

Bard College
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BARDIAN

Vol. 2 No. 5 December 10, 1949

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Korbel exploited

On November 16, Richard Korbel gave a piano recital in Bard Hall. There is a great deal to be said about Mr. Korbel himself. There is very little that can be said about his recital.

An artist, a *good* artist, must have four essential characteristics: a natural ability, a creative emotional interest in his art, a knowledge of his material, and maturity. Whether he will succeed or not depends upon himself; he cannot be pushed or driven to success by exterior forces, although he can be guided and encouraged. This will bring us to the problem of the child prodigy, and Mr. Korbel must be considered as one.

As far as ability is concerned, there is no doubt that he is gifted. He is a brilliant technician; such a startling degree of speed and accuracy is rarely found in pianists his age. His tonal quality is not deplorable but could be much better. Mr. Korbel must have a creative emotional interest in his art, as well as knowledge of his material.

But then we come to his main difficulty: he does not have the maturity that is essential in a good artist. This is the prevalent failing of most child prodigies, and unfortunately Korbel is not an exception. His lack of musical maturity is responsible for his inability to cope effectively with the problems that he is faced with in his material. He is not able to handle with discrimination the demands that his music makes of him. He is not yet able to coordinate his creative emotions, his knowledge of material and his physical abilities so that they work in unison.

One is also inclined to think that Mr. Korbel is not musically independent, that he is being driven by someone other than himself, that he is being exploited because of his age, and that he is not being allowed to develop himself as an individual as well as a musician.

Mr. Korbel shows promise. Perhaps someday he will be a successful pianist. But he is not mature enough, or organized enough, to be appearing on the stage as a professional pianist at his age. He should not be exploited.

B. C.

MR. PAUL DEMAN

he evaluates surrealism interview

The quest for objectivity, which, according to the surrealists, is the sole aim and end of art, can never reach its goal, claimed Mr. Paul Deman in his recent lecture. The reason for this impossibility and the resulting paradox is that the artist is necessarily subjective; no matter what school he adheres to, he is always subjectively involved in the act of regarding the object.

In order to evaluate surrealism, the speaker illustrated his talk by outlining the historical development and the esthetic content of the movement. Sympathetic to the credo, the new French teacher feels that surrealism, rather than existing as an esoteric style, is "the most articulate expression in literature . . . of a general intellectual revolution beginning in the twentieth century." Later on, however, he pointed out that surrealism must not be thought of as a stage to be historically and wilfully attained, but rather as a spontaneous growth of the artist. This stage should arise from a need within him.

This need results from the realization that the state of objectivity cannot be reached; that the personal element is present in all men, and from the subsequent desire to conquer this problem. Of course the realization leads to frustration; in a sense the problem is one of absurdity. But the work of art is itself absurd if we realize that it is at once an object, a physical being, and a subject, the subject of the artist's imagination. The surrealist in literature attempts to provide writing with "an awareness of its purpose"; that is, he tries to eliminate the prevalent false assumption that a work of art can attain objectivity. (When an artist aims at objectivity, he is trying to exist as the object he portrays. He wants to identify himself with, for example, a table he paints. In doing so the modernist tries to depict the essence of a table regardless of his individual attitude toward it.) Thus the nineteenth century quest for the goal manifested in an il-

(Continued on Page 2)

"There is great deal to be done in the United States in the fields of intellectual enterprise. Publishing, particularly, has grown out of hand and it is largely this fact that has attracted me to the States. In Europe a person who presents new ideas is considered only half crazy which is quite nice." These sentiments seem to sum up, more or less adequately, the reasons which impelled Paul Deman to finally locate in this country after some thirty years spent in Europe. "You have no idea of the overall climate of despair, pettiness, and unhealthy relaxation predominant on the continent today."

Deman sees today's Europe (excepting only England and Italy) as a place which has nothing to offer a continent which must be discarded as an example for anyone or any group to follow. He does not mean that one should overlook Europe's importance as a storehouse of much of the world's past culture. He does warn, though, of going to Europe with the idea of getting away from what you may dislike in the States. Rather, the American traveler should embark upon his European excursion with the purpose of getting a new and fuller perspective of himself and his country as seen from an ocean away.

