COMMUNITAS

Vol. 1 No. 9 June 3, 1954

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COMMUNIST

Official Publication of the Bard College Community

Vol. 1, No 9

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

June 3, 1954

LIBRARY GIVES END-TERM PROGRESS REPORT

Bard College Library has not at all been a bystander in the concentration of community interest in the political events of the world. As far as can be seen now, the circula-
tion of books for the academic year will exceed those for Spring 1953, al-
though the total amount of circulating books is much less. The librarian
sees that this increase, both in absolute numbers and in per cent, is a wise
sign of intellectual health and vigor among Bard stu-
dents. He is pleased to note also

that there is some decrease in li-
brary fines; at present, books are
more likely to be returned on time.
Of course, there remains a hard core of intransigence and laziness, which
have made such a record that they can-
not be easily changed. The cir-
dulation of the remainder of the year
also promises to be good. As the

demption of the remainder of the year
also promises to be good. As the

year progresses, books on every subject that the Library can get will be
\n
required.

New Kingston-Rhinecliff Span

Might Not Be Boon To Bard

Since the end of the fiscal year,

Bardians have been wondering about the \n
basis of each member to

located near Ed Smith’s service sta-
tion. Other students were standing on the road

River Road, which leads from Bar-
town to Rhinecliff, have unde-
snre the largest swaths of land that have been cut away from

t the woods and fields.

What all the activity amounts to is part of the $815 million dollar

New York State highway project that is being carried on, the other

side of the Hudson. For many

years the idea of building Kingston-

River Road has been in the air, and

Rhinecliff has long wanted the

road to run past them. The con-
duct of the road was taken care of

by the Department of Public Works, while the actual construction was

accomplished by the New York State Road Administration, which is

assisted by the Federal Government.

The highlight of the year in the

library is the recent installation of a new

Werner Jager’s lecture in the “Politics of China” series. The lecture, “The

Public Health Program in China,” delivered on the Sixtieth Anniversary of

the end of the Sino-Japanese War, was held in the Library on Monday

evening. The address which runs high among the

library’s annual catalogues is

librarians, who are now

with Bard in recent years, has

increased.

OLD COUNCIL HOLDS

FINAL WEEKLY MEETING

The Old Council, which has been granted $1500 of the building fund money, held its

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EDITORIAL

The last typewriter marathon has ended for the semester. COMMUNITAS has gone to bed eight times this semester, not counting a special issue prepared for the Admissions Department. Now the paper, editors, and staff are getting to rest, if not to go to bed, for the balance of the term.

Looking back on our accomplishments, we feel that a pat on the back is justified. We have managed to live up to our plan of getting the news out every week while it is news. Largely, several members of the Community told us that they were surprised (and pleased) to see that we made our schedule. Too, we found that we were slightly amazed at our good fortune. However, a weekly journal has finally been established on the Bard campus. It belongs to the students and if used wisely, this newspaper, like any other, can become a powerful voice of opinion whose burden are numerous too list here.

The fact to bear in mind is that since this is a student newspaper it will need student backing to run it. This semester the response has been most encouraging. We can say that there has been little or no "apathy" within our ranks. With this year's start, the future looks promising regarding pull student participation. We hope that our success marks the beginning of an "unpopular" Bird.

Somebody Gooofed . . .

For some time the season of warm weather has been upon us and for several weeks students have been enjoying the waters of Spring Lake, Ellaville Falls, and the old swimming hole across Route 90.

Frankly what has been bothering us is that the students have not been able to use the open air pool on the east. Operations to open the pool began over a week ago by B & G, but due to a series of mishaps and "acts of God," the student body has not been able to enjoy the pool. We feel that the pool should be opened earlier in the season instead of two weeks before we are ready to go home. There are many students without automobiles who cannot always obtain transportation to go to the holes. Would B & G please get on the ball a bit earlier next year?

Incidentally, as of today there are 15 more days of swimming left this semester.

