

Bard College
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BARDIAN

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MAKE MONEY

The National Five Arts Award, Inc., a non-profit organization, designed to discover, aid and stimulate creative writing in the Colleges and Universities in the United States has announced the first of its annual contests for its Awards and Fellowships totalling one hundred thousand dollars.

Open to all writers, the contests are primarily for new, college age writers in the fields of the full length play, the radio script, the popular song, the screen original, the short story, and short short. There are six cash Awards in each category, a \$2,000. first prize, a \$1,000. second prize and four prizes of \$500. each. In addition, and in a special effort to obtain recognition and financial assistance for young writers, \$70,000 of the total Awards will be granted in the form of 140 Fellowships of \$500. each.

Sponsored by the manufacturers of the Normandy Pen, the National Five Arts Award has begun to contact Colleges, Universities and Writer's Clubs for entries in its first national contest.

The address is The National Five Arts Award, Inc., 715 5th Ave., New York 22.

ON SEEING TED SHAWN

What was most impressive in Ted Shawn's performance on October 9th, was the way he used his body. Movement, as he professed it, should, and did stem from the very center of his body, and extended to the ends of his fingers, to the top of his head, and to the soles of his feet.

Mr. Shawn's use of his body was particularly good in the four dances based on American folk music. He employed simple movements and simple floor designs in these dances, but managed each time to catch and bring forth the moods of the songs with feeling and beauty. In 'Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen', the impulse of great sadness and humbleness started with a contraction in the middle of the body which pulled him to a kneeling position. These feelings then surged through his arms and head. There was actually sorrow in his arms. 'Gimmie that Old Time Religion' was an exciting dance; for Shawn caught the feeling of a revival meeting. His movements were carefree and filled with the contentment of the meadows in 'Sheep 'n' Goat-Walking to the Pasture', and, in this dance, he used facial expressions to great advantage. In all these dances he seemed to sing with his body.

'The Whirling Dervish' was an exciting and unusual dance. The billowing skirt, the turning, and the changing movements in the arms and upper body had an almost hypnotic effect.

'The Flamenco dances' were disappointing, but then it is hard to catch the intensity and spontaneity of such dances.

In seeing Mr. Shawn, we have observed one of the most beautiful of dancers whose movements came from the center of his body, and only then moved out through his limbs. One felt he had his every muscle at his command.

Zoe Warren

BARD RADIO NEWS

Up until this day, Bert has done the impossible. Personally he has ripped up every wire in the Bard radio station. Until he reconnected it all, we had slight suspicions he was a practical joker. However, it was assembled flawlessly. Master control has been moved to Studio B; Studio B has been moved to Master Control. The station is acquiring its own phones and switchboard, which Bert is getting when he returns to Chicago for Thanksgiving. The amazing part, though, is the silence in which this rebuilding of WXBC has been accomplished. Except for the little dynamiting no one ever knew he was down there working. So doff your red and white beanies to Bert, a gem.

The big news this year at Radio Bard is Bert, an acquisition which the station-house boys have labeled, "Our Gem". Perhaps Bert was sent to Bard by a fluke.* Perhaps he had intended to go to Bernard but a Postman delivered the application here by mistake; it could happen. But on his first day here, someone whispered to Bert the fact that a real, honest to goodness radio station existed in one of the basements somewhere. So, following a sign, Bert stumbled across the studios and found Bill Schenker, still tied to the radiator where he was secured after graduation, trying in vain to light up some lights in an unlit amplifier. The following incident is true:

Bert said, "Pardon me, sir, but what's burning?"

Schenker, perturbed but courteous, retorted, "Beat it, kid."

*Ormsbee Robinson

(Continued on Page 3)

the bardian

CRITICISM OF COUNCIL, An Editorial

The Bard College Community Council has not overcome one terrible handicap. It seems to be an organization of people whose specialty is procrastination and chaos. It is a speechless thing, and in being without voice, it has forgotten how to listen. Weighed down with this inarticulation, its meetings become chaotic, and many people feel deprived of valuable time; so most members conclude from all this that 'speech is bull', or that arguments are ego-contests, or that 'the machinery of any government is cumbersome and slow'. But these reasons do not pertain to the explicit failure at hand.

At a recent meeting, an attempt was made to clarify a three-week old dispute over the rights and powers of the Constitutional Committee. Miss Thal, who seemed most perturbed and irritated over the issue, failed to keep her unique knowledge of the situation first and foremost. This attitude seemed to typify the intolerance of the argument that ensued.

