Page 1
Orozco Memorial
Danny Newman
On T.V. Smith
Robert S. Solotaire
Turning Point
Mona Pine
Notice to Students
Editorial
["We wonder whether the presence of a teacher in a
students’ dorm will always cause amusement."]
Letter to Community
["We, on Council, are working for a...more alive community, and
for an atmosphere in which education of the individual is of prime importance."]
John Segal

Page 2
WXBC Reports
Peter Stone
Football [Drawings]
Louis Shanker
Paul Nordoff Interviewed
Robert S. Solotaire

Page 3
The Great Oblique [Poem]
Relliott Halpern
Summer in Israel
Joanne Pines
Letter to the Editor
[“...there have appeared various pleas for “a clarification of our position.””]
Miles Hollister

Page 4
Flower in His Hand
David Hoddeson
Forum a Reality
Sheldon Cohen

Page 5
Newcomer Looks at Bard
Kent Jorgenson
Dr. Wolff Back from Mexico
Ruth Schwartz
notice to students

The new Student Counselor, Dr. Shor, is available to any student who wishes to talk over any personal problems with him. Dr. Shor has a private office in Gerry House, and is there every Thursday from about 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. He may be called by phone, or note may be dropped in the Campus Mail in order to arrange an appointment. It is not necessary to inform any faculty or administrative officer about any chat with Dr. Shor. Students may use his office, and to make decisions based on the different circumstances, we shall have a good Community Council.

Monica Pine
Chairman, Community Council

question point

Wednesday, Sept. 28. . . . Today the first step was taken towards solving a problem which has existed for the past three years. The students at first shifted all blame to the waiters for a half hour before being served at a result of the waiters’ "strike" that morning. They waited patiently, blaming, not the waiters but the lack of organization which had brought about the crisis. This was not an isolated incident but it was a sudden explosion, it was an end and a beginning: the end of three years of restricted silence and whispering, the beginning of an organized, outspoken protest against existing conditions.

In the Dining Commissary situation, Bard’s perpetual problem, has a history well known to some, intuitively solved by many others. It is of importance to the entire community, it affects the entire community. Bard is supposed to be a working democracy. One of the concepts of Democracy as we understand it in America is that a man has the right to protest. The students employed in the Dining Commissaries have never had that right. There has been no impartial judge to whom they could take their complaints.

The strike on Wednesday morning was a form of protest. It has resulted in the formation of a new committee with the power to mediate and to advise on all complaints originating within their own group. In a democracy such as this one a strike should not have been necessary to accomplish this.

Mona Pine

letter to community

Dr. Fuller said in Convocation that Bard’s Council members should be the representatives of the whole community; that we should sit in Albee Social with the best interests of the whole before us; that we should not represent selfish minority ideas. I think that we all agree. We, on Council, are working for a better college, for a more alive community, and for an atmosphere in which education of the individual is of utmost importance. Our ends are the same, but our methods are different.

It is in Council that the different means for this end should come up in discussion and be weighed against groups with differing points of view. We are the central power, and it is through this power that we are able to resolve the differences of opinion.

John Segal
Chairman, Community Council

editorial

Why do we hear about this “other Bard,” the Bard in which advisors and students were more friendly, meeting informally at homes and dorms; where it was common to see faculty and students mulling over coffee in the store? Fairly unoriented, the new student senses a certain coldness when invitations to faculty homes are disregarded or accepted as social obligations. But to the applying student the advisor relationship is a highlight of the college. How it is to be maintained is the question.

Too often he accepts the atmosphere as inevitable. Developing from this divorce between personal friendliness and the academic aspect of the advisor system, Bard can lose its most important quality. Our way of communicating becomes necessarily channelled along formalistic lines. Student liking of himself with treating people with a tradition is set up. Intrinsic in this custom there is a self-imposed barrier, which adds to Bard a characteristic antithetical to its aim. The regime manifests itself in a lack of frankness among students, faculty and administration. The sharpness of creative stimulus given by advisor to student and vice-versa is blunted; one becomes as a person, the observer, and a participant only through impersonal assignments.