True, says Deman there are a number of interesting individuals to be found in Europe, and to some extent better books, but nevertheless the students, a body in America to whom we look for leadership, are, in Europe, a disillusioned lot.

In reply to a comment I made, to the effect that my experience had shown up a lot of students as dullards, Deman smilingly pointed out that it was his experience that about 80% of the persons one meets are dull people. In America, he said, the remaining 20% are not dull in a very nice way. They are at least dynamic in their response to new ideas and problems. The European student, on the other hand, tends to be dogmatic and almost desperate in his attitude.

(Continued on Page 2)

the bardian

open letter to the trustees:

editorial

We note with interest that higher progressive education has come to the attention of our favorite magazine—LIFE. In a recent editorial (which we hope you have read) the editors arrived at the considered conclusion that American Education has come of age. This happy situation has come about (as they will have it) through a judicious and eminently practical compromise with John Dewey.

While we hesitate to disagree with the profound thinking that characterizes LIFE'S editorials, it has been our observation that education has *not* come of age in America, and furthermore it never will if it proceeds by following the blueprint outlined in LIFE.

LIFE is happy to report a sprinkling of new and tantalizing subjects over the old, familiar American curricula, firm in the belief that this represents a new departure and an intelligent application of Dewey's principles. They overlook the unfortunate fact—something we at Bard have understood for a long time—that attention to subject matter alone has a tendency to produce "a rounded adult" not dissimilar to an intelligent parrot.

Bard, to its lasting credit, has long known that education is something other than the assimilation of a cultural patina to be paraded forth at cocktail parties. On the contrary, we understand it as a training in the various methods of applying valid thinking to culture and the problems of living.

It is, for instance, by virtue of our Bard education that we are able to examine and expose LIFE'S sophomoric foray into educational philosophy. This, and like abilities are the unique endowments which are offered by a Bard education.

For such training (LIFE to the contrary) we should all be profoundly grateful.

On behalf of the Bard Community, the Staff of the Bardian would like to take this opportunity to thank you for informing us of the temporary arrangement which has been made necessary by the illness of Dr. Fuller.

The community realizes as acutely as you must the unfortunate nature of the emergency, and we hope for an early resolution.

We feel that such a situation as you outline in your letter, together with its possible implications, gives us all an opportunity to function as a community by cooperating with Mr. Robinson and Dean Casady as much as possible during this emergency administration. However, we feel that the implications of this situation present themselves as either potentially beneficial or on the other hand, possibly dangerous to the college. It is in this spirit that we take leave to make the following suggestions.

Any period of disorganization in a community such as this presents during the interim an opportunity for reconstruction and reorganization, which in the ordinary course of events, seldom occurs. That is, provided the critical aspects of the situation do not lead to hasty and perhaps ill-considered action, as has been the case in the past. Nor do we believe that it would be to the best interests of Bard if at the conclusion of this emergency, the status quo, as regards division of responsibility within the administration, was reinstated without a thorough search for any organizational alternatives which might prove to be the better advantage of the college, both inside and outside the community.

We feel that a full consideration at this time of the problems involved would further the achievement of our stated educational ideals, and by the same token, enhance our value to the public at large. This achieved, all those intimately related to Bard as a community and as an idea can expect to see a gratifying diminuation of the conflicts and uncertainties which have afflicted us, and would thus be further rewarded by a larger return for less but more unified effort.



"Must it be nasty?"

deman interview

(Continued)

Says Deman, "When we speak to, or influence, someone in this country, (the United States), we feel we've done something constructive and relevant. This is not possible in Europe in the same way."

Taking into account only the bare biographical facts, Deman was born in the city of Antwerp, Belgium, in 1918 and graduated Brussels University with a degree in philosophy in 1941. Thwarting his hope of teaching at the University, the German occupation forced him into the underground where he became connected with the publication of resistance literature.

