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BARDIAN

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The Bardian

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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 Universities School of Education are to sponsor a Graduate Workshop for Problems of Classroom Teachers from July 12 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 conference, from August 18 to September 1, of the Institute for General Semantics.

An 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.

Four courses and the String Ensemble are definitely scheduled. Dr. Fliess is giving a course on The

Modern Novel. Contemporary Social Movements and The Crisis of Our Age: World History, 1914-1952 are being 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 not a regular course, but a full time project, carrying eight points of credit. It starts on June 30, 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 Budapest 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. Frauenfelder as instructor. The Center attempts to provide a brief but intensive introduction to American life, with emphasis upon 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 or her."

Concerto Workshop

by Robert Cornell

The Concerto Workshop, which took place on May 13, not only allowed some talented Bard pianists to publicly display their musical abilities, but also gave the community an opportunity to hear four important components of a diverse piano 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 phrasing 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 complimented for her poised manner, as well as for her musical competency.

An excellent, if conservative, reading of the "Concerto in B Flat Major, Opus 19," by Beethoven, was offered by Elinor Rosenblum. Lucid and adept throughout, Elinor proved herself capable of clarifying much of the charm of this delightful 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

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The terraced gardens of the Zabriskie Estate will be the setting for many end-term activities.

Graduation Exercises June 21 Culminate "June Week" Events

During the latter part of June, Seniors and Alumni will set the stage for a furor of activity. Preceding the formal commencement exercises, the members of the class of '52 will celebrate their approaching graduation with the traditional "June Week" festivities. The alumni will hold their annual reunion that time. Following is a calendar of end-term events:

Friday, June 13—Seniors will take off, in cars and busses, for the wilds of Lake Taghanic State Park, for their traditional Senior picnic.

Wednesday, June 18—The Juniors and Seniors will try to pull each other through Annandale Creek in the annual tug of war.

Hallowe'en in June! Seniors will mutter incantations as they toss their project notes and carbon copies into the bonfire back of Wardens.

Thursday, June 19—The Zabriskie house and gardens will once again be the scene of a gala social event; the graduation formal dance and cocktail party.

Friday, June 20—The Reverend John Huess, class of '29, Rector of Trinity Church, New York City, will speak at the Baccalaureate Service in the Chapel.

Alumni headquarters in the Zabriskie Estate Carriage House will buzz with excitement as reunion activities get under way. The Class of '52 has been invited to join the party.

Saturday, June 21—The Kappa Gamma Chi alumni will return to Kappa House to dedicate a plaque

commemorating their gift of the house to Bard in 1946. Following this is the traditional softball game, between alumni and 'anyone who will play against them.'

At 1:45 the Academic Procession will form in front of Wardens. Arnon Gafny will be student marshal and mace-bearer. The exercises will be held on the south front lawn from 2:00 to 3:30. Five honorary degrees will be conferred; two to alumni. Special certificates will be awarded to international students. The class gift, a phonograph combination for use in the art library and Albee will be presented. Immediately after the Recessional President and Mrs. Case will hold a reception in their garden.

Sunday, June 22nd—Chaplain Fuessle will conduct memorial services for the alumni who have passed away during the last year.

This issue of THE BARDIAN will be the last of its type this term. A special literary edition, soon to make its appearance, will contain only creative work instead of a mixture of both creative and feature material. This work will consist of poems, short stories, and articles contributed by faculty and student members alike. The edition is in the nature of an experiment and should it be judged worthwhile at least one such issue will be published per semester.

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.

Be this as it may, *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 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 resolving 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 explain the action 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 at, 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 Divisions, I sought agreement on how to allocate a maximum of 36 full-time faculty members (or their equivalent) among the Divisions. The final allocation came out as follows:

Arts	9
Languages and Literature ..	8½
Science	6
Social Studies	12½

With this agreement reached, I turned back 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 it is good to know that the damage is minimal. And no one, I believe, can deny that our work in other areas of the Division will be strengthened. I also regret any diminution in the richness and variety of our offerings, but until the size 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 may seem 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 call, for lack of a better name, "student interest," I have no alternative than to conclude that these aware few are indeed a small minority.