A Correction

Last week in the editorial entitled "Contradictions," the following errors occurred: P.E. teaching assignments were wrong. The B.A. Beacon bulletin board some time ago announced the students' desire to get in local and native-wis program. The credit for this fine service goes to the Physical Education Department of Bard's 5th Anniversary Drive which has been completely and totally digested from the function. Our apologies. The Editors

"IN THE LIMELIGHT" by MILES KIRKGOID

Bard Arena Theatre Drops Out

It is with great regret that the directors of the proposed Bard Arena Theatre have to announce that they will not be able to open this summer as planned, due to a lack of necessary capital. All donations to the theatre will be returned as expeditiously as possible to those who donated to the project. Jacoby, Claire Shatrow, and this writer, expect that the possibility of such a venture for next summer is quite a good one. We wish to thank the many people here at college and in the surrounding community for their generosity and friendly assistance.

Play Reviewed

One of the bases for Epic Theatre as outlined by Bertold Brecht, the originator, is the alienation of the audience. The entire production is designed to keep the audience from identifying with the actors, and to free the scene from theatrical illusion. All sense of realism is dispensed with; and there is usually a narrative character in a Brecht play who takes directly to the audience, telling the plot, scene before it happens. All this is done to free the mind of the viewer to absorb as many of the ideas as possible, without the influence and distortion of sentimentality.

It is this alienation of empathy which appears to be the intention of director, Claire Shatrow, in her production of The Love of Don Perlimplin and Belisa in the Garden, by Frederico Garcia Lorca. Having the actors wear their own clothes and no stage make-up caused a denial of stage illusion, as did the underscored platforms upon which Don Shatrow, Claire must at once be complimented for attempting to experiment in a new form and one that is rarely seen in this country. Throughout the entire play there was unity of style on the part of everyone. The setting, the lack of dramatic rituals and tells, the lack of drama in the characters, the rapid-fire lines of the sprites that one had to listen to very carefully, all served to eliminate empathy.

But it must be made very clear that what was seen on Sunday at the Campus Theatre is not to be confused with Epic Theatre. One feature of Epic Theatre, the alienation of empathy, was applied to a play which no more should be approached this way than should King Lear as a musical comedy.

Don Perlimplin, so simple in structure and basic in plot that it almost resembles a folk tale, tells of a man's futile love for a beautiful woman. They reach a union of souls only when he dies for her. This is the essence, and a rather than to demand the employment of a theatrical form which puts the accent upon the idea.

Rather, this play cries out for a richness of production, a Spanish setting, in which color and line are so finely employed that they become motivistically ornamental. The costumes and makeup should be completely designed to capture the symbolic and dramatic essence of the characters. The honeying of the work makes it a business visual problem to solve. Noting the production to a thin balance between overaccomplishment instead of dulcet, extremely overcome passion instead of unreeling wit, seem to be an inviting challenge for any director.

A didactic production of Don Perlimplin, a play so historico in its nature, seems to this writer either an outrageous misconception, or an easy escape from the scenic and directoral problems of doing a full production.

On the Town . . .

For those few who are without the strain and dures that accompany the end of the semester, the following notes might be of interest:

ON THE HOME FRONT: The big news of the week is that the swimming pool is finally open for use. A casual inspection of the pool showed that it is free of the elegant creatures that have been currently using it . . . Helgolamites. The pool is a bit dark in color, but Dick Avery, who incidentally is responsible for securing the little critters, said that water and air temperature in water and air temperature in water and air temperature in water and air temperature in water and air temperature in water.

BACK IN NEW YORK CITY . . . THE FUCKS . . . Do not bother to see julius Caesar while you are in New York as it will be in Red Hook within the next few days however MEN OF THE FIGHTING LADY has won praise from many critics and may be seen at the Globe. The Museum of Modern Art is giving RAIN starring Joan Crawford, Walter Huston and William Gargan.

(Continued on Page 8)

Published weekly on Thursday during the academic year except during vacations and the last two weeks of each semester.

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Here and There by MARVIN FLICHER

The topic of a lecture this year seems to be of some very interesting speculation on the part of the faculty. Speculation on the success of the auction varied from extreme pessimism to ultimate optimism and a pool similar to a baseball or football pool resulted. The object was to attempt to approximate as closely as possible the estimate. The estimate of the last 20 lots was in a scale from $800 to $5000.

