

Bard College
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BARDIAN

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on student concessions

On Saturday, October 23, 1948, the Board of Trustees repealed the law stating that there could be no student concessions on campus here at Bard. The law was first drawn up because students were selling their concessions from year to year, at a profit, and leaving all their bills to Bard when they graduated. The college finally had to buy all the concessions on campus at a price of \$550, and it was decided that there would be a college store to take their place.

When we talked to President Fuller about the repeal of the law he said that he would present a motion to the community council meeting. The motion was that students could have concessions on campus with a few very sound "ifs" attached. Some of these are that students submit to the council the nature of their business, the names of the person or persons operating the business, what facilities on campus are to be involved, how the money is to be handled, and a statement of insurance to cover any liabilities met during the year. It is also stated very clearly in the motion that any concession approved by this plan may run only until the termination of the academic year. Another suggestion was that the students pay rent for college space used for business on campus, but the trustees were sympathetic and this was not included in the motion.

At the time this was written the council had not accepted the motion, but was waiting until the motion could be presented to the entire community for approval.

It seems that this is a sound motion which will enable enterprising students to operate concessions and at the same time eliminate the possibility of having to pay for a few careless or/and deliberate debts out of our tuition.

J. Johnson

review of the playwright

With the single exception of Frederico Garcia Lorca, Jean Paul Sartre is probably the best of our contemporary playwrights; but this is neither saying much for Jean Paul Sartre nor for contemporary playwriting. The *Flies*, the only play by Sartre which Bard College is familiar with (due to the recent excellent performance by the Theatre Department) is a very dull unimaginative work lacking in some of the most obvious essentials of good drama. (While it is a step higher than *You Can't Take It With You*, it is barely beyond *Waiting for Lefty*.) The reason for its popularity "among people who know" is not unlike the reason for the popularity of *Odets* among people who knew during the thirties. The similarity between *Odets* and Sartre is so striking that the same general criticism might apply to both playwrights, with *Odets* coming out one better.

Sartre's attempt to recreate a Greek myth with modern overtones proves nothing but the superiority of the Greeks and the poverty of our own era. It is no wonder that poetry has deserted the theatre and taken to the past, via Ezra Pound; for no self-respecting poet would wish to sleep with such a whore.

The *Flies* has Eugene O'Neill Jr.'s four fundamental characteristics of tragedy: the assumptions of (1) dignity and worth of man; (2) man is in some sense responsible for his actions; (3) over and above man there exists some supreme power of force; and (4) fundamental orientation toward the problem of evil. The presence of these four indispensable elements still fails to make the play good theatre or good art. A full explanation for the shortcomings in the drama would reveal some startling facts about Sartre and modern man. I cannot pretend to know all the casual reasons for the sterility of Sartre; but some points of difference between him and the masters of Greece and Elizabethan England do suggest themselves. (Cont. on p. 7)

the bardian

editorial

Bard could easily be the best college in America. At this writing, it is not.

Bard is a progressive college which means that individual talents are given individual attention. We are a special college working under a special system. There is little we have in common with convention schools. And I am worried because the people who run this school sometimes seem to lose sight of what Bard College should be. There are too many indications that Bard College is heading in the wrong direction. That's why I'm worried. That's why it's difficult for me to take a positive stand; before I go around smiling over the grandeur of the place, I want to find out about this direction.

The "Bardian" has been accused of being obstructionist, our attitude is supposedly a negative one. This is nothing new. For example, I have been criticized for being negative ever since my Freshman year; I was one of the letter writers back in '46 who opposed inter-collegiate sports, that same summer I helped produce a satire about Bard

called "Nothing Bard," and last year on Council, my circle of friends certainly wasn't widened. All this time I was supposedly sniping at the Administration and the workings of student government. Well it's true, I was. Just don't overlook something important. It is possible to have a love for this college and still be dissatisfied. In fact at the present time I might go further and say the only way to love this college is to be dissatisfied.

You see, the administration is not the college and what's more, the community council is not the college. No matter how well John Dewey is quoted, no matter how well the word 'citizenship' or 'democracy' is pronounced, nor how admirable a 'whole man' may seem to be, Bard College, as a college, is built upon the relationship between teacher and student. More tuition money is spent here than in practically any college in the world so as to insure individual attention, so as to bolster this teacher student relationship. We are not conducting an emotional grudge fight, but when any

(Continued on page 2)



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October 30, 1948

To the Editor of the *Bardian*:

America has the biggest universities in the world and the best bathtubs. And the final tragedy of our time may be our failure to understand that such equipment is not good in itself—it depends on what you use it for.

I was surprised that the article in last week's *Bardian* about Radio Bard stopped where it did. The WXBC staff has evidently worked technical miracles and deserves praise for it—the equipment is good. But even a single night's listening proves the results to be pretty poor imitations of the smaller commercial radio programs, and we must judge by results. There are exceptions—Amero's program and Isaacs', for example—but they prove the rule.

I don't think the Radio staff should bear the blame. I am criticizing something bigger than Bard Radio and I suppose bigger than Bard. Similar symptoms appear in the Summer Theater and in the attempt to introduce inter-collegiate athletics last year; and I have the uneasy feeling the disease might easily spread to the classroom and conference.

It should be clear by now that a small college, with necessarily limited equipment, can't compete with a big one. However Bard can do a particular job that no other place does; and in so far as it does it well, it should survive. It should be equally clear that the same holds for Radio Bard. I might add that most

of us are here because we think our specialty can be more valuable than bigness even at its best.

