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The Bardian is the Student Publication of Bard College Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. It is financed by student funds. Vol. II, No. 5 December 10, 1949

editorial

We note with interest that higher progressive education has come to the attention of our favorite magazine—LIFE. In a contributory (which we hope you have read) the editors arrived at the considered conclusion that American Education has come of age. This happy result was about (as they 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 the blueprint outlined in LIFE.

LIFE is happy to report a sprinkling of new and tartanizing subjects over the old, familiar American curriculum, from the belief that this represents a new departure and an illuminating application of Dewey's principles. They overlook the unfortunate fact—that we at Bard have understood for a long time—that attention to subject matter alone has been found insufficient. A rounded and potent dissimilar to an intelligent pursuit.

Bard, in its lasting crusade, has long known that education is something other than the transmutation of a cultural patina to be pared 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 folly into educational prophecies. This, like many other unique endowments which are offered by a Bard education, would thus be further rewarded by a larger return for less but more unified effort.

open letter to the trustees:

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

The community realizes as acutely as you must the unfortunate measure 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 Coddington 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 disastrous to the college. It is in this spirit that we take leave to make the following suggestions.

Any period of disruption in a community such as this presents during the interim its 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 respons- ability 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 striving diminu- tion of the conflicts and uncertainties which has been experienced and which would thus be further rewarded by a larger return for less but more unified effort.

korbol exploited

On November 16, Richard Korbol gave a piano recital in Bard Hall. There is a great deal to be said about Mr. Korbol himself. There is very little that can be said about his recital. An artist, a good artist, must have five 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. Korbol 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 total quality is not deplorable but could be much more. Mr. Korbol 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 instability that is essential in a good artist. This is the prevalent failing of most child prodigies, and unfortunately Korbol is not an exception. His lack of musical maturity is responsible for his ability being effectively with the problems that he is faced with in his material. He is not able to handle discrimination the demands that his music makes of him. He is not yet able to control 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. Korbol 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. Korbol shows promise. Perhaps something can be done to his age, if he should not be exploited because of his age, and that he is not being allowed to develop himself as an individual as well as a musician.

Mr. Paul Deman

he evaluates surrealism

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 this: 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. Symbolistic to the credo, the new epoch teacher feels that surrealism, rather than existing as an organic 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 cannot be thought of as a stage to be historically and usefully 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 that the artist is not his object, and that an object contains his subject, is the subject of the artist's imagination. The surrealism in literature attempts to provide writing with "an awareness of its purpose"; this awareness is oftentimes to eliminate the prevalent false assumption that a work of art cannot be personal and yet objectivity.

(Continued on Page 2)

interview

"There is great deal to be done in the United States in the field 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. "In my youth I had no idea of the overall climate of despair, of pessimism, and of unhappiness which predominates on the continent today."

Deman arrived in Britain (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 mean, though, of going to Europe with the idea of getting away from what you may dislike in the States. Rather, the American traveler should remark upon his European excursion to see if perhaps there is an opportunity of getting a new and fuller perspective of himself and his country." That is why I am glad to settle down in the United States.

True, says Deman there are a number of interesting individuals to be found, a lot of fine art, and some better books, but nevertheless the subject of the day in Europe is the look for leadership, a.e., in Europe, a disillusioned lot.

Deman's conclusion is a contrary one. I made it the effect that my experience had shown up a lot of remarkable talent in Europe. It is not hard to understand his unqualified optimism and one thing which he says with a lot of personal force is that it is a positive thing to be in Europe, to be able to read a lot of books, but nevertheless the subject of the day in Europe is the look for leadership, a.e., in Europe, a disillusioned lot.

(Continued on Page 2)
"Must it be nasty?" (Continued)

Says Deman, "When we speak to, or influence, someone in this country, (the United States), we feel we’ve done something to improve the world. This is not possible in Europe in the same sense."

"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. Pursuing his hope of teaching at the University, the German occupation forced him into the underground where he became connected with the publication of an underground newspaper."

"Following the expulsion of the German military machine from the occupied country, he managed to escape to London where he was able to publish a small newspaper under the same name. As a result of his later activities, he was sent to prison in 1945 and released in 1947." (Continued on Page 4)

Deman evaluates surrealism

Deman, the author of realism, remains detached and false. The artist can only portray those objects which are real, he said. "The world of art is a projection of an idea, is a projection of an image, and then a projection of that idea." He feels the need for those artists who are interested in the development of surrealism. Mr. Deman discussed the Newtonian concept of time, which is not the same as the time concept of Einstein. He believes, in accordance with the discoveries of Einstein and others, that the idea of the Middle Ages today seems to be valid as those of Newton. All three concepts are true together, but all are practically exclusive.

