BARDIAN

Vol. 1 No. 2 November, 1948

Page 1 Editorial
[“There are too many indications that Bard College is heading in the wrong direction.”]
Fred Segal
On Student Concessions
J. Johnson
Review of the Playwright
Amero

Page 2 Letter to the Editor
[“I think we should begin to fight every inch of the way... every attempt to be average—is a victory for the bad.”]
John Senior

Page 3 Matisse
Arner

Page 4 The Oddity
Stone
Bardiana
News and Comments
F. S.
A Short History of Jazz
R. D. Isaacs

Page 5 William Carlos Williams
Ameco
Window Shopping with Frauenfelder
M. Hollister
Concert Season Opens
D. Sherman

Page 6 Beware of Realists!
F. E. H.
Susan as a Pair of Eyes [Poem]
from “Accent”
T. Weiss

Page 7 Sartre’s Existentialism
J. M.
Interview with Director
Robert Smith

Page 8 On Fraternities
Drama Review—”The Flies”
Bob Sherman

Page 9 Two Letters to the Editor
[“Most important, I believe, is the need for a balanced, responsible editorial policy.”]
Ormsbee W. Robinson
[“Before actually attempting to clear up some of the confusion and false impressions...disseminated in your Bardian Articles... I should like to congratulate you...”]
Bob MacAlister

Page 10 The Trustees Take Just After They Defeated the Faculty [Photograph]
The Production
Abner

Page 12 Trustees Second Team [Photograph]
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Trustees repealed the law stating that there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 be-
cause 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 de-
cided 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 very few
sound “ifs” attached. Some of these are that
students submit to the counsel the nature of
their business, the names of the person or per-
sons 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 play may
run only until the termination of the academic
year. Another suggestion was that the stu-
dents pay rent for college space used for busi-
ness on campus, but the trustees were sympa-
thetic and this was not included in the mo-
tion.

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 Federico Gar-
cia Lorca, Jean Paul Sartre is probably the
best of our contemporary playwrights; but
this is rather saying much for Jean Paul Sar-
tre not for contemporary playwriting. The
Flies, the only play by Sartre which Bard Col-
lege is familiar with (due to the recent ex-
cellent performance by the Theatre Depart-
ment) 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 Leitti.) The rea-
son for its popularity “among people who
know” is not unlike the reason for the popu-
lariry of Odets among people who knew dur-
ing 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 superficiality 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) funda-
mental orientation toward the problem of
evil. The presence of these four indispens-
able 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 usual
reasons for the sterility of Sartre; but some
points of difference between him and the
masters of Greece and Elisabethan England
do suggest themselves.

(Cont. on p. 7)

the bardian

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

Bard is a progressive college which means that indi-
vidual 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 some-
times 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 obstruction-
ist, our attitude is supposedly a negative one. This is noth-
ing new. For example, I have been criticized for being nega-
tive 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 sipping 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 pres-
tent 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 prac-
tically any college in the world so as to insure individual atten-
tion, so as to bolster this teacher student relationship. We
are not conducting an emotional grudge fight, but when any
(Continued on page 2)

editorial
October 30, 1948

To the Editor of the Bardian:

America has the biggest universities in the world and the best bathubs. 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—Amstor's program and Isaac's, 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 this 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 spoiled 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 bathubs, cleanings.

John Senior

from "Desins par Henri Matisse
Maries Fabiani, Editeur, France"

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 Amanda-on-Wadson. Maybe you'll get excited. Maybe I'll be too late.

Fred Segal
Henri Matisse has been painting and drawing young girls in the plush spendour 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.
the oddity

Tell me, O Muse, thy tale of chance, and of the ill-fated herd thereby.

As the mother Python abandons her young—leaving them vulnerable to the ways of fortune—even so do the citizens forget their work and gather each night in assembly to test their fortunes over poker.

However, assembly had not become ritual and each evening, as Zeus would will the sun to set, a courier was dispatched to spread the news of the occasion of this meeting. The news fell to Lasseters, son of a senator, who journeyed first to the marketplace. Unvaryingly he would fall onto several men worthy of assembly—Segalodes, Frothinghamochus, Foxes, Stonius, and a journeyman from faraway Egypt, Shelly Chang.

On one particular night, as Lasseters found his five companions, he greeted them saying, "Hello, brother Segalodes, Frothinghamochus, Foxes, Stonius, and you journeyman from faraway Egypt, Shelly Chang."

And they answered, "Hello, Lasseters, possessed of much gold curried by your employer's writings, sayeth, 'Doth Poker tempt thou?"

Frothinghamochus, Foxes and Stonius spake affirmatively, and as Segalodes and Chang had begun playing with cards with predetermined imperfections, it was supposed that the assembly would take place.