Following the expulsion of the German military machine from the occupied countries Deman continued publishing above ground by starting the Hermes Publishing Co., devoted to books concerned with the arts. In 1946 he came to New York for the first time and became associated with a publishing house. In '47 he returned to France and came back to the states again in '48 in order to live here permanently.

Although philosophical inquiry is his closest personal interest, Deman's concern with the potentialities of publishing is expressed in the fact that he dreams of some day organizing a publishing house of his own in this country.

His literary work has included a French translation of *Moby Dick* and the first French translation of Goethe's *Faust*. A highlight in his literary career will occur next year with the publishing of a philosophical work he has written concerning aesthetics.

What concerns Deman most in relation to American publishing is his belief that more quality books can be sold here than are being sold at present. The scandal, he feels, arises from the fact that there is no real attempt being made to reach the six to ten thousand readers who would be interested in reading quality literature. He emphasizes, though, that he does not feel that really good books are being passed up by publishers in favor of more popular and commercially sound tomes.

He is disturbed by the publisher who, after quickly selling an edition of perhaps five thousand copies of a quality book is not likely to push the book for another edition of three thousand because it may take an additional eight to twelve months to sell.

Much too much demand is made on the editorial boards by advertising men who want books that will sell quickly in their artificial markets. In this light the long range selling market suffers.

The cry that has been heard of late that publishing costs are out of control Deman heartily refutes. There is a great waste of money through the use of bad sale practices, the hiring of poor editorial boards, and the misuse of advertising.

There is a distinct lack of editorial imagination, he charges, due to an overabundance of pseudo-intellectuals and a lack of creatively original thought.

In America the great predominance of intellectual thought arises from the little magazines, observed Deman, who

deman evaluates surrealism

(Continued)

lusion, the illusion of realism, remains deceptive and false. The artist can only portray those objects which are perceived by his experience. The resulting work cannot universally be true.

As further explanation of the historical development of surrealism, Mr. Deman discussed the Newtonian concept that rational thinking leads to rational discovery, thus drawing a parallel between the mind and the physical world. Opposed to the medieval concept of science as intuitive and based on the senses, Newton's theories are now refuted by the discoveries of Einstein and others. Ironically, the ideas of the Middle Ages today seem formally as valid as those of Newton. All three concepts are true together, but all are partially exclusive.

Philosophy in the nineteenth century, following science, attempted to explain man in terms of physical causality. But this theory of logical positivism seems invalid due to the discoveries of twentieth century science.

Until the advent of surrealism, according to Mr. Deman, artists whether realists or abstractionists, felt that it was possible to achieve objectivity; they believed it possible to depict the essence of a table. However, surrealists maintain that "art can never be perceived as a total object" because the spectator always brings his own views to it. Naturally, it is more difficult for the painter or the musician to realize this. The perception of his creation is sensory, particularly in the case of the painter, who has before him a tangible object. Literature, using a fairly abstract medium, words, has always been more aware of this difficulty. Words, as evidenced in poetry today, tend to become the essence of things themselves rather than a representation of the subjective state of describing things. But since they are abstract, they are unavoidably products of a subjective consciousness. This brings us to the basic conflict as shown in literature, which culminates in poetry. Surrealist poetry, e.g. Elouard and Breton, is written with the realization of this conflict in mind.

We come to the primary statement of surrealism, which is the recognition of the quest for objectivity and, the paradoxical realization that this can never be achieved. This problem, say the surrealists, can never be solved, but it must at least be assumed. Therefore, they are preoccupied with dreams which act upon us at do objects, and which are at

interview

(Concluded)

regretted that there was not (here as in Europe) a system whereby publishing companies subsidize them. In subsidizing little magazines he sees the opportunities for new writers to have a showcase, as it were, for their work, as well as an opportunity for financial gain. The publishing companies, which follow such a practice, do not look for a monetary return on their investments but rather consider it under the heading of good public relations. R. S. S.

at bard

a senior looks

"What I absorbed from my trip abroad was more of a perspective of America than of Europe."