Since the purpose for bringing any issue before Council should be to clarify it, by means of argumentation and discussion, Council should be an examining board. Argumen-

tation entails finding out what the problem actually is, while discussion involves finding solutions for the problem. In order to do this, members must know how to listen and to distinguish. In order to get at the truth of the matter each and every member must be able to spot the falsities without predetermined prejudices. If no one has a desire for this kind of truth, then Council is no longer an examining board but a babbling board.

My condemnation of Council is based on its inability and lack of desire to clarify. And by clarify I do not mean to get the thing done with, or to use procedure as a means of evading an issue. The issue of the rights of the Constitutional Committee was three weeks old, and still Council could not listen or speak about the topic without words fathered by muddled thinking.

After observing Council the following facts seem all too obvious. With two exceptions, the members have no respect for the spoken word; they are more concerned with proving themselves through a priori reasoning than with listening. Its members also seem to be solemn, self-righteous young people who have lost their senses of humor.

—T. W.



The Bardian is the official student publication of Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York. It is financed by student funds.

VOL. 1, No. 1 OCTOBER 23RD, 1948

Editorial Board consists of Thomas C. Woodbury, (managing) F. Segal and M. Friedman.

Contributors for this issue: B. Grove, J. Blitzer, Z. Warren, P. Stone Jr., Mr. Merrill.

Staff: I. Lipskar, D. Egerwald, B. Minor, H. Wilcox, J. B. Segal, R. Corregan, D. Stephenitis, J. Lindsey, M. Gelb, R. Amero, D. Vrooman, J. Levin. Business: J. Richey.

The next issue of the Bardian will include an analysis of John Paul Satre's the "Flies" which will be produced shortly by the Drama department; interviews from various Freshmen; poetry from Mr. Theodore Weiss; a letter to the Editor on the dining commons; an editorial on the college convocation meetings; a discussion of the level of entertainment produced so far by Radio Bard; an article on factions on campus; an article about Picasso with illustrations and all news articles.

Contributions must be in before Tuesday night. They should be placed in Campus Mail. Please count the words, title the article, and type it.

TRUMAN

Of all presidential election years this is perhaps the most crucial. It is also the most difficult. None of the candidates are people for whom most of us would vote; but most of them are people whom we would vote against. Thus, in choosing between Governor Dewey and President Truman (The two most likely aspirants for the job) practically all of us will be voting either against Truman, or against Dewey, rather than for either. If this is the case, against whom can the most be stated? Dewey is my answer.

Dewey was recently referred to as a "crusader without a cause." To me, the title is suggested by all of Dewey's recent pronouncements. He is, for example, in favor of an anti-inflation program, but against adopting any of the means by which such a program can be made effective: he is for public housing; yet he lauds a Republican Congress which did everything that it could to block it. In fact, the only issue about which he has expressed himself unambiguously is atomic energy. He believes that "atomic energy cannot continue" to be entrusted to "that dead hand of government." In other words, he would give to a private monopoly, a natural public utility, that is of earth-shaking international importance. This pronouncement alone, should scare us away from the Dewey ticket. J. B.

*As quoted from the Nation, Oct. 9, '48



Taken at the dance in the gymnasium last Saturday night, this photograph depicts a typical gay Bard group relaxing, far from the week's cares, far from the drabness of books, dancing to the strains of Janet Zimmerman and her Orc. (The intermission music was supplied by George Sembler's Rumba group.) Reading from left to right we find Ousa Trouve; Flash Taylor; Doctor Fuller; Mr. Bertlesman and wife; and Pete Kau'nan. Reading from right to left the camera man has caught Mrs. Smith and Fanny; Flash Taylor; Brandon Grove and Bob McAllister with dates; Ralph Seley and George Coulter, with dates. Reading from top to bottom Doctor Chang; Francesco and his date, Paolo; Colonel Swartzcoff and Perc Westmore. The group was arranged for the camera man by Mr. John Senior and Mr. Garvan.

WALLACE

Dewey, Truman, or Wallace, which one will it be? This grave question faces all of us today, for we must elect one of these men to the position of President in the coming elections. That we all realize the important role of the U. S. in world affairs during the next few years, I am certain, and that this role will depend largely upon our president as well as upon Congress is a well known fact. This then brings me to my first reason of why I, personally, am for Wallace. I believe that he is the only man of the three who will be successful in averting a war with Russia, on the road to which we are already so well advanced. I say this because, (1) he puts his faith into the U. N. and fights for the ideals of a strong world government. A functioning world government is the basis upon which to build peace and not a policy of military training and rearmament, which has always failed in the past. (2) He is the only presidential candidate today stressing the dire necessity of adopting a peaceful and cooperative policy towards Russia. He is willing to meet this major power upon an equal plane to discuss and to settle our differences without the threat of force and atomic warfare.

