Outstanding Group Conferences Coincide With Summer Session

Various outstanding groups plan to hold conferences here at Bard and their activities should prove of interest. The first of these groups to arrive is the Summer Institute for Social Progress whose annual meeting will be held on June 25 through July 12. Its theme this year is “November and After: Issues that Transcend the Election.” The Teacher’s Union of the A.F. of L. and New York University’s School of Education are to sponsor a Graduate Workshop for Problems of Classroom Teachers, from July 13 to August 8. From August 16 through August 24, Americans for Democratic Action will hold their discussions. This will be followed by the final visiting council, from August 16 to September 1, of the Institute for General Semantics.

The enrollment of between forty and fifty students is expected for the approaching Bard College Summer Session. It is open to qualified college students, high school graduates, and adults. The fee, including tuition, room and board, is $360.00. Students will attend in order to make more rapid progress in their work, to make up credits, to demonstrate their ability after a poor showing in the regular semester’s work, or simply to gain knowledge. Several students will be on campus, not for the courses, but to complete their Senior Projects. The courses and the String Ensemble are definitely scheduled. Dr. Fies is giving a course on The Modern Novel, Contemporary Social Movements and The Crisis of Our Age: World History, 1914-1951, which will be offered by Dr. De Gre and Dr. Hirsch, respectively. Dr. Hartman will teach a course in Field Biology.

String Ensemble Planned

One of the interesting features of the summer will be the workshop in String Ensemble. This is a regular course, but a full time project, making it an eight week course instead of the normal six. The group plans to meet for four hours a day, which includes lectures and practice time. It will be under the direction of Emil Hauser, founder and leader of the bestest String Quartet for sixteen years; now instructor of Advanced String Quartets at the Juilliard School of Music.

Another interesting feature of the Summer Session is the Orientation Center of Foreign Students with Dr. Freudenfeld as instructor. The Center attempts to provide a brief but intensive introduction to American life, with emphasis on improving spoken and written English. Among the activities planned off campus are trips to summer theaters, to concerts, and to historically interesting points in the vicinity. The aim of the Summer Sessions is “to provide for each student the educational experiences which will be of the most value to him of her.”

The Concerto Workshop, which took place on May 13, not only allowed some talented Bard pianists to publicly display their musical abilities, but gave the community an opportunity to hear four important components of a diverse body of literature. For everyone concerned, it was a stimulating and worthwhile experience.

Ruth Schwartz opened the program with the first movement of Mozart’s Concerto in A Major, Her playing was excellent throughout the piece, possessing an unusually delicate touch; she often achieved extremely subtle tonal effects. And although Ruth’s fingers were not quite facile enough to meet the purely technical demands of the composition, she nevertheless gave it a satisfying performance indeed. This was Ruth’s first “public appearance,” and she certainly should be complemented for her poised manner, as well as for her musical competence.

An excellent, if conservative, reading of the “Concerto in B Flat Major,” Opus 23, by Beethoven, was offered by Ellin Rosenthall. Lucid and adept throughout, Ellin proved herself capable of clarifying much of the charm which eludes less skillful work. Perhaps a greater variety of tonal color and a stronger emphasis of dynamic contrasts would have improved her interpretation; in spite of this, however, her performance was a tasteful and enjoyable one.

After hearing Naomi Bellinson’s rendition of Franck’s Symphonic Variations, it seemed evident that (Cont’d on page 5)
EDITORIAL

President Case has stated in the past that he regards the administration as the most liberal element at Bard. By this he meant that the administration is most vigorous and imaginative in its willingness to experiment with new methods to cope with prevailing conditions.

But this is not to say, The Bardian, along with many members of the Bard Community, feels that the President often loses sight of his main function as an educational leader in assuming the role of a business administrator. It is extremely unfortunate that a man as able and experienced in educational matters as President Case is forced to devote so much of his time and effort to fund-raising. Perhaps the Board of Trustees should make the most use of President Case as an educator by hiring a professional fund-raiser who would take this pressing and unnecessary load off his shoulders. President Case could then devote all of his energies toward fulfilling his administrative duties.

