

Bard College
Student Newspaper Archive
(1895-1999)

All Rights Reserved. Copyright © 1999 by Bard College

BARDIAN

Vol. 21 No. 1 October 14, 1953

Page 1	Case Opens Year By Convocation Address President Provokes Passive Pulse Well Chosen But Weary Straps on Watch W. A. Inside Council David L. White Admissions Director Discusses Bard Acceptance Policy No Class of '53 Gift Yet
Page 2	Letters to the Editor [“I should like to state briefly some of the concepts that I came to Bard in search of, and that discouragingly seem to be disappearing. . .”] David Mirsky [“Education toward a responsible and intelligent use of freedom, not a mechanism for enforcement. . .would seem to be the most desirable goal at present.”] Mary Grayson Editorials Entertainment Committee Plea A Long Cold Winter. . .
Page 4	The <i>Bardian</i> Literary Section The Obvious Life of Henry Pickett Michael Rubin Song of the Sickly Sweet Martin Dinitz
Page 5	The Hunting Knife Wendell Ackerman A Canticle for Simonetta Richard C. Sewell
Page 6	Sharps and Flats Dick Lewis From the President's Desk J. H. Case, Jr. WXBC Starts 6 th Year in the limelight Miles Kreuger BCFD Plans 12 Month Schedule



The Bardian

Official Publication of the Bard College Community

Vol. 21, No. 1

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

October 14, 1953

Case Opens Year By Convocation Address

President Provokes Passive Pulse

The room hushed as President Case piled his quote-books on the rostrum and opened his notes. Bard's first convocation of the year was under way. The President then proceeded to address the 158 filled seats and 60 empty ones. Fortunately for Mr. Case, the empties were widely scattered. He probably thought he was reaching every able member of the community. He wasn't. Only slightly more than half the student body and twenty members of the faculty and administration were there listening quietly, courteously, to his words. Where the other hundred students were is anybody's guess. Working on assignments? Expressing their individuality? Drinking beer? Who knows? Maybe some of them got advance word on what he was going to say and thought it unnecessary and even advisable not to come.

Well Chosen But Weary

Mr. Case could have smiled more. The "veterans" anxiously anticipated an expression of his wit, but none was forth-coming. The new students responded even to the slightest indication of humor. It didn't take much to awaken them. His words were as usual, well chosen, but his voice seemed a bit strained, tired.

Straps On Watch

A long, long while later, it was all over. Mr. Case hastily strapped his watch back on his wrist as he read his conclusion. He was anxious. So was the audience. They filed out quietly, courteously, but quickly. Some went straight to bed. Some went down the road for a refresher. Some had other plans, plans that Mr. Case would not have thought advisable until a special committee was formed. Mr. Parvulescu laboriously set up the ping-pong table so that he could play a game with the President's daughter.

W. A.

Inside Council

by David L. White

The veritable flood of people in South Hall Social for the initial Council meeting of this academic year was certainly hopeful. Of course, many of these were attracted by the promised discussion of open house. However, the interest has remained fairly sustained when compared with last year.

One of the main disappointments in the discussion of open house rules and their suspension held at the first Council meeting was that President Case did not see fit to attend. Perhaps he was unwilling to face the barrage of comment that was forthcoming at the Council meeting. However there is something to be said for the fact that by not attending he stimulated feeling and caused a welcome development of student leadership. As for the action itself in suspending open house, it was at least a lack of faith in the community's ability to solve its own problems, however well it was backed by sound reasons. It was unfortunate that the committee, which was formed so late last semester, was cut off before it could really place into effect a plan of action. And certainly the manner in which the committee was "informally" dismissed left a great deal to be desired.

I feel it essential to realize that President Case at the least created a crisis, and because of this, as witnessed by subsequent meetings, a great deal of very clear thinking has been forthcoming from the students. This is certainly beneficial to Bard. It is important for individual students to think about progressive education and for each to formulate an idea of what he wants it to be. In this way, if each student has truly progressive education as a goal, perhaps the apparent trend at Bard away from such a system can be apprehended by efforts on the part of the students themselves.

(Continued on Page 7)

Admissions Director Discusses Bard Acceptance Policy

This is the first in a series of articles concerning the various "departments" at Bard. Mr. Gummere was asked to write a penetrating article involving the methods and aims of the Admissions Department.

The Admissions Committee looks first at the school grades of a candidate. If these are not good, it takes a heavy weight of other evidence to lead them to consider a candidate further. Even though Bard's methods are in some ways different from most places, it still seems to be a fact that you can probably do well at Bard if you've done well elsewhere and probably not otherwise. That "probably" is an important word. In the original Bard Plan it was stated that the college also wanted students who might not yet have succeeded especially well, but who had obvious abilities which a different sort of program might bring out. In a much publicized speech the President of Amherst College made this type of student immortal, respectfully coining the phrase "late bloomers." Our Admissions Committee today still takes a keen interest in a number of such applicants. They insist on a great deal of reassuring evidence, however, and the Admissions Office toils harder over collecting this than over almost anything else.

Our procedure in acting on applications is that the Admissions Officers dispose, by themselves, of applicants who are very obviously suited for Bard or very obviously not. The Committee consists of the Dean as chairman, the faculty, the Registrar, the Director of Athletics, the Student Counsellor and the Director of Admissions. Any candidacy which we think might be challenged either way, we bring before the Committee. Speaking of my colleagues, I can say there is a very stimulating mixture in these people of skepticism and adventure. In discussing the doubtful cases over which we spend most of our committee time, our meetings are always animated and occasionally stormy.

In describing the criteria used here in deciding for or against a candidate I will sound very much like an admissions officer from any liberal arts college answering a question about this interesting matter. We all proclaim to High Heaven that a student's whole ex-

perience is grist for our fine-grinding mill. Grades, recommendations, and extra-curricular life are all to be studied, but with no set formula as to their relative importance.