I think we should begin to fight every inch of the way. Every spilled coffee cup, every wasted conversation and every "commercial" radio program—in a word every attempt to be average—is a victory for the bad.

I won't make specific suggestions about radio programs. A recognition of the difference between WXBC and WNEW is the first step, just as in the larger battle we must understand that Bard is not Dartmouth, remembering always that though they may be necessary things, microphones are not radio programs,—or again in the larger world—that universities are not education or bathtubs cleanliness.

John Senior

matisse

from "Dessins par Henri Matisse
Martin Fabiani, Editeur, France

editorial (continued)

one thing hints of this wrong direction away from that which should be Bard, the "Bardian" intends to retain its "negative" position. The most unfriendly thing a friend can do is to say all goes well when it doesn't.

Before any backs are patted, we have some questions. Is everything just as it should be, you know, moving right along? Is this college fulfilling an eighteen hundred dollar obligation? We believe that's a lot of obligation. One of the beauties of Bard is the seminar. Are seminars filled with people who exchange ideas, who, in talking back and forth, realize the problems, and talk to the point? Who work in other words as a team? Are the reports given in these seminars the products of a week's work intelligently presented in such a manner as to inspire you to listen? Rather, do the people in your seminars behave as people do who feel that that particular course is more important than any other course, do they impress you as being so concerned that they would rather be there than anywhere else? And the teachers, do they seem to enjoy seminar work? If your seminars are not too good, it's quite possible that you're not getting your money's worth. Maybe it's the students fault, maybe it's the teacher's. Maybe this college is not fulfilling its obligation.

That's what I mean by direction. The T. M. C. is another example. What happened to the conferences for the whole Sophomore class in Literature? They are combined now into one class, the divisional seminar. Conferences are disappearing in the Science division. In Social Studies, joint conferences are given.

There are a few reasons for this breaking up of individual attention (incidentally, most of us came here because we wanted individualized work). There are students here who would be happier somewhere else, under a different system. There are teachers here who don't function well under the Bard system (the lecturers or the note givers, perhaps). There are administrators who sometimes don't populate this campus with students and faculty who are at home in individual instruction. And maybe that's the reason for the disintegration of the seminars, that's why clocks are watched during the last hour or so.

I realize the objection to this argument. It seems loaded with snobbery as if I were in the position of choosing who should stay, who should go and who should be admitted; but this isn't snobbery at all. I am not passing a moral judgement on 'good' or 'bad' students and teachers. I am not saying that Bard students under this system are better than Colgate students under theirs, nor is anyone 'better' or 'worse.' But we are different than Columbia or Princeton or Colgate students, our teachers teach differently than theirs do. By the very nature of the individual sort of education here, the T. M. C., the Senior project, the fact that professors and students, outside of conference, talk over coffee, in the store, we are different than Rutgers; our system is not one of note-taking or lectures, or memory, or cramming, or exams. It is built on term papers, reports, conferences, small seminars where people say things. Isn't that enough. Doesn't that make us different?

If it does, I should think that only special students and teachers should be here, not necessarily better ones, but different ones who need and want, through a specific talent or interest, the attention of a conference. While people who want a general kind of course would be happier at Dartmouth where the system is such that their kind is needed. The Bard student who specializes would probably be miserable in a lecture hall, and so would the teacher who teaches better in a small seminar. (I am not comparing systems qualitatively, incidently, they are just different systems.)

So far, only the reasons for our dissatisfaction have been aired. This article will, therefore, be the first in a series. The next issue of the "Bardian" will contain suggestions, because something bad is happening here, something that had better be stopped before compliments can be given. You're the ones who someday are going to find Bard College is but an imitation of other colleges. The address will still be Annandale-on-Hudson. Maybe you'll get excited. Maybe it'll be too late.

Fred Segal



Henri Matisse has been painting and drawing young girls in the plush splendour of a well-to-do home for many years now. Most painters can't handle this sort of subject matter. It isn't done at all in America. What is required to do it is an unabashed love of it and an objective view of it. That is to keep in mind that it is the outer view of things. So, Matisse tells us that the young lady's soul is flower-like and that's why she has potted plants in her room. He paints her goods with an objectiveness that shocks because he paints them as show. For this reason he particularly likes to do young girls in party dresses. He is not a satirist, thank God. He admires every bit of it.

Comparison with the painting of Bonnard should make this clear. For Bonnard the light, the fruit on the table and the girl leaning on it were a unity which had to do with the natures of the things themselves. Bonnard went beyond the outer show of things.

It is not strange that we should give the greater honor to Matisse. What he paints we can feel sure is true. It pleases us to see something of which one can't be skeptical.

Arner
three

Amero

window shopping with frauenfelder

I am indebted to the editors of this sheet for not approaching me with the task of writing a *criticism* of Mr. Frauenfelder's engaging remarks about his impressions in Europe, which he delivered in Albee Social. A criticism would have been impossible because I was looking in different windows than was Mr. Frauenfelder; I am not in a position to criticize anyone's impression about Europe, and thirdly, I found myself in inadvertant agreement with most of what he said.

In his opening remarks Mr. Frauenfelder stated that he would attempt to show us, among other things, why he came back to America with the feeling of repression about the situation in Europe. He began by describing London, a city in which, despite acres of unreconstructed ruins, people retained spirit and hope. Paris, he said, was a direct contrast. at least at his first visit, for in Paris there was no evident devastation but an invisible ruin. He added, however that on his return trip the city had come again to life.