In a progressive institution like Bard we cherish the principle that students, faculty and administration share in the solving of the educational problems, in the formulation of the educational policies, and in their administration. It is understood, however, that the load cannot be evenly divided and that the greater portion of responsibility must rest upon the administration. It is for this reason that we maintain that the President’s activities should primarily be of an educational rather than of a financial nature.

From the President’s Desk

by J. H. CASE, Jr.

E.P.C. has conveyed to me the legitimate concern it has felt about the dropping of Industrial Design next year, and I am glad to report to the Community as I did to E.P.C.’s chairman. It would be misleading to attribute the decision essentially to financial reasons, for there will be no financial saving, except possibly in eliminating the need for capital expenditures in shop equipment. So far as faculty personnel and salaries are concerned, the Arts Division will not be reduced, but will be maintained as, I believe, the largest size it has ever attained. And the faculty as a whole will be larger than it has been in several years, with a ratio of one faculty member to less than seven students. What then is the reason?

Working through the faculty Policy Committee and the four Division secretaries, I have succeeded in allocating a non-reduction of full-time faculty members (or their equivalent) among the Divisions. The final allocation came out as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Division</th>
<th>Allocation</th>
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<tr>
<td>Arts</td>
<td>9</td>
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<tr>
<td>Languages</td>
<td>8½</td>
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<td>Science</td>
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<td>Social Studies</td>
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With this agreement reached, I turned to each Division the task of allocating manpower to its own disciplines. In its first meeting the Arts Division voted to retain Industrial Design but made no allocation of manpower to it. When this inconsistency was noted, the Division reluctantly decided that Industrial Design would have to go because the major concerns of painting, sculpture, music, dance, and drama could not be properly supported with less than nine full-time faculty (or the equivalent).

The Arts Division reported to Policy Committee its judgment that only one student would be seriously affected by the change. I regret that anyone is at all affected, but I am glad to know that the damage is minimal. And no one, I believe, can deny that our work in other areas will be strengthened. I also regret any diminution in the richness and variety of our offerings, but a better distribution of our student body is materially increased, the things essential to our program must be our constant concern. To do them supremely well is our first responsibility.

Letter To The Community

by BARRY STEIN

There is, in the basement of North Hoffman, an organization known as WXBC, whose sole function is to provide modulated electromagnetic energy of a frequency suitable for reception on a standard broadcast receiver. It is, in short, a radio station. This statement is unnecessary to a small minority on campus, and to them I offer my sincerest apologies. But, on the basis of what I am forced to tell, for lack of a better term, it is a radio station. I have no alternative than to conclude that these aware few are indeed a small minority on campus.

In the four years since its establishment as a campus activity, WXBC has equipped itself in such a way as to do justice to a college of its size. That this was accomplished completely without benefit of professional aid and in a non-technical school is in itself an achievement to be proud of. The station facilities represent perhaps $5000 invested capital, plus countless man-hours of labor. This money, as I am sure you all realize, came from you in the form of convocation dues, through budget committee action.

We must confess that any investment of this sort should be watched ever so closely. In its growth, and helped out by the

The opinions expressed in signed articles are not necessarily those of the Editorial Board.
And then there had been all the marriage parties. Toni shivered when she thought of them. It was all so very well plotted. Very dark nights, and all the kids gathered on the grass around the back of the barn. Some had light flares. She didn’t remember quite when the marriage parties started, but the whole summer had become a marriage one. In Arts and Crafts period, the girls wore their leather braided rings and copper pins in the shape of hearts.

The first marriage ceremony must have been at the end of Irma’s birthday party early in July. They had eaten meatballs and spaghetti and had gotten to the time when the boys threw peanuts at each other across the room. Then they played Spin the Bottle. Only no bottles there, so they played Spin the Chicklet Box instead. Irma was big and fat, with round cheeks and a dimple in her chin. She was a little older than the rest, and very good-looking and funny. All the boys kissed her smilingly—after all, it was the only way to be invited to the party, and anyway, she wasn’t the girl friend type, they thought. She probably didn’t even want a boy friend. She was too fat for one. But they kissed her cheek with loud sucking noises. Irma mugged terribly, pretending that she was bored, and that they were really too young for her.