If we at Bard are more flexible about all this than most colleges are, and I think we definitely are, it is first of all because of the above-mentioned principle of the Bard Plan but also because, for various reasons, we have a relatively smaller number of applications than many colleges. This means that we can put more effort into learning about candidates. Our most helpful means to this end is personal interviewing. The admissions folders of most of our candidates for this current semester, for instance, contained a report of an interview with a member of the faculty, sometimes more than one. This is quite unusual in colleges, I believe.

Most people reading this will have either undergone or conducted an admissions interview for Bard. The purpose of an interview is obviously for us to see for ourselves what a candidate looks like, sounds like, thinks like, acts like. Probably everyone who does interviewing does it differently. I think most of us try to find something the person is interested in and try to get him to talk about it so we can see how he handles himself and the material in the process. Most of us think we can form an impression right away. The rest of the interview corroborates, though none of us would stake our reputations on these first impressions. When more than one

(Continued on Page 3)

No Class of '53 Gift Yet

The gift to the college by the Class of 1953 was to have been an artist's waiting-room at Bard Hall. Until now, the Community has been curious as to the allocation of these funds. But it has been revealed that Bob Ronder, Treasurer of the Class of 1953, has until this week been collecting contributions. He plans to mail the college a certified check before long.

Vice-President Robinson expects the gift to total about \$350, but he feels it will be necessary to double this figure in order to afford piping water down the hill from the Infirmary to Bard Hall. The proposed waiting-room will be dedicated to the memory of Bob Weigt of the class of 1953.

One

The Bardian

Editor-in-Chief James A. Gordon
Managing Editor David L. White
Feature-News Editor Zelda Abele
Literary Editor Dianne Musser
Copy Editor Ann Morse
Advisor Dr. Felix Hirsch
Business Manager Joan Shufro
Circulation Manager Kathryn Rubeor
Staff—

Rita Rogers, Al Ellenberg, Reva Gold, Miles Kreuger, Richard Lewis, Bob Weiner, Al Landau

Copy Staff—
Ricky Schiller, Nikki Cohen, Reva Gold

Staff Photographer John Fletcher

Letters to the Editor

October 7, 1953

Dear Editor:

It is difficult to set down a personal discussion of what is vital in a system of progressive education without becoming emotional and excited—but emotion and excitement are perhaps more basic to such education than members of the Bard Community are willing to admit. However, urging the reader to discount as much as he deems discountable along these bases, I should like to state briefly some of the concepts that I came to Bard in search of, and that discouragingly seem to be disappearing from the Bardian scene.

Bard, it seemed to me, would provide the environment in which I could pursue my academic interests least fettered by restrictions of tradition and administrative over-guidance; for I felt that my own desire to explore and to learn and to grow was sufficient impetus for me—that academically my will was all the push that I needed. Vaguely, at first, and later more and more concretely, I began to see that the negative desire for a lack of certain elements was merely a superficial aspect of the community in which real education develops, that this community must possess a positive element. That for an effective assumption of responsibility each person would have to continuously reconstruct living experience based on activity directed by oneself, and learn through this self-direction what limitations he must impose upon himself to be successfully co-ordinated into the community.

I do not feel that such an atmosphere exists about me at Bard, 1953. Perhaps it is a time for more serious introspection and self-examination. But perhaps these are unobtainable ideals.

Sincerely,
David Mirsky

October 5, 1953

Dear Editor:

The open house problem is beginning to be recognized not as a major issue but as a manifestation of the larger issue of values. What is Bard? What does it stand for? Where does it stand in relation to society, both as an educational institution, and as a value setting center; how important is it as such? Do we want dynamic products from a small community? Or small mediocre things to happen in a small place? How much integrity do we have at present, in our stand for freedom? How can we preserve freedom? How intelligently use it? Do we stand for self government, self-discipline, individual responsibility, and the self-restriction which is a necessary corollary of freedom? How many people are looking hopefully toward the liberal and his convictions of being able to handle freedom creatively? An experimental school is an ideal place designed especially to facilitate practical idealism and examination of values. The Middle Aged business man with immediate responsibilities may compromise. But do we have the right to withdraw, to compromise with ourselves and an already pessimistic society for fear of lack of financial support? In the face of a senate investigating committee and some other elements we should at least make a valiant, even if last, stand for an unafraid and creative way of life which may or may not be supported practically or ideologically by a fearful outside world.

Education toward a responsible and intelligent use of freedom, not a mechanism for enforcement of closed or open house, would seem to be the most desirable goal at present.

The greatest danger which could result from this situation is a prescribed norm of moral behavior, a dictum of condoned social pressure which would not allow the individual to form his own values.

Is the social life separated from the academic at Bard? What social framework would help to pull it

(Continued on Page 3)

Editorials

Entertainment Committee Plea

There is a line of reasoning at Bard that the Entertainment Committee should provide "canned" entertainment at least once a week. It is further reasoned that this should make members of the community enjoy themselves whether they want to or not.

In a real sense this is entirely false. The Entertainment Committee ideally should simply assist the community in providing relaxation.

The committee needs the earnest support of not only the students, but faculty and staff, before it can hope to be really successful. The community should try to realize that by nature of its budget the committee can not provide professional entertainment.

While performing one of the hardest and most thankless jobs on campus, the committee, which has no doubt often been defective, is at present lacking only support and backing from the campus. Well run dances and other functions can be presented to the community but the committee can not provide attendance and it can only assist the community in its amusement.

It is unfortunate that students sit in dorms doing nothing when they could be relaxing at dances.

First, so many men attend dances stag; and second, girl students especially, either fail or refuse to realize that in this community you are not thought badly of because you attend community functions without an escort.