Mr. Frauenfelder remarked that Switzerland was a "little America," very conscious of what they considered to be American folkways and culture. The culture apparent in Switzerland included translations of all recent

best sellers in pocket book form, movies, cars and various accounts of mixed truths and fictions concerning American life. He noted that the Swiss, in spite of their addiction to America, were haughty in their attitude towards it and gave one to believe that not only was the Swiss currency harder than America's but that everything in Switzerland was cleaner, more precise and more democratic.

I doubt if there was anyone present at the talk who was not impressed and saddened by the account of the conditions in Germany. Mr. Frauenfelder painted a discouraging picture of the hunger, general want, and moral decadence rampant in Hambourg. He was of the opinion that, in lieu of a more sure plan of action, the very least the Americans should have done was to have gone in as a conquering army and educated the younger generation. He pointed out that as the situation stands now, the young people are hopeless and without purpose, an understandable but, he felt, avoidable situation.

As a general commentary on his impressions Mr. Frauenfelder stated that the greatest fear in Europe today—and consequently the greatest block against a concerted effort towards permanent reconstruction—politically, morally and economically, is the overwhelming dread of Russia. Coupled with this is the feeling (and it is more of a feeling than anything else) the air of Europe is charged with the tremendous power of irrational forces which defy rational explanation or analysis. It is perhaps the feeling that some meaningless accident occurring between two youths in Berlin can easily catapult the whole of Europe and the world into unimaginable chaos. The result of this dread and oppression from the irrational is an ennui, a complete disinterest in creating new life and order from the varied ruins. It is as if the European leviatheon is waiting, exhausted, for the death blow.

I was aware of this feeling in Europe too. As Mr. Frauenfelder says, it permeates the atmosphere completely, but I disagree with the notion that the Europeans whom I met at least, felt that it was to come from Russia alone. Rather they felt that it will be a blow administered as a result of the inadequacy of both countries, the U. S. and Russia, to meet their responsibilities. My opinion is that Communism is not considered in the same light in Europe as it is by the majority of people in this country, in as much as it is not "anti" anything in particular over there. Not anti-american but just another of the many parties. This is not to say that I did not encounter feeling against the communists. In Italy especially, the working people and the business men with whom I talked said that communist-called general strikes occurred on the average of once a week, which meant that the five-year-job of putting Italy back on its feet was being lengthened to the point where the people themselves were becoming first exasperated, then hopeless. It is to be noted however that this is an internal situation and does not represent a recognized threat of a military invasion by Soviet Russia. On the other hand I heard intelligent complaints everywhere concerning the administration of the Marshall Plan. It is recognized even by conservative elements in France and Italy to be a threat to their respective national economies in spite of the needed aid it is rendering and by some to be a subtler form of long range invasion than the more tangible threat from the east.

Again, let me note that this is by way of

saying that I think Mr. Frauenfelder underemphasizes the dual nature of the cause of the fear and ennui in Europe.

The account of the conditions in Germany was particularly interesting to me since, although I did not go to Germany, I heard second hand a lot of discussions about what was going on. For the most part they coincided with what Mr. Frauenfelder had to say—and I might add, unfortunately so. I saw nothing in Europe that remotely approached the grimness and tragic quality of these reports. One got the impression that Germany was a cancer, decaying behind a wall through which few could pass. I mean to imply that it somehow remained separate from consideration of the rest of Europe. The French expressed little pity concerning the situation there, but often one heard the term *salle Boche*—a nick name that somehow missed being funny.

Mr. Frauenfelder admitted, with convincing gravity, that he was not enthusiastic about the situation in Europe. I submit that I understand why he feels the way he does.

M. Hollister

concert season opens

The first concert of the season was held at Bard Hall on October 21st. Gordon Myers of Bard accompanied Mr. Maurice Wilk in a well-performed hour and a half of music.

Mr. Wilk, who is fast becoming known, and justly so, throughout the concert world as a promising young violinist, has an even, sure attack that was noticeable as soon as his bow crossed the string. His rich and expressive tone impressed the audience at the outset. As the concert developed, Wilk maintained the high standard which he set for himself at the beginning.

Gordon Myers, the accompanist, is one of the most outstanding musicians that Bard College has had for many years; the first thing that impresses one about his playing is his mature understanding of the material at hand. He played with a controlled intensity and precision. (Unlike many accompanists who try to get into the act, Myers' performance was a sensitive backdrop for the violinist.)

The opening selection was the Sonata in D Major by Antonio Vivaldi, an early 18th century composer. The original composition was written with a figured bass to be filled in by the harpsichordist. This gave the accompanist a free hand to interpret the bass as he wished. The figured bass, however, was realized (notated) by Respighi, a contemporary Italian composer, who lost the feeling of the 18th century with a rather ornate but nonetheless pleasing piano accompaniment.

A Sonata by Aaron Copland, written in 1943, was the next offering. This work had some interesting and complicated passages of interplay between the accompaniment and solo. However, for me, it did not create a completely satisfying composition. The second (lento) movement, for example, lost all continuity, and although Copland was obviously reaching for sobriety, his ultimate effect was one of humor. A harsh, resounding note on the violin would be answered with an equally distressing piano passage. This repitition was maintained to the point of boredom. However, there were, in the last movement, points of great entertainment value. The contrast of dark and light splashes of consonance and

(Continued on pg. 11)

beware of realists!