But when Hank spun the bottle and pointed it to Susan, he looked over her, his dark-sleeked-back hair dropping forward over his forehead and closed eyes on the check, taking a very long time. Susan sat in her chair, her neck bent up, her whole body straining, her hands clasped tight in her lap, and she closed her eyes until he was done. Hank was the oldest boy there.

All the other boys stopped drinking peanuts and sat very still. They watched. No one said a word. Susan stared ahead. Hank was the only boy there.

Irma, the eternal organizer, tried hard to get the party back to his former noisier condition. She told Toni to do a stunt. But no, they didn’t do the stunt. The girls all spun carelessly to get their special boy friends, and they too closed their eyes when the kiss came. Irma tried to laugh. Ha, ha, look at this gang of lovebirds. Why don’t we play shoot instead?

Toni sat and watched. She was sort of bored. What was going on? This was queer. What was this new connection between Susan and Hank? The girls were now all searching for it for themselves. Toni thought and worried. Why did Susan close her eyes. But then all of a sudden, Irma was taking a big book down from her father’s bookshelf, and it was the Bible.

Oh, it can’t just be married. Susan and Hank must get married, Susan and Hank must get married, married—everyone got the idea at once. Then Irma cried in her booming voice. “And I’ll be Justice of the Peace!” Susan screamed. Her girl friends pushed her forward, Toni stood up, Susan blushed. Irma got a napkin for her head.

All the kids were excited. This was something new. Toni thought they were going to eat the peanuts. What would happen to them after they got married? The boys were pushing Hank—Come on, old boy, you’re about ready for marriage,—they were slopping him on the back. But he said no.

He was a sensible boy, and his father had always told him not to get involved too young. Susan was cute, he thought. But he would play harder to get.

Yet, the summer was young, and not in front of all these silly kids. He said no. And couldn’t be moved.

Susan looked a little hurt. She said she couldn’t get married until she asked her mother. But the others had thought the idea and they wouldn’t let it go. Finally Hank announced very gravely and decisively that he shall be engaged, Susan and I. Then, Hank slapped himself down in the corner and stuffed peanuts into his mouth, for the rest of the evening.

Toni stood next to Susan. She touched her arm. She was very scared, her eyes were wide. Susan was now engaged. But she looked just the same. Oh no, Toni looked old. Susan looks much prettier. Her hair curls so well. And why, she’s even wearing a little bit of lipstick for the party. Oh boy.

But Irma had the Bible, and she was writing out a marriage certificate, so Shorty and Nancy, (Nancy dragging him by the collar) decided that they would get married. The ceremony was short.

“Do you take this beautiful girl for your wife, to obey and kiss regularly?” Irma asked Shorty. He shook his head, yes.

“If you do, Nancy answered slowly and dreamily, and awkwardly. The boys put their hands on their cheeks bringing her forward. He stood on top toes and kissed her on the lips tightly and quickly, but Toni watched as they shut her eyes.

Then everyone shouted, and Toni even played Here Comes the Bride on the piano. Irma got some rice from the kitchen, and threw it all over. The place looked like the center of a big haystack. Irma got a brainwave, as they were all leaving a little later. She announced a mass ceremony to be performed by her next week at Jeannie’s party.

All week long girls got married. Johnnie even made a tooled leather belt with his and her initials on it, for Alice, the youngest in the group, aged 10. The air was electric. Marriages, with many divorces and re-marriages in between continued from them on all summer long. Every party was a wedding. And some nights they all met out in the dark field behind the barn and had flash light ceremonies. Toni watched it all. She was a bridesmaid sometimes.

In camp they talked about the marriages often, but not when the counselors were around. Counselors somehow didn’t approve. Toni didn’t know why, except that perhaps people shouldn’t close their eyes to kiss. She decided that she wouldn’t when someone kissed her. She would watch. But the summer went on, and Toni got kissed on the cheek by boys who were too young, whom the bottle had accidentally pointed to, and nothing happened to her.

Jeannie married Alex; Scotty divorced Jane after a week and then married Pelvis; and Johnnie married Alice. Irma even married herself off to the fattest boy in the camp, Danny “Fuzzy” Lamont. She made a great show of having to strain to kiss him across the wide expanse of their collective stomachs.