It is certainly in the best tradition of Bard for faculty and students not only to work together but to play together and enjoy themselves together. Hence it seems unfitting that students tend to regard faculty members as intruders when they appear at dances. Certainly they are not, and should rather be looked upon as very welcome guests whose presence adds greatly to the occasion.

The community provides the dances; and the community attends the dances. If individual members participated and entered into the entertainment more freely, it would be beneficial to the community as a whole.

A Long Cold Winter . . .

Student reaction to the new phenomenon at Bard of completely segregated living quarters for male and female students colloquially referred to as, "no open house," has manifested itself in various ways this fall. The first signs of discontent apparent in the community as related to the "open house" question showed themselves shortly after convocation. Certain snide typewritten comments of pornography that referred to the hazards of a mid-Victorian sexual code began to appear at odd intervals on the Hegeman bulletin board. (Needless to say they were unsigned.)

Next, one would notice that the students who normally stopped and payed their respects to President Case with a wave and a smile had somehow disappeared. The President now seemed more pre-occupied than ever as he walked from his home to his office and back again. He fell into the habit of walking quickly and constantly smiling at a fixed point not more than five or six feet in front of him.

To a certain extent, the week-ends at Bard have modified their character. More students than ever before now leave for New York City late Thursday or early Friday, not to return until the following Monday. However, those who remain turn out en masse to the entertainment committee's dances. Last Saturday several old students attended their first Bard College dance.

As one walks around the campus in the evening, the urge to don a pair of blinders becomes overwhelming.

No longer does one attend the first official party to the breaking of "open house," or even the seventeenth (as I remember doing). There just aren't any parties anymore.

As night watchman Dick Bard said as he escorted two boys out the door of Potter dormitory: "Gentlemen, there's a long, cold winter ahead of you."

Admissions Policy

Continued from Page one

Bard interviewer has talked with the same candidate, there is rarely essential disagreement. There have been spectacular exceptions to this to enliven our work.

Although faculty interviewers usually want to see a candidate alone, the admissions officers make a point of interviewing students together with their parents. Intra-family reactions can be illuminating and are always interesting. Also, seen separately from the candidate, Pa or Ma sometimes volunteer information which helps us to understand things better.

In any case, an emphatic recommendation on the basis of a personal interview by a Bard person usually is the most important single item in the folder of a candidate for admissions, other than an outstanding academic or personal record elsewhere. We are also relying in admissions procedure on the advice of the college psychiatrist. Dr. Hersloff is asked to study the record of many of the candidates and talk with them if he thinks it's important. His report is included with other data in admissions folders. This process may be the source of a rumor that there is a new policy in admissions. According to the rumor, we are no longer looking primarily for able and imaginative students; we are looking primarily for emotionally stable ones. Actually we're looking for gifted people harder than ever. Dr. Hersloff's work with us is to help us to be more effective in the effort we've always made not to admit students who will by the source of a rumor that there We think his judgment has been very helpful.

The formal application can be helpful and we always read it carefully. There is a certain uniformity in many of these which makes them less revealing than some of the other material in an admissions folder. A very poorly written application counts against the aspirant. A very good one helps him unless we have a hunch someone else took a hand in the writing. We're working on a new form which may be more effective than our present one.

The most nerve-racking thing we do in admissions work at Bard is to try to decide who does and who does not get financial assistance, and if so, how much. It is difficult enough to decide among a well-assorted group of humans as to their relative strength as candidates for this college; add to this the need to decide fairly their relative financial need, which is often not quite clear, especially to the candidate and his family. Our funds usually won't go around in the first place. This year, except for the International Scholars all scholarship awards for new students were made by the full Admissions Committee. About one quarter of the entering group are getting financial assistance other than employment opportunities.

Richard M. Gummere, Jr.

whose father was for many years Director of Admissions at Harvard University, has been the capable head of Bard's Admissions Department for the past three years. "Buzz," a graduate of Harvard, took his M.A. at Haverford College, and has taught at Milton, Andover, and Swarthmore. Mr. Gummere, his wife, Peg, and their four children reside in Barrytown.

Up to this point in discussing admissions work at Bard, I have been speaking of selection. We must also, of course, constantly interpret the college as helpfully as possible to interested people. To do this we obviously must size up the college first hand. We must check our own judgment with the interpretations which other members of the community make. Informally we try to note, remember, and use everything we hear or see, in our contacts with everyone including the President and the greenest freshman. We can often learn something as helpful from hearing someone beefing about the old place as we can from the most lyric and genuine enthusiasm. Every year we make a point of talking, one by one, with a part-random, part-systematically chosen collection of faculty, students and alumni whom we lure into the office and pelt with questions. Our most interesting observations come impromptu.

During the last few years we've tried to get all serious candidates to come to the college while it's in session. We then arrange, when feasible, for them to visit classes, meet students, talk with professors and see the sights, in addition to talking with an admissions officer. This whole method sometimes serves to make them less ardent candidates, which is according to the plan. Usually it works quite otherwise. Most visiting students tell us they find a relaxed but purposeful quality to the life here very different from what they observe on other campuses. They are almost invariably thrilled by a seminar. We Admissions officers try to convince candidates that they will be sure to find some faults at Bard in the plant, the people, and the educational plan. In considering one of the faults of Bard, however, you can usually find that it is another aspect of one of the college's virtues and we try to make this clear, too. In such a small college, for instance, there are important fields which are taught by only one professor where a larger college might have several. This definite limitation in our program may be thought of together with the fact that it tends to make the teachers affected more versatile.

We gather that last year there were some students here who believed that in interpreting Bard to candidates the admissions officers whitewashed the college unfairly. With the best of intentions, doubtless, some of these people latched on to quite a few candidates visiting the college and gave them an earful of The Worst. This seems to me as unwise and unfair to all hands as the shenanigans attributed above to the admissions officers. This brings me, however, to a very important topic.