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 four times our 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 \$2000 invested in cash 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 and the council. Am I mistaken in assuming that any investment of this size should be watched over, aided in its growth, and helped out by

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Full Circle by JUD LEVIN

When I came to Bard four years ago, there was a race of men here known as "the veterans." Actually many of these upper classmen were not veterans, but they were pretty much alike in the fresh and limitless energy with which they approached their work and play, their quarrels and friendships. They could drink six beers to my one, laugh harder at a good joke, and work faster when the pressure was on.

They have been gone for some time now. My class is the last one that shared Bard with these men and their female contemporaries. I think that we have occasionally surpassed them in the breadth of our interests, in the seriousness of our intent, and in the quality of our work. But we have definitely lost the keenness of their responses and the vitality of their protest, and these we need badly. We have forgotten how to bristle and have allowed ourselves to be cajoled. We left our weapons at the door two, three, and four years ago and have never gone back to pick them up. When the men departed, the children arrived.

And I confess that I had some part in the denaturalization of Bard. At first I was proud of it, then I was content to merely live in, and enjoy the inert realm I had helped to create, and now I am somewhat regretful. Four years ago, Bard seethed with every issue, and with every issue the very existence of the college seemed to be at stake. There were those of us then who felt that we could not work in the midst of continual turmoil, especially since we did not know from one moment to the next whether or not the college would be there for us at the beginning of another semester. We fought the veterans. We

fought destructive criticism with constructive criticism; we fought a ruthless Bardian with our own conception of what a newspaper at Bard could be; we fought bitter distrust with faith and hope. The veterans graduated and disappeared. We won, and dropped the matter.

With quiescence, we became complacent; and, complacent, we have only observed and commented mildly upon the growing concentration in the administration of all effectual motivation for the College. Situations similar to those which our predecessors protested so vehemently and eloquently have come again, with barely a whimper from most of us and only a few loud voices scarcely heard. The violent energy and blatancy of the veterans have given way to a period of an astutely ruthless administration.

As a student somewhat alert to process at Bard and as chairman of the E.P.C. I have been increasingly plagued by the impression that while we are being led we are made to believe that we are leading ourselves. Our community institutions, I feel, are often manipulated to corroborate administration programs, because it is more effective for such programs to come out of the community than out of the administration. The President seems anxious to work through us, but not with us. There is little tangible with which one can take issue, and some achievements in the last two years cannot be denied. But the method must be as important as the achievement, and the method offends.

It is true that community government functions at the discretion of the President. But as long

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The Bardian

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The Marrying Summer

Nina Doerfler

And then there had been all the marrying nights. Toni shivered when she thought of them. It was so exciting. Very dark nights, and all the kids gathered on the gravel terrace in the back of the barn. Some had flashlights. She didn't remember quite when the marriage bug had bitten. But the whole summer had become a marrying one. In Arts and Crafts period the girls and boys made 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 throw peanuts at each other across the room. Then they played Spin the Bottle, only there was no bottle so they played Spin the Chicklet Box instead. Irma was big and fat, with apple round cheeks and a dimple in her chin. She was a little older than the rest, and very good-natured and funny. All the boys kissed her smilingly—after all, she had invited them to her 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 much too young for her.

But when Hank spun and the box pointed to Susan, he bent over her, his dark slicked-back hair dropping forward over his forehead, and kissed her on the cheek 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 throwing peanuts and sat very still. They watched. No one said a word. Toni sat very still, her eyes wide, and then she remembered to breathe and let out a long sigh.

Irma, the eternal organizer, tried hard to get the party back to its former noisy condition. She told Toni to do a stunt. But no, now they couldn't be stopped. The girls all spun carefully 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 ghost instead

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

Susan and Hank must get married, Susan and Hank must get married, married—everyone got the idea at once. Then Irma cried

out in her booming voice, "And I'll be Justice of the Peace!" Susan giggled. 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 was scared. 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 slapping 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. Not 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 giggled nervously. She said she thought that anyway she couldn't get married until she asked her mother. But the others had gotten the idea and they wouldn't let it go. Finally Hank announced very gravely and decisively, "We shall be engaged, Susan and I." Then, having spent himself, he sat 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 now was engaged. But she looked just the same. Oh no, Toni looked again. 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.