Susan didn’t talk to Toni much about Hank. But Toni knew that she wanted to be married to him. Yet he held off. She ducked him in the lake, and walked her horse from the Tuesday socials sometimes, but he was careful. Until one day Susan was slowling and told the girls, yes and Hank and Hank were getting married by Irma the next night.

That night was a big one. Toni never forgot it. She could close her eyes any time for the rest of the summer and see how it looked. It was very dark and warm, and mosquitoes bumed around the many sparkling flashlights. Hank and Susan stood on top of a wooden picnic table on the terrace. Susan wore a white eyelet dress, and white flowers in her hair. She was very smooth and thin and fragile. Hank wore a clean red and white broad-striped polo shirt and jeans. His hair was shiny with stick-up. He looked scared. His eyes were open wide.

Irma read a long written speech, while the rest had all gone very quiet and awkward. The boys put their hands on their cheeks and then folded them on their chests, and then hung them loosely at their sides. The girls kept tucking their blouses into their skirts and putting their hair back in the dark field behind the barn and had flash light ceremonies. Toni watched it all. She was a bridesmaid sometimes.

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Susan threw the white flowers out to them, and Toni caught one. It smelled very strong, like the French perfume her mother owned. The smell was the largest thing in the night, but for the yell, which didn’t stop. Susan and Hank tried to get down from the table then, but the boys started climbing up with them instead. There were five people on the table, hoppimg, slapping Hank on the back, and trying to kiss the bride. Then it tipped and the table crashed over in the gravel. They all fell in a heap, laughing and yelling. The yell never stopped. Toni looked for Susan. She lay in a heap, the white flowers in her hair fallen on her face, and she was grinning so much that she shook. Hank’s hands were on her shoulders, strong and large. Then he helped her up, and worked, she was too far away from the skirt of her white dress.

Toni took a deep breath and her flower-thrower overcame her. She had been holding it against her cheek and had forgotten that it was so close. The smell, and the noise, and the flashes of white in the darkness hit her all of a sudden with a great heat. Her eyes stung and tears came. Toni closed her eyes. Then she knew. They closed their eyes when they kissed because it was too beautiful and hot and sweet and nothing to look at. With her eyes closed, it came in, pressed her close, the smell, the taste. The flashlights shone and Susan’s eyes were shiny as they see white streaks even through closed eyes. This is real love, Toni decided. Too beautiful for us because we are young kids yet.

Susan and Hank held hands. And in her other hand, Susan held a bunch of white flowers with wide petals. Toni was too busy watching and listening to hear them say I do—but then they were in his other arm. Susan hugged them tightly and seriously. His thin arms could reach far around her. The boys started to cheer and then everyone was yelling, Toni too, "Yay, Hooray, Hoorah, here comes the bride."
Mr. Crown walked into a bar on the West Side of New York. It was two in the morning. There were four people in the dimly lighted room. Two women sat on two high stools at the bar; as they were talking to each other with whom they could do business, they talked in loud voices. They were both past their prime in life, for their business was practical. The other of the two sat with her legs crossed and leaned her head on her hand. A large, young, and frisky dog ran, as if caged, around the room. The bartender shouted in Armenian at a small, dark, bald-headed man who cursed him angrily. Mr. Crown put his hand out to the dog and patted him. The dog quieted, went to sleep under a table at the end of the room, and breathed contentedly in his deep, still, slumber.

Mr. Crown sat on a stool between the bald man and the other of the two women. He watched her, the reflections of the four people in a dirty mirror below her. He saw her sugar bottles. A sickening odor of grape and decay drifted from the woman who sat next to him. The older woman turned away from her friend and looked over her shoulder at Mr. Crown, then turned back as if to say, "I don't want what you've got tonight." The younger one looked over her shoulder and said to the bartender, "Let me have a shot on account, will you?"

The bartender set his head and mixed her a drink. He'd seen her do this a thousand times. "What will it be?" he asked Mr. Crown.

"A beer, thank you," Mr. Crown smiled at him as he got the beer, set it down, and asked, "Anything else?"

"No, thank you," said Mr. Crown and the bartender returned to his work. He was at present with the little, bald Armenian. He didn't want a thing to do with those dames; he was a good man, why let them come into his place at all.

