

Bard College
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BARDIAN

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The Bardian

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November 17, 1953

John Berryman Explains Art Of Narration

by EVA LA SALLE

"Writing is the loneliest of the professions. The writer wants to throw himself on the reader and be made free by the reader. At the same time he doesn't give a damn about the reader," concluded Mr. John Berryman, the second of Bard's guest speakers during Literature Week-end.

In accordance with this conclusion, which was also the central theme and the only really lucid part of Mr. Berryman's lecture, it was established at the symposium which followed, that any author wants to be redeemed, but on his own terms; that a writer seeks both self assertion and self alienation.

Mr. Berryman chose to give his talk the abstruse title of *I WANT AND DO NOT WANT TO BE CAST UPON YOUR SHORE OR THE PURPOSE OF NARRATIVE*. He must have felt rather guilty about it, for he began his talk by presenting his audience with a brief outline of the paper he had prepared to read to them, and his tone indicated that he was not delivering a statement of intention so much as he was an apology.

It seems that this paper was divided into two sections, the first of which would be fairly simple and comprehensible and the second of which would be complex and somewhat difficult to understand as it was meant to illustrate the first section.

He was at least partially correct for not only the last half of his speech was obscure, but the whole of it seemed muddled and confused, its major points buried, hard to find. Nothing very concrete was said in part one and just how part two is a question which would be difficult for the most attentive listener to answer.

In general and all too vague terms Mr. Berryman tried to define what a story is and attempted to establish that it contains elements of unpredictability, suspense, surprise and intelligibility, although he added that all these elements were not always found in all stories. He went on to say that most stories are not impersonal because every writer (either consciously or unconsciously) tries to express his own personality through his work.

Next he discussed the "why" of a story contending that both object



Poet, lecturer and critic John Berryman speaking in Bard Hall.

and personality were part of the why. He maintained that through the former the reader discovers what happens in the story and to whom it happens and that through the latter he finds a working and hidden philosophy that makes the story a work of art rather than a mere document.

Finally he talked of style and concluded that it is not something which is even, but something without reference to something that comes before. Through his style, the author is leading his reader, so that the reader will be "casted upon his shore and his shore will be gained by it."

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Ellison Keynotes Literature Weekend

by MONA MELLIS

Ralph Ellison, author of the new novel, "The Invisible Man," was the first speaker of the Literature Week-end. His topic was "The Art of Narration." The talk was an introduction to the point of view he held at the Symposium. As such, it was adequate. As a speech on the subject itself, it could only be considered a preface. His approach, was on the level of author and reader;—the creative experience, and the shared experience of the two.

Interesting Points

Among the usual statements on the necessity of form and inspiration, two main points were interesting. He noted that the "hard-boiled, naturalistic school," recorded an experience by encompassing it and not abstracting it. Mr. Ellison said that this school was being pushed out by a return to the narrative; the novel of action that requires a synthetic art. He then went on to explore this type. He stated it as, "the art of seizing from experience some human meaning." This required the presence of the sense of dominating reality in the reading of a novel.

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Simenon Surprises

by MARTIN SELF

For people who were prepared to hear a serious and thought-provoking lecture on the art of narrative, Georges Simenon's rather terse lecture last Friday night must have come as a complete surprise. No doubt it was a pleasant surprise to the majority of people who laughed unrestrainedly at the humorous pointed comments made by the prolific Mr. Simenon as he explained the fiction-writers art.

"A novelist," he asserted, "is a man who writes novels"; this to the complete surprise of his appreciative audience. He then went on to explain, in most picturesque terms, the essential features of a novel and the type of ability which is requisite to their being successfully interwoven by an author. He, as Mr. Ellison before him, stressed the fact that a purely psychological treatment of characters is not desirable and that characters, but not abstract characters, are essential features in a good story. For this one must have the faculty to place oneself in another's position so as to impart life to a fictional figure and enhance the credibility of a particular situation, which, although not entirely unbelievable in itself, may indeed be somewhat exaggerated for effect. Mr. Simenon, who has written over 300 novels himself, decried the type of aspiring author who, because he has purchased a typewriter and some paper, considers himself prepared to produce his first novel.

In all fairness to Mr. Simenon's lecture, which seemed devoid of any real analysis of the subject matter, although it provided some excellent diversion, it must be remembered that his knowledge of English is far from extensive and could not lend itself to any comprehensive discussion. The brevity of the lecture, which occupied scarcely more than a quarter of an hour, was of course an important factor in its content and Simenon himself certainly made no claims to having exhausted the topic.

Field Period Lengthened

This year Winter Field Period will extend from January 4th to February 19th. This means that Bard College will have a seven instead of six week Field Period and that students will have a better chance of finding employment. Right now, many students are writing letters to prospective employers in the hopes of getting favorable replies before the December 7, deadline.

Aspinwall 8 is the headquarters for Field Period information. There, students can look through the files that have pertinent information about jobs Bard students have held in the past. A form letter is available that explains the meaning of the Field Period to employers who are not familiar with this educational practice. An identification card is also available for students to use when ap-

plying for an interview. Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Randel are happy to help students in their search for interesting Field Period jobs. They can also supply the names and addresses of temporary employment agencies for students who want to be assured of a job with a salary.

The possibilities for Field Period are practically unlimited. Many students choose to work at jobs that are related to the field in which they are working at Bard. Some students, if they can, prefer to travel. The trip to Europe that Mr. Frauenfelder and Mr. Botsford are planning will be considered as a Field Period for the students who are going. Other students prefer research projects, but the division in which the student is studying must approve the research plans.