"Beware of your realists, Mr. Secretary," exclaimed Salvador de Madariaga, one of the greatest living Spanish statesmen and scholars, in a deeply moving open letter addressed to Secretary of State George Marshall (in *Manchester Guardian Weekly* of October 21). He added that these realists are "still thinking in terms of obsolete weapons such as rockets and atom bombs, forgetting the most up-to-date and potent (if the oldest) explosive there is—the human heart. By condemning Franco Spain, you will conquer the heart of millions of Europeans who have been taught to distrust American motives . . ." Madariaga has been at times accused of being somewhat of a cynic himself. If he warns our government so eloquently against any bargaining with General Franco, his words mean more than those of self-righteous leftist writers who so often have embraced wrong causes. The critical judgment of this exiled Spanish patriot certainly is weighier than that of the Casandras of New York.

It is an irony of history, that Franco's rule survived the second World War and its aftermath, while his sponsors Hitler and Mussolini vanished from the scene. Understandably enough, the United Nations did not wish to have any dealings with him, but the condemnations hurled at him by democratic statesmen of the world did not weaken his position at home measurably. He still controls army and police, administration and judiciary, press and education. But the Spanish economy shows signs of strain, due to dictatorial mismanagement; bankruptcy may not be far off, unless the U. S. government throws its Dollars in the direction of the Caudillo.

There are good reasons to believe that some officials in Washington are inclined to lend Franco a hand, under one disguise or another. They don't like Franco any better than you or I do, but they claim to be "realists." They foresee that Russia in a third world war might sweep all over Western Europe. Spain would then become the last anti-communist bulwark on the continent, protected as she is by the Pyrenees against invaders. There is no doubt: Spain could serve as an airbase for atomic warfare; a pro-Western government in Madrid would make the defense of Gibraltar and North Africa more feasible, and in Spanish ports the Anglo-Saxon forces of W W III might disembark for a reconquest of continental Europe.

If a final war between the super-powers were actually inevitable some kind of collaboration with Franco might have to be considered, repulsive though it would be. But is war with Russia really so near that we have to make a pact with the forces of evil? As long as we have any hope left for a peaceful settlement of the European troubles, we should not try to appease Franco, but rather render the most generous help to our true friends, the British, the French, the Italians, and, with due caution, even the Western Germans. No European liberal (in the widest sense of the word) could understand American policy, if we were to bolster Franco's dwindling economic resources and to bring him into the United Nations Organization through a backdoor. It would be plainly unethical. Madariaga is correct in writing to General Marshall: "If you will lead a crusade against a totalitarian East from a West the most strategic territory of which is ruled by a totali-

from "accent"

t. weiss

Add Susan

as a nook of sight, of laughter
on the sly: add "ho!" to blue,
"O" sedate and "how?" a stare,
the thrusting of her chin,
till windy sky is racing like
our pond ("hepatica" her father,
pointing, says) "patacake! patacake!
clap your hands!" and we
see beyond beyond.

Her chuckle is a huckle-
berried hill, as is her run-
ning and her fall, her grace-
ful spill like pond; an April-
rain is not so gay, so
round. As Renee, tying Susan's
shoelace, bends, Sue gravely
pats her on the back:
"I pat my mother, when
she's good . . . now you

pat me!" and her chortle
is as puffed, yes, sprouts
a cherry-blossom tree
in spray round buzzing saw
and zooming boom of bee
beside the droopeared rhododendron
patch "Susan-sized,"
next to the azalea bush
"big as Bobby—he's our brother,"
and another poised as "Pete—

he's our dog, sniffing at
someone else's tree . . . that's
GIANT and that's mother
bending to kiss me
when the curtains fly,
fixed to a wheel, and the night
comes in bigger than me!"
and it did, out of the O
of her eyes and the huddled
corner of her voice

whisper—white for mystery,
till sky's bright as a doll
your wishing dare not have,
a redchecked day snatched out
of your hands by "come to bed!"

tarian State, the heart of the workers and of
the soldiers of the West will remain empty
and cold, and the issue can only end in di-
saster."

F. E. H.

susan as a pair of eyes

sartre's existentialism

Existentialism assumes that God, if he exists, is not the creator of man. Man only exists in the awareness of himself. When this awareness dawns on him, he has free will to choose the self he wills to be, thereby creating the image of what man ought to be.

Man's world is entirely subjective. He cannot transcend his human subjectivity and therefore has no contact with the metaphysical world. There are no *a priori* universal values; no preconceived laws to tell man what is good or evil, right or wrong. He has no guide, no omen to direct his choices; but, as he chooses freely, he affirms the value of his choice. As a necessary consequence of his free will, man is responsible for his creation. Since he creates the image of what man ought to be; and chooses the values man ought to have, he assumes responsibility not only for himself but for the whole of humanity.

It is the burden of responsibility and free will which causes man to be in a constant state of anguish, forlornness and despair—anguish because he is doomed to choose and assume responsibility with no certainty as to whether he is right or wrong. He must question "Am I really the kind of man who has the right to act in such a way that humanity might guide itself by my actions?"* Since there is no answer to this, man lives in anguish.

Forlornness is similar to anguish. It stems from the fact that man has no God to give meaning to his universe or sanction his actions. He is the outcast who has no part in the "music of the spheres." For the Existentialist there is no motivation. Motivation is simply an excuse, a rationalization arising from the desire to avoid responsibility and anguish. Despair arises from the fact that man has to limit himself to what he can accomplish with his will.