There are those to whom the little moat, or wall, is not a pre- dicament but a problem that is to be solved if Bard is to progress as a creative school. One does not talk much deeper than a rift of opinion in community government.

We wonder, when we hear of this “other Bard,” whether open forums, more discussion, and perhaps some way in which students and faculty could meet informally would often bring that friendliness which seems to be lacking here. Although the lack is not overtly evident, the fact that it arouses dis- cussion proves the need for an examination of its cause. We wonder whether the presence of a teacher in a students’ dorm will always cause amusement.

one
** correction 
**
** THE BARDIAN wishes to make a correction on an article published last week concerning Dr. Armstrong's coming lecture on democracy. He has been granted a Fulbright Post-Doctorate Research Scholarship to pursue study on Guy de Maupassant. He will leave for France in October before the college has granted him a year's leave of absence; but instead he submitted the paper erroneously stated. 

wxbc reports

Another year has begun, and budget hearings have been completed. WXBC has begun operations; but the operations as a campus radio station have been referred to an unrecognizable degree. Station Manager Don Lasser and I have spent many pages of correspondence this past summer, and many hours of discussion this semester. Why WXBC has failed in its initial purpose—that of appealing to students both working and listening—remains.

The conclusions reached, with the help of student and faculty advisory boards, are basically these: At the beginning, a horrible policy was enacted at the station. Any deviant behavior toward WXBC appealed to students as something new and exciting, but as a new station, all programming was experimental. WXBC is a medium of programming, listeners soon tired of campus radio. As listeners decreased, more and more of the station's staff felt unimportant. After all, they reasoned, why should we knock ourselves out for what seems to be our own amusement. And as more and more people dropped from the roster, the programming naturally got worse, and those few listeners that remained turned off the station from their sets.

This cycle looks hopeless at first glance. In the long run, though, it was realized something important. We were making two very great mistakes. First, we thought that the staff was wrong; it should have been corrected by us. We forgot that the measured WXBC by listening attendance. They were attached to the station for one reason: to learn about radio and to get access to radio. Learning and experience did not require a Hopper rating. The second mistake was in closing the doors to the campus. In the past, little was thought about letting in listeners wander through the studio, coming and going as they pass through the physical plant. Also, no effort was made to mingle with the Student Union Staff who need help with speech, or those who would be interested in learning what radio might be, but were too shy to learn. T.

Our opinion on campus makes running a new leaf just like that impractical. Our campus has so drastically, we are changing WXBC from an卓tention that once was accused of robbery and advocating flawless beauty. As a brace to support his arguments for perfection, and others of us, I'll mention the following: "Most of the world's woes are God's doings or the Devil's. If murder, hate, and corruption are the doings of God or the Devil, we are sure man might well give up his fight against them and stop trying to find a "common fundamental belief." It's a proper Dr. Smith should know that our artists have always sought to bring to the masses the simple truths of common belief. In spite of what he later said about there being no common ground of thought, early in his speech Dr. Smith made an assumption that ran, "I suppose we all agree that science is a glorified common sense." After making this sweeping statement he said, "I don't expect scientists to become our saviours. I don't either but I do expect them to be making all the important part in working out our 