In making this statement, Inge Schœner put her finger on the essence of the importance of her excursion across the Atlantic. Although it seems ironic that one should go to a foreign land and return understanding her own country better, it often occurs. Americans meet Europeans with comparisons.

This trip materialized when she volunteered her services for summer work as counselor in a children's camp in Europe. The camp was run by "American Youth For World Youth." Inge was primarily interested in collecting background material for a paper on the psychological effects of war upon children.

Practically every type of organization was represented aboard the ship on the way across; Marshall Plan groups, World Federalists, etc. Most of the students were either Americans or Canadians, although the ship represented a melting pot of all nationalities. Classes were held aboard the ship for the purpose of refreshing their knowledge of the language they would need to know fluently. A questionnaire was given before they reached their destination, concerning their reasons for going abroad and what they hoped to derive from Europe. On the return trip another quiz was arranged which Inge did not take. She heard from her friends that most of those who had started out with high expectations came back somewhat deflated and were very nationalistic in comparison to their previous feelings. "However, there was a great deal of idealism, singing . . . and seasickness throughout the trip."

The troop ship landed in Rotterdam and Inge's group was taken to Paris where they spent a week before beginning their work in the camp. During this week, they were trained and briefed on preconceptions and world organization. Europeans had their preconceptions too: that loud tourist crowd: Americans are rich, materialistic and uncultured. The majority however, had more well-founded conceptions. It struck her as ironic that whenever her friends tried to show her a good time,

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CONCENTRIC

We swim in a globe,
above beneath the black,
and the silver shadows of an-
other planet
caught us in the balance.
Back to a pleasure
pierced for golden arms,
my figure stood for yours,
fearing only nakedness
to separate identity,
to draw us. Back.
We fell into the water, lost a
shore,
as comets, not withstanding
those
that fall in some conceit.

Iris Lipskar

letter to community

To the Community:

At a meeting of the Bardian staff held on Dec. 5, 1949, I proposed the following motion, which was passed:

The managing editor of the Bardian shall make the final decision on any issue concerning the Bardian, but the associate editors and any other member of the staff retain the right to call a special meeting for the discussion of said issue, to be followed by an advisory vote.

The staff further recommends that the managing editor attempt to follow the vote of the staff wherever possible, and requests that he state his reasons if he cannot do so.

Respectfully,

Robert S. Solotaire

a senior looks at bard:

(Continued)

taking her to the best places in the city (Paris or otherwise), it turned out that the best was American. One of the characteristics which seemed to fascinate her was their subway. The system is arranged so that the doors close at the platform. Thus, there can be no rushing into the trains. Also, if you are in doubt of how to reach your destination, you simply press two buttons on one of the maps; one that indicates where you are, and the other where you want to go. Little lights automatically flash on pointing out the direction.

Having a few days free, Inge went to Zurich to spend some time with her uncle and aunt. Unexpectedly, plans were initiated which materialized later on in the summer. After receiving permission from her parents and Bard, she decided to spend her junior year at the University of Zurich. It was here that she discovered that there were certain advantages to the lecture system, which she had not previously realized.

Occasionally the lecturers just gave a complete run over of the text book. However, certain lectures are original and the complex mixture of fact and opinion presented in them could be clarified and questioned after class, in designated seminars, or during office hours. Unfortunately, the seminars are few—and many lectures are somewhat stale and delivered by rote. This background we can gain through our extensive reading, but complex subject matter sometimes needs to be focused with the help of an instructor. "A certain amount of basic knowledge is necessary to be able to form opinions and debate them intelligently. The lecture should not be a practice but its application would be fruitful if used in conjunction with certain seminars." Some of our teachers have already employed this system.

European students who are accustomed to the authoritarian family and school institutions do not take advantage of these opportunities to challenge. Many of them swallow everything but are influenced by the Americans, who are sceptical and alert. Many of the professors are delighted to find such questioning students. However, the crux of their real pleasure is that they have made personal contact across an audience of blank faces. They may even invite these students to their homes, thus helping to establish a more friendly relationship, but this doesn't happen very often—in fact, you find many teachers who are hyper-conservative and refuse to be argued with.