"Do you take this male for your lawfully wedded husband?"

"I do," Nancy answered slowly and dreamily.

"Then kiss, and the marriage is done," Irma pulled no punches.

Nancy bent over to reach Shorty, and he put his hands on her cheeks bringing her forward. He stood on tip toes and kissed her on the lips lightly and quickly. But Toni watched as they shut their eyes.

Then everyone shouted, and Toni even played *Here Comes the Bride* on the piano. Irma got some rice from the kitchen, and they all had a great time flinging it all over the room until the place looked like the center of a big snowstorm. Irma got a brainstorm 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 engaged. 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 be-

tween continued from then 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 flashlight 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 Felice; and Johnnie married Alice. Irma even married herself off to the fattest boy in the camp, Danny "Fatso" 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 Susan wanted to be married to him. Yet he held off. He ducked her in the lake, and walked her home from the Tuesday socials sometimes, but he was careful. Until one day Susan was glowing and she told the girls, yes she 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 buzzed 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-um. He looked scared. His eyes were open wide.

Irma read a long written speech, while they all stood around, very quiet and awkward. The boys put their hands on their hips, 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 patting their hair down. No one knew quite what to do.

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 being excited to hear them say I do—but then they were in each other's arms. Hank hugged her tightly and seriously. His thin arms could reach far around her. The boys started to cheer and then everyone was yelling, Toni too, "Yay, yay, Hoorah, Hurrah, here comes the bride."

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, hopping, 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 had fallen on her face, and she was giggling so much that she shook. Hank's hands were on her shoulders, strong and large. Then he helped her up, and worked hard brushing the dirt from the skirt of her white dress.

Toni took a deep breath and the flower smell 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 smelling to look at.

With her eyes closed, it came in, pressed her close, the smell, the heat. The flashlights made her see white streaks even through closed eyes. This is real love, Toni decided. Too beautiful for us because we are young kids yet. Grown-ups can look. And how beautiful it must be to see.

LANDSCAPE

by Martin Johnson

A silent piece of land is stretched before me
As a woman, serene, cradled in bed.
To this land, to this woman, shall I be led?
If I could perceive, would I but see
One leaf hanging on a solemn tree,
Steadfast, content, fully nourished, fully fed—
Or a flower bed gownned in a subtler red.
This land is my woman—this is she
Dressed not in frocks, exhibiting all,
But suggesting to my senses, a deeper lust
For my passions are roused by her touch, so light
If she would but stir, o'er her bosom I'd crawl
To silence the murmuring beneath the earth's crust
And shield her frail body from the blindness of night.

The Man Who Searched For Love

by Andrew Wing

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 waited for men with whom they could do business, they talked in loud voices. They were both past that point in life when their business was practical. The older 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 older of the two women. He watched the reflections of the four people in a dirty mirror behind the rows of liquor bottles. A sickening odor of grime 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 more interested and said to the bartender, "Let me have a scotch and soda, will you?"

The bartender shook 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, Mac?"

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

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

The older sipped her drink indifferently and paid no attention to her friend.

"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 alike to me. I 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.

"Yeah, you said it, mister. All people is after is each other's money. There's no love in the city or anywhere for that matter."

Mr. Crown turned away from her cold stare, then looked up. "There's love 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 for 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 good in them too. "There is good in all, there is good in all, there has to be," he said 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 were green and the wind made a rippling ocean of the wheat. Not a car was 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 rides 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 no 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, and asked, "Are you a tramp, mister?"

The boy watched every move suspiciously as he waited for the reply. Mr. Crown smiled gently. "I 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 doubtful, but he looked into Mr. Crown's deep, blue eyes and stopped. "A tramp is a bad man," he repeated.

"Why?"

The boy became indignant. "Mister, I think you look like a tramp. You're dirty. My mother says that men who are dirty are bad. You're bad." He backed away from Mr. Crown; he was afraid of those serene, blue eyes.

"Do you live on a farm?" Mr. Crown asked.