Mr. Crown looked at the two women. The younger one started a conversation. "I haven't seen you around here before, mister."

The older tipped her drink in a different and paid no attention to the woman.

"I haven't been here before. As a matter of fact, I haven't been over on this side of town in a long time."

He spoke calmly to them.

The younger woman said, "All parts of cities is a little too much don't like them." She began to forget her part as she looked into his deep, blue eyes, there was something about him that was different from other men.

"Cities are as beautiful as the people in them," he said.

"Oh, yes, mister. All people is after is each other's money. There's no love in the city, nowhere for that matter."

Mr. Crown turned away from her cold stare, then looked up. "This is New York, everywhere, if you can find it."

"Who can find it?" she asked mockingly.

"Yes, who can find it?"

Mr. Crown put his dime on the bar and left. The older woman sneered at her unsuccessful friend. She laughed at him, being a fool. The dog got up sadly and began to run around the room as he had before.

Mr. Crown walked wearily out onto the street. He knew what the women were. But he felt that there was something in them. There is good in all, there is good in all, there has to be something to himself. "Even those women have good in them, they must," and he walked away from that bar on the West Side.

Mr. Crown went out into the country. He was hitch-hiking along a highway in the afternoon sun. The sweat poured down his back as he walked along with his heavy brown suitcase. The fields around him green and the wind made a rippling ocean of the wheat. Not a car in sight. Mr. Crown sat down on his heavy suitcase and waited. He didn't know what he was waiting for. He was weary. The ride had been scarce that hot August day. In the distance he could see a small boy ambling up the road towards him. The boy was dressed in faded blue overalls. They were like those his father probably wore on his farm. The boy's blond hair bounced as he walked. He wore shoes, but he strolled sure-footedly, with the grace and dignity of a young god. Mr. Crown admired the young farm boy. This beauty of youth was one of the good things in life. It was unspoiled and Mr. Crown was proud.

The boy walked up, but he stopped a little distance from Mr. Crown, looked questioningly at him, Mr. Crown asked, "Are you a tramp, mister?"

"Yes, thank you," said the boy.

The boy watched every movement suspiciously as he waited for the reply. Mr. Crown smiled, "Don't know what is a tramp."

The boy told him, "A tramp is a bad man who comes along the big highway without any money."

Mr. Crown got up and said as the boy backed away, "I have money."

The boy was doubtfully, but he looked into Mr. Crown's big, blue eyes and stopped. "A tramp is a bad man," he repeated.

"Why?"

"The boy became indignant. Miser, I think you look like a tramp. You're dirty. My mother says that men who are dirty are bad. You've bad."

He backed away from Mr. Crown; he was afraid of those serene, blue eyes.

"Do you own a farm?"

Mr. Crown asked.

"Yes," said the boy. "My father owns a bit. red tractor."

"Does your father get dirty after working on his farm?"

"My father owns a tractor. You're a tramp."

The boy picked up a rock with his hand and threw it at Mr. Crown who didn't avoid it, but let it bounce harmlessly off his leg. The boy ran down the road; he never looked back.

A car came along and stopped for Mr. Crown. It was an old car, black and tinny. He felt sad as he got in; he had not wanted the boy, was so young, to run from him. He loved the boy; he loved all that lived. Mr. Crown got into the front seat of the old, decrepit car and sat next to an aged man who was at the wheel.

"Where ya zo?" asked the old man in a strong, vibrant voice. Mr. Crown looked over at his driving companion, smiled, and said, "Oh, down the road a few miles."

"Well said the old man, I'm turnin' off at Hopkins Corners."

"That'll be fine for me," said Mr. Crown.

Mr. Crown liked the old man who had such strong individual dignity which old people possess.

"Say," said the old man loudly. "You a city feller, ain't ya?"

"Yes, I just came from the city."

"New York?"

"Yes," said Mr. Crown, his voice softening, "busiest and loneliest town in the world."

"What's the matter, ya lose your sal there or somethin'?" jeered the old man. "I knew a feller once went to the big city for a couple a weeks. Gosh-darn, did he have a time! He says to me that em city women fall all over a feller. Don't know what become of him."

"You're lucky where you are," said Mr. Crown.