The Elnathstoa Freeman's Fair opens Monday night and is well worth attending. It is complete with wheels of chance, dice games, human amusement devices including a merry-go-round and a carousel, not to mention popcorn and fries. The Fair will be up until this coming Saturday night.

Diane Fanger '88, now employed in Schenectady will be going abroad summer. She is planning to study at the University of Heidelberg.

It is with regret that we noticed Mr. Manuel Victor's absence from campus. He is in New York City for an operation reportedly at Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital. Sincerely with good wishes for a quick recovery and return to campus. He is being treated by Dr. Marsh who said COMMUNITAS editors "wished we really knew he was back on campus by June 11th."

The warm weather of the last few days has brought in a daily migration to Spring Lake or other favorite swimming holes. A walk along the lake front on either Saturday or Monday noon should double that there was a single person left on campus. In Mr. Bart's own swimming hole, be sure to read "Someone Goes" in this issue of COMMUNITY News.

Reminder . . . This may not be a "crime-wave" but nevertheless, lock your doors and don't leave valuables in an inviting place.

Congratulations . . . Mrs. C. Theodore Babcock, Mr. Herbert Babcock, Mrs. A. P. and to all of the many others who helped make the auction a success.

According to Ed Smith the present concentration at the intersection of 190 and 90 is a result of a petition started by C. C. T. Bakley. The curve has been a terrible menace and the sense of many accidents in the past, not to mention a great number of near disasters.

In the New York State Pilot Tourney Wild Saturday at the Dutchess County Pilot Association Range at New Hackensack, Dick Bart took first honors in the tourney. The two top men are classified as the beginning group in the competition. He scored 72 out of a possible 90. Top score at the match was 85.

Reve Gold '84, is engaged to Robert L. Pinheiro of Boxley, Long Island, and Miami Beach. They will be married in August.

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(Continued on Page 8)
Saturday For A Change
by WENDELL ACKERMAN

Smoke屏幕leans from the toaster. So did the sugar rack.

"Jim quick! Quick! The meal!" There aren't any Leigh's. Oh, Jim, look. What are we going to do with this mess?" Mrs. Drew dropped the burnt black on the tablespoon and licked her fingers.

"I . . . I don't know what.
Oh Mary, get it off the table. The crumbs will get on your shirt. And these pants. No, crease, Mary. No crease. I've been wearing them this week. Could you send them to the cleaners? Human, dear? Please?"

"Yes dear. The next time I get to town I will. Tell me, Jim, what about the overalls? They never did work. But now you can't even use it."

"Fumes? Oh yes, the overalls. Well I'll fix that. I read about one of those pop-up things that don't burn. Now, what's the paper said, never. By the way, where are the children? Edward and Sally I mean. They haven't— oh, in the kitchen. That's right, Sue, in the kitchen."

"Jim, sometimes you are the most about-minded. Today's Saturday. Don't you remember? No school on Saturday. You know. You don't go to work today, do you? Jim sometimes . . ."

Saturday . . . Of course it's Saturday. Well then, I won't need pants. No pants till Monday. Well now, that feels good. Maybe I can do a little work on the—Mary, I want to talk with these children. Do your know what you did to the garage?" Mr. Drew pushed his cup and plate away for a good talk.

"Now don't spill your coffee, dear. I've already told them about the nuth. And do you know what Ed-ward did? When I scolded him, he stepped on my white shoes. They're filthy. Imagine that. He said that white shoes should be black because they turn black after awhile anyway. But you won't punish them, will you? They're only children. And you know children. They don't try what they're doing." No, no Mary your right. I won't do your hands. But well do you know what Sally did with her furry slippers? You know, the furry ones you gave me for Christ-\ma-series—Oh oh—that child she threw right in the furnace. Said I didn't need them, that it was more com-\fortable to run around barefoot. Barefoot, no sense. Suppose I had to go walking what something. Why I'd get holes in my socks if I was wearing. No, Mary, I won't."

Just then the screen door slammed shut that Edward and Sally ran, pushed, skidded up to the table.

Edward was probably the oldest because he was the tallest. His pants and shirt were full of soot and mud. His hair hung long over his eyes, but he was washed on the other side where he had tried to give himself a haince. Something moved in his point pocket.

