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The Bardian

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Dr. Jaeger Discusses Greek Ideals