Arriving at the subject of majors, there seems to be an interesting difference in the titles of the division, depending upon the school

you attend. Here at Bard, Inge is a member of the Social Sciences Division; and at the University of Geneva and the Graduate Institute of International Studies she was in the division of Social and Economic Sciences. But, in Zurich the faculty which they call Philosophy I includes all subjects which fall within our concept of a "Liberal Arts Education," with the exception of some Economics—and Natural Sciences courses. Such subjects as: Fine Arts, History and Languages and even Psychology and Sociology fall under this faculty or division. Concerning the number of courses studied in a semester, Inge says, "In Europe, I was looking for a comprehension of various fields in order to discover their relation to one another. For this reason I studied many more courses than at Bard, where I'm interested primarily in delving deeply in fewer topics."

Inge travelled around Europe much the same as any other tourist, interested in the sights each country had to offer. She visited many art galleries; strolled around in the Papal Seat in Avignon, comparing it with the pomp of the Vatican; enjoyed bathing on the beach in Cannes; hitch-hiked in Holland and lived in Youth Hostels in Germany. But on the whole, the thing which struck Inge above all was the attitude of Europeans towards Americans. Their opinions centered around the Marshall Plan, and could be divided in the following way. In general, they felt that it was an indispensable aid which they felt was their due. It seemed as if the middle class resented it as an impediment to their industry and more of a method to promote American products. The workers were against being used as an anti-Russian weapon and were opposed to the loan having to be repaid in the future. "It was almost as if they had forgotten that it is also a plan to promote European recovery," Inge reflects, "Though when reminded of it, they were willing to cede this point—adding that they would be all the better customers for us." The majority of the well-informed seemed to agree that America was trying to do the best she could, and that since they are not totalitarian, big business will want to take some advantage of a losing bargain.

"Dealing in generalities leads me only to paradoxes, so that anything I say I can probably contradict sooner or later," she states. But Inge feels that within and growing out of these paradoxes can be found an opening for the explanation of problems we all seem to be facing.

Helene Kopp

DANCE

WORKSHOP

Friday, Dec. 16

MUSIC

WORKSHOP

Sunday, Dec. 11

Tuesday, Dec. 13

DRAMA

WORKSHOP

Wednesday, Dec. 14

PETER'S

UPPER RED HOOK, N. Y.

STEAKS

COCKTAILS

For the Best in Movies
THEATRES

Lyceum Starr
Red Hook Rhinebeck

LYCEUM

Dec. 11, 12, 13, She Wore A Yellow Ribbon; Dec. 13, 14, Sword In The Desert and Fighting Fools; Dec. 15, 16, 17, Always Leave Them Laughing; Dec. 18, 19, Roseanna McCoy; Dec. 20, 21, Home Of The Brave and Red Stallion In The Rockies.

STARR

Dec. 11, 12, 13, Story Of Sea Biscuit; Dec. 14, 15, The Doctor And The Girl and Northwest Stampede; Dec. 16, 17, Ichabod And Mr. Toad and Easy Living; Dec. 18, 19, 20, Always Leave Them Laughing; Dec. 21, Sword In The Desert and Fighting Fools.

The BARD COLLEGE STORE

To Speed Service—

Please bring dishes back to counter

STAND IN FOR WERMERS

by Ray Eisenhardt

Robie leaned forward against the steel armour of the gun tub and looked down at the group of replacements being mustered on the quarter deck. He fingered the stubble on his chin and then looked back over his shoulder at Bolas. "Looks just like the bunch we took on before hitting Saipan—thin and short or thin and long. By God, they must be pullin' the kids right out of grammar school back home."

Bolas grunted as he listened to Robie and finished unlacing the canvas cover on the 20mm. "They're all the same now—puny. Never thought we'd need someone to replace Wermers—but—what the Hell."

Bolas dropped the cover against the bulkhead near the wheel house, and looked up at the flying bridge. The first lieutenant was peering down at him and pointing back toward the captain. Bolas clamped on his steel helmet, opened the hatch to the wheel house, and yelled, "Frenchy! Man, you'd better come on out here and get on the ball. The old man's ready to split a seam."