Paul Nordoff interviewed

When a piano student tells you that she feels as though she has progressed three years by studying less, it is a curiosity about the instructor, whether you're a music student or not, is likely to be aroused. Perhaps, because he is only at Bard two days of the week, and must you are not familiar with Mr. Paul Nordoff's ruddy, angular face, I will try to give you here at least a nodding acquaintance with him. After studying through grammar school and part-way through high school, Nordoff accepted the suggestion of his principal and gave up high school in favor of the Philadelphia Conservatory. Four years of study earned him his Bachelor's Degree, and the time he was eighteen. Two years later Martha Graham asked him to compose a dance for her. He has written the more for her since that time. Nordoff is not surprised by his success in the field of music. His formal musical education brought him to Julliard where for five years he worked under the impetus of two fellowships; one in piano and another in composition. He worked as much as ten hours a day under the guiding hands of Olga Samoasier until he felt he was ready to combine with the other principal of the Conservatory, namely Mr. Paul Nordoff and his brothers, the two Nordoffs play duet for many "old-timers," they are often called fundamental fallacy." As a professor Dr. Smith should know that our artists and students, and perhaps even the masses, are not quite as simple as common belief. It is not until eight years later that he found out about Miss Samoasier's earlier piano. Mr. Nordoff has been awarded two Guggenheim fellowships. The second was followed by another award, the 1940 Pulitzer Prize for composition. The work was a quintet for piano and strings. A person who obviously loves music as well as he does music, Nordoff has travelled throughout the states, has been to Europe six times, and at one time spent a half hour in Honolulu studying Polynesian music. During the course of his stay in Honolulu he learned to dance the hula as well as to play the drums. In three years he has composed music and listened to the finest artists Europe has to offer at the music festivals of Salzburg and Bay- routh. While there he indulged in the endless adventures of mountain climbing, a favorite recreation of his. When visiting Europe Nordoff, with the return to the world of his family before him. His great-grandmother, a Span- ish by birth, was not a great singer who, when she toured England with her troupe, fell in love with and married an English cobbler. Also musically inclined was a German uncle of Nordoff's who, in the nineteenth century, was a composer of popular German songs. Among his close friends Nordoff counts Miss Katherine Cornell, one of the first ladies of the American stage. Says Nordoff, "Whenever I read that Corn- well is going to do a play which will need music I know it will be only a matter of time till she calls on me to write it." He met Miss Cornell through his teacher, Miss Samoasier, and since he's known her, he has done the music for such productions of hers as "Saint Joan," "Romeo and Juliet," and "An- tony and Cleopatra." He even wrote a fullbilly for a scene in "Wingless Victory." During the war Nordoff made his contribution by leading the country under S.O.S. auspices. He talked about and played jazz and modern music for the G.I.'S. Having lectured before the war he was also well versed in his subject matter. In one particular year he gave some eighty-six lectures to various organizations, on forty-two different topics. He also worked in a Japanese relocation center in conjunction with the Red Cross Service Committee. Nordoff is himself a Quaker. He also says that he has developed a rather dense incamation. The writings of Rudolph Steiner clinched for him the idea of Karma, as reincarnation is referred to in the Hindu tongue. Now that he is at Bard Mr. Nordoff hopes to be able to devote more time to composing. At the moment he is concerned with writing an opera for Columbia University and a work for voice and orchestra for the Louisian Philharmonic. One of his most recent compositions is a double concerto for piano and violin which he wrote at the request of Eugene List and his wife. He expects it to be premiered, possibly this season, but pre- mierly next season. Talking specifically of music and composing, Nordoff said that "The best performers are those who can compose some of the best music and have studied theory and composition." Having written music himself the pianist is more likely to grasp the subtle meanings underlying the work of the composer which he is trying to perform. In closing I would like to pass on a few words of Mr. Nordoff's on an artist in general. "It is possible for the artist to make more of his experience so he has more to give to his friends and his community. The artist's world is his own; but he doesn't realize how he needs him." R. S. S.
summer in israel