The old man looked at him with a surprised expression. "Hell, I'm damned tired of plowing up the land every year. Us farmers don't get enough for our crops. Ya seen this year after year and what do ya get for it? Nothing but pains from growing old. If I had it all to live over again, I'd moved to the city long ago. You can live there and make a buck."

"Yes, you can live there," repeated Mr. Crown.

"Why don't you go, it's a yours lookin' place? Bet she was a honey, eh?"

"I never had a girl there for long," said Mr. Crown. "I bleed them all, but move around the country a lot."

"That's funny," said the old farmer. "This friend of mine said them women in the city was a dime a dozen. Christ, I used to tell myself all the time that I should never married to my woman. I should a gone to the city and found myself a real gal, one that wears stockin's and perfume. My old lady ain't worth nothin'."

"Mr. Crown smiled at him and said, "You're happy, aren't you?"

"Sure I'm happy, I'm happy. Why the hell did you leave the city anyway, feller? The country ain't no good. The kids run wild and the people is poor and stupid. Only those real smart ones get out."

Mr. Crown looked at the man. The old farmer met his deep, blue eyes for a moment, then turned away from them quickly. "You're a damned jackass to have left the city," he said desparately.

"People are the same everywhere," said Mr. Crown. "The women are as good in the country as they are in the city. People are good wherever you go. I just travel around. I love them all." Mr. Crown then turned away from the old man and looked at the fields as the noisy old car passed them.

"There ain't no good in the country," said the farmer. "You may be different, feller, but city people know how to live, damn it."

There was silence for a long time. Mr. Crown sat in the front seat with the old man. He wanted to talk to him about how beautiful the country was. He wanted to show the old farmer how wonderful life was everywhere. He wanted to tell the old farmer how much compassion he felt towards mankind. Mr. Crown loved the world and everything that was in it. But he couldn't tell the old farmer.

The old man stopped the rickety car, looked straight ahead, and said, "This is Hopkins Corners."

Mr. Crown got out and leaned inside the car. He smiled and said, "Thanks for the lift. I hope I will see you again the next time I come by this way. As soon as he had shut the door, he roared off to a side road.

The car got back in the city and at a small kitchen suit-case and began walking. He hoped someone else would stop and give him a ride down that long country road.

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Hands that hold:
Firm the long-moving slyrbe
spilling the pregnant bearded grain to ground.
Steady the curved, brute force of ox helle
spurring chunks from limber,
Taut the sweated bar of pitchfork
rumbling earth—shamp hay

Tumble warmth of sun,
Come to hold the softness of a woman
With tenderness born of strength
And fierce begotten pride.

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Mike Zuckerman
The strategy of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party has been brought to the fore at the recent convention of the Americans for Democratic Action in Washington. The avowed objectives are to secure a liberal platform and to nominate a fighting liberal for the Presidency.

Liberal leaders are confident and chuckle secretly over the follies of the dinosaur wing of the GOP. For the past twenty years the Republicans have lacked an attractive program and a remarkable candidate, with the exception of Wendell Willkie in 1940. Still lacking a positive winning program that can capture the imagination of the American people, they are pinning their hopes on "the" whom everybody likes. I have pointed out in earlier columns that Eisenhower's halo only thinly an ideological position that would be quite acceptable to the bigwigs at the GOP National Convention. Yet the American people would judge the Republican party not by Eisenhower's glamer and personality but by what he and the GOP stand for.

Status Quo Democrats Scared While Liberals Confident

The magic of The serves the daylights out of those Democrats who would like to retain the status quo. Their spokesman and President candidate, Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, presides party unity which would amount to a fictitious unity on his own terms. Even though there are more registered Democrats than Republicans in this country, the marginally Democratic and independent vote would not be cast at all or would go to the GOP if the Democratic party does not put forth a program that convinces the average American not to vote for change's sake.

The ADA, convention, speaking for middle-class liberals, labor, small businessmen, four liberal Presidential candidates and President Truman himself, resolved that under no circumstances would the liberal Fale Desi-Civil Rights program be compromised.

In the first stage of the race all liberals, including the liberal Presidential aspirants, will join forces to secure the admission of a liberal platform. Only then will they decide on a Presidential standard bearer whom they all will support to the hill.