Frenchy slipped a deck of cards from the chart table and jammed them into his hip pocket. "Ok, ok, maybe he'll get sore and send me back to the States or somethin' terrible like that." He swung himself through the hatch, and in the same motion, picked the sound-power phones out of their metal box. Frenchy slipped on the headset, tipped up the mike, and straightened his hat. "Bridge—gun 22 manned and ready." Then he pushed the phones away from his ears and all three of the men laughed when the headset began to buzz and rattle.

"Go ahead—say, 'number please' to the skipper." urged Bolas. "Lord, Lord, the old man's split a gut for sure."

Frenchy's phones stopped squawking and he squinted up at the bridge. The captain had a mike in his hand, and even down in the gun tub they could hear him clearing his throat.

"Bow down men," began Bolas, "Allah, Allah, Allah—here comes another sermon on the mount."

"Now hear this. Now hear this. The captain has a few words to address to the new replacements."

Bolas squared his hat like a recruit. "Oh, oh, watch them suckers lap it up." Somewhere from the boat deck, a sharp hiss drifted up to the open bridge. The captain paid no attention and began his speech.

"Men, you are now members of the D.E. 570 and we expect you to add vigor to its name—a name not recorded on the books, but a name that is stamped in the hearts of the crew—COURAGE. You are all men of good calibre or you wouldn't be here. Only select men are permitted to serve on Destroyer Escorts. All we want is that you should do your duty and do it well. Remember, you depend on your fellow crew members and they depend on you. This thing's far from over and the better you know your job, the more likely the chances are that you'll go home. Now—good luck."

The captain coughed and the first lieutenant took over. "Now hear this. All new replacements proceed to your assigned gun positions where you will receive instruction from your respective gun captains. The target balloons will be released at .0300 and firing practice will commence at that time."

"Yess, yess master," said Bolas and he followed Frenchy over beside Robie.

The three men watched the crowd of recruits break up. "Here he comes," said Bolas, and the crew of gun 22 watched their replacement swing himself onto the ladder and start up. "Don't look like Wermers—ain't nearly as big," said Bolas.

Robie noted the boy's springy step on the ladder. "Never can tell," he said, "The kid might have guts."

"Christ," said Frenchy, "He'll need 'em."

The boy reached the top, climbed through the small opening into the tub and then stood up. He pushed his stiff, new shirt further down into his pants. "This gun 22?" he asked quietly.

Robie looked at his two buddies. "That's right mate. This is it."

The boy stood up, straightened his hat and looked at the three men. "I've been assigned here," he said.

"Yeh," said Robie. He stepped forward and shook the boy's hand. "I'm Robie, the gun captain. That bozo over there's Frenchy, the talker. And that other guy, Bolas, has to worry about gettin' his two hundred and twenty pounds squeezed behind them two shields so's he can point the weapon." He paused. "Mate, you're going to help me tote the ammo."

The boy nodded. Nobody spoke for awhile. The kid looked down at the deck plates, and the three veterans looked the newcomer over.

Robie pointed to a new steel helmet over in the rack. "Better put that on—a—a—"

"Stephens," answered the boy.

"Yeh, better get that hat on or the captain'll have your hide," finished Robie.

The boy walked over, picked up the helmet, looked at it, and then fitted it onto his head. The three men laughed. Bolas slapped the boy on the shoulder. "Better fix up the liner kid. Damn thing rides the top of your head." He tapped the helmet with a gun wrench and the boy jumped. Frenchy walked over and leaned up against the bulkhead. "Wermers was always fixin' it so's it'd be funny—just like that. Nearly had us rollin' on the decks."

Robie pushed the two away from the boy and looked down at him. "We ain't got much time and when the balloons go up, we'd like to get us three or four."

The boy followed Robie over to the ammunition ready box. "Open 'em up Stephens," he said. The boy fumbled with the fastenings and then lifted the lid. Robie pointed to the contents of the box. "Them are the ammo drums. The first thing you do during a G.Q. is to take that wrench there and twist 'em up. Put plenty of pressure on 'em."