Before this summer, my knowledge of Zionism, Jewish history and people and their difficulties, had been somewhat limited to newspaper articles, a few books, lectures, and my own curiosity. These were the main reasons that led me to become a member of the first experimental Summer Institute in Jerusalem, jointly sponsored by the Hebrew University and the Hebrew Theological College. While reports about shortages in Jerusalem, intense tropical heat, a rigid diet of austerity and language barriers, and other things I went to face in the early July. Due to the fact that the university in Jerusalem is in territory referred to as "Judea," (in the hands of the UN) a school had been converted into a dormitory and had been invaded by a group of Americans, who for six weeks resided, studied, and behaved as true American collegians, in the newly-peaceful Holy City of Jerusalem. The academic program was presented in the form of lectures by professors of the Hebrew University, representatives of the government, business men, and politicians, on topics varying from "Mineral Deposits in the Dead Sea," to "The Geographic Position of the Land of Hebrew Literature." A good part of the lecturers were devoted to the present state of the country and its problems economically, and politicians, and offered in conversational Hebrew. Although the lecture program afforded manifold opportunities for under- standing and appreciation of the state, its history, its present obstacles and its future, I found the entertainment and mysticism of being in Jerusalem, better than the academic atmosphere.

We were fortunate to visit the Old City of Jerusalem with its ancient biblical shrines, but the fascination of the present and can present an incredible contrast to that of any other city in the world. Every aspect of life in any country is a special occasion, and every country is represented as well as every religious group.

Sometimes the cosmopolitanism of Jerusalem would be a difficult mental strain. I found, that in order to have my laundry cleaned in the neighbor- hood of the school, I had to get permission in Hebrew, give explanations in French, and (my vocabulary was hardly varied for my needs), ex- plain my linguistic predilection in a French-English speech, and usually ended up waiting for the English speaking cus- tomer arrived. Finding English-speaking people, was not at all difficult in Israel, for English is a com- mon language. In Islam, as in Arabic, Persian, was also inhabited by the British during the period of its manumission.

Until I was able to count from one to ten in Hebrew, I encountered many difficulties on buses, for it would take time for me to say "How much?" in Hebrew, figure the amount in English in a confusing foreign currency, and dute is not to an understandable impatient driver. I found that unlike the American system of purchasing in Israel, the citizens "queue up" for their places according to turn (another legacy from the British), for the "No" results will without doubt be an absence of high- pressure service.

Another pleasant aspect of daily life is the afternoon siesta. Though the dry heat are natural weather conditions, and since the sun is extreme scorching in the early part of the afternoon, all stores and business stores are closed from one quarter hour for, "lunch." As a result, lunch hour during our academic day pleases to be at least three hours.

After a six week stay in Jerusalem, with all its problems, its many quarters, (the many nationalities and religious groups have their own quarters) I felt that Jerusalem was a city I should like to explore for months. Our opportunities to visit the holy sites, old and new, (the common suf- ferings of the Christians and the Jews were restricted to the walls of the Old City, but under military jurisdiction, we were able to enter the church where the tomb of the Virgin Mary lies, and to the ancient sanctuary housing the tomb of King David.)

During our stay in Jerusalem, the Institute sponsored two tours of the country as a whole, which were used to travel to the size of New Jersey. One of these trips took us by bus through the Negev Desert, which in the summer is so dry, miserable and desolate as land mass, that it could possibly be described as "Life less!" As we traveled along in the Negev, a clump of trees suddenly appeared, all surely mankind, and although one may think that it is a mirage, it turns out to be the "Kibbutz," a collective settlement situated in the middle of nowhere. There are many Kibbutzim existing up in the desert, and it is only through the irrigation and development of land on an extensive scale that Israel can ever hope to make the Negev live.

Artificial growing methods have help- ed make Israel thrive agriculturally, for it is a land of extremes. In the Negev, there is no water, and it must be piped from the northern Gailil regions, while the Gailil was cold, the Negev is hot, and the result is that all sorts of experiments are being made for obtaining water.

When many think of Israel they usually identify it with the collective farming system, but oddly enough only about one tenth of the land growing population is a part of this system. The settlements, are of two types, the cooperative and the non-cooperative, and I visited many and worked on one. The labor is astonishingly difficult, for the common rule of the settlement is wholly dependent upon the abilities of the workers. When set- tlement first organize they are sub- sidized by the government, for the purpose extends beyond agriculture: they are defensive outposts and in areas recently are the main- tenance of communication and new developments in industrial enter- prises.