Sally's clothes had the same soot and mud. The bow on her dress was tied in the front instead of the back. So I can see it, she said. Neither one wore shoes, and only Edward seemed to like socks. He had his right one on.

Hey mother, how come oranges don't grow like rubber berries? See? I drop it and it stays dropped. Why is—oh never mind, you can't tell father. Yes, father. . . . No, I guess that's too much to ask. Why are you wearing that necktie thing? It's Saturday, or do you forget for the thousandth time? I tried one of those once entire and almost choked. Why don't you keep your shirt unp-\buttoned up here like I do. It feels better. I tip all the buttons off and it feels real good. Couldn't you just—well, anyway. Edward turned back on his father and rubber the orange under the stove, laughing.

"Mr. Drew gave his plate another. little pause.

Edward, I want— you too, Sally. Now why did you have to have that to my slippers? And those nuth—I just had that garage— It's about time I had a talk with you kids, err . . . children . . . err Sally you would stop picking the ruins out of the bread and listen. Now both of you, please listen to me for these minutes and listen. Why won't you children ever listen to your father? And I'm going to say that because . . . because . . .

"Please children, listen to your father. Your father is very disturb-\ed, he is really is. And what time did you get up this morning, may I ask? When I came up at six, your beds were empty.

Mary! That can come later. Right now I want to—"

"Father, before you go into one of those dull talks, I think you better— have a grape.
Sally shat a grape across the table into her father's lap. "Don't forget what you did with mother's candy. Lucky we know where we put them under our clothes. I'll call the doctor right away. Please, both of you, please come in here right away. She moved toward them, but they ran around to the other side of the table.

"No mother, we're not going up-\stairs and we're not right. We'll sick if we had to go to bed. Now that's enough of that sick house. We won to listen to us because we're not going to do it. Sally, we're not doing it. We're not doing it and we're not going to do it and we're not going to do it and they wouldn't know what they were doing."

"Oh hurry up, hurry up! What a slow pig.

"Okay, Okay. Don't get so ex-\cited. Well, we're going to get rid of wress-frock Miss Hil-\lin. It shouldn't have been a long time since you came to the school. But then they didn't know anything about it. We were just at school and they didn't know anything about it. We were just so happy and we're going to stop the badness before it spreads anymore. See! Edward shook his finger at his parents. "We know what's got to be done in this house and your job. You are to listen and learn and not to contradict."

Mrs. Drew extended a shaky hand across the table toward her husband. Immediately Sally began blowing at her grapes as if they were sugar bowls. They bounced off the table and his cheese balls. One flew on the sugar bowl. Another hit Mrs. Drew and rolled down the front of her dress.

"No funny stuff, see? We're done talking. Now we've got to get our hands on it and do our work. Don't try to follow us or get in our way, or we'll have to do something about it. And do you know what you are doing! You girls obliged and once more Jim and Mary and Edward were pummelled with grapes."

"That's enough, Sally. C'mon jump. We gotta go. Goodbye old, wrenched Mrs. Hil-\lin. What fun to get rid of a nuth horse?"

The two children ran, paused, skidded toward the screen door. Edward knocked a glass in the floor as he scooted past the sink. He hoped his parents were watching. But they were too busy watching.

Jim and Mary Drew stared at each other and said nothing for a moment.

"Mary, I . . . I just have to have a talk with those children.

"Yes, Jim, after supper maybe, or something. But it would be a good talk. They'll—that's it, sure, Mary, wait till you see the change. Jim you wait. I only hope they don't— bury the grapes. MY, they threw grapes."

"I know dear. Jim, oh Jim, what's wrong with them? Standing on chairs, throwing food, talking that way—I just don't understand it. We're so good to them, dear. And look, Jim, you'll just have to—"

"I know Mary, a good lecture. That's what they need. A good long lecture. Tomorrow, for sure.

"Yes dear, I mean for sure."

Words Upon a Time
by MARTIN DINTZ

Dark o' the moon, and the whis-\perswhisper the waves of the ocean, and the little chattering rabbits rap the tini-\fles. Up in the Night Rain, the stars am-
\blyawake in sleepless. Lushly the thrush birds kneel in woodland green wearing known for eart\h.