The Bardian

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Letters to the Editor

Munchen, den 25. Oktober
 Dear Editor,

After wandering around all summer, I finally arrived in Munchen and am now completely established in what will be my home for the next ten months. The people sent here by Wayne University to supervise the "Junior Year in Munich" program were very careful in making their arrangements so that I am thoroughly satisfied with my room and the meals I receive. I am living in a Pension located between the University and the English Gardens which is indeed a favorable place to be, classes or a pleasant park being only a short walk in either direction.

After leaving the New Amsterdam on which, by the way, I had a most enjoyable trip, I made two trips through West Europe. On the first, during which I was accompanied by two of my brothers, I visited Holland, Germany, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy and Austria. On the second, which I made in a Volkswagen with a German friend, I passed through Switzerland, Italy, France, Spain, Luxembourg, and Southern Germany. All in all, I had a number of interesting experiences, saw a great many things, and had a chance to improve both my German and my Spanish.

Here in Munchen my sightseeing was by no means brought to an end. What with visiting castles, parks, churches, museums, and of course, the Hofbrauhaus and through going to operas, concerts, plays and the Oktoberfest it was, I must admit, with some regret that I began attending the classes of the Orientation Course preceding the regular lectures at the University. I do, however, still find time to get away from my studies as, you may be sure, in a city as rich in tradition and culture as Munchen there is always something new to see or take part in.

With best regards,
 Karl Wedemeyer

London, October 23, '53

The Bardian
 To the Editor:

Someone was kind enough to send me a copy of the Oct. 14th issue of the Bardian, which seemed to me one of the most mature issues ever to come out. I also found it a bit bitter—W.A.'s article is really a piercing piece of understatement, and whoever wrote "A Long Cold Winter . . ." was certainly grinding his axe rather finely—perhaps the bitterness is justified. Perhaps, again, I ought to keep my own opinions out of it since I'm not at Bard this semester. I can only guess at the collective state of mind (it's hard enough to keep track of it when one is at the college). I would say that being in Europe has given me any number of new perspectives on Bard, on the goals of a genuinely progressive education, and on our American society in general: finally, the newspaper really worries me, and that's why I'm writing.

FIRST: It seems inconceivable that open house has been abolished—I am dumbfounded, I just don't understand it. I hope, I even assume, that by the time this reaches you, the whole business will have been resolved by the restitution of at least the old O. H. hours. Such a freedom must be an integral part, a sine qua non of any institution that purports in the least to be realistic or progressive. The tremendous liberty that is presented by this and other privileges is the greatest challenge that can be offered to any student, and it's this challenge that is the wonderful thing about Bard. Abolishment is unthinkable, as is enforcement of it. If I seem overly emotional or slightly elementary in my choice of words, I do not apologize for it, for my emotion is supported by an intensity of conviction that words will not indicate.

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Editorials

"Education is not a practice which concerns the individual alone; it is a function of the community. The character of the community is expressed in the individuals who compose it." (From introduction to Paideia by Werner Jaeger.)

Interdependence exists in every community. Our problem is how it shall be expressed; what character the individuals at Bard give it. That character will, as in any society, be decided—whether formally or informally—by the majority. In our present situation there is both necessity and demand for formulation of the majority opinion. When such formation is determined by the thought and action of groups and individuals, and when a majority accepts it, the rights of minorities (and to some extent of the deviants who are a part of any society) must be given consideration. At this point enforcement becomes the problem. In general, the majority, if acceptance is real, will abide by their decisions. But there will be those who have not accepted the plan or whose ability to control themselves is inadequate to the community requirement. Here will be the opportunity for Jud Board, house presidents, faculty and administration to work out and demonstrate techniques for helping individuals to see their part—as individuals—in the life of the community; to recognize that freedom within the law can actually be greater than freedom outside the law, provided the law was made with justice, by democratic methods, and offers opportunity for reasonable change.

Recognition of independence, and understanding of its meaning at Bard as an educational community, must be the basis for action. Its meaning should be discussed and interpreted in terms of values in academic and social life expressed in the relation of individual to individual to group. This involves the question of hours and their connection with our courses, our thinking and our reading, our work and our play,—in other words, with the daily life of the community. The acknowledgment of responsibility in such specific forms will express the true character of the community.

Dorothy Dulles Bourne

Oh lady luck's being pushed around. The string's running out. Boy, I can just see Calamity sitting up there in the Catbird Seat. Something has to be done—and soon—and how!

If there ever was a death-trap it is the Annandale road between campus and Mike's. Here's a road on which cars careen around seventy-five degree turns at thirty-five to forty miles per hour. Here's a road with no lights and with heavy side foliage. Girls have to travel along it at night, with or without dates, in order to get a sandwich or a glass of beer. If Dr. Hersloff thinks that "open-house" is dangerous—!

We recommend the immediate lighting of the Annandale road between Bard College and Annandale. We also recommend that stop signs be placed at all sharp curves in order to slow traffic.

Let's hope that as much interest is taken in our physical safety as was taken for our mental health!