The ravages of war are inexorable in Israel, but the progress of the country is phenomenal, considering its handi- cap. Immigration is the country's greatest problem, for the government is not equipped to house and feed the thousands of displaced persons from Europe, and the multitudes of Jews from the Asiatic and African countries. Economically the country is in the em- bryonic stage, and has only one field of labor, the field of the thousands of people pouring into the country, the economic problem is acute.

I had the opportunity to work in one of the largest displaced persons camps in the world, a "breaker" camp, and see how tragic and difficult the conditions of living are here. You find a conglomeration of na- tionalities only comparable to the Thirteen Colonies of America. The plight of most of the immigrants has been a succession of wars and a nomad- ic existence. They have finally achieved the dream of reaching Israel, and to many it was a dream only to find more camps, misery and unhappiness.

The solution to the immigration prob- lem is money for more homes, better food, and happier lives. Realizing the acute problem of Israel's economy, its lack of resources, seeking a way for the government to work together with the community, I would say that her government has done a phenomenal job in rehabilitating as many people as it has.

Living, learning, and sightseeing in Israel this summer has changed my view of the world. The abundance of opportunities to better understand the world, the knowledge that stand out in my mind are the con- trasts between, their settings, their lives, the cities, and the variety of po- tentialities for development. In a na- tion which may have some strong con- servative, one can find representation from all sections of the world and the variety of life. Yet the unity of this unique metropolis is omnipotent in common sufferings, the religion of the building of a happy nation for the future.

Joanne Pines

From time to time on the pages of this magazine there appear various pleas for "a clarification of our posi- tion" and "a response to the attacks of these pleads have been most sincere in purpose and motivation but the issue of subject to such an attack, and not to allow elution of the debate and unattached to such an issue, would not be considered fundamental and therefore there would be no position that could be fashioned. Position, for an institution such as ours, implies not only an important question where we are going, but also the equally important question of where are we coming. No educational philosophy is complete without the answer to these two questions. The first is to school, the second is to education. In other words, it would be a grave mistake to believe that these two questions are rhetorical. They are demonstrably practical; indeed it would be a matter of the most perilous obser- vation for us to observe where we are. Or, both questions are left unattended to. I would then draw atten- tion again to the word "position" for Bard, since I believe it is the main spring of any cooperative effort, with- out which by presence it is impossible to see the rick of a well oiled mechanism. The critical moment in the development of any individual is of course a statement of purpose. However, in its ambiguity, it cannot take on the quality of a pain in discover and elaborate. The phrase "education." When Dr. Tewkesbury first applied this phrase to Bard, he articulated a purpose that was meant by education and what would have been incumbent had in its stead the word "value." These two words symbolize two opposite yet open to the same educational thought. When one is subjected to an educational process he is literally "led out," he is taught to think, the theory behind it is that the student is incapable of asking questions he is incapable even to understand what is in other words, is ready for the answers. Training is a process of being trained in a person drilled in answers without regard for the questions which give rise to those answers. Asking a question is a positive and aggressive act, involving the responsibility of individual acceptance. Receiving an answer is a negative and submissive act, an act which requires no responsibility or initiative on the part of the individual. If then, when we say education, we mean education and not training, it should be immediately clear that all the send, appointed parties that a questioning spirit is the premise from which all forms of education arise, and a spirit of higher learning, departs.

Our obligation on our part is to realize that any seminar in which the student is told what books to read, exactly what areas of study he is to address himself to, in those areas he is expected to be able to derive the acquired ma- terial, without in addition being required to conceive and execute studies on his own, is not fulfilling the requirements of a seminar in this school. Moreover, any social regulation which does not require the matter of questions con- cerning his responsibility to the group as well as to himself, but only presents in a formal manner all that is taught, is in another word, cannot be considered a form of education. Such regulations are mere authoritarian arrangements which fail to meet the students' needs.

We should not be interested here in people whose major talent is the hand- ling of a word, for they do not wish, and they do not have the means to express themselves. We should have high hopes, and it can be our aim to produce people who desire to express themselves, and who expect of a student that he ask critical questions—we should require that students be able to ask critical questions.