Simple salmon necked by the golden waterfall. Swooped like its bolt, benthamic.

And up rose Apos, blissed bliss, he who whispered a song along the leaf, and struck our strong for where to see. And saw small round small around around the round thump, and jump, turn round, turn round to whose which to move can and. And Alpha be a Gamma there, that all those choir to spare could rain and rain and downtown through and never drip a drop on you.

The silkyflanked blanked a bit and hinderspent, and they and and and and and and.

And upon rose Apos, blissed bliss, he who whispered a song along the leaf, and struck our strong for where to see. And saw small round small around around the round thump, and jump, turn round, turn round to whose which to move can and. And Alpha be a Gamma there, that all those choir to spare could rain and rain and downtown through and never drip a drop on you.
Contentment, Spaghetti, The Cat and The Fly

By ANDREW WING

With my legs stretched out, feet resting on the chair opposite, and with a napkin tucked under my chin, I was sitting at my eatable table at my usual time, 7:30 on a Thursday night, in the front of Antonio’s Pizza Palace. My hands rested on the silverware before me as I watched Alfonso, a little bald Armenian wash and prepare my meal. It was a dimly lit room with candles flickering in their glass stands on each of the red and white, check-dressed tables. The usual woven-straw-covered bottle of Chianti, the crisp-cut Italian rolls, and a green salad I had already half eaten lay on the table like an offering to some forgotten deity. Alfonso put the spaghetti before me with the utmost care; we looked at each other for a moment as we both appreciated the artistry, and Alfonso wore a mustache twitched gently at the scene. This was a weekly ritual, and I was always until I carefully finished applying the seasoning, taken the first bite, and given my comments. I reminded him with a compliment to the chef, that Alfonso went off to his other duties.

I consumed the food slowly (there was no need to rush) enjoying each mouthful and sip of tangy wine with high aesthetic pleasure. Dangling a few long strands covered with the numinous-scented sauce from the end of my fork, I exclaimed to the passing Alfonso, “The sauce is swimming.” And then, looking up and speaking to my chair, I let the tender piece drop into my mouth. He agreed as he peered down at me, a tray of dirty dishes he was carrying back to the kitchen.

The joke-box played Italian love songs, and a pleasant murmer of Italian conversation seemed to drift from the other guests. I was as content as a man could be, even at the first thought of being chased, brushed by my legs, but then as I thought about black body, a dread overcome by bliss. A large cat with deep brown fur and yellow eyes, which seemed to express in their depth and tapered shunt a tension and tension well. Leo Rizas had lived in the restaurant for years, and he was as much a part of the Pizza Palace as the mushroom sauce. A real Italian cat, he ate nothing but spaghetti, pizza, spaghetti, and an occasional bite of a green salad when the hot sauces weren’t agreeing with his rather delicate stomach. I knew that we were likely to be chased, but he couldn’t part of my meal. I tried to push him away but, at the sound of a gargling sound, I re-engaged myself to his presence. Then, in his anger and desire, he began to scratch, scratching the middle of the table, reaching his body in a curve as his tail rose rhythmically on the floor. Finally he looked up at me and hated his teeth. Shaking a bitter tear because of his helplessness, (On to control these constant forces of emotion and appetite) he turned to the pinning figure of fate here upon us. I threw him a long straw with a long curved stem. As it fell toward the floor, he leaped, caught it between his jaws, and flipped it into his mouth. His eyes seemed to burn with vanity as he shook his head occasionally in approval.