There is a sub-committee of E.P.C. which is supposed to concern itself with admissions in the same way E.P.C. itself deals with education at Bard as a whole. There are also two elected representatives of the student body at large, one man and one woman, who are supposed to assist the Admissions Office. We hope that someone with a concern such as that just described, and one willing to approach an Admissions Officer about it will turn to the E.P.C. committee or to one of your two special representatives. The E.P.C. admissions committee has been a great help to us in getting students for interviewing and guiding. We have turned to them for careful and responsible comment from the student point of view about various matters having to do with admissions. Our warmest thanks go to E.P.C. for much invaluable help. The two elected student representatives have not yet done much for or with us. There have been two different pairs chosen who were all first class choices in our opinion. I think the reason why this plan hasn't worked out well yet is that a lot of initiative and imagination will be required from the two students and from the admissions office in figuring out how to make the most of the opportunity. So far none of us seem to have had the gumption left over from other pressing matters. I urge that you elect two strong representatives quickly and charge them to persevere well and intelligently in their work with us.

I referred above to the "various reasons" why we have fewer applicants than we should. In probable order of importance some of these could be listed as follows. Sheer ignorance of the existence of Bard, misinformation about us, our high fee, and the conventional implications of the word 'progressive' are all pertinent elements. The most harmful misinformation against which we are fighting seems to us in the admissions office to be a collection of rumors, sometimes quite lurid, about the social life at Bard. We know of several schools where students are definitely discouraged from applying here because of this. We know of candidates who have withdrawn because of it. We have a hunch there are a lot more we

don't hear about. Another item of misinformation which is abroad and which hinders us is the belief that Bard is primarily for students whose main interests is one of the arts. This, of course, brings us many of our finest students in the persons of arts trial majors, but it must also head off equally good students with other main interests. At the same time knowledge of Bard in general and of Bard's distinguished education seems to us to be spreading steadily. There are many reasons. The one we in admissions know most about is the enthusiasm and the example of Bard students and alumni which we find has been the beginning of the interest in Bard of a very large proportion of our best candidates.

The Admissions Office now consists of Mrs. Alice Straub, Secretary of Admissions, Miss Barbara Mitchell, Assistant Director of Admissions, and your humble servant. We think we have far and away the most interesting work in the whole Bard Community. Mrs. Straub has been in admissions work longer than any of us. She knows the ropes the best. Miss Mitchell and I think we're learning fast, however. Altogether I think we're all improving steadily in the technique of our principal job which is the gathering of the most thorough possible information about formal applicants. Last year we visited two hundred fifty one schools in a giant triangle marked by Exeter, N. H., Sedona, Ariz., and Seattle, Wash. We conducted hundreds of individual interviews here and there. This ambitious program went off fairly smoothly and was enormously interesting. We think the knowledge of schools we're getting is important for admissions work and we hope this also helps to spread good tidings of this wonderful college.

Letters

(Continued from Page 2)

together? There are complaints of undercurrents of social pressure which compel the student to make moral decisions without real free choice. Would we be substituting these undercurrents with an inflexible framework which would produce the same kind of compulsions?

Give the person the responsibility of freedom and unlimited choice where he will inevitably choose activities which are most meaningful and significant for him and his society, since there are no others which are artificially made to seem more desirable by reason of their inaccessibility.

Social or any other legislation must be an educational experience. Intellectual, ethical, and moral discrimination can best be developed in an open framework. How can we assure a tradition of continuing individual social responsibility at Bard going on from the work which has already started?

Mary Grayson

The Bardian Literary Section

The Obvious Life of Henry Pickett

by MICHAEL RUBIN

Henry Pickett walked back happily from the library. He had just finished one of those romantic novels and it had made him feel good and full of life. Here he was, swashbuckling Henry Pickett who had saved the fair-haired princess from walking the plank of the Dirty Sparrow . . . fearless Pickett who fought with bare hands the monstrous captain of the Black Cross. Henry Pickett! Guised as a poor fop in the English court, waiting for his chance to tear off his frills and punish the assassins of the king! Henry Pickett was bored with life. Nothing ever happened; it was so dull . . . except in books. But he was glad to be alive—so he could read. Growling with fury, Pickett the buccaneer stormed into the house and found his wife kissing another man.

"I'm leaving you, Henry," she said. "I can't stand you."

"Oh?" asked Henry, "Really?"

"Your wife and I are running away together," said the stranger surprised at finding him such a quiet, little man.

"I shall miss you, my dearest!" Henry Pickett said dramatically. It happened just that way in the play he had read last month. Only it was on a Southern plantation. "Mah darest!" he drawled.

"Aren't you going to stop him?" Mrs. Pickett asked desperately.

"It's your choice, mi querida." (They were climbing the highest peak of the Andes.) "It's your LIFE!"

"Oh, drop dead," she cried with embarrassment, suspecting her lover was wondering what sort of a deal he was getting in a woman who had settled for a man like that.

"Fairrie weel," cried Henry, remembering the split of the clans in that authentic Scottish novel.

"Goodbye," she screamed in disgust, and pulled her perplexed lover by the shoulder towards the door.

"Wait!" shouted Henry Pickett. His wife smiled back at him. Perhaps after all . . . he would save her.

"Yes, Henry?"

"Did the Book of the Month come?"

"The door slammed. Henry Pickett was alone, completely alone. 'I'm alone, completely alone,' he said. Stumbling towards the window he looked out as his wife and the man sped away in a car. 'Yerma! Yerma!' Henry Pickett called to the sky as he tried to get the taste of Spanish olives in his mouth.