"The idea of the nineteenth century, following science, attempted to explain man in terms of physical causality. But the idea of the logical position of science is 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 cannot be perceived as a total object" because the spectator always brings his own views to it. Naturalism is the more difficult discipline for the painter or the musician to realize this. The perception of his creation is not particular in the case of the painter, who has before him a tangible object. He will be more aware of this fine difference. Words as a phenomenon in poetry today, tend to become the essence of things themselves and, thus, a representation of the subjective state of describing things. But since they are abstracts, they are avoidably products of a subjective consciousness. This brings us to the basic conflict as shown in literature, which culminates in poetry. Surrealist poetry, e.g. Eluard and Breton, is written with the realization of this conflict."

We come to the present statement of surrealism and the recognition of the quest for objectivity and, the personal reality that this can be achieved. This problem, say the surrealists, can never be solved, but it must be assumed. Therefore, they are preoccupied with dreams which act upon us at objects, and which are at interview (Concluded)

"I regretted that the museum was not (here as in Europe) a system whereby publishing companies subsidize them. In subsidizing, the writer sees the possibilities for new writers to have a shadow, as it were, for their work, as an opportunity for financial gain. The publishing companies, which follow new arrivals, do not look upon the monetary return on their investments but rather consider it under the heading of public relations."

"What I absorbed from my trip abroad was a perception of America than of Europe." (Continued)

In making this statement, Inge Schröder put her finger on the essence of the importance of her excursion across the Atlantic. The subject of her talk was "German Expressionism". In her provocative, impulsive writing, was her first method. Under this urgent chance form, images which is the ultimate expression of some of the surrealists. However, the movement must not be regarded as a style, but rather as a mediation upon the object. The artist is dependent solely on himself in his choice of style. This process can clearly be seen in the poetry of Picasso who has constantly searched for his own form in painting. It is important to remember that the surrealists do not aim at creating great art. They want to discover whether it is possible to produce if we are aware of the paradoxes inherent in the creation of art. Nevertheless, Mr. Deman feels that good art in France today has come from those artists who have passed through a stage of accordance with the logical position of science, without any implications of purely practical purposes. Thus he contradicts the thoughts of the surrealists, who are aware of the value of literature.

Sarte's ideals are the Americanos—Dou Piou, Wrigglesworth, Faulkner, Farrell and Steinbeck, for in general they treat their art as an organic record of events, developed in a succession of cause and effect. Mr. Deman believes that Americans would be more inclined to go along with Sartre, since the history of this country follows more or less along an unbroken, linear progression of events, Americans not having that sense of despair which is a failure common to most Europeans due sometimes in wars, but not merely the richness of the recent one. Naturalism, which produces in America a security parallel to that of its history, would be difficult for its people to relinquish. Here security is an accepted illusion. Therefore, the standing writers, Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, Truman Capote, Allen Tate, and Carson McCullers, are really naturalists who are ashamed of calling themselves such. But the writing under French and German influence seems to be ahead of literature and therefore closer to the surrealist style according to the speaker.

Mr. Deman assumes that every artist and every art movement will have to pass through a stage equivalent to the surrealistic experience before it achieves maturity. When this happens in America, the critics will be left to do the inevitability of importance to the Western world, far more than it has been in Western Europe. (Continued on Page 4)
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 fasci- nate 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 desti- nation, 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 thwarted which materialized later on in the summer. After receiving permis- sion 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 would give a complete run over of the text book. However, certain lectures are original and the complete mixture of fact and opinion presented to them could be classi- fied and questioned after class, in designated seminars, or during office hours. Unfortunately, the seminars are few—many of the unique and seminal lectures are somewhat male and delivered by taste. This background we can gain through our extensive read- ing; 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 in- telligently. The lecture should not be a practice but its application would be fruitful if used in conjunction with certain seminars."

Some of our teach- ers have already employed this system.

European students who are accommo- dated to the authoritarian family and school institutions do not take advantage of these opportunities to challenge. Many of them swallow everything but are in- throned by the Americans, who are sceptical and alse. Many of the pro- fessors are deciphered to find each question- ing students. However, the crux of their real purpose is that they have made personal contact among an au- dience of blank faces. They may even derive some students to their homes, thus helping to establish a more friend- ly 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 character 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 Divi- sion; and at the University of Geneva and the Graduate Institute of Interna- tional Studies she was in the division of Social and Economic Sciences. But, in Zurich the faculty which they call Philosophy I include all subjects which fall within our courses of "a Liberal Arts Education," with the exception of some Economics and Natural Sciences courses. Such subjects are: Fine Arts, History, Languages, and even Psychology and Sociology fall under this faculty division. Considering the number of courses studied in a se- mineer, 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 deep- ly 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; wandered around in the Prado in Aragon, comparing it with the Pompeii; enjoyed rafting on the beach in Crete; and generally lived in Youth Hostels in Germany. But on the whole, the public life which struck Inge above all else was the attitude of Europeans towards Americans. Their opinions centered around the Marshall Plan, and could be divided in the fol- lowing way. In general, they felt that it was an indispensable aid which they felt was their due. It seemed as if the middle class resisted 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 paid in the future. "It was almost as if they had forgotten that it is a plan to promote European recovery," Inge reflects. "Though when reminded of it, they were willing to code 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 neutralized, big business will want to take some advantage of a losing bargain.