While I was watching the cat devour the strand, a fly settled in my spaghetti and became either stuck in the sauce for some reason else, or like a conscript, engrossed with the wonderful sauce. I didn’t realize he was there until I had taken a bite of him with my next mouthful. I spit half of him out onto the table with part of his delicious spaghetti and swallowed the other. I was stunned. I swallowed a fly! I burst out with surprising calmness. “I mean I swallowed half fly,” I said as I saw the remainents on the tablecloth. At first my whole nervous system seemed to pass. What was I to do? Should I take a pill? “My God, the guest!” With a check I dropped the fork to the plate, and then, holding my hands to my stomach, I could feel the muscles contract. Relaxing my body with a effort, gradually the violence of the reaction wore off. Leo Rizas’s glum-our eyes met my look. Sitting on his branches, his long tail banded with contempts. He was a rogue, but I could do nothing. I leaned forward and glanced into my beautiful spaghetti at the tiny black speck that had once been a living creature. But I must admit that my companions for this fly was not nearly as intense as my growing state of confusion. I went back in my mind and looked around to see that no one had noticed my outburst, and with my mouth slightly parted, I began to think of the event like a dream and universal implications. The immediate repulsion I had felt upon discovering that I had swallowed half a fly had worn off.

Suddenly an idea came through my head (one of those ridiculous thoughts which lead man’s mind in to its capacity of creativity border- ing on genius). Which half of the fly had I eaten? From the dis- tance my eyes were from the plane it was impossible to tell. As I leaned forward to uncover the seemingly insignificant fact (not really insignificant or insignificant in the light of its satisfying the curious, even scratching mind) I heard Leo Rizas’s raucous growl. He seemed to sense my predicament, and it angered me that a lovely, even a healthy, cat was a possession of the world. It would anger me that his eyes were not of him of him, and had probably not been a great fly among his race (he didn’t seem large enough to command any possi- tion of authority, through for a fly he was not small either), but it was the principle of the thing that distur- bed me. Man must meet his challenges, and I set mine on that fateful Thursday night at Antonio’s Pizza Palace.

It would be a moment of revolu- tion, as well as a tragedy to me. If I failed in seeing which half I had eaten, I would know that there would be many more such utter defeats. It would be a token of life’s meaninglessness, and a sign of a betrayal to my fellow man. But the struggle was barely beginning. Closely examining the little heap of spin-out spaghetti and speck of fly, I was in doubt about the creature being a fly at all, he was so covered with the rich sauce that as I basked in the folds of my hand it was impossible to tell anything. His remains might well have been a small spider. I resolved to find the answer in spine of any physical suffering that I might have to go through. Though it was encouraging to see how coldly my confounded brain was when I got down to my bodily deliberations, it was obvious that I couldn’t use ordi- nary avenues (knife and fork) to remove the sauce which was ob- scuring my view of whatever end was before me and not in my stomach.

I felt fortified myself with a glass of Chianti, I pushed the fly away to the other side of the table for it appeared to me no longer, though not without feeling a pang of sentiment. I began, like a surgeon, to assemble the instru- ments that I would need. It was a pity I had no pretty nurse to assist me, but it was a job that had to be done alone. Knife, fork, knife fork. I had picked the last inn up at Aunt’s, a smorgashbord renaissance I go across to Wednesday evenings), nail file, a clean napkin from the table. The thought of the gravity of the task almost overwhelmed me even before I had started, but I plunged courageously to the job.

With infinite care I picked up the two picks which between the thin-clawed and forefinger of each hand and be- came to remove the sauce. The picture that I presented with my deli- cate movements, was probably not unlike that of a lord pick- ing his teeth at his leisure. At any rate, it was a tedious job, and I felt my heart sink each time the little animal slipped from my grasp. I tried to pin him to one place with the lob for fork. Then Leo Rizas’s growl became foreboding and would in another minute draw the attention of the whole room or me. I would feel myself, like a man half enveloped in quicksand, losing the battle. I gave him the spaghetti; that was half of it, and if I didn’t succeed with the fly, that would be the other. A bit of one of these rolled to the end of the stick. I wiped it away with the best back of my tongue as I was still holding the two picks in each hand. I tried every conceivable way, but it was impossible to remove enough of the sauce. At last I poured a drop of water onto the onions, but that only seemed to make him more of a fool than before, and though it did remove the sauce to some degree, it made it impossible to see the beast at all. I don’t know whether it was a tear in my eye or the drop of water surrounding the fly, but he appeared a blur. I beat the table and blew the water from him, examining him for the hair, but it was impossible to tell. Picking him up with the two picks, I swallowed the other half. I had lost. I let Antonio’s with dignity, having taken a last sip of wine to wash the fly down. I couldn’t bring myself to face Alfon- so. He had seen that I had given the spaghetti to the cat, and I would have caused me too much pain to explain. Like an animal about to die of old age, I wanted to wail away to some secret cave. I heard as a boy that there was one in Central Park, but I had never been able to find it. As I paid the check, I decided that I must go and fetch for it.

