to make us feel we belong to each other.

Look at that wave of hills, caught in its very last reach for heaven and carrying little boats, all right, houses. Please, Link, one of those. Not a city, too many other people's noises, not the country, only our own, but a village."

"Yes, darling, a village. I've heard too many other people's noises and I'm going to hear so many more."

"The house is picked . . . how wonderful to have had this day on Overlook Mountain!"

"How wonderful the Greeks!"

Evolution

A simple description in evading the issue as to just how your marks were the preceding semester . . .

The frosh writes home: "I think Dad was right. I'll transfer to a school that's really worth-while."

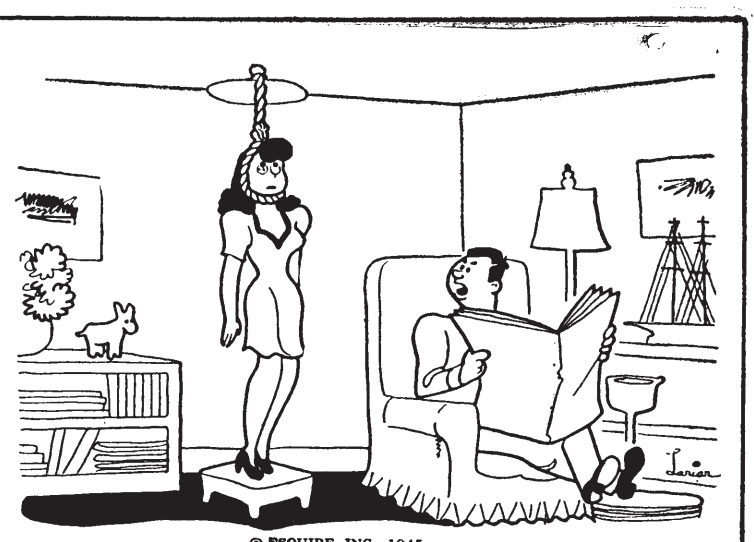
The soph, somewhat better acquainted with the world: "My prof was dead-set against me. Must repeat course next fall."

The junior, rather more woefully than world-wise: "I don't think that I got enough out of the course, so I think it will be to my advantage to take it over in the fall."

The senior, desperately: "Passed exam with flying colors. Professor delighted and enthusiastic, wants me to repeat it in July."

Reprinted from the Yale Record

Give 'Em Enough Rope . . .



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Reprinted from the April issue of Esquire

"Can't you ask for a new dress without dramatics?"

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