Henry Pickett settled his spare ribs into an easy chair and proceeded to think. After all it wasn't a joking matter. His wife had left him. It wasn't funny. Henry Pickett had to face the truth . . . to look it straight in the eye. He popped out of the chair, and went to a wall covered with filled bookshelves. "Let's see . . . let's see—Frigidity in Women. Ah, that's it!"

He read silently for many minutes but it was becoming uninteresting. More and more he realized how dull his wife really was. How uninteresting life really was. She hadn't the beauty of Helen, the passion of Amber, the daring of Scarlet O'Hara.

Oh how dull she was!

Oh how dull is life!

Nothing ever happens!

Henry Pickett read a bit of Dickens and Thackeray before supper, prepared a meal fit for Mr. Micawber, and finished off the evening with a novel by Thomas Mann. "This is living," Henry Pickett said.

Before he switched out the little light that fell upon his half used bed, he sighed gleefully over a scientific magazine article about men readying to launch the first rocket ship. Space cadet Pickett switched off lights 709x and 623b4 and zoomed off into sleep.

He dreamed of Saint Joan and found himself stamping out the flames that encircled her. He was caught up in the Civil War and was adorned with ten or twelve red badges of courage. Suddenly he was in Mexico . . . the bull fights . . . the matador of the day! "Two for the price of One" "Double Header" the signs read . . . and Enrico Pickett slew a third just for the hell of it! He was in the "club" . . . One of Hemingway's "boys."

Waking up in a cold sweat after Beau Pickett of the Foreign Legion had just escaped the cruel poisoned darts of the Africans, he wondered to himself. "Why can't things like this happen in real life. Everything is so dull! Nothing ever happens."

Slowly, the window to Henry Pickett's bedroom opened. A dark figure slithered through like liquid. From the shadows, he stood facing the little man. "It's Mephistophiles," Faustus Pickett thought. "Are my twenty-four years up so soon?" The moonlight caught the blade of a knife flashing in the darkness. "A stiletto," Henry Pickett almost shouted, "Italy! The times of the masquerade! A cask of Amontillado!"

The figure moved out of the shadow, and stood with his long dull face before Pickett the Lion Hearted. "What do you wish here, my good man," he said with authority.

"Gimme your money, or I'll kill ya."

"My money I have given to the poor, and my life—my life is worth nought."

"What the hell was that? Fork up or I'll molder ya."

"Mind your station, sir. It is not that I would not give you a pence or tuppence, I would if I had it . . . but I have lavished a feast upon my people, and," continued Henry Pickett quite out of character, "I spent all my lunch money."

"This guy's off his rocker," the bewildered thief mumbled.

"I am telling you the truth. And besides you're the dumbest Raffles I've seen in a long time. I happen to have a copy of the book in my den. If you'll follow me, I'll give it to you so you can read up on the proper way of committing burglary." Henry Pickett started to jump out of bed, but was stopped by the thief's knife.

"Listen Buster. Cut out the horseplay and hand over your dough."

"Sir," answered Cyrano Pickett, "You will die exquisitely."

"What?"

"I challenge you!"

"I got the knife buddy, watch out."

"But the gods are with me!" shouted Pickett of the swift feet.

As Saint Henry lunged towards the dragon, the befuddled robber struck out with his knife and felt it go into a flimsy cellophane stomach. The long dull day of Henry Pickett was over, and so was his life. And as he lay dying, Pickett of Denmark gasped—"To be or not to be, that is the question . . ."

Song of the Sickly Sweet

by MARTIN DINITZ

The unctuous drug of this most subtle rose
Encloses in its steam
The appalling reek of plague,
A sly and deadly ague
Of satiety wet with latent screams,
Rich, gold-encrusted henbane dreams,
False and delicately profane
As the organ-borne chidings of a lustful priest.
Beneath all beauty lurks the beast.

The Hunting Knife by WENDELL ACKERMAN

Terry's backyard was cleanly raked. A small pile of leaves lay smoldering in the gravel driveway. Mother's doing. Terry played with the fire, avoiding Mother, until Aaron came over to show him his new hunting knife. Terry forgot the fire.

"See my new hunting knife, Terry. Ain't it a beauty? Lookit the leather handle. Ain't those red stripes nice? And lookit the blade. It's four inches long. It's sharp too. I sharpened it myself."

"Gee, it's a swell knife. I'll bet it cost a lot. Wheredidya get the money? Gee, does your mother let you have a knife? My mother —"

"Sure she lets me have it. She don't know about it anyway . . . Hey, I wanna show ya a game. Watch. See ya stand with your legs apart like this, see? Then ya throw the knife an try to come as close as ya can ta hitting your foot. Watch me." Aaron took the knife by the blade, as if he had practiced many times before, and threw it into the ground, about a foot from his left shoe. The blade went in deeply, almost to the shank. Aaron had to pull hard to get it out.

"Sometimes it sticks in the rubber on the side of my sneakers. Boy, does that feel funny! First my foot tickles, then all of me tickles. I get all excited inside. Just like I do when my father smacks me. Boy does that feel funny! Here, you try it, then we'll play a game. But watch out, this is a good knife."

"Me? I don't know how ta do that. How do ya hold it . . . And suppose it hits me? How do ya do it, Aaron? Show me."

"It won't hurt you. Sfunny, it never hits you. It comes close, but it never hits ya. When it comes real close, it tickles. Here, let me show ya. See, ya hold the blade like this, then ya throw it at the ground. Ya look at the ground, but then ya throw it at your foot. See?" Again Aaron threw the knife. Again missing his foot. But coming closer this time.

Terry tried time after time, but he couldn't even stick the knife in the ground. First it would land on its handle and bounce and skid to a stop. Then the point would hit, but not deeply, and the knife would fall harmlessly, like a clothes pole.

"I can't do it, Aaron. I can't play this game, can't even make it stick. Let's play somethin' else.