Poem

In the world of beds
Dreams stroked little heads.
It’s not thought old
In the land of nod
(There dragons crawl)
Those giants fall
From mighty threats
By those thought small
Where tone demands
Streisand-airs
From vibrant heirs
To groaning ways
And similar days.

David Rapaport

On A Line By Dryden

"thy chase had a beast in view"

Turnbull was well justified,
When hounds after hares rage,

(Short life immortalized by a wreath)

But when hounds after laures rage,
The cauch eludes the clutches of the chief.

David Rapaport

Art

The fire was green today
(and so was every truth)

And time was beautiful
(I danced to distant truth)

And you laid down upon the ground
(Plaguing the grave in which we stayed)

And time, ephemeral, looked down on persons

Not yet born

And I said "Let's make a multiple"

And you said "lets make a statute"

Before we die

Mari Blumentau
On the Scents of the Truffle

by OARY BERNHARD

As we were sitting in Dining Commons the other evening drinking our milk and waiting for second in fried potatoes, we suddenly stared at an indescribable something in the taste of that milk mingled with the last drops of grape that cling to our lips. At once the pain, the breath of the lake imbibed unawares, we surrendered ourselves to the exquisite pleasure of that milk and those drops of grape. What could it mean? Why this emotion? Suddenly the memory returned—and just as the Chinese put into their soup little dry crackers which until then are without character or shape, but the moment they become wet they swell themselves, swelling until they cover the whole soup bowl, so the French hills where we used to spend our summers—with its oak trees and pines—sprung from being from that glass of milk, and we recognized the taste of those truffles.

They were a whole way of life, those truffles: a little, highly-priced mushroom-like plant that grew underground near oak trees and could only be found by pigs or specially trained dogs and grooms. It occurred to us that for years we had not heard of them. Could it be that the truffle, symbol of gracious living, had fallen into disuse? Could it be that our democratic and could not—or would not—cultivate truffles? We know that we could not rest until the truffle situation had been investigated.

On the lawn outside of Albee we took our steps and stopped a young woman who was coming across the grass.

"Horrible!" we exclaimed. "How do you feel about truffles?"

She looked at us thoughtfully.

"Truffles! Those are little dogs, aren't they?"

We staggered and almost fell, but Miss Welsch noticed nothing. Over on the wooden slabs we saw Jankel Michaels, carefree, untroubled.

"Jankel!" we shouted. "Jackie, how do you feel about truffles? Do you—do you know what a truffle is?"

She stopped dead; her face froze and she drew herself up.

"It is not," she remarked coldly, "the sort of thing you yell across campus."

Stunned, we abandoned our post on the lawn to pace about campus, access to tears we met with our pitiutous question: "Do you know what a truffle is?"

"Why," Mrs. Cerrier answered us smilingly, "it's a panake, isn't it?"

Mary Lieberman's reply was prompt: "Oh, I know—a noody stuff, he said.

Our head was beginning to whirl. Slowly we walked back to Albee; in front of the door stood Eddy Schiller. We swallowed.

"Ricky!" we gasped. "What's truffle?"

"Oh," she replied lightly, "it's an animal they use to hunt with pigs."

She leaned towards us confidentially. "But it's really nothing. It's like a trap—hunting—you're not really after anything. Well, that's a truffle. Nothing."

Dazed with pain, we began marking our question mechanically to ourselves. Those who passed tried to help: some attempted to soothe us with a simple "I don't know." But once drawn from our lethargy, we moaned feverishly on an answer. Elsa Heister ventured that it might be a cleft. Irving that it sounded like an ornament. Peni Crenella said immediately: "A truffle of an expensive peace of fish!" While we were still trembling, Dick Breswell suggested it was a kind of medicinal ointment. (Later we found out that he was a delinquent. It was his idea of a joke.) "Possibly," murmured Mike Wilm, "in instrument to sit with."