Bolas tapped the kid on his arm. "Listen boy, keep them drums tight all the time even if it ain't in the rules. Wermers used to say he couldn't afford to fuss-around tightening them things when a Zeke or a Jill was shooting down out of the sky. Wermers knew what he was doing kid. Hell, he'd been in this man's outfit since before Pearl Harbor!"

"That's right Stephens," said Robie.

He walked over and lifted the hatch leading to the loading room. "Now when the ammo in the ready boxes gives out kid, you've got to get it to the gun from this here hole. They'll be someone down there to hand it up. Just look down and pick it out."

Frenchy thumped his fist against the bulkhead. "No no kid, there's more to it than that. Wermers never looked down there. Said he figured it'd be best if'n he watched the little Nip planes scootin' around in the blue. The guys down below are safe enough—just let 'em hand you the stuff. Got to watch yourself Stephens."

The boy nodded, rubbed his stomach a little and leaned up against the rail.

"Listen," continued Frenchy, "Just don't think about the rollin'. It's all in your head. You'll forget about it after a spell. There's guys worse off than us. Wermers said he used to spew all the time when he first went to sea. He guessed that Pearl Harbor and the Canal knocked it out of him. Said he didn't have time to think about it."

Robie led the boy back to the gun and pointed down to its breech. "This here's the tricky part Stephens. Ever had anyone tell you about it before?"

The boy belched and leaned back against the tub. "Yes. They showed us all about it back at the Lakes."

"Well," said Robie, "That'll help anyways. Now first—"

"Listen kid," began Bolas, "You've got to get so good at this job that you can slip the drums on without lookin'. Wermers could do it with his eyes closed—damn near. He'd jump up to the gun, slap the drum on 'er and duck back in no time. It wasn't to keep the gun firing. He just didn't like the idea of being out in the fresh air so long. He used to tell us that if you didn't look out for yourself no one else would. Guess he done a fair job of it when you figure he had two ships blowed out from under him."

Bolas tipped his helmet back, looked up toward the bow, and then out to sea. "You know kid, he came on this ship when she was commissioned. He went with her to the Carolines and the Marshalls. They picketed down in the Coral Sea and steamed in close for some shots at Tarawa. Wermers, he stuck with 'er all the time. I guess he darn near became part of the old scow. You get like that after a time, kid."

The boy held onto the rail and stared at big Bolas.

"You've got to go some to stack up against a guy like Wermers. He didn't just watch himself but looked out for his pals. Once he tackled me when a Zero came in over the fantail and sprayed bullets just where I'd been standing."

"Better hold on Bolas," said Robie, "The kid's got to know the ropes when we get to firing."

He turned to Stephens, "Listen mate—run over to the ready boxes and lift out one of the drums. Heft it a few times and then carry it back and forth to the gun. The only way to learn is to do it."

The boy shook his head. "Ok," he said. He was a bit wobbly at first, but after he'd made a couple of trips, he gained a little more courage—especially when he noticed that Frenchy and Robie were smiling. "Take it easy mate. This here's like a football game," said Frenchy. The boy worked faster.

"Now take her back and forth between the boxes and the gun. Try slippin' it on the breech. Got to get used to totin' them sixty pounds," said Robie.

The boy ran back and forth twice, then rested the drum on a ready box. He rubbed his forehead, and glanced down at the frothy water washing the ship's side. Robie thumped the rail. "Forget it kid—like Wermers. Now heft that ammo Stephens."

The boy lifted the drum and headed for the gun. "Get down lower kid—duck below the rail. That's it—lower still. Like an ape. You've got it Stephens. Take it easy. Now try it again only this time swing the drum higher on your shoulder."

The boy hitched up the ammo and started back for the ready boxes. "How's this?" he asked, "Good as Wermers?"