"Dealing in generalities leads me only to paradoxes, so that everything I can probably contradict sooner or later," she says. But Inge feels that within and growing out of these para- doxes can be found an opening for the explanation of problems we all seem to be facing. Helen Kemp
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. “Look out, Bob,” he said. “They’re all the same now—pup. Never thought we’d need someone to replace Wermers—but what the Hell!”

Bolas dropped the rear against the bulkhead near the wheel house, and hopped 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, Mess, you’d better come out here and get on the ball. The old man’s ready to split a xenon.”

Frenchy slipped a deck of cards from the chart table and jammed them into his hip pocket. “Oh, 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, tiptoed 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, ‘numper please’ to the skipper,” urged Bolas. “Lord, he’ll just split a gut for that.”

Frenchy’s phones stopped squeaking and he spat out 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.

“Now down here, men,” said 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.”

“Look at our hat like a recruit. Oh, oh, watch them suckers lap it up.” Somewhere from the boat, a sharp hiss drifted up to the open bridge. The captain paid no attention and began his speech. “Ahem,” said the captain. “Members of the O.E., 570 and we expect you to add vigor to its cause—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 caliber or you wouldn’t be here. Only select men are invited to serve. Frenchy, Bob, Jerry, destroyers. Frenchy, Bob, Jerry, destroyers. 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.”

“Now, yes, master,” said Bolas and he followed Frenchy over beside Robie.

The three men watched the crowd of recruits break up. “Here he comes,” Frenchy said. “Here he comes.” Three men laughed. Bolas slapped the most swing against the ladder and start up. “Don’t look like Wermers—ain’t nearly as big.” said Bolas.

Robie pointed out the boys’ springy step on the ladder. “Never can tell,” he said. “They might have guns.”

“Christ,” said Frenchy. “Hell’ll need em.”

The boy reached the top, climbed through the small opening into the tub and then stood up. He pushed his short, shiny further down into his pants. “This gun 2217—he asked quietly.

Robie looked at his huddles. “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 box over there Frenchy, the talker. And that other guy, Bolas, has to worry about getting his two hundred and twenty pounds squeezed behind them two shields so he can point the gun.” He paused. “Mate, you’re going to help me pick up a lot of care and respect around here.”

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

Robie pointed to a new steel helmet over in the racket. “Better put that on—a—a—”

“Stephens,” answered the boy.

“Uh, Frenchy, you get that on or the captain’ll have your hide,” finished Robie.

Robie walked over, picked up the helmet, looked at it, and then fitted it on the boy’s head. Bolas slapped the boy on the shoulder. “Better fix up the line kid. Damn thing rises 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. “That was a funny thing it said 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, Steph.”

“Yeah, Robie,” Bolas added. “The boy might pack it in there and shoot the rudder. Nob to point the contents of the box. ‘Them are the ammo drums. The first thing you do during a G.O. is to take that wrench there and tighten the caps on it. Any 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 have the rounds tightenin’ those 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 the Frenchy thevit.”

“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 rollins’. It’s all in your head, don’t you forget about it. You’ll forget about it worse oh than us. Wermers said he used to spend all the time when he first went to sea. He guessed that Pearl Harbor and the Catal nailed it out of him. He said he didn’t have time to think about it.”

Robie led the boy back to the gun and put the fastest round in the breech. “This here’s the tricky part Stephens. Ever had anyone tell you about it before?”

“The boy bobbed, and leaned back against the rub. “Yes. They showed us all about it back at the Lakes.”


“Listen kid,” said Robie. “You got to do a 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 too long. You 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 blown 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 Caribbean and the Marthas. They picketed her in the Coral Sea and steamed in close for some shots at Tarawa. Wermers, he stuck with ‘er all the time. I guess he damn 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 come out to pack it up against a guy like Wermers. He didn’t just want to bang their heads right. Wermers would tackle me when a Zero came in over the funnels 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 up there.”

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. “Oh, 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 settling. “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 slipping it on the breech. Got to get used to toting them sixty pounds,” said Robie.

The boy ran back and forth twice, then tested the drum on a ready box. He hit the bed of his orate and stretched down to 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 kids—duck below the rail. That’s j—I call it sword. Like a ape. You’ve got it Stephens. Take it easy. Now try it again only this time swing the drum higher on your shoulders.”

The boy hit the ammo and jumped 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 wasn’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 has amazed the Director of Public Relations at Sarah Lawrence, Miss Riskers, 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 Riskers 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, Charlotte, Albuquerque, and Portland, are just a few of the many I might name.

Miss Riskers 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 Riskers 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 Riskers sends out calendars and 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 Riskers 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 clearance 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 have 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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