"A Victorian skirt!" harrumphed Dick Lewis. Tom Bondell approached the spot, where we crouched on the pavement, rocking back and forth. "A truffle!" he said considerately. "I should think it would be a kind of movement—the leaves, leaves, might truffle, you see?"

We saw. We saw everything. Surely at Bard College we would have expected to find the symbol of gracious living, though not gracious living itself. But let the past die. Let the oak trees, the poodles, the stoves in France sink back into oblivion. For this time I shall bow my head.

Let me finish my tremulous lips to remain sealed, let them keep me from tasting ever again caw's milk with French friend potato grove.
FALL '54 COURSE LIST
(Continued from Page 1)
it the courses they will want for the Fall semester of '54. The Course
List has been prepared by the departmental distribution of introductory and
advanced courses. Dean Gillard stated
"that this program is prepared out
by the usual availability of tutorials and upper college conferences."
In regard to the number of course offerings, Gillard said that the
number of course offerings of this Fall is substantially the same as last semester.

"The purpose of this informal
section of courses is to assist each student in planning his work in a
less haphazard fashion. Further, the information will allow faculty to
determine what the needs of the students are and to establish a final
course list for formal registration this Fall.

"In the past," Dean Gillard conclud-
ed, the presentation of alternative
courses has led to confusion and delay in the settlement of programs for
many students. This present procedure is intended to avoid such
difficulties."

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COMMUNITAS
June 5, 1954

THE LIGHT TOUCH

Have you heard the latest use for chlorophyll? They're making it with
whiskey now. You won't get mind-
ing from drinking.

First Sergeant: "Stand-up straight.
Throw your shoulders back and
bunyon your count."

Married recruit (absent-mindedly)
"Yes, dear."

Many a go-getter is afterwards
kerry he gotten.

And Fanny, the waitress, answer-
to the customer who complained
about the egg. "Don't yell at me, I
just laid the table."

Alumni News

The engagement has been announ-
cement between Nina Fraklak '54 and Jack Juliff '53. Jack is 44
present serving in the Army.

Steve Burr '55, who is now teach-
ing at the Boston School, Williams-
town, Mass; had an exhibition of
mosaics at Abraham and Strauss in
May; and has a show planned at the 54th Street Gallery, New York
City.

Kelly Simon '50, is engaged to Dr.
Leonard Reutherman of Woodmere,
L.I. The ex-Bardian will be mar-
rred on June 27th.

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New Kingston-Rhinecliff Span
(Continued from Page 1)
the approaches are being built
are on Bard property. Moreover, the
state of the River Road was being
done by the County, and had
nothing to do with the construction
of the bridge. (Beginning from the end of the Amittendad road, the first
mile and a half of River Road could
have served as proving ground for
traffic. It is now being widened and
several curves are being either graded
or taken out.)

Trotter frankly stated that he did
not see how the new bridge would
affect Bard in any way, but added
that it if would help any, we might
look at the construction work that
was being done. However, he con-
sidered that there might be some
blasting done within the next few
hours, as we abandoned our project
for that day.

After some thought, we came to
the following conclusion regarding
what boat or headline this high-
way might be to Bard. We know
that IBM is expanding and that
they are about to build a factory in
Kingsmill. With a new factory, real
estate values in this area might rise
in recent check showed that they
can't burden this due to an increas-
ing population coming from all parts
of the state to work at IBM. Pos-
ibly with the new bridge facilitating
train-traffic, some of these
people might settle in Red Hook or in
the immediate environs. Our
optimistic cautious viewfully
with more housing and more
traffic in this area, there might be an increase in day student enrollment.

Another possibility is that with
heaver traffic on Route 40, plus a
larger sign saying Bard College, more
people would come to know the
campus of Bard. Whatever might re-
call from this, personally we don't
know that, a hint of free publicity.

For Bard students too, there will
be advantages. Woodstock, the well-
known art colony will become more
accessible and then there will be a
wider selection of movies to see with
the Bard Campus a center for
movies rather than we are now subject to. How the greater amount of traffic
would bother students trying to
drive sleep or have not yet been ascertainned.

All in all neither advantages or
disadvantages at this stage of the
issue seems rather important.