Miles Holister

Excerpt from Anitchok Rock does me know how to get you at night... see p. 6
found a flower in his hand, what then? Forty shares of United Cigar at fifteen a share... but what about that? What then? If a man waked and found a flower in his hand... the people there didn't like him, he knew. He thought one of the girls attractive, and had tried to talk to her, but he seemed to have nothing to say, and awkwardness had grown on him. But her voice was ugly, it was flat, a hard, Brooklyn voice, inarticulate. She was always laughing with that loud Joe, who talked continuously, with passion, about baseball. And waked and found 4 flowers in his hand as a token that he really had been there, what then? What about that, after all? If a man dreamed... sixty-five shares of Pan-American at twenty and a half... If a man had flower as a token that he had been there, what then? Joe, Jake, Irene, Bill, what about that? If a man waked with a flower in his hand as a token that he really had been there, then what? Eighty shares of Armour at sixty-three and a half... Griswold, a shrill little man with a queer, high voice, walked over to him. "Got the totals yet? I'm ready for them." "I'll have them for you in a minute." "Yeah, but hurry it up. I'd like to get on to the game..." Fifty shares American Can preferred at a hundred and forty, forty shares to sell to the bank... where was his mistake? If he had waked up Saturday morning he'd be in his armchair... His pulse quickened. He saw Thatcher out there, talking in his eye, and his arm on his desk. Thatcher had reprimanded him only three days ago. He had been sitting at his desk, glancing at the paper, the pile of unmade bills in front of him, and Thatcher had stepped up behind quietly right there. "Don't say my men mean to dream," he said curtly, and walked briskly away. Forty shares of Masonite Corporation at thirty-nine... But Mr. Thatcher, if a man was a flower in his hand, what then? He felt tense and lonely. The back of his throat seemed sore, and he realized that he was not far from tears. "Hay, Buttlenose!" It was George again. "What's the matter?" He didn't look up. Stupid look. Always shouting around the office. His hands were too big. Things got by him and he made out to find the discrepancy, hole in the book... The rest of the office could not leave until he discovered the mistake. And then he finally achieved recognition for his work, what then? what he asked himself. A man would think, if a man hadn't been in heaven and woke, and found a flower in his hand as a token that he really had been there, what then? what then?... He continued with his checking, spent twenty minutes on the names of the various customers of the firm who had bought stock from the company this day in the year 1949. He worked slowly through the bills, adding each item to his total, checking his stated prices against those in the company's bulletin. Fifty shares of Congoleum at thirty and a half a share made 457.50. Twenty-five shares of U. S. Steel at a hundred and two, ten shares of Alcoa Aluminum at forty and a quarter... but if a man had waked he had been in heaven... The guards that the recruiting man had irritated his eyes. He leaned back and rubbed them, then continued with his checking. Thirty shares National Sugar at fourteen and a half, ten shares of Cities Service at a dollar and five cents, a man had dreamed that he had been in heaven... five shares of Sperry Gyroscope... but of twenty, ten shares of U. S. Steel... it was getting late. If a man had waked he had been in heaven for ten minutes he would have the accumulated多万 ways of total which any man who offered on his shoulders—they would be unable to do their checksecising without him. He had waked and found a flower in his stomach. But if a man waked and found a flower in his hand, what then?...
newcomer looks at bard

When I came to Bard, I had already built up several idealistic concepts. I was not able to go to the college for a personal interview, so anything I felt about Bard grew out of the descriptions in the catalogue. As a result I had rather scattered impressions when I arrived. It is true the ideas were slightly more definite, in actuality of the student rather than the enrollee, so to speak, an active interest in contemporary problems and off campus. The only question that made some difference to me before I had been here is whether I would be interested in Bard at all. The students are a real de corps, so to speak, an active interest in contemporary problems and off campus. I don’t go around trying to find other people to talk to, or to form a group for the purpose of discussing the world’s problems.