I know that I want Wallace because he abhors racial prejudices of any kind and believes in economic and political equality for all and so do I. When Wallace deplores the housing situation in this country and demands that we stop appeasing big business interests and have the government step in to relieve the shortage, I deplore it with him. The Thomas Committee has been much ridiculed by Wallace and progressives the country over for its unconstitutional and scandalous methods of treating the witnesses, who appear before it. Can I but help sympathizing with a man who is fighting for our civil liberties in which I believe? Wallace favors a hundred a month minimum old age pension and a lowering of the age eligibility. Wallace advocates an effective Full Employment Act. He desires a raise in minimum wages for the worker. He advocates farmer relief programs. He demands restoration of OPA to curb high prices. Such is his stand on the domestic front and that is why I am for him. Hansi

A VISITOR SPEAKS

The town of Annandale, famous for its hotel and college, belongs to Christian Zabriskie and contains many homes, a post office and one river. The inhabitants of the college are generally divided into students, professors, philistines, and cars: the four classes are, however, by no means strictly segregated.

That was all I could find out about the town. Further details may be conveniently looked up in various Senior Projects dealing with psychological and sociological trends in Annandale. (Although deeply obligated to the authors—much of my material was gathered therein—I cannot recommend any work unconditionally which fails to deny with sufficient vigor the erroneous belief that the ladies of the college have oversized feet.)

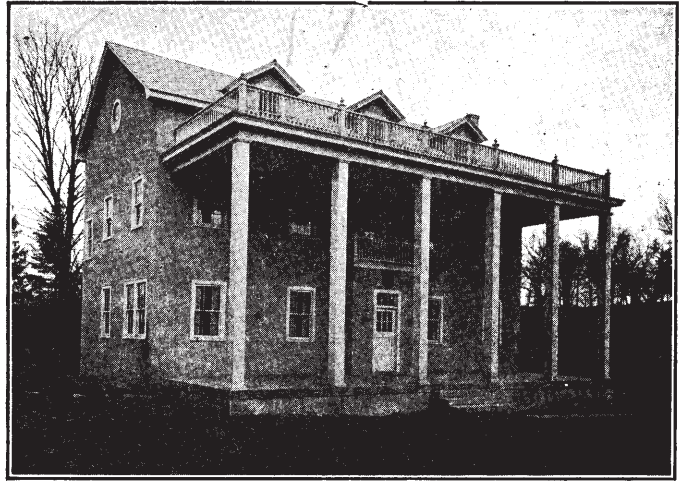
There is a good government at the college. On Mondays or Wednesdays or Thursdays one may witness the student council, the convocation or the special committee, the orientation, or the publicity committee or sundry other forms of community government to better educate the whole man or faculty man. Through the open doors of the hall, strange gentlemen enter and introduce themselves to the other great lights of these illustrious orders: mostly agile active fellows, who, with broad self-satisfaction blaze away with definitions and distinctions and disputations about every edge of a title in the cumulative community laws. And even more figures keep coming in, young legal savants in long sad looks, and forgotten faces, highly astounded that they, the celebrities of other committees, should attract no special notice at this particular meeting; and now these, in their particular way, join in the general chatter.

I noticed that near the end of the college, where the grounds dip uninvitingly, hopeful youths in cars emerged from behind the white wood buildings. Girls from neighboring cement dormitories parted the flanks of the automobile expertly and laughed aloud when one of the cavaliers paid one of them a few compliments rearward with his foot. Then the youths headed toward the town of Annandale's hotel, roaring rather drunkenly and singing. F. S.

RIVER POEM

This old man had lavender skin, a handkerchief
 Toppling from his breastpocket like an iris.
 We on the riverbank watched the gracing rowers
 Leaving the shore, and watched him watch them leave,
 And Charles said: I wonder if they mean to him
 As much as I can imagine they mean to him.
 Charles was like that. But as evening became
 A purple element we stayed there wondering
 About the old man—talking of other things,
 For although the old man, by the time we all went home,
 Had moved away he stayed there wondering
 Like a river-flower, thinking of rivery things
 (We supposed) well into the twilight.
 We would never
 Know, this we knew, how much it had meant to him—
 Oars, violet water, laughter on the stream.
 Though we knew, Charles said, just how much *he* meant to the river.
 For he moved away, leaving us there on the grass,
 But the river did not vanish, or not then at least.