However, Lasseters remarked, "We see but five besides myself. It would better suit the purpose to find another." He paused while father Zeus played thoughts in his head.

The only man remaining that sporteth is Holt."

Frothinghamochus flew into a rage as Pallas Athena threw wrath into his heart. "Holt! As we sat within the house inside the walls of Illium, who was it that pisseth wind? Holt! And as glorious Socrates nobly sippeth hemlock, who speake 'Lechian? Holt!' Rather would I study than sport with Holt!"

And Stonius, from the land of milk and Michum, cryeth, "In what manner was Holt admitted within our walls?"

And Lasseters, who liveth within my in-cust, rose, sayeth, "A flute.** My brothers, thinkand in thinking remember how the god-desseys of fortune and wit have treated Holt."

The five had no need to think. They saw words and Hermes, Hermes, Hermes, words. Holt was some-what, and the assembly seated to a sanctum beneath South Parrhenon. Play was begun and soon all minds were intent upon gold.

Mr. X was born in New York City in May, 1818, in the section known as Green-

vich Village. The man was given his secondary

offed education at a very strict institu-

tion, and at the same time he received his first formal religious education at St. Mark's Church, in Brooklyn, famous for being the only Episcopalian Church in New York City with a cross on it. It was there that he met Dr. Samuel Hopkins, a man who greatly influenced his career, and later persuaded him to continue his studies at Princeton College. He completed his studies at Washington College in Hartford, Conn., now known as Trinity College, graduating first in his class.

Very diligent in his work and possessed of a sober outlook on life, he also found time at school for such diversions as over-turning the baker's cart. Following in succession he became clergyman, priest, teacher, missionary, and chaplain.

In 1861, he first arrived at the following place so aptly described by his son:

On the eastern bank of the Hudson, about one half mile in a straight line from the river, is an interesting and important point of interest. It is remote from the centers of activity... It rests among wooded hills and rocky dales. Nature has surrounded it with her most picturesque charms. It is almost, literally alone... Near an occasionally dwelling sits its head among the trees, the home of a farmer of mechanic. With the exception of a small settlement, a half mile distance, it is so scarcely deserves the name of village, we find a few marks of human habitation.

He distinguished himself among his colleagues and eighteen pupils because he had the rare faculty of being able to impart his knowledge to others; he was well-equipped, persistent, enthusiastic and unselfish. In 1863 he succeeded Dr. Richley as Warden at President. Of the college, with him, education was much more than book study. The army creates an 'esprit de corps' at West Point," he said, "No less certainly does the ministry create an 'esprit de corps' at Amherst." At the age of seventy-five he retired from the college. He is remembered as a great educator, and warm friend to students, faculty and trustees alike. Who was he? (Ask Reardon Grove.)

news and comments

A group of students calling themselves the Wardens' Cultural Club marched into convocation last Wednesday, used parliamentary procedure, and successfully gained control of the convocation funds. This group, led by Aron Kaplo (who is a strong believer in student government) tented more concerned having a good time than in either strengthening or weakening the convocation. Kaplo on the other hand, believing in student government as he does, sought to have a different desire than most of his group. He wants to make the college more conscious. Taking convocation funds away would, theoretically, so errange the student body that they would fight for them and thus attend convocation. So there seemed to be two facades inside the Warden's Club, those who wanted a few laughs, and those, despite other uses we may have for our time, who wanted to make us politicians. As a gag it was very funny, but as a means of getting people into attending government functions here it wasn't amusing.

F. S.

*Translator's note: This word was left the way it appeared in the original text, being improper to translate.

**Choroba Robinson.

a short history of jazz

The first really great jazz instrumentalist was a gentleman by the name of Buddy Bolden —King Bolden—who hit his peak around 1926. Buddy lived in New Orleans and there developed what is known as New Orleans jazz. Since that time there have been several insignificant schools of jazz including Chicago, New York, and some in Europe and the African-Africans in Africa. (This last school is really only a series of varied drum beat which some natives in Africa have copied directly from Gene Krupa.)