Concerto Workshop (Cont'd from page 1)

her technique and touch, both, have improved a substantial extent. Except for her tendency to over-pedal, which was responsible for a few utilized passages. Naomi's playing was extremely musical. It was undoubtedly the finest and most pedestrian worth performance of her Bard career.

Margery Bloch's performance of the first movement of the Bartok concerto was an exciting one. She possesses a remarkable technique and a secure musicianship. Although the primary qualities of the work are of a rhythmic nature, Margery did not neglect the passionate, singing melodies which can be easily forgotten in the rush of virtuosity. A slightly faster tempo, and more pianissimo during the orchestral passages, would have improved an otherwise exemplary performance.

A great deal of credit should go to, Mr. Paul Nordoff, who excellently accomplished the almost super-human feat of playing all four of the orchestral reductions on the second piano.

THE

HAEN JEWELRY

S

SHOP

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

In the May 5th issue of The Bardian, in an article on the Gambles estate, there appeared mention of the house in which Richard and Helen Bard are now residing. A statement was made to the effect that Richard and Helen Bard had been married and residing in the house. This statement was made in error. An architect's examination has revealed that the cost of building it in shape would exceed its total value. The matter is not altogether closed, however, as there have been no final decisions made.
we are obligated to constant scrutiny and outright expression, if we want to establish a meaningful community government. For to govern ourselves with competence and maturity we must exercise the same tenacity interest in the welfare of Bard that we use in the struggle to build and preserve the integrity of our institutions.

We have swung full circle in four years, with the exception that the existence of the college seems assured. But the assured existence of Bard is small triumph if our contributions to its functioning and growth continue to be taken in a casual and patronizing manner. Let us begin to knock as we enter the President’s office. Not so hard that we knock down the door as the veterans would have done, but loud enough to be heard.

Community Garage
Your
PLYMOUTH — DODGE Dealer
Rhinebeck, N. Y.

SCHRAUTH’S ICE CREAM
The Borden Co.
12 North Bridge St.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

McMichael’s Jewelry Store
Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing
Red Hook, N. Y.

Ed Smith’s Service Station

RED HOOK FLORAL CO.
Red Hook
STOCKENBERG HARDWARE

REGIS HOTEL
Red Hook, N. Y.

“Just Good Shoes” For the Entire
Family — What More Can We Say —
Ten Broeck Shoe Store
Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Letter to the Community
(Cont’d from page 2)

its inventor?

I have been told that there are many reasons for this apparent lack of interest, and I will be the first to admit that some are definitely valid—point 1. For instance, several people have informed me that “I would like to work on the station, but I don’t have any talent.” Before I comment on this statement, some explanation of the function of WXBC is necessary.

A commercial station exists for the public and the listening audience. Its success is judged accordingly. WXBC, as clearly stated in its constitution, exists for its staff, as do most college radio stations. The reasons for this are fundamental, immutable, and rather simple. First, a commercial station serves either one or both of two functions: they are profit-making organizations and/or public culture services. In either case, the listening audience determines its success or failure in a very real way; the first, through advertising quantity and the second, for obvious reasons. Secondly, the staff of a commercial unit is a paid one, and while many of its members may honestly enjoy their work, it is to them a source of livelihood. WXBC is organized for a different purpose. Fundamentally, it seeks to provide enjoyment and relaxation to those members of the community who are interested in working on the station. Secondary purposes are to provide opportunity to learn radio technique, and to give the college community programs of the sort desired by such an intellectual audience. However, the first of these is clearly dependent on a large extent on the second. Any possible pleasure in working on a radio station stems primarily from the realization that people you can’t see, and possibly don’t know, are listening and are aware of what you do. Ergo, if no one listens, the station and all its purposes completely fail.

Talent is the least requirement of WXBC. The only requisite is a willingness and desire to help. The provision of opportunity for relaxation and enjoyment is its own reward. This is frankly and honestly a plea to you—the people who contribute to this station. The community is responsible for its success or failure. If it is allowed to die, the station is a complete waste, both of money and of time, and more. By letting it die, you also kill any opportunity for those future people who honestly desire to utilize it. WXBC cannot exist without your help.

First National Bank
Red Hook, N. Y.

The Red Hook Hotel
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