Bolas narrowed his eyes to slits. "No, no! For Christ sakes kid rub your damn belly along the deck. Dig at the plates. Get lower—lower—lower. Get so damn low you think you're in Hell! God—Wermers got stitched across the chest 'cause he weren't low enough! Yeh kid yeh. Wermers shot by a yellow son-of-a—"

The boy dropped the drum on the deck, reached for the rail, and vomited into the sea.

Ray Eisenhardt

publicity at sarah lawrence

Publicizing a college is a full time job requiring a full work week if it is to be carried out efficiently and effectively. The fact that Bard burdens one man with the task of handling admissions as well as publicity amazed the Director of Public Relations at Sarah Lawrence, Miss Rikers, whom I had the opportunity of interviewing over the Thanksgiving recess. The lack of concerted attention to publicity is sadly illustrated in the fact that our college must accept one out of every two applications by female students, and one out of every one and a half applications by male students. Sarah Lawrence, on the other hand, receives four applications for every one student finally admitted. At that the Sarah Lawrence figure represents a recent downward trend.

By way of illustrating her success in publicizing Sarah Lawrence, Miss Rikers placed before me the previous week's collection sent to her by Burrell's clipping service. Thumbing through them, (there must have been thirty or more), I noted datelines from cities scattered throughout the country. Cincinnati, Detroit, Philadelphia, Chattanooga, Albuquerque, and Portland, are just a few of the many I might name.

Miss Rikers works on the theory that each student is a representative of her college and that each department is potentially a source of contact with the public. But she is by no means a supporter of the idea that all publicity, good or bad, is valuable.

Some of the angles played up by Miss Rikers might well be taken as cues by Bard's Public Relations Department. One angle which she has found particularly effective has been to send news of student participation in college activities to home town papers which are, more often than not, anxious for such material. This idea has remained, in most cases, only an idea at Bard.

In an effort to form a bond between Sarah Lawrence and the community of which it is a part Miss Rikers sends out calendars noting events at the college to a select group of individuals in and about the Bronxville community. In this way a community interest and pride in a community asset is created.

Miss Rikers has also used the Convocation at Sarah Lawrence as a means of acquainting students and faculty on the one hand with parents and trustees on the other. At Sarah Lawrence special Convocation meetings are held regularly in which these four groups participate. These get-togethers make it possible for students, parents, and faculty, to make acquaintances among the trustees and vice versa. I can readily think of times in the past when students at Bard would have found alliance with influential trustees a valuable asset, not to mention possible occasions in the future.

It is true enough that the three suggestions I have made above are simple and rather obvious. It is also true, however, that, simple as they well may be, they have been overlooked by Bard's Public Relations Department. The fact also remains that Bard must accept one out of every one and three-quarter students who apply. In the light of this information and the figures that have been presented the Bardian reasserts its earlier stand that our Public Relations Department is in dire need of reorganization. It seems obvious that the first step must be the cleavage of Mr. Robinson's present job of Admissions Director and Public Relations Director into two responsible positions held by two responsible men.

Robert Solotaire

from the Antioch Record

footnotes for vets

What are the last three digits in your serial number, Mac?

If the numbers start with a zero, or even a one or a two, everything is all right. If they start with an eight or nine, too bad buddy.

The reason for this great interest in the endings of serial numbers is that the Veterans' Administration has decided to pay all insurance dividend checks in numerical order.

According to the VA, this method of payment was selected after a careful study of all factors as the most non-discriminating system that could be devised.

For veterans who had more than one serial number while in service, the VA will use the number that appears on the vet's National Service Life Insurance certificate.

Navy vets, Marine vets, etc. who may have serial numbers split into a two-number ending, will still have their last three numbers used during the processing.

Applications will be broken down into groups as received and these groups will be further broken down into processing units according to the last serial numbers.

short story contest

Prizes of \$500, \$300, and \$200 highlight the 1949 short story contest of *Tomorrow* magazine, it was announced this week.

Entries must be received by Jan. 15, 1950, and all college students are eligible to enter. No application blanks are necessary.

Stories should be under 5,000 words and marked "college contest." They should be sent to *Tomorrow* magazine, 11 East 44th street, New York 17, N. Y.

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