Anguish, forlornness and despair are "The Flies." It is interesting to notice how Sartre has superimposed his existential philosophy on the Greek myth in his play, *The Flies*. In the latter Electra is the heroine; but Sartre, believing that reality only exists in action, makes Orestes the hero. Electra's long years of mourning and fantasies of liberating herself and the people of Argos amount to nothing since they never reach fulfillment. We see her at the end of the play, a frightened little girl, reluctant to accept her freedom and assume responsibility. She represents the average modern man; she, like the people to whom Dostoyevsky's *Grand Inquisitor* refers, is only too happy to lay her freedom at the feet of anyone willing to relieve her of it.

Orestes, on the other hand, is the existentialist, the man who admits "I am my freedom." He comes to the sudden realization that he is utterly alone in the universe; that he is forlorn because there is no one to give him orders, or to give purpose and meaning to his universe. Orestes is the outcast, but from his isolation arises his human dignity. He has "the courage of his crimes"; and, by assuming responsibility for them, he relieves his fellow men of their guilt of original sin (Agamemnon's murder). Through this act he proves himself free and "at one with himself." He rejoices in his freedom although he realizes that the flies will never leave him.

I. M.

*Jean Paul Sartre—Existentialism

interview with director

This production, the first of the season, is a superb example of complete co-operation of the faculty of the Arts Division involved in it.

Since little is known of the man who assumed the greatest share of the burden of the production—director Lawrence Wismer—I take this opportunity to acquaint you, briefly, with his career to date. Larry began his education in drama as a freshman at Pacific University in Oregon and upon graduation from college received a part-time position teaching, acting, directing, playwriting and stage-craft staging. This led to a two year fellowship from the Rockefeller Foundation as Asst. Director at the University of North Carolina, a year as technical director at West Virginia's State Theater, and several seasons of summer stock at the famous Lakewood Playhouse in Skowhegan, Me. Completing three years in the service, Larry resumed his studies at Stanford University in pursuit of a Ph.D., but quit to accept a position as Technical Director at Mt. Holyoke College. It was there, during last field period, that I met him and he became interested in Bard. The constructive assistance he gave us in our production of Ibsen's "Ghosts" in Holyoke, convinced us of his rare talents in the art of drama.

Now at Bard, Larry has further shown his ability as a competent director. Those of us who have worked under his tutelage were constantly impressed by the atmosphere of ease and excitement which prevailed at each of the rehearsals. His patience and complete understanding of characters and the people with whom he was working gave each member of the cast a feeling of confidence and complete enjoyment—the gift of a true director. Such an experience repeated night after night built up a firm base on which the entire production rested and rested securely.

When asked why he chose "The Flies" for production, Larry replied, "Because Sartre has something to say and has his place in the world of thought. 'The Flies' is a statement of his philosophy. Also, since the Bard program emphasizes a variety of interests in modern trends of thought, the play is a desirable part of Bard education." He does not recognize Sartre as a great playwright "because he writes thesis plays," and he fully realizes how difficult it is for the average audience to grasp the significance of Sartre's Existentialism from once seeing the play.

"The Flies," says Larry, "could never be done successfully by professional actors because they would impose acting techniques upon it and few of them would understand the play at all. It requires students who are given to reading and full comprehension."

The physical elements of the production are the result of a highly competent and co-operative working team. The scenery designed by Richard Burns and the choreography by Miss Weight were fundamental in expressing the play. All agreed that with a thesis type play it is highly desirable to have the audience a part of it, and acting, dance, and scenery, were all designed to that effect. The use of varied levels of acting, and theatrical effects were merely to keep the audience alert and to increase the stature of the actor.

In design, Mr. Burns made full use of the size of the auditorium keeping actors and audience within the entire scenic scope. The

scenery was styled in a decadent perspective, the use of perspective being to indicate the weakness of the town of Argos. For example, the statue of Zeus was designed as a symbol of the pestilence and remorse present in the atmosphere pervading Argos. The throne of Agistheus was not a symbol of greatness but one of decadence and distorted power.

In striking contrast to the other elements of scenery was the shrine of Apollo. The cold blue colors of the statue itself, surrounded by the web-like construction and red-hot light of the pestilence, ridden atmosphere outside were effectively symbolic.

Miss Weight in her choreography for the dance of the flies, convincingly succeeded in portraying the idea of pestilence, thereby, heightening the overall effect.

As a member of the cast of "The Flies," I feel, that his production had the imagination and quality of a work of art.

—Robert Smith

play review

(Continued from page 1)

First and foremost, *The Flies* is lacking in poetry. Poetry is a difficult substance to define and no definition is conveniently catchal. Briefly, it is that quality of image and music which relates itself so intrinsically to the mood and thought of a work of art that it cannot be extracted from it without causing the collapse of the entire piece. Sartre's images are not of this type. They jar, jounce and disturb by their hackneyed resemblance to such expressions as "pretty as a picture;" "red as a rose;" etc. The absence of poetry in *The Flies* produces its bareness of language and dullness of thought. Whether or not the thought is logical is very much beside the point. When we want logic we are more apt to read the syllogisms of the philosophers than to go to the theatre. Sir Philip Sydney recognized this long ago when he said: "The Philosopher bestoweth but a wooden description: which with neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight of the soul."