Jazz went into a steady decline until the early 1940's when a small group of students at Bard College in Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., decided to revive it. That was in the days when men were men and girls were violators at Bard. The band was headed, I believe, by Tom Marshall, who played the bass, and instigated the very excellent idea of using a tar-paper-covered tennis court for outdoor dances. Then in 1945 jazz was definitely put back on its feet by a small combined headed by one Ruel Baker. Out of a small nucleus of trumpeter, guitar, drums, bass, piano, and occasionally a cymbale came what is known as "Progressive Jazz." (Stan Kenton has since commercialized it.) This outfit grew and shrank and changed personnel many times until Mr. Baker, who is uncharismatic, resigned his position as leader and took to selling wall-paper. By this time a young man with a set of drums and a second hand fire siren enrolled at Bard. At first he played with the Baker organization, but eventually he started his own outfit which did quite well until the time consumed in accumulating a wife forced him to give up music. For a time he lived relatively obscurely in his old bass drum just behind the fire-house, but this year he was rediscovered, given a set of false finger-nails, and told that his public was clamoring for him. His name of course, is Brown. In no time at all Bob rounded up the largest group ever to play at Bard, and worked with them night and day until he was satisfied that they could meet the standards set by former progressive bands. He starred them unceasingly in such places as Frank Daley's Idle Hour Inn and Stuyvesant Casino in New York, and finally they made their all-important debut at the College. The concert was a great success and already show promise of being one of the leading bands at Bard. Their force is improvised jazz, a form of music that is either played with orchestrations turned upside-down or, more often, with no orchestrations at all. When forced to play in the more orthodox manner (with music) they are still slightly weak, but given time to work together they should be a very smooth-working professional outfit.

This critic congratulates them, wishes them luck and offers their dual-covered set of drums to them at a reasonable price.

R. D. Jacobs

Mr. Amero's poetry reading on Radio Bard was a great success. He read selections from his book "Trilling" and Miss Jean Stafford, of last year's Novel Weekend, "etres." According to listeners who heard the speakers on Mr. Amero's "Atitudes Towards Painting" there is some doubt left as to whether not Amero can tell a bore when he sees one.

Patronize Our Advertisers
William Carlos Williams

William is a poet who, like Whitman, expresses boldly and realistically his impressions of the American scene. Williams stands high in the ranks of American poets. With Wallace Stevens, he is one of this country's most mature poets and his work displays a great degree of technical brilliance. This disproves, we hope forever, the contention that fine poetry cannot come out of a country as vulgar, as utilitarian as ours.

Now sixty-five, Williams is one of our oldest poets. Like Stevens, he has helped to break the myth that the poet is a being apart from society. He has been a country-doctor in Rutherford, New Jersey, throughout most of his life. At the age of twenty-six, Williams started publishing his poetry and he has been writing ever since. His latest work, Paterson, bears the same relationship to Williams as the Cantos do to Pound, and will probably have a permanent place in the history of American literature.

With Amy Lowell and Ezra Pound, Williams was one of the leaders of the Imagist movement in modern poetry, who have done much to free our poetic expression from the shackles of Victorian verse. The most outstanding characteristic of William's verse is its sharpness of image. The picture created by a Williams poem is so inclusively clear that one has to go back to the poetic paintings of the Chinese to find comparable models.

Wallace Stevens, in many respects a much more sophisticated poet than Williams, has always been one of his admirers and in the preface to William's Collected Poems Stevens says: "The man has spent his life in rejecting the accepted sense of things. His passion for the anti-poetic is a blood passion and not a passion for the ink pot." Something of the passion of Williams may be found in Flaubert by the Sea, The Poor, The Yachts, and These which may be found in the collected edition of Williams' poetry on display in the library.

Amero window shopping with frauensfelder

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

In his opening remarks Mr. Frauenthaler stated that he would attempt to show us American 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 remained spritely and light-hearted. When we arrived in 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 to life.

Mr. Frauenthaler remarked that Switzerland was a "little America," very conscious of what they considered to be American folklore 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 ambition to America, were haughty in their attitude towards it and gave one the feeling that not only was the Swiss currently 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. Frauenthaler painted a discouraging picture of the hunger, general want, and moral decadence rampant in Hamburg. He was of the opinion that, in lieu of a more sure plan of action, the very less the Americans should have been told was how 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. Frauenthaler 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 drenched and oppressive irrationalism is an enmity, a complete disinterest in creating new life and order from the varied ruins. It is as if the European levithanion is waiting, exhausted, for the death blow.

I was aware of this feeling in Europe too. As Mr. Frauenthaler 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. Mr. Frauenthaler said 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 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 militaristic 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 as American justice to be a threat to their respective national economies in spite of the needed aid it is rendering and by some to be a subterfuge 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. Frauenthaler underemphasizes the dual nature of the cause of the fears being felt 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 discussion about what was going on. For the most part they coincided with what Mr. Frauenthaler had to say—and I might add, unfortunately so. I saw nothing in Europe that remotely approached the grimness and tragi-comedy to be found in our own parts. 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 belle bouche—a nick name that somehow missed being funny.

Mr. Frauenthaler, 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. Holliester

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 not marred by his taking up the 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 impreses one about him 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' playing 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 none-the-less 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 section was maintained to the point of boredom. However, there were, in the last movement, points of great entertainment value. The climax was a display of dark and light splashes of consonance and
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 condoning 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 wants our government to eloquently against any bargaining with General Franco, his words seem 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 weightier than that of the Cassandras 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 bend 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 by bringing 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 totalitarian State, the heart of the worker and of the soldiers of the West will remain empty and cold, and the issue can only end in disaster."