Merrill
 from *Poetry*



This is an artist's conception of the new Gymnasium to be built near the Kap house.

NATIONAL STUDENTS ASSOCIATION NEWS

MADISON, Wis.,—An investigation of the expulsion of 60 students who refused to register in protest of violations of academic freedom at Olivet College, Michigan, has been initiated by the United States National Student Association (NAS).

Following a plea from the Olivet Students, the NSA national office has authorized the Michigan regional headquarters at the University of Michigan to conduct a study of the situation.

Of the 300 students at Olivet, sixty have been expelled as a result of their refusal to register for the coming semester in protest of the request by the Olivet administration that Barton Akeley, a sociology professor, and his librarian wife submit their resignations from the faculty.

The school gave no reasons for the action, but outside sources have called the Akeleys "ultraliberals."

Pending study by an "impartial academic board," the Michigan chapter of the American Civil Liberties union Friday urged the reinstatement of the Akeleys.

SPORTS COLUMN

By now it should be apparent that the men of Warden's have won the two-handed touch football league, and that John Swancheck did not win the decathlon at London. (In fact the only Bard man to approach the olympics was J. Blitzer, who represented a New York furrier in Liverpool.)

* * *

Being impressed with the "Did You Know" board in Hegeman, we've decided to establish one of our own.

DID YOU KNOW

that Bill Sandreuter wears spikes when he plays football. He also stiffarms unfairly.

that one of the best sports at Bard is walking to class. He is John Swancheck.

that Bob Sherman, big asterick man, will once again captain and lead the Bard fencing team which will stab Bob Corregan.

that our admissions policy has stuffed much football material and athletic timber up the annex of the Kap house, the Grey house, formally known as the Brown house.

Predictions: 1. If our new gymnasium is built this year, Bob Sherman will get in first. 2. If it's built in three years, Tom Woodbury might get in.

F. S.

ATTENTION

Flash

The results of the poll held at Bard on Friday, November 4, 1938, are as follows:

Dewey 33 votes
 Lehman 29 votes

Budget News

The budget, as reviewed by Student Council, and passed by the Convocation, is as follows:

\$100.00 to a literary publication other than "The Bardian"
 400.00 to "The Bardian"
 150.00 to Clubs
 150.00 to miscellaneous
 375.00 to the Senior Ball
 325.00 to the Junior-Sophomore Prom
 300.00 for the Freshman Frolic

Federal Agents Close In On Still Near Bard

Working from their headquarters in Newburg, New York, forty miles down the Hudson, the agents, employees of the Department of Internal Revenue, acted on anonymous tip sent into their office.

While Bard students and their dates made merry at last Saturday night's dance, the G-Men waited. At 2:00 a. m. they closed in on a nearby dwelling; within minutes the 1500 gallyon still and its three operators were in the hands of the agents. The search for the "top man" continues. Visitors to the scene of the raid were informed that the machinery would be cut up and sent by truck to New York. Cans of alcohol were destroyed on the premises.

We are indebted to Volumes 17 and 18 of "The Bardian" (Sept. 22, 1937—June 3, 1939) for the above material.

RADIO COLUMN

(Continued from Page One)

Bert was debating whether to beat it when Schenker gave in after soldering his keychain to the master booster. His nerves completely gave away. But he recovered sufficiently to show Bert just what it was that had kept him busy all summer. Bert casually checked the schematics left by John Gillan—long dead and buried—and reported that a wire had been soldered wrong. Schenker resoldered, suspiciously at first but slowly building up confidence, and when he had finished, the unlit amplifier's lights lit up. Schenker cheered; Bert smiled modestly. But in his excitement, Schenker accidentally stepped on a live wire which blew him up into Ruth DeWan's room where he, luckily for the whole campus, barely missed crushing her.

But I wouldn't ask the reader to take this reporter's word for Bert's ability. Chick Steketee, new station manager of WXBC and formerly with WKNY, Kingston, the Voice of Nepotsim, said when Bert first arrived, "The greatest thing to hit WXBC since soundproofing."

He has accomplished more in three weeks than the whole technical staff of the two and a half previous semesters combined.

It is necessary to end this column on a serious and sincere note. Bert and the rest of the staff of WXBC have provided the station with the facilities to produce all live shows. There is not one electrical transcription—the kind that the station thrived on last year—in the block schedule.

P. S.

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