In *The Flies*, Sartre has attempted to turn literature into a device to exemplify his philosophy without first possessing himself of the talents of the literary practitioner. By praising him, we are over-rating his achievement and depriving ourselves of the great work of real artists and real tragedians, of the work of such men as Aeschylus, Shakespear, and Strindberg. Finally, we are ignoring the value of the human being (no matter how much Sartre may revere that human being in his philosophy) by turning him into a text-book and the theatre into a podium.

Amero

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on fraternities

In the Bard Community Plan there are no fraternities and sororities; the Bard concept of education and social life is opposed to them. Is this as it should be?

Recently the following questions were posed to students representing a cross section of the college "What is your attitude toward fraternities and sororities in general? Do you think that they should come again to Bard?" The statements obtained in response to these questions are printed below.

Dick Bernhard—a transfer from Colorado University—"I think at a place such as Colorado, a large university, they served an important function. They presented a close knit social group that was otherwise lacking due to the size of the school. They also provided room and board for the members, but that was the extent of their usefulness. In a small school such as Bard there is neither the need nor the room for them. The Bard Community is much too intimate to house groups that would of necessity be a cause of intolerance and subsequent division among the students. Socially the college community is self sufficient; there is no desperate shortage of housing facilities.

"We choose our friends by our own criteria, and not on the basis of their background or social standing. From past experience I think I'm safe in saying that a fraternity or sorority on this campus might be beneficiary to a few, but it would certainly be a cause of resentment and discontent among the remainder of the students."

Barbara Miner—"Most of us came to Bard to progress, not regress. Fraternities and sororities are a product of undemocratic thinking. Bard, on the other hand, is supposed to be an example of a democratic community. LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY!"

Frank Vacca—"I haven't observed any cliquish attitude at Bard, and I would like to see the present attitude prevail, even if fraternities and sororities were adopted. If a sinister cliquishness is the result of them, then I do not want them at Bard."

Dick Hoddinott—"We once had three or four fraternities at one time for a school of 130 students. By 1940 they were all practically dead. In 1940 the new Bard began to arise, showing that fraternities were no longer wanted or considered useful in the Bard Community."

Janice Rosenbaum—"As a whole I don't approve of them because they are exclusive groups, cutting the individual off from a free choice of friends and hindering his development by tending to make him develop in terms of a group rather than in terms of himself. Here where we have the chance for personal contact with everyone, there is no excuse for them."

Elliott Lindsley—"I think that on a national scale they tend to become reactionary, but on a local scale they tend to work for the good of the school. The social and functional facilities at Bard, because of our size, are adequate, and do not make them necessary here."

Ed Caroe—"I am for them provided they don't get so strong that you think more of them than you do of your school. If there were enough fraternities and sororities, at least three of each, so that a majority of the students were offered the chance to join, I would certainly welcome them at Bard."

(Continued on Page 10)

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drama review – the flies

Argos existed in the gym for three nights last week, peopled with players of the *Bard College* drama group who were disturbed by a pestilence diagnosed by Jean-Paul Sartre as *The Flies*.

We have never witnessed a dramatic attempt at *Bard* possessed of grander aspiration. Exemplification of the fact that large-casted, life-sized productions can be given with the college's facilities is the essential value of this production.

As for the acting: Alfred Haulenbeek, who played Zeus, presented the most suitable voice for the type of pure exposition Sartre hawks from the stage and adjacent area for two and a half hours through twenty-nine actors.

It was not particularly dismaying that Andy Ball, the tutor, mouthed many of the clichés forced upon him, but Covington Allen, who played Orestes, the young masculine lead, need not have upstaged him during the rare moments of conversation.

Deborah Sussman was a very pretty Electra for the first five minutes of her appearance. She presented an interpretation of the shallowly written character in a manner equal to it. She bounced around the gym with not too much appreciation for the esthetics of bodily movement. The play called for a change of personality, an ageing and a deepening of sorts, but in the final scenes, the only part of Electra which changed was the script.

Joan DeKeyser as Clytemnestra was very convincing. Her acting convinced us that we were watching a play.

The dancing to the same music and with the same movement that we've witnessed at Bard for the last three years showed little imagination; was much more disturbing than were the flies to the actors. The play was saved from being soporific by many clever little devices including the beat of drums ("percussion music") and women screaming at odd moments.

The settings of Richard Burns added professional tone to the symbolic stage.

On the whole, we realize that it is next to impossible to make a statue with clay which insists upon falling apart, being too dry to adhere. We can't be too harsh on the lack of inspired acting.

The most pertinent note on *The Flies* was overheard during an intermission: "I think it's really fine to see all these new students getting to work together with all these old students in one big project." (Thank you Thorstein Veblen.)

Yes indeed—down to the valley of death trod half a hundred.

—Bob Sherman

PETER'S

Upper Red Hook, N. Y.

STEAKS!

COCKTAILS!

October 29, 1948

To the Editors of The Bardian:

I was very pleased to receive this week the following invitation from Mr. Thomas Woodbury:

"Discounting the remark made about you in the recent issue of The Bardian, I think we can still be cooperative. I would like you to write an open letter to The Bardian stating what you expect from it, and how far short of these expectations the present editors fell. In other words, it's a comment and a forecast of your hopes. I would appreciate this very much."

May I say first that our office is always ready to cooperate with the members of the staff of The Bardian and we hope they will feel free to call upon us at any time for whatever help we may be able to provide.