One of the old students has said that this attitude will soon die out. He also said that these freshmen that the seniors are trying in vain to keep out of the seniors’ opinions on kindred matters. There was no such group already founded. We are new, it is true. But the old seniors are not so ancient that they can’t remember what Bard once stood for.

In a place where so much is available to the student, who is eager to learn, one would at least expect to find a common spirit of curiosity. However the only spirit it has produced is the mass migration to Milk’s. There they drink and a laugh and a song in high rousing words what is wrong with Bard. They tell the world but they don’t go to count the mistakes they make in the world. They condemn the club, the newspaper, the community, they do not realize that they are a better job themselves. They are more than a little dominated by the students to defend what they believe in to a fatal quality. For they present a negative picture of Bard to both themselves and to the world.

The one thing I have observed is a shallow mindedness among all students—common failing in any society.) But because one of the chief aims, so they say, of this instruction of higher learning is to help us develop an attitude towards living, it does not seem logical to me to make one’s mind pre-maturely to any point of view that is not our own. There is too great a tendency to pass judgment on someone or something that does not follow our own particular line of thought; (the ‘you can’t see it unless it’s true’ attitude) and to hard to square it in the end result.

Bard is a very wonderful experience. But the personalities that come across it are disillusioning. I hope I am wrong, I wonder.

F. H. Pierson

looking for good food?

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Drs. wolff back from Mexico

This summer Dr. and Mrs. Wolff visited many parts of Mexico, where they found the old, the new, and the unexpected slowly becoming the new. The great development of Mexico City with its commercial aspects, brought a spirit of economic influence of the United States, and other parts of the Spanish world who have brought a heritage and influence of the Spanish civilization, was extremely impressive. Although the old seems to have no place in Mexico City as it once was, it is more true than ever that this is not true for the rest of the country. This is economically and politically backward.

One of the most stimulating things that Dr. Wolff discovered was observing fascinating thoughኬ the old, out of the way” places, the paintings of the peasant children. Their pictures, oddly enough, clearly showed the primitive pictures produced by the ancient Aztec Indians.

The majority of the people are naturally artistic, however, very few of them reach the top in the field of fine art; which is now more and more

Dr. Wolff feels that most of the native Mexican murals and paintings are placed in the public buildings, where they may be seen by all. Nevertheless, the peasant, without reaching for this type of success, has been satisfied to express, and find its greatest expression (and finds it) in the most natural way. That is another way of doing it, but he also has the assurance of his expression by knowing the public has been accepted through purchase.

One could say Pagliaro is in fact a problem and need for this self-expression, Dr. Wolff feels that most of the native Mexican murals and paintings are placed in the public buildings, where they may be seen by all. Nevertheless, the peasant, without reaching for this type of success, has been satisfied to express, and find its greatest expression (and finds it) in the most natural way. That is another way of doing it, but he also has the assurance of his expression by knowing the public has been accepted through purchase.

Dr. Wolff told of an outstanding event that took place in the town of Morelia concerning the governor and the students of the entire country and affecting the thinking people all around the world: A group of students from the University of Morelia joined together in order to secure governmental action in the loss of reforms for the people and to better the deplorable conditions in hospitals, prisons and schools. One day, after a few conferences, petitions and demonstrations, the students paraded in front of the government palace, ordered by the governor, soldiers interfered; brief action ensued; two boys were killed. This infuriated students all through the country who went on strike demanding the immediate dismissal of the governor of Michoacan. After a few weeks of furious demonstrations, the persistent students succeeded and the governor was ousted. Although Dr. Wolff’s case was not back all the actions of the students, he believes that "the school should stand up for its ideas," and should fight for more ideas, opinions, or reactions to the happenings of the day.

In answer to the question of whether he would like to return to Mexico, Dr. Wolff answered that he would like to follow up his studies of the Mayan civilization which he had begun fifteen years ago.

Ruth Schwartz
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