EDITOR RESIGNS

Letter from the Editor:

The Bard College community is proving itself incapable of supporting a publication such as the BARDIAN. Seldom in the past has the BARDIAN been published by more than three hard working persons. During my two months as editor-in-chief, the BARDIAN was hampered by a lack of cooperation from: 1—the administration, 2—the faculty, 3—the student body. The administration took a holier-than-thou attitude towards the BARDIAN; viewing it as a dumping ground for its earth-shaking announcements and pronouncements. The members of the faculty (except for Dr. Felix Hirsch and several other notable examples) thought that they should not have to work for a community publication edited by students, but merely should determine its policy. The upperclass students at Bard claimed that their other activities were too time consuming to allow them to work on the BARDIAN, while the overworked freshmen were simply too inexperienced to produce a college level newspaper. The present editor-in-chief, yours truly, is a freshman.

The BARDIAN is the most powerful force in the community. An interesting issue is read by the entire college, plus the board of trustees and other influential people in the educational world. It provides a much needed outlet on the campus for creative material. Its contents are thought about and discussed. A strong group can control the BARDIAN against the best interests of the community.

It will take community animation and community toil to publish a fine BARDIAN. I do not believe that under the present circumstances a fine BARDIAN can be published; therefore, I resign.

With regrets,
 James A. Gordon

While I still have a chance I would like to thank Mr. Gummere of the administration, Dr. Felix Hirsch, Mr. Stefan Hirsch, Mr. Bill Asip and Mrs. Dorothy Bourne of the faculty for their hard work and interest in the BARDIAN. I would also like to extend my heartiest congratulations to Dick Lewis as the only member of the staff who met his deadlines, and to Zelda Abele for performing her duties as an editor.

Bard Physical Education Program Anemic

by BILL ASIP

This is the third in a series of articles concerning the various departments at Bard.

Bill Asip, who lives in Gray Cottage with his wife and four daughters—Mary, Peggy, Kathy, and Francis, has taught at St. John's Preparatory School and for the New York City Department of Education. He holds a Masters degree from New York University, and was an Athletic and Recreation Director in the United States Army.

Regardless of how education is defined or what system is considered most effective in the process of education, the outcomes would depend upon the fact that considerable emphasis were placed upon mental, emotional, physical and social development. A person well equipped in these four areas would encounter little difficulty making the adjustments essential in life today. The constant concern of educators is to place proper emphasis on the large variety of elements which should have a favorable influence on the development of the individual in these areas.

In spite of the reference to a statement of George Bernard Shaw during a recent COSO meeting, it is generally agreed that a program of physical education and recreation can and does contribute immeasurably to proper development in all four phases of education mentioned above. The Greeks used it to develop fundamental, neuro-muscular coordinations by means of such activities as running, jumping, dancing, javelin and discus throwing. In this country physical education has been a part of the school curriculum for many years and recreation is receiving even broader recognition through the growth of private, industrial and municipal community recreation programs. These latter strides have been made primarily because improved labor conditions have led to a constant increase in leisure time and people realize that recreational activities, in one form or another, can provide productive outlets during these 'newly acquired' hours.

The physical education and recreation program at Bard is designed to meet these basic needs. Stated briefly, our aims are: to assist in the maintenance of optimum health; to provide opportunities for students to acquire basic knowledge and skills in individual and team sports; to provide a means of relaxation and relief from emotional tensions so often prevalent in an academic environment; and to bring people with divergent interests together for fun and relaxation on grounds common to



Coach Bill Asip giving his team a few pointers. Left to right: Coach Asip, William Lum, Wendell Ackerman, Chuck MacIntosh, David Rapaport, Manny Wolff.

all. An extensive description of the program and facilities would serve no purpose here since most of the community is familiar with what is available. The physical education phase of the program seems to be running reasonably well with some weaknesses due to the limitations of time, facilities and personnel. A certain number of students fall each semester due to a complete disregard for their individual obligations. However, the voluntary program, which includes intramurals, outside competition in softball, touch football and basketball as well as general participation in recreational activities, leaves much to be desired.

By analogy, may I submit that a diagnosis of the condition of the voluntary physical education and recreation program would indicate that it is suffering from 'pernicious anemia.' Anemia is a disease which attacks the blood stream of the body. The blood stream of the physical education and recreation program is composed of the participants in the various activities. Just as in a normally healthy body suffering from anemia, all other components—the facilities or body framework, the activities or circulatory system, and, with all due modesty, even the direction or heart—present themselves in good working order. In my opinion, then, our difficulty is, basically, an inadequacy in the blood stream or participating personnel. The questions to be answered are, how or why has this happened and, what shall be the treatment?

First of all, let me point to a few examples which will indicate the reason for this diagnosis. Last year an attempt was made to organize a basketball team to play in competition with local town teams and clubs. The response was never overwhelming, a maximum of ten or twelve candidates, and for our last scheduled game there was a one hour delay while we searched the campus for enough players to round out a five-man

team. A similar situation seems to be developing this year. Participation in softball, where the interest always runs higher, was relatively satisfactory but there was considerable room for improvement. Last Spring several attempts to inaugurate community recreation nights in an effort to bring faculty, students and staff together were completely unsuccessful. This Fall an attempt was made to stimulate interest in touch football which was to be climaxed in a play-off game with the intramural champions at New Paltz State Teachers College. The usual response consisted of four or five players with one exceptional day when ten men appeared for practice. The results—a frustrating experience for those who did appear for a work out and the cancellation of the game with New Paltz. Again, tennis tournaments seemed to interest a very small percentage of the players on campus. A total of eighteen entered the four tournaments and at least four matches were won by default. I could go on with similar examples of the lack of response in voluntary participation but the pattern is the same.