"Yes," said the boy. "My father owns a big, 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 chubby little 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, who 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 goin'?" 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.'"

"Thanks," said Mr. Crown. "That will be fine for me." Mr. Crown liked the old man who had that strong individual dignity which old people possess.

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

"Yes, I just came from the city."

"New York?"

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

"What's the matter, ya lose your gal there or somethin'?" jeered the old man. "I knew a feller once went to the big city for a couple a weeks. Gosh-dern, did he have a time! He says t' me that them city women fall all over a feller. Don't know what became 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 sweat year after year and what do ya get for it? Nothin' but pains from growing old. If I had it all to live over again, I'd a moved to the city long ago. You can live there."

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

"What did that gal a yours look like? Bet she was a honey, eh?"

"I never had a girl there for long," said Mr. Crown. "I liked 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 ta tell myself all the time that I should a never got married to my old 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 the 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 desperately. "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 tell him how beautiful the country was. He wanted to show the old man 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, the car roared off onto a side road.

Mr. Crown lifted his big suitcase and began walking. He hoped someone else would stop and give him a ride down that long country road.

Hands that hold:
Firm the long-swinging scythe
spilling the pregnant headed grain to ground,
Steady the curved, brute force of ax helve
spewing chunks from the trunks of tall timber,
Taut the sweated bar of pitchfork
tumbling earth-damp hay to the warmth of sun,
Come to hold the softness of a woman
With tenderness born of strength
And fierce begotten pride.

Hands that hold:
The time of day
and timelessness of night
In paper values of five's and ten's
And pencil action of words on paper,
With the balance of tea cup held on knee
and the stem of wine glass held in hand,
Come to hold a woman's softness
With grasp born of need
And false begotten fear.

Mike Zuckerman

1952 Bandwagon

by Charles Naef

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.

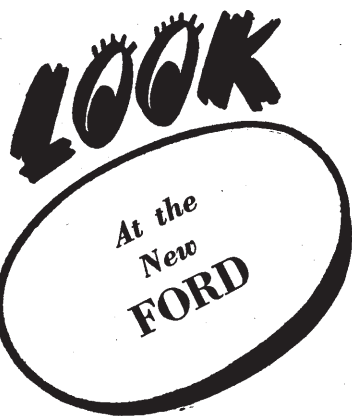
Liberal leaders are confident and chuckle secretly over the follies of the dinosaur wing of the GOP. For the past twenty years the Republicans have lacked an attractive program and a remarkable candidate, with the exception of Wendell Wilkie in 1940. Still lacking a positive winning program that can capture the imagination of the American people, they are pinning their hopes on "Ike" whom everybody "likes." I have pointed out in earlier columns that Eisenhower's halo veils 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 glamor and personality but by what he and the GOP stand for.

Status Quo Democrats Scared While Liberals Confident

The magic of Ike scares the daylight out of those Democrats who would like to retain the status quo. Their spokesman and Presidential candidate, Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, preaches 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 marginal 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 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 Fair Deal-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 adoption of a liberal platform. Only then will they decide on a Presidential standard bearer whom they all will support to the hilt.



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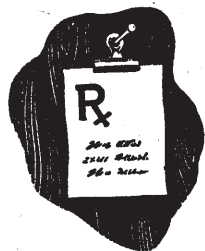
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Walt Bean, Proprietor

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 blurred passages, Naomi's playing was extremely musical. It was undoubtedly the finest and most praiseworthy 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 *planissimo* 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.

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Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Bard Spirit Today

by Robert Lane

by Robert Koblitz

"What is the spirit of Bard? How does it differ from that of the usual college? Or rather, does Bard have any spirit?" Many people might ask these questions; you may have asked them yourself. To a person who has spent three years on the campus of a typical, small, liberal arts college and who has recently transferred to this campus, the answers are evident.

Bard does not have an inter-collegiate sports program as one finds in the more traditional type of school. There are no "Pep Rallies," cheerleaders, marching bands, Freshman "Dinks," inter-class competitions, or any of the other devices used to instill "school spirit" in the undergraduates of the usual college. We do not have a venerate name in the hoary history of education as do the Ivy League colleges.