To say what I expect of The Bardian is a more complex matter. Most important, I believe, is the need for a balanced, responsible editorial policy. I should like to see a Bardian that reported accurately and objectively important news events on the Campus; that editorially was mature, was sensitive to the needs of the College and sought to build a better Bard through constructive suggestion as well as by tempered and thoughtful criticism of issues. I should like to see a consistent effort to publicize work done by individuals and groups. In other words, if the paper is interested in serving its public, its columns should reflect a more positive approach.

Your first issue gives promise of a more effective campus paper. The format and choice of type is fresh, progressive, and stimulating. The layout is good on page one but the two inside pages require further planning. For example, the box listing the staff members might profitably be enlarged to permit listing the full names of the individuals and to identify more clearly their functions. More attention should also be given to proof-reading. Accuracy should be stressed with all the members of the staff.

The content was somewhat disappointing, I regret to say. In the first place, it was not a balanced issue. Your first editorial, for example, chose to criticize the actions of Council without giving supporting or background data either in the editorial or in the new columns. The reply by Miss Sybil Caminer was particularly well-stated and I hope will be reprinted in the next issue. In addition I should like to point out that you missed the opportunity to start the year with a positive statement of the policies by which the Board intends to be guided. The year started on a negative note with no balancing editorial on the same or another topic.

Please understand that I do not question your right to be critical. I do suggest that the Board give more attention to the total impression on the reading public given by each issue of its paper.

Furthermore, it seems to me that you overlooked a number of important news items such as the opening address of the President, the talk by Dr. Sturmthal, the election of new trustees, and the activities of the Education Policies Committee and of the Community Council.

The Bardian as the student publication has an important role to play in our Community —by reporting Campus events, by clarifying

issues, and by exemplifying the socially responsible and mature intellectual standards by which we all want Bard to be known.

Sincerely,

Ormsbee W. Robinson

MacAlister letter

Dear Tom,

Before actually attempting to clear up some of the confusion and false impressions which you and Fred Segal disseminated in your BARDIAN articles of October 23rd, I should like to congratulate you on a few jobs well done.

It was indeed a pleasure to reach into my mailbox last Monday and find a sheet which resembled a college newspaper instead of a half-breed edition of the Bard Review. The new BARDIAN has good reporting, excellent humor, (who is that girl with me in the picture? I don't remember meeting her) and some timely editorials. However Mr. Stone's well written article was marred by his reference to Mr. Ormsbee Robinson as a 'flake.' Pete has demonstrated that he is not at a loss for good gags; therefore it seems a shame that he had to resort to such poor taste.

You might also say that I was glad to see that you and a member of your editorial staff gave the Community Council some coverage, even though the major portion of this comment was a clever attempt at destructive criticism of the Community Government in general.

After watching the "obstructionist group" at work in Council and Convocation last year, I wondered just how long it would take for you gentlemen to start up this year. Thank you for bringing this matter up at the beginning of the year so that all the unprejudiced thinkers on this campus may have an opportunity to become acquainted with both sides of the story.

Perhaps I can answer your combined accusations and slurs by first giving my attention to the editorial entitled "Criticism of Council" and then taking up the article entitled "A Visitor Speaks."

Tom refers to the Council as "... a speechless thing." A little over two weeks ago the question of student concessions came up in council and on October 18th the following motion was passed, "Council respectfully suggests to the Board of Trustees that they repeal their ruling which prohibits student concessions from operating on the on the Bard College campus, in order that enterprising people may earn money in the spirit of free enterprise." On October 22nd the Board of Trustees accepted our suggestion and repealed their ruling. Can you honestly say that we do not have a voice?

As the reader already knows, the remainder of the first paragraph of Mr. Woodbury's editorial contains a few unwarranted conclusions which are based on a faulty premise and therefore not fit material to discuss in this letter.

In the second, third and fourth paragraphs of Tom's editorial he presents his cause for condemnation. Perhaps a few lines devoted to the subject of the Constitutional Committee's rights will serve to make this issue clearer. In the Council meeting of September 20th Ralph Schley announced for the Constitutional Committee that this group had stricken a few words from cumulative community law No.

25. Mr. Schley's committee carried out this action while ruling on the constitutionality of an election which was held at the end of last year. Several members of Council felt that Ralph's committee was over-stepping its powers by delineating sections of a cumulative community law. At this meeting Council refused to accept this announcement and asked his committee to present their ideas of what their powers were at the next meeting. This certainly seemed like a fair procedure to us. Because of a terrifically large agenda, Mr. Schley's report was tabled on the 27th, with his express consent, in order that matters which required immediate attention might be acted on. The same procedure was required on October 4th. However on October 11th most of the urgent business had been cleared away and it was moved, after suitable discussion, that "The Constitutional Committee does not have the power to change or reword cumulative community laws without getting approval from Council for such actions." At the meeting of October 25 this motion was improved on.

Because this discussion of the Constitutional Committee was tabled a number of times, for reasons of fair play or the press of more urgent business, we have been accused of an "... inability and lack of desire to clarify." I will readily admit that, now and then, some of our members use parliamentary procedure in order to gain a point and that these same members try to confuse the issue. You will find that in any legislative group and, as the Chairman of the Council I have done my best to always keep the basic issue before the Council during debates. We are human and we admit to making mistakes.