In answer to the question, why or how did this happen, several theories have been advanced. Some say that the competition is not stimulating. Others propose the thought that there is not enough individual and group recognition or reward for participation. Again, there are so many academic and semi-academic activities in progress that students simply do not have the time to devote from two to five hours a week to this kind of program. Others suggest that intercollegiate sports would provide an automatic stimulation for intramural and voluntary participation in campus sports and games. Finally, over-emphasis on individual achievement at Bard militates against anything resembling group effort or unification of forces toward a common goal. It is my

feeling that all of these considerations have had, and will continue to have, some influence on the condition of the 'patient.' Rather than deal with them individually I should prefer to prescribe a series of treatments which would serve to check and minimize these contributing factors to the malady and, at the same time, provide medicine in the form of recommendations which may help to restore the over-all health of the program. Some of these thoughts grew out of suggestions made at a recent COSO meeting devoted to the role of recreation in the development of Bard's social organization.

The first and most essential step is an immediate transfusion of "type X" blood into the program in the form of actively participating personnel. Volunteers should respond to requests for participants in the various activities. Don't come alone—bring some friends with you. It has been proved many times in the past that personal contact by students is one of the best assurances of success in this type of program. Don't be concerned with the ability of the individual. Participation will improve both individual and group abilities and eventually the calibre of the competition will improve. Our main purpose will be to get new blood into our veins, and I mean that both literally and figuratively.

A second step will come in the form of a shot in the arm. Included in this category would be more intense organization, an increase in the number of activities and more stimulating publicity. A revival of the dormitory point system for intramurals with final games being scheduled in conjunction with the entertainment committee program might well provide an incentive to participation. Various combinations of dorms, even on a co-ed basis have been suggested and may be tried in the near future.

An expansion of activities and a broader interpretation of the relationship between the voluntary and required programs has been suggested. Under this plan an over-all program would be scheduled but students would not sign for specific classes as they do at the present time. Instead, they would participate in any three scheduled activities during a particular week. This plan has very obvious weaknesses but may be given a trial run to determine its effectiveness.

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The Bardian Literary Section

Two Days After The Day Before Mrs. Warren Died

by RITCHIE DARLING

The old Seakonk was filled with ships, and I sat and watched them move by. It was noon, and I was alone in the midst of the hot scent of honeysuckle, the free growing of grass, the singing of birds. Noon, noon for Irish Albert, who drove for my Grandmother, now walking across the fields to his home. Noon for Frank, the gardener, a frail man, an old man, a poet who ate his lunch by his leaves. Noon for Jenny, my dear sister, who was now eating lambchops on a wicker table, noon . . . The hill on which I sat sloped slowly to the river, green with grass abundant, dipping thirsty lips into the moil.

Mrs. Warren died, yesterday. Don't you remember? The big, fat crosspatch lady who lived with her cats and her son in a house on the road to the river. I can-

not imagine her dying; she was too great for caskets, or for tears—that's what Grandma said, anyway. She died in the noon, and the sun swallowed her up in its belly. Her husband translated books; he's dead, too. Her son is anemic, I know; and the cats run all over the road.

So many times we would come to tea, up the tulip path; and pet the cats, and eat the chocolates, and listen to talk, and go home once more. We were always going home, once more. I am supposed to write a poem or something nice to send to her son. Mother thinks it would be thoughtful of me; and I will; something grand, and sorrowful:

"Oh, it is terrible that your
Mother died
And,
It is awful—"

That is as far as I've got. He is twenty-eight years old, and anemic. I am six years old, and I take Cod Liver Oil. When I grow up, I'm going to be a soldier, and I must be husky. Now I am too thin.

Do you have to be thin to be a doctor? Mrs. Warren's son is going to be a doctor, if he doesn't die first of smoking. I will never smoke, because Daddy says I shouldn't if I want to smell things. I like to smell the balsam in pillows, and cookies baking. I like to smell the light bulbs burning. I like to smell wet leaves on the ground.

The day before Mrs. Warren died, Grandma paid a call. She said that Mrs. Warren was sitting in a rocking chair with her eyes closed. She says she spoke a

long time of her husband. He was a great scholar; my Grandma says. Then she lay down to take a nap. The next day she died. It was shocking! (My Grandmother says.) My grandmother is older than Mrs. Warren. She isn't dead yet. She's too busy. I hope Grandma never dies. I hope I never die. I hope Irish Albert and old Frank never die; they're my friends. I wonder if Mrs. Warren's son will die? He's anemic and he smokes. The noon has ended, and I must go home to my Grandmother's house, and leave my poem.

The dusty road goes past the Warren's, and I am afraid. The noon is over, and I am afraid. I am afraid I will meet him on the road, or, maybe he will be picking tulips in the garden . . . just standing there. I run, and keep my poem.

Sea Shells, Coins and Warren

by ZELDA ABELE

Big soft raindrops rolled down the long strands of yellow hair that he had so many of for the size of his delicate, small-featured face. Two scuffed sandals under his straggly legs stood in big soft puddles alongside his twig hut. This was the top and the bottom of Warren. In the middle was a complex structure of little boy, round-eyed and restive. The tall house beyond the muddy path was full of "It's my turn next," and "Don't jump my man," and warm gingerbread, all leaving and entering the determined mouths of Pete and Jill and Jimmy. Warren was determined, too; determined to stay outside, wet and soggy, to play his own game.