Is there, then, any spirit at Bard? It is very definitely present, but of a far different nature than that of the usual college. It can hardly be explained in words; it must be lived before it can be understood.

Most Bardians have come to this campus with one of two purposes: to find the means of expression which appeal to them most; to develop their already chosen form of expression. We may not always understand a fellow student's particular form of expression or agree with his philosophy or mode of living, but we do not criticize too severely, because of a realization that our own ideologies and ideals may be just as inconceivable to him.

This attitude of individual recognition which is the guiding power of our school can be seen in the cooperation of the faculty and administration with the students, and in the cooperative feeling among the students themselves. Our freedom of self-expression can be seen in what we create, the way we dress, the way in which we decorate our rooms, and even in the courses we choose to study.

These are the facts that make our college what it is; the people in it what they are. These are the facts that have created such a strong bond among all those connected with Bard. Our spirit is not a thing that is crammed into a person from the outside; it is an appreciation for our school that seeps from the soul outward. It is a fellowship that is not manifested in rallies, songs or cheers.

The spirit of Bard is a deep-seated feeling, built on the appreciation of the fact that a person can be an individual here. It is shown through a quiet, stubborn attitude which is intent on keeping such a spirit alive on this campus with the hope that it will spread throughout the educational world.

It is pretentious for a newcomer to write about the spirit of Bard—the landscape or the people, perhaps even the academic goals—but something so illusive as the spirit . . . Pretentious though it is, that one should be asked and accept to attempt such a task, it is nevertheless characteristic.

We are pretentious at Bard, with all of the vanity and high aspiration, all of the foolish precocity and simple earnestness that the term carries. We are a little school, but think of ourselves as grandly different, even unique. We are dedicated to a new and untried idea of higher education without tight systems of fixed knowledge along with the great seats of learning.

The Bard spirit leads students to ask of a school what no school can give. There is no more precious, or more personal faculty than the creative impulse: to articulate part of yourself, to express the genuine and whole, to measure the moment and its meaning. Yet the student comes here to create, returns each year with hopes undiminished, against all sense and science seeks here his genius. It must be very clear to anyone who stops to think that creativity cannot be taught; the tools, yes, the techniques, the history, the logic, the form but never, never the conception or fruition of idea or art.

This is the quintessence of Bard's pretentiousness, the courage to seek what is clearly impossible. The student shuts his eyes to frustration and the certainty of defeat to try the impossible. Elsewhere one lectures and hurries away lest he be forced to measure the impact. Other students might accumulate their marks and credits and ask no more. Here we pretend to the whole student, the whole way of learning from mind to mind, and even to create expression. It is pretentious. It is clearly impossible. The spirit of Bard is that here the impossible is treated not as a limit but as a goal.

In the May 5th issue of THE BARDIAN, in an article on the Zabriskie estate, there appeared mention of the house in which Richard and Helen Bard are now residing. A statement was made to the effect that plans had been made for the redoing of the house. This statement was in error. An architect's examination has revealed that the cost of putting it in shape would exceed its total value. The matter is not altogether closed, however, as there have been no final decisions made.

Full Circle

(Cont'd from page 2)

as he allows it to function, he must treat it as a respected junior partner and not as an accessible instrument. I am speaking of spirit and attitude, very difficult substances to gauge accurately, and even more difficult to modify. Rather than abandon community government in disgust, as I have recently heard people recommend, I think we should struggle to create the kind of atmosphere that we want. I regret that I did not study my old enemies more closely. I can only advise that, as issues arise, we press with comparable vigor for what we believe is best for Bard College. Indeed,

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 tenacious 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.

F. H. PIERSON & SON

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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

its investors?

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—to a point. 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 to 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.



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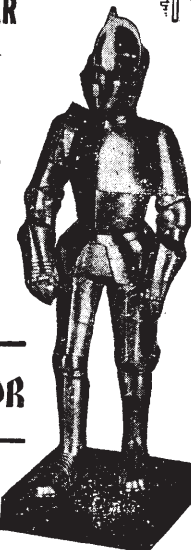
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