Get your glove and we'll have a catch. G'wan, I can't play this game."

"We can't play catch. I buried my glove. I don't like catch. When I don't like somethin' anymore, I bury it. Buried my glove where we buried my dog, by the tool shed. C'mon, you can play this game, Terry. Don't be a sissy. Lookit, I'll show you again. And watch this time. The one who comes the closest wins. And if ya hit your shoe . . . boy does it tickle."

Many times Aaron showed Terry how to hold and throw the knife. Many times he came close, but he never hit his mark. Terry reluctantly threw the knife at first, as if he were bored. But when once he made it stick, he became more interested. Finally, after many attempts, he could put it in the ground almost every time.

"Let's play, Aaron. Let's play the game. I can do it now. Let's play the game, huh?"

"Okay. We'll each take three turns, and we'll remember who

came the closest. The guy who can stick it in his sneaker wins, okay? Gimme the knife. Hurry up! I'm first. Gimme the knife." Aaron grabbed the knife from Terry. He anxiously made his first throw, then second, then third, none particularly good. He shoved the knife to Terry, and excitedly jumped up and down.

Worse. Terry did worse than Aaron. The first time it hit a stick and bounced away. The other two times it stuck, but far from his foot. It was Aaron's turn again. He was way out in front.

Terry's mother was in the kitchen, snapping beans for dinner. Now and then she would glance out the window to make sure Terry wasn't too close to the fire. But Terry was no where near the fire.

She filled the pot with water and brought it to the stove. She turned the — A sharp scream that choked her heart! Her boy! . . . Then laughter, high-pitched, continuous laughter. Laughter that seemed to feed the screams. She ran out, knocking the pot of beans to the floor in her haste.

She saw her boy bent over, hands on his knees, and looking down at his feet with terrified screams. Not much of the blade could be seen. His blue canvas sneaker was soaked with blood. No more laughter.

She ran, stumbled to him, making odd sounds, as if she had trouble breathing. Quickly, she put her hand over her boy's mouth to muffle his screams. She looked down at his foot, the knife, like she would at a poisonous snake. But slowly, deliberately, she reached down—her boy screamed again, louder. She cupped his mouth. Slowly, slowly . . . she gave one firm pull, and his foot was free. The knife dropped from her hand.

Terry staggered backward. She clutched him close to her bosom and carried him to the house, crying softly to herself.

A giggle could be heard. Not loud laughter like before, but a cautious giggle. Aaron has scampered up the large maple tree like a squirrel when he heard the pan drop and foot-steps. He giggled now because he had found a bird's nest with young ones.

"Come 'ere little birdie, right here in my pocket. I'll take you home to Snigger. Snigger likes birds."

A Canticle for Simonetta

—Botticelli's model for the Birth of Venus who, shortly after, died.

I

She whose slenderness in static gusts
Of painted pagan wind aloofly stands,
Holding back loveliness with hair and hands,
Against the prying of innumerable lusts.

II

With heavy lids through varnished dusk looks down
To seek her naked tuscan counterpart
In that dread world whence she rose into art,
Her element, lest breathing she should drown.

III

Consecrated by her wild mythology
Of throat and hands to grace and chance,
Only Simmonetta once returned that glance.
Beauty of beauty wishes no apology.

IV

And from that painted glance she knew not whither
She should turn, since all she was was there.
Ah! Beauty alone is less than life should bear!
All she could do, which paint would not was wither.

V

So time advanced and Flora draped her head,
Wind ceased, and that wide corniced shell
Sank close by shore. The roses fell
No more, and Simmonetta's restless hands were dead.

by RICHARD C. SEWELL

SHARPS and FLATS

by DICK LEWIS

Music for this semester, although somewhat indefinite in the "who, what and when" category, will have an exciting start with a piano and flute recital by Claude Monteaux and Paul Nordoff on October 13th. The anticipated factor will be a performance of Mr. Nordoff's "Dance Sonata," composed for Mr. Monteaux at the MacDowell Colony during the summer. The flutist had his New York debut on October 5th, playing as part of his program the world premiere of Mr. Nordoff's sonata.

An Indefinite Future

Other plans, still in their nebulous stage, call for a pianist and violist. There is a possibility of having a well known authority lecture on the twelve tone technique. If such a lecture is possible, we hope that the speaker's rhetorical

powers will open a new world of sound and beauty to the many who are opposed to this form of music.

Only one student recital has been definitely scheduled, and that will be a concert of French, German and Italian songs by Bill Crawford, bass-baritone.

Chick Lublin to Conduct

Chick Lublin, who is directing the Madrigal groups as his senior project, will conduct a performance sometime in December.

A cantata, being composed by Mr. Leonard, will have its premiere at the Christmas service to be held in the chapel on December 13th.

As the semester progresses, we will try to give a more substantial report on the plans of the department. In any case, we look forward to a stimulating season.

in the limelight

by MILES KREUGER

Beginning his first semester as Instructor of Drama at Bard, Mr. Theodore Hoffman feels that it is necessary to install several changes in the policies of his department. First, there will be a greater difference between workshops and full productions. The workshops, usually one-act plays, will be student directed and designed as in the past, but tickets will now be issued only upon special request. Since workshops are the products of drama students learning their own craft, Mr. Hoffman wants to be certain that the audience viewing their work will be as understanding and cooperative as possible, and not as indiscriminately critical as they often were last year. Players for the workshop roles will be chosen not for the ease with which they can do a part, but for the benefit they will receive by overcoming certain challenges.

The full productions, to be directed by Mr. Hoffman and designed by Miss Larkey, will be presented as polished performances. They will be performed for the benefit not only of the participants, but also of the audience; whereas the workshops will be intended only for the benefit of the student actors, directors, and designers.