A scratching noise prodded Warren to move one of the bottom-most sticks in the hut. A green scalloped shell walked out atop four groping feet. Warren lifted the turtle to the palm of his hand and gazed back at the pair of gleaming, blinking eyes that looked up at him. How he loved to feel the hurt of the sharp little turtle claws pricking his tender flesh.

Rain fell, splashed, dripped.

Damp leaves glued themselves to the ground in patterns, brown, orange, red. Warren stood and inhaled the earthy vapor that surrounded him.

His mother called to him from the back porch. "Come in out of the rain, Warren, and have some gingerbread. The children want you to play with them." He pretended not to hear and crawled on all fours back into the hut with his turtle. It was almost dry inside. The layers of long, slippery pine needles made a perfect chair-rug. It felt good inside. Warren looked out at the endless rain through the door of the hut, and ran his tiny, smooth fingers back and forth over the turtle's textured shell. He turned and watched the field of wild flowers through the spaces between the woven twigs. Yellow Goldenrod and white Queen Anne's Lace were brown, now, leaning and bending low under the drops of beating water. He put the turtle down on a bed of stones, and sat, wondering. Soon his lips were forming the words that passed through his mind. "I like it out here. Don't wanna go play with them. It's always more fun with the turtle and the leaves."

Warren's fingers moved quickly to a pile of softly-tinted sea shells that lay in the corner. He spread the small shapes out on the pine needles, remembering the day he ran along the seashore in the cool, blue air and gathered them. He picked a speckled shell from his pearly array and turned it over and over in his hand. A dirty fingernail followed the spiral design of the glossy shell from end to end. Suddenly Warren's mouth fell open, exposing two rows of well-shapen teeth, and his black eyes stared fixedly at something a few feet beyond. "I thought they were gone," he said, "Now they've come back to spoil everything."

There next to the oak tree was the shiny something that was troubling Warren. The mound of dirt that he had been so careful to build up around the dreaded objects was gradually sliding away with the streams of rain. A silver airplane and a handful of toy coins appeared. Warren watched the round, symmetrical pieces as the mud slipped, slipped away. He ran out of the hut and pounded the airplane and coins deep into the spongy earth with all his might. "There!", he said, and he felt his

mother's hand grip the collar of his wet shirt. "What do you think you're doing? It's about time you learned how to take care of toys. They cost money," she snapped. "Get in the house and go to your room," she added with a shove. She proceeded to retrieve the silver and gold things that were buried in the mud, and Warren's reluctant feet led him slowly to the back stairs. That three feet of boy between the yellow hair and the worn sandals was twisted and unhappy. His big warm tears mixed with the cool raindrops. He went straight upstairs, still clutching the favorite sea shell in his fist—sobbing.

Just yesterday, rain fell, splashed, dripped. Damp bits of newspaper and cigarette wrappers glued themselves to the hard pavement in patterns, brown, gray, black. Warren stepped out of a tall, steel office building, and set his well-shod feet firmly on the sidewalk. He gave the doorman a coin for signaling a cab, and he rushed off to board the five o'clock plane for Chicago. He couldn't risk losing that contract.

THE LEMMINGS

by MICHAEL RUBIN

During periods of overpopulation and scarcity of food, lemmings swarm overland and through water, deterred by no obstacle. If these little animals reach the sea before the migratory urge subsides they plunge in and swim until they drown.

"Papa, Papa, something strange is happening outside!" The little blond headed boy ran into the house and found his father sitting in the parlor.

"What?" he asked absorbed in his newspaper.

"Yes Papa! There are animals," the boy whispered, his blue eyes wide with mystery.

"Animals?" The father thought for a moment. "Animals?" he asked again in his Scandinavian tongue. "Marta," he called to his wife, "Did you hear? Animals. The lemmings again."

The woman came into the parlor her hands busily mixed up in her apron. "The lemmings? Where?"

"All over, mamma," the boy whispered in that same awe stricken way.

"So soon again. It can't be more than three years since . . ."

"Does it happen often?" the boy asked turning to his father.

"It depends. The weather's been cold, food has given out, the papers said the mountains and woods were full this summer."

"Papa!" the boy said urgently, "Can we go? I mean everyone is going. Can we go?"

"No! I won't have him see it!" his mother shouted.

The father breathed heavily. "He will see it some day anyway. It might just as well be now. Get your coat. We will go," he said to the boy.

The father and son wrapped up in furs, sheltered from the cold walked briskly through the chilled streets of the village. There were many fur-wrapped people whose breath shot up in amorphous streams, warm insides betraying frozen faces. Every once in a while, a little furry animal would be seen to dart across a street, through an alley, headed towards the sea.

"It's a good day for it!" a neighbor shouted to the couple.

"You've got a surprise coming," another whispered mockingly confidential into the boy's ear and hurried on. Several just chuckled; light Scandinavian eyebrows becoming dark and almost vicious.

The ocean could be smelled many streets away, and when the couple reached the outskirts of the village they could see the surf, the crowding people, the animals.

Most everyone was heading towards a long narrow peninsula, damp and sandy but well out in the bay and affording the best view. The man took the boy's hand and held it tightly in the midst of the pushing throng that moved towards the utmost point of the jetty. "Look, there they are," the boy whispered.

The many minded crowd was held firmly together by an ever-present murmur.

"Pecans! Pecans!" shouted a vendor pushing along the peninsula with a basket strapped about his neck. Several bought and munched nervously as they watched the water.

"Father, look! There's a white one!" the boy shouted pointing to the glacier of swimming, dead, and dying things.