However basing his judgments on one issue, which, he presents in a distorted manner, Mr. Woodbury concludes universally that, "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." Is it fair to come to such a conviction because a subject was tabled a few times for the reasons outlined in the last paragraph? Mr. Woodbury presents an unsound premise in the particular and draws a universal conclusion. Obviously this is not logical or just.

As a parting remark Tom comments that Council's "... members also seem to be solemn, self-righteous young people who have lost their sense of humor." One might laugh at this last statement simply because Mr. Averp, Dr. Fuller, Dr. Garrett, and Dr. Garvan are a little older than the average young person. However if Tom will step down anytime we have a meeting he may record our chuckles.

The last sentence of Tom's editorial leads right into Fred Segal's article. Ultimately Fred and Tom wish to make the same destructive point although they attack the subject differently. Fred makes an excellent attempt at making any student who shares in any type of community Government activity look like a combination of a frustrated big wheel and a teacher's pet. Anyone who is acquainted with the members of our Community Government will realize how ridiculous these accusations are.

What is the hook up between Tom's editorial and Fred's article? The answer is all

(Continued on Page 10)

the trustees taken just after
they defeated the faculty



the production

As a dramatic production, Larry Wismer has directed in such a manner as to have made the most of a realistic approach to the play. He was immediately handicapped by the characters of Sartre's play, who, in most cases, were very poorly drawn. What insight can one have to a personification of an idea? This is what I mean by "Poorly drawn." The one exception to this was Zeus whom Sartre has thoroughly explained as though in fear that the actor would project his own interpretation into the character. I am not taking away from Al Hollenbeck's performance as his ability is easily recognized.

... Joan DeKeyser's performance was outstanding for its thoroughness. She was Queen Clytemestra in every speech and movement. It was through this that her performance became one of the most convincing and surely a tribute not only to Joan's capabilities but also to Mr. Wismer's directing.

... The main portrayals of Orestes and Electra show the two alternatives given an actor or actress when playing a part. Covington Allen kept completely within the limits of Sartre's character of Orestes, and did his best considering his limitations. Deborah Sussman, on the other hand, moulded Electra into her own interpretation. Fortunately the actress' interpretation had a charm and vitality which was an addition to the play.

... The other roles, with the exception of Bob Smith whose choreography was very well executed, did not give the actors a chance to express the scope of their ability.

... The combination of excellent scenery and lighting of Dick Burns together with the staging by Mr. Wismer achieved that which is perhaps the best technical production that I have seen at Bard. The third act of this play is an example of their ability; for Sartre's writing had little to do with the sensational effect that the Furies created.

— Abner

letter to ed.

(continued from page 9)

Joan DeKeyser—"I don't approve of them too apparent. They are out to discredit the Council and cause disension between faculty and students. In this way they hope to kill our Community Government. I am sure that the great majority of Bardians want to avoid Dean's rule or anarchy. Both are inconsistant with the Bard system.

The Community Government welcomes criticism; but please Gentlemen make it constructive.

I should like to thank the editors of the BARDIAN for democratically allowing me to answer their comments. Furthermore if this letter seems strong in places it is only because I disagree with some of the things which Tom and Fred have written but not because I don't like and respect them personally.

Sincerely,

Bob MacAlister

on fraternities

(continued from page 8)

because they are set up and exist upon religious, racial, and social restrictions. If they existed on an interest basis, there might possibly be some excuse for them. Fraternities and sororities as they exist now in other schools would be assinine here.

David Egerwald—"Fraternities and sororities depend on the people who are in them. An unfriendly group of snobbish and cliquish people make up the sort of fraternity or sorority which disunifies the campus and produces bad feelings among the non-"Greeks." A friendly and democratic group banding together as a means of developing a social life which fits their desires and which enables them to meet people of similar interests produces greater unity on the campus. Therefore, since most Bardians belong to the latter group, an experiment appropriate to the size of the college might be wise. If the spirit behind them

were unselfish, I would like to see such organizations at Bard."

Yvonne Zacharias—"The object of fraternities and sororities is to enable people of mutual interests to get together. In Bard the smallness of the community and the many clubs satisfy that need."

Barbara Nusbaum, graduate of the University of Wisconsin—"On our campus they were the strongest contributing factors to racial and religious prejudice."

Miles Hollister—"There is no real justification for them in the American educational system and more especially at Bard, since they are basically opposed to the Bard idea of the development of the individual."

Roger Isaacs—"I agree with everything that Mrs. Glenn Frank, wife of the president of the University of Wisconsin, said in her article on fraternities and sororities—an article which was responsible for getting her dropped from the alumnae lists of her own sorority. I believe, however, that a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa would be welcome here."

A dog, Toby—"Since fraternities and sororities entail a certain dogma, I believe that their existence at Bard would be catastrophic."

Dec. 9, 10, 11

Mary of Scotland

concert season opens
(continued from page 5)
disonance which enlivened the over all picture somewhat.

Paul Hindemith, one of the leading contemporaries, was represented in the concert by Mr. Wilk's expert and sensitive handling of his Sonata for Violin Alone. This piece, one of extreme technical intricacy, is a forceful and scholarly work. Hindemith demands much of the performer, but in return gives him an excellent vehicle to demonstrate his virtuosity. Although the Sonata has its softer and slower passages, it is a composition of intense excitement. This tenseness is maintained throughout the whole of the work and adds to its grandeur.

The concert was concluded with a controlled yet brilliant performance of Beethoven's Sonata in C Minor. No comment on Mr. Beethoven.

D. Sherman

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