Because the creation of an actual workshop production is such a valuable experience, greater emphasis will be placed on one-act plays this year. This semester the only full-length play will be *Right You Are, If You Think You Are*, by Pirandello, to be produced on November 19, 20 and 21. This will be followed by a series of

one-acters, to be directed and acted by members of the various acting classes and designed by students of Miss Larkey.

There is now a Drama Departmental Seminar, a voluntary weekly meeting at which the current activities of the department are discussed. This is swiftly serving to remedy the disunity that has somewhat prevailed in the past.

The nature of the Senior Project in acting has also been changed. No longer will a senior be able to reserve a part during try-outs. If he wants to play a particular role, he must read for it like anyone else; the supposition is that after four years of training he will prove himself at try-outs better qualified than a newcomer. However, little preference for seniority is shown by the casting committee.

For the first time, the Drama Department runs two programs on the radio station. Following the WXBC Playhouse, every other Wednesday, the Drama Department on the Air presents informal discussions about the theatre. The topic of the first program was "Pirandello"; on October 14, the topic will be "Tennessee Williams." Alternating with the Playhouse and the discussion show, will be a series of plays to be directed by drama majors. Last week, "The Twelve Pound Look," by Sir James Barrie was heard, and on October 21, Claire Shatraw will direct *The Glass Menagerie*.

With the department developing new ideas, new systems, new forms of expression, the outlook for a constructive and healthy season seems inevitable.

From the President's Desk

by J. H. CASE, Jr.

President Case felt unable to write his column for this issue. However FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK will be a feature in this year's BARDIAN.

WXBC Starts 6th Year

On the evening of September 28, WXBC introduced its sixth consecutive year of creative collegiate broadcasting. Establishing as its major standard audience appeal, the station has scheduled a varied bill of fare which includes such items as Poetry Readings by Janet Nicholas, The Musical Comedy Hour, and Issues at Bard, moderated by Russ Hergesheimer. Heavy emphasis will be placed this year on a wide variety of classical music.

A unique feature of this year's broadcasting calendar will be the weekly hour devoted to drama. Every other Wednesday Bardiens will be able to hear the WXBC Playhouse, which will offer presentations to be directed by Miles Kreuger as part of his Senior Project in Drama. The Drama Department on the Air will im-

mediately follow the Playhouse. This program, produced by Claire Shatraw, will feature discussions on the theatre and informal open line rehearsals of the current drama productions. On alternating Wednesdays at nine, drama majors will direct, for academic credit, dramatic selections of their own choice.

The directors of the station this year are; Dan Butt, Station Manager; Roger Hergesheimer, Program Director; Roger Calkins, Technical Director; Chuck Howard, Chief Engineer; Miles Kreuger, Dramatics Director, and Rose Bakst, Music Director.

Advertising this semester is being handled by Peter Weston and Francesco Cantarella, the Wescan Advertising Agency for a 50% commission.

BCFD Plans 12 Month Schedule

With the equipment in good running order, the BCFD, the only incorporated college fire department in the country hopes again to live up to its reputation as being a well run, alert and efficient organization.

The plans of the department this year are both numerous and ambitious. Under Harry Linindoll as Chief and Richard Avery and Richard Kraus as first and second assistant chiefs respectively, plans have been made for entertaining the Mid-Hudson Harlem Valley Fire Chief Association on the second Thursday in October in Zabriskie Hall. (There will be an official meeting followed by movies and a dinner.

For the whole community a first air course is being formed under the direction of Mr. Asip, who has

consented to allow one hour weekly Physical Education credit for anyone wishing to take the course which will be taught by Alex Butman. In conjunction with this there are also plans for organizing a Fire Police Department to control traffic and administer first aid during a fire. Both these courses are open to the entire community.

In the way of construction, plans have been made for enclosing the fire station where Engine No. 1 is located, and insulating the building so as to prevent freezing in the booster tank.

A twelve month a year fire department is being considered, which will benefit the community by lowering the insurance rates. This will introduce a Fire Training Program for faculty, administration and Bard employees.

Inside Council Contd.

by DAVID L. WHITE

Since the whole campus must realize that it is necessary for the administration to present a unified ideal, I feel I am not questioning Dean Gillard's integrity when I say that at times she seemed to be voicing the opinions of others and not following her own mind.

Council has taken an active and commendable lead in facing the issues at hand. Perhaps a greater diversification of opinion would have been desirable among the members selected to represent Council on the Committee on Social Organization. Certainly the Chairman of Council, Paul Kolda, is to be praised for the manner in which he has conducted meetings.

House Reports

The reports presented at the third meeting by house presidents concerning social regulations desired by their respective dormitories, seemed to indicate only one thing, and that was that there had been very low participation in house meetings and a minimum of thought prior to the drafting of proposals. Most of the houses were in agreement regarding a request for an extension of open house to include hours in the middle of the week and, for the most part, longer week-end hours. To me, it seems slightly ridiculous to ask for an extension of hours over last year when we are fighting for any hours at all.

It was apparent that the more basic issues of social regulations and the issue of how to enforce closed house was passed over in favor of a haggle concerning hours. It was very soundly suggested that we should follow Dr. Bleucher's proposal of first deciding what closed hours were needed.

A "sidelight" at the initial Council meeting was the announcement of the failure to put out the proposed Handbook on Bard. It is disappointing that an apparently worthwhile project has been abandoned at least for the time being. However, a handbook for freshmen does not seem as necessary in this small and friendly community as it would be at a large university.

The second Council meeting showed a deplorable lack of willingness on the part of Council members to accept the responsibility of the chairmanships of committees. The Community Chest Chairmanship went begging, with first one member and then the other declining, until Al Landau was driven to propose a fortunately defeated motion for a puppet

chairman, with a non-member of Council doing the work. Finally Dan Butt was prevailed upon to take the position, even though protesting that he could not do the job properly.