F. E. H.
Sartre's existentialism

Existentialism assumes that God, if he exists, is 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 transcendent 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 one 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 survive?"

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 limited himself to what he can accomplish with his will.

Anguish, forlornness and despair are "The Flies." It is interesting to note 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; 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 Dostoevsky's "Grand Inquisitor" refers, is 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.

Interview with director

This production, the first of the season, is a superb example of the 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 Astr. 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 Mr. 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 "Ghost" 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 ownership—a gift of a true director. Such an experience repeated night after night built up the 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 cooperative 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 action 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, hidden 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 poor poetry. Poetry is a difficult substance to define and no definition is conveniently catchall. 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 disrupt 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 Sidney recognized this long ago when he said: "The Philosopher bestoweth but a wooden description: which woth 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, Shakespeare, 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

Looking for good food?

Look for the blue awnin'

It's the way to

Andy's Restaurant

Red Hook, N. Y.
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 beneficial to a few, but it would certainly be a cause or 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."

Elliot Linsley—"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)

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 Haulenberg, 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 cliché 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 aging and a deepening of sorts, but in the final scenes, the only part of Electra which changed was the script.

Joan DeKeeper 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 insinuates 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!
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, responsive editorial policy. I should like to see a Bardian that reported accurately and objectively important news events on the Campus; that editorial and opinion section 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 proofreading. 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 the Council without giving supporting or background data either in the editorial or in the news column. The reply by Miss Sybil Caminer was particularly well-written 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 the 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. Sturmholt, 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,

Orrin 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-bred 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. Orrin Robinson as a "fluke." Pete has demonstrated that he is not at all 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 unprepared 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 "Crisis in 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 question 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 case 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 overstepping 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 its 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 rewrite cumulative community laws without getting approval from Council for such actions." At the meeting of October 25th 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 body, 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. Garret and Dr. Garver are a little older than the average young person. However if Tom will step down any time 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 production

As a dramatic production, Larry Wisner 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 Clytemnestra 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. Wisner'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. Wisner 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 Furiers 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 division 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 inconsistent 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 MacAllister

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 assimilate 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 disunites 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 Nussbaum, 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 Isaac—"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 alumni 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)

Dissonance 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 tension 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

ANNANDALE HOTEL

For the Best in Taxi Service
Call
Red Hook 165
Bard College Taxi
GEO. F. CARMIGHENT
Call from either the Rhinebeck or Barrytown stations

COUNTY LINE RESTAURANT
On Route 9-G
COCKTAIL LOUNGE
Dancing to orchestra every Saturday night
We appreciate your business but we must close on time.

WACHES - CLOCKS
Pen and Pencil Sets
Costume Jewelry
Gifts for All Occasions
The Haen Jewelry Shop
Rhinebeck Phone 8

BARD RADIO
630 on your dial

TODAY!!
Vassar
Painting Exhibit
In Orient Now

The BARD COLLEGE STORE

MILLARD & SON
WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS OF
Reynold's Reliance
AND
Mill-Son Food Products
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.

GOOD NEWS
Spring Lake Lodge
Upper Red Hook, N.Y.
Will Be Open All Winter
DANCING
ADDED ATTRACTION
Winter sports for your pleasure
Finest in Foods
Wines - Beers - Liquors
Closed Every Tuesday
HENRY GROLL, Proprietor

Read THE RHINEBECK GAZETTE
(Printers of the Bardian)
Community Garage
Dodge and Plymouth
Bodge Trucks
Storage - Repairs
and
Accessories - Towing
TELEPHONE 244
E. Market Street
Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Schrauth’s Ice Cream
The Borden Co.
12 North Bridge St.
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
Telephone Poughkeepsie 1320

F. H. Pierson & Son
Wholesale Dealers in
BEEF - VEAL - LAMB - PORK
POULTRY - HAMS - BACON
473-474 Main St.,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Having Laundry Blues? ? Try
The Model Laundry
Proven to be the least expensive
laundry service on the
Bard Campus
Pick-up made at the dorms every Mon-
day at 3:30 a.m. Delivery every Sat-
day. Don’t forget to include your
NAME, DORM and ROOM NUMBER
in bundle.
For Additional Details See
Jim Richey, So. Barracks, No. 4
Satisfaction . . .
Our only guarantee
When quantities of equal size were sent
to competing laundries, Model proved
to be best expensive by as much as 25c.

To
Keep in the best of spirits
Visit
A'BRIAL LIQUOR
STORE
Red Hook, N. Y.

THE RED HOOK
FLORAL CO.
E. Market St., Red Hook, N. Y.
Cut Flowers for All Occasions
Corsages - Bouquets
WE DELIVER