"I see," the father said. "Watch him."

"I—I can't see him anymore. He's been pounded under by that wave. No—No! There he is again. He's still swimming!"

"What are you shouting about, boy?" asked a woman whose face was fairly buried in her bundles of fur. She was surrounded by several others. "Be quiet," said another, but had trouble trying to get a finger out of her heavy muff to shake at the boy. The women huddled together like frightened animals.

"A chair, sir?" a man said coming up to the father. "A chair, sir? You can't stand for long . . . it's damp . . . one's feet get weary."

The boy watched his father refuse. "Here! Here!" shouted one of the ladies. "Here! We'll take some chairs!" The man hurried over to the group and set out several tools that had been swung on his shoulder. The women frowned as they paid. One muttered something about having permanent tiers built along the point. Gradually they settled themselves and the small chairs were completely lost under their furry bottoms.

"Look! I've got one," shouted a man who had just bent over in the water. He held up the animal in his hand for the crowd to inspect. The boy pushed towards the lemming. "It's the white one," he looked up to whisper to his father but the man was too far back to hear. "Can I touch it?" the boy asked of the man who had caught the animal. The crowd laughed and several of the men lifted the child over their heads and put him down next to the white lemming. "Well, go ahead," they jeered. He flicked out his fingers and the lemming, cold and wet, sat down for a moment to rest snugly in the palm of his hand. But as he observed the furry feet and the very short tail, the tiny ears, the lemming's heart began to beat visibly and in an instant it darted from the boy's palm and plunged back into the ocean. The crowd watched it battle the water for several minutes but soon it was lost from sight.

The child pushed back towards his father. "I touched it. It was soft. And so quiet, papa."

"They don't make noise . . . not a cry or a whimper."

"But papa, to keep so quiet that way . . . it isn't right."

"They'd love it if the poor things screamed," the father said turning away. The man's eyes fell upon several couples way out on the point who were opening lunch baskets and beginning to munch on thick sandwiches of black bread. Quickly he turned towards the sea . . . the lemmings. He didn't know where to look. He closed his eyes.

"Papa! The white one. There he is again! He's further out now! Papa, will he make it?"

"Make what?"

"Where he—where he's going."

The man was irritated. "You know your geography well enough to realize out there is only ocean!"

"Yes papa," the boy said, his eyes lowered. He moved closer towards the waters. His eyes widened as he saw layers upon layers of the lemmings, swimming over one another, swimming over the dead, and the deeper dead, and the dead under that, coverlets and coverlets of tiny bodies and where the ocean was dark and the deepest, just blurred outlines of crushed things that were once alive. He shuddered. "My white lemming, it will be on the bottom soon," he thought. "But he can't," he shouted to his father, "He can't . . . it's crowded. He'll be safe. There's no room under there!" He fell on the sand and began crying.

"Come . . . let's go home," the father said picking the boy up in his arms.

He tried pushing through the furry thickness but was stopped by a knot in the crowd. A man was standing upon a piece of driftwood shouting to the sky, ". . . how can you come here? How can you stand here and watch it all! Your knees should buckle under you. You should fall and look to your Lord. See the miracles He is performing in front of us. This place should be a shrine . . ."

The little boy slipped from his father's arms and pushed towards the speaker.

" . . . Your God is before you. Jesus Christ is showing you His strength, but you do not see it. We shall all be damned. Damned before the Lord! Rush to the sea! Bury your heads in its chaotic waters! Be carried away with these creatures now—for it shall go worse with you when you are dead!"

The boy edged back towards his father.

"What does he mean papa? Is he right?" he asked as the speaker continued into the heights of his affected passion.

"No more so than any other," the father replied. "Perhaps," he muttered, "he's worse. The others—they make no show . . ."

The boy's face screwed up, he felt he understood so little. They had finally reached the long sandy beach when the boy cried out, "Papa look. The white lemming! He's come back to the land!" He rushed into the swarming animals as they scurried towards the bay. He slipped upon the hapless creatures and fell headlong into the sand . . . two or three bruised lemmings limped from under his tiny frame. "Come back!" his father shouted. But the boy continued rushing towards the ocean, towards the white lemming. He lost his balance again and fell into the surf, the animals continuing, unconscious of his presence, surged forward carrying the helpless boy along with them into the sea. They climbed about him, their paws grasping onto his slight solidity in the midst of that watery falling away. The boy's father plunged forward through the infested beach.

The ladies on the stools screamed at the sight of the boy. The Christ man smiled contentedly and used the heavy wooden cross around his neck to scratch his chest. The men murmured. Some shouted advice. No one moved. They stared—terrorized looks of sheer joy upon their faces. Even the people eating paused long enough to watch the boy's father plunge into the cold waters and move away mountains of creatures with every stroke.

"He's nearing the boy!" one shouted.

"Is the child dead?" asked a woman.

"No look, they're drifting apart!"

"The boy is moving, he's pushing towards the man!"

"Doesn't he have something in his hand?"

"It's a white lemming!"

"The man's got him!"

"Look, the man's standing up!"

"He's moving into shore!"

The father dragged the boy onto the beach and when he had rested a minute, looked down at his son. The people on the peninsula watched fascinated as the man took the white lemming from the boy's clenched fist and flung it into the hellish living whirlpool. Their eyes were pasted to the watery hole where the thing disappeared, sucked down to the bottom-most layer. The man shuddered as he realized they were still in the midst of the hectic procession of never ending animals, and picking up the boy, started to plod from the beach.

"Oranges," came a voice on the peninsula, "Fresh imported oranges. Oranges!"

The boy chilled and dazed, looked up at his father and asked, "Why do they do it papa?"

"They are animals," the man said sternly, not caring now to avoid stepping on the lemmings which continued to move along the beach, out towards the bay, past the gaping crowd, into the ocean, a living shaft, thrusting itself into nothingness.

From the President's Desk

by J. H. CASE, Jr.

EDITOR'S NOTE—President Case requested that this letter be printed in place of his regular column.

Dear Paul,

This letter grows out of the request that you and others made at our regular luncheon meeting today. It is an attempt to clarify the relationship between the letter I wrote you on Friday, October 16th, and the notice of the same date to the community, lifting the suspension of open-house privileges.

The most important fact about the two communications is that they were designed to deal with two quite separate things. The letter to you had to do with the progress in working out a permanent frame of reference upon which a more or less permanent set of social regulations and system of enforcement might ultimately be based. It is still my hope, encouraged by the constructive effort that has already been made toward the creation of such a frame of reference, that these more or less permanent social patterns may be derived through the orderly workings of community government.

In contrast, the notice to the community was nothing more than an administrative modification of the earlier administrative suspension of open-house privileges, to take effect at once and to remain in effect until COSO's work is completed. It attempted to take from the work done by the community to date certain elements—notably the computation of closed-house hours required to validate our purposes as an educational community—that should be a part of our ultimate pattern. It also gave expression to somewhat tentative solutions to the problems of appropriateness, uniformity, and support of community-wide social activities, all of which I had asked you in my letter of 16 October to consider further. Finally, the community notice was issued in this form—that is, as an administrative modification of the earlier administrative order—because of my belief that the community would be served by giving some immediate relief to what I have always recognized as a harsh measure.

So far as the specific hours set aside for open-house under the administrative ruling of October 16th are concerned, I am in a somewhat delicate position. I do not wish to argue too strongly for them, because they do not represent a firm and final commitment. It is not a case of these hours or none, even though I am inclined to believe that, as issued, they do go a long way toward satisfying the legitimate needs and desires of the community. They have a rationale in terms of the members of this community and in terms of the relationships of this community to the various groups to which I referred in my letter to you. If I now set forth this rationale, as you requested that I do, I should like it understood that the presentation of my views does not bar further discussion of other hours, although I should also hope that it would evoke careful consideration.

The 12 to 1 week-day hour was to allow students to pick their friends up for luncheon or to have a few minutes of visiting at the end of classes and before second seating. The 3:30 to 6:30 period was to set aside the time between the approximate end of the last seminars and the dinner hour. The end of the period was set at 6:30 rather than at 7 or 8 because dinner marks a natural and desirable end of this visiting period and encourages at least a start on study before evening meetings of committees or outside activities. The Friday hours add the opportunity for relaxation and visiting during the evening. The end of the period was set at 10 o'clock because—and this is crucial—we have done too much honest and constructive thinking to end up with a practice as undesirable for our internal health as a community as it is indefensible in our external relationships—namely, excessively late open-house privileges. The Saturday hours recognize the desire of a good many students to sleep late, permit a maximum of free visiting in what is essentially free time and ends at 10 o'clock in part for the reason just ascribed to the ending time of Friday's hours and partly to encourage the support of the weekly community parties. The Sunday hours are offered on the assumption that Sunday night is an important night for study in preparation for seminars meeting early in the week.

I am not seeking to achieve a mere imitation of the social patterns at other institutions. But where our own pattern departs as completely as it has done from those of every other college in the land, we do assume a heavy burden of proof that it is more desirable and more conducive to the achievement of our educational objectives than anybody else's. It is my conviction that this burden of proof cannot be sustained. You will recall that I said in my opening convocation address that I could not and would not waive my veto power and underwrite in advance any conclusions you might reach. I added, and it is still true, that I did not have in mind a particular pattern that I wanted to impose. I said, "My basic belief is that we can and do agree on some general

SHARPS, and FLATS

by DICK LEWIS

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony . . . That mighty, majestic composition which has become for many only a skeleton of movement; which has found its way to the decadent state of commercialization, theme music and hit song material; which has been taken apart and left in a disheveled heap where the life giving substance is smothered and form lies limpidly without human matter. Is there not any possibility left for us to turn again to this work and find once more the emotional association . . . the basic human contact, that in the past gave it stature, nobility . . . greatness. Is there any chance left to again find . . . to feel the moving power . . . the everlasting architecture . . . the eternal simplicity . . . the philosophic scope? Are we in a situation where melodic beauty is gathered into a popularized quote and played incessantly until we lose all communication . . . all depth . . . all love? Will the times

come when it shall fill the tragic position of a forgotten art . . . a forgotten masterpiece the old worn out, archaic shelf for works "we do not understand . . ."? How far will death claw its way into the pulsations of a living impulse?

It is now, only now, that the time has come when we must open our ears and minds; open them with a new objectivity . . . a new evaluation . . . a new spirit in accordance with a new age. In short we must reanalyze . . . in our own terms . . . the significance . . . the beauty . . . the noble design . . . the divine humbleness which speaks to us in every measure and note. We must search anew for the qualities we have caused it to lose. The qualities which contain for us spiritual union towards our present world. A new light must be thrown on darkening shadows. A light which I fear may someday be obliterated through the extinguishing of the life giving candle of true art.

in the limelight

by MILES KREUGER

Mr. Hoffman's production of "Right You Are, If You Think You Are" by Pirandello will be given in Orient Theatre on November 19, 20 and 21. Seen in the cast will be David Eames as Agazzi, Russell Hergesheimer as Sirelli, Jackie Michaels as Signora Sirelli, Claire Shatraw as Cini, Sandra Mowbray-Clarke as Amalia, Ruth Rosenheim as Dina, Donald Johnson as the Governor, Ronald Chase as Centuri, Bill Crawford as Ponza, Mona Mellis as Signora Ponza,

Helene Rosenfeld as Signora Nenni, and Mike Rubin as the butler. The setting and lighting will be designed by Joan Larkey.

T. S. Elliot's unfinished poem, "Sweeney Agonistes," also directed by Mr. Hoffman, was performed on Saturday, November 14, for the benefit of the alumni. The music for this production has been written by Mr. Hamvas and the choreography has been designed by Sue Stephenson and Mona Mellis.

aspects of the ideal community, but that your imagination in conceiving how such an ideal community can come into being and your creative capacities in achieving its existence are surer, stronger and more trustworthy than mine or than any single individual's."

At that time, none of us, to my knowledge, had conceived of the approach you have now made through defining the college as an educational community for which a minimum of closed-house hours are essential to achieve its purposes. This approach seems to me a striking example of how my belief has been validated. If you are willing to continue, as you have begun, in a real determination to face the entire problem of social objectives and consequent social patterns with the single criterion of what is best for Bard, I have no fear that you will suggest any arrangement of open-house hours that I cannot freely and gladly accept.

Faithfully yours,
James H. Case, Jr.

PHYS. ED

(Continued from Page 3)

Another recommendation which might prove valuable is the formulation of a recreation committee composed of students and faculty representatives. Many aspects of the Bard program are truly recreational in nature and this body would attempt to coordinate the activities so that the needs of all members of the community would be satisfied.

Physical education and recreation offer opportunities for young and old to cooperate in stimulating group activities. Participation in these activities will minimize mental fatigue, emotional fatigue and will close the door to the onset of boredom. The antidote for this type of fatigue is not less, but more activity—some of it of a type different than the normal chores of the day. "Get into action and do something in which you are interested."

One can contribute a great deal to his development through group experiences which will aid him in group integration. Individuals can no more afford to be isolationists than nations can. We must learn to cooperate with others, to work together as a team and to do things together toward a common goal. If we learn to participate actively with a group, to substitute group interest for self interest and to develop a sense of responsibility toward our neighbor, we will be better members, not only of the Bard community but of the larger community of which we are an integral part, **PLAY BALL!**

Ellison

(Continued from Page 1)

We are able, therefore, to experience the possible without the suffering and death that results from experiencing the tragic—"the chaotic." He showed that the writer must be master of all this—of reality, of experience and of the reader. The writer has selective powers and imagination to accomplish this and to make "the good lie," that helps us to transcend the everyday—"the mundane." Mr. Ellison used the word "exultation" in connection with the process of recreating the world in writing. He cited "The Adventures of Augie March," as an exemplar of this kind of novel.

Not Prepared

The speech was not prepared. The repetition of certain reliable phrases and ideas plus the leaping about from thought to thought, made this clear.

Mr. Ellison had a distinct thesis, which seems to be a major criteria for many Bardians and he undoubtedly said many worthwhile things. This is undeniable, for his ideas are to be found considerably compressed and beautifully stated by Aristotle, to whom he paid his respects.

Berryman

(Continued from Page 1)

From this rather inexact and ambiguous discussion of the "whats" and "whys" of story-telling Mr. Berryman rambled into his paper's second part, which dealt exclusively with **THE TEMPEST**, presenting the active motivating forces within this play, and its major intentions and representations simply as they are, with little or no relation to the first half of his lecture or to his topic.

He said that this play, which was Shakespeare's formal farewell to the stage and to art, was a comedy of revenge only in the interest of justice; that it is less striking that Prospero punishes his enemies than that he forgives them. He called attention to the emphasis that work is given in the play although he stressed too, that "free" is the most important word to be found in the play. Prospero's enemies are not converted, but through work they are freed from their guilt, just as Prospero is freed from a sense of injustice, from his power, from "unruly and discreditable desire."

Of course there is a certain analogy between the characters in **THE TEMPEST** and the writer of stories; the writer who does and does not want to be free, who does and does not want to make himself known in his work, but it seems to be one which hardly deserves so much attention.

For this reason we find it difficult and even unnecessary to analyze the last half of Mr. Berryman's speech in detail. It seems to us that he should have decided in advance either to talk about **THE TEMPEST** or **THE PURPOSE OF NARRATIVE**. But apparently he never made up his mind.

Letters

(Continued from Page 2)

SECOND: If open-house curtailment is part of any over-all plan to transform Bard into a more "typical" American college (as would seem to be indicated by the contrived newspaper publicity we've been getting that Progressive Education is failing at Bard), let us resist the entire program along with each step of it. We are not mere "reactionaries"—a reactionary living in a society composed of liberals, as is Bard, is an arch-liberal—let's not be used by connotations.

Yours truly,
Alex. Gross



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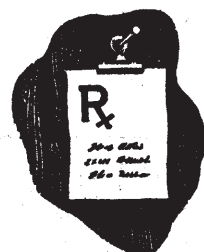
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