Peter Weston, Chairman of Budget Committee, proposed, and had accepted, what seems to be a constructive step, of having clubs and organizations granted tentative budgets which will be reviewed monthly by the committee.

"Wes-Can" Advertising Agency

Chairman of the Budget Committee announced the budget requested by WXBC and the Bardian. The radio station asked for a sum total of \$372.10, which includes money from ads and that left in their bank account from last year. The Bardian applied for a sum total of \$892.00. It was further announced that a concession run by Peter B. Weston and Francesco Cantarella had been formed to collect and process ads for the station at a charge of 50% of the gross intake. Dan Butt, head of the radio station, expressed complete agreement with this plan. He said that it was necessary for the radio station to have this service performed by an outside agency. It was decided by Council to have the proposition investigated by Communications Board.

Communications Board, in a report presented by Martin Johnson in place of chairman Francesco Cantarella, stated the board's approval of the 50% cut taken in WXBC advertising by the "Wes-Can" advertising agency. It was pointed out by Mr. Cantarella that 50% was not clear profit. 15% was stated as the profit to each partner. This leads one to wonder what becomes of the other 20%. Miss Gillard proposed that the "Wes-Can" be licensed by Council as a campus concession for this semester. There was a flood of dissent concerning the 50%, and the concession itself, from the floor and members of the Council. Miss Gillard, one of its main advocates, expressed her support of the "Wes-Can" on the basis that WXBC did not have a big enough staff. After sustained pro and con argument, the question was twice called and defeated. David Mirsky drew applause when he asked whether it was more important to save money or to incite community spirit towards work on WXBC. The motion was finally carried when the chairman gave his vote to "Wes-Can" after a four to four tie with two abstentions.

The MARJ WELCH Shop

Ladies Ready-to-wear and Accessories

41 East Market Street

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Telephone 603

The Haen Jewelry Shop

"The Gift Shop of Northern Dutchess"

Diamonds - Watches
Jewelry

PARKER PENS - LIGHTERS
SILVERWARE

Established 1884

As reliable as its age
As modern as the times

Phone 8 Rhinebeck, N. Y.

STOCKENBURG HARDWARE

Red Hook

HAROLD'S SNACK BAR

— Here to Serve You —

Tasty Sandwiches

Short Orders

Fountain Service

WINE and BEER

ANN and DAVE SACHS, Props.

The Finest in Hardware

Orchard

Supply Company

RED HOOK, N. Y.

BUY SCHRAUTH'S ICE CREAM

The Borden Co. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Rhinebeck Diner

Finest

Chinese and American

Cuisine

To Take Out

COCKTAILS - DINNERS

REESE'S

Parties Arranged

9G, Tivoli

BUY REXALL

COWHIG'S
REXALL DRUGS

Red Hook, N. Y.

"Get Your Levis"

Red Hook Dept. Store

RED HOOK, N. Y.

Hudson Valley Dept. Store

RHINEBECK, N. Y.

EVA'S STYLE SHOP

Ladies Wearing Apparel
Custom Dressmaking and Tailoring

7 East Market St.

Tel. 6801

Red Hook, N. Y.

GIFTS OF QUALITY
 Greeting Cards • Frames
 Stationery • Photographic Needs • Artists Supplies
 All types of picture framing

RAYMOND'S ART SHOP

MIKE'S

GOOD FOOD • GOOD DRINKS • GOOD SERVICE

ANNANDALE HOTEL

Call Adolph 4958

THE CAR FOR YOU

'53 **FORD**

Central Auto Sales

Red Hook, N. Y.



Ed
 Smith's
 Service Station

The
 Rhinebeck Gazette



PRINTERS

"The Advertising Medium
 of Northern Dutchess"

Tel. Rhinebeck 100

Walter F. Siebert

Electrical Appliances

42 E. Market St.

Tel. 181-R

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Eight

MOUL'S TAXI

Special rates to movies

Trains Met At

Barrytown - Rhinecliff

On Order

PHONE RED HOOK 4201

First

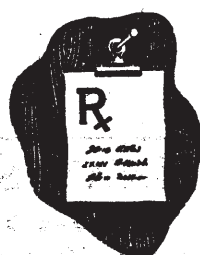
National Bank

Red Hook, N. Y.



JOHN FLETCHER

Photographer, Bard College



Red
 Hook
 Drug
 Store

Walt Bean, Proprietor

Every member of Bard College is an integral part of an outstanding educational institution. It is each individual's responsibility to create the type of community that would be worthy of the name of Bard College—and of progressive education.

Have faith in yourself and in Bard College.

The
 Gordon-Burke
 Steel Co.

D
 CHARLIE'S
 N
 E
 R
 For
 Good
 Food

Rt. 9G

All God's chillen get
 Shoes . . .

at

TEN BROECK
 SHOE STORE

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

YOUR

Plymouth - Dodge

DEALER

Community Garage

Repainting • Body Work

Sam Lloyd, Owner

PATRONIZE
 OUR
 ADVERTISERS

NOT
 a textbook
NOT
 a propaganda
 sheet

NOT
 a magazine

that whitewashes
 either the Communists
 or the McCarthys

The **New Republic** is America's most informative, independent journal of opinion, bringing you

- accurate, behind-the-headlines coverage of public affairs
- distinguished criticism of literature and the arts
- intelligent interpretation of world events

TODAY, the new **New Republic** is required reading as a corrective to the omissions and bias of the one-party press.



MAIL YOUR ORDER NOW

Student, Faculty Offer

New Republic
 230 West 41st St., New York 36, N. Y.

Please send the **New Republic** for 33 weeks at your special price of \$3.50, which I enclose.

Name

Address

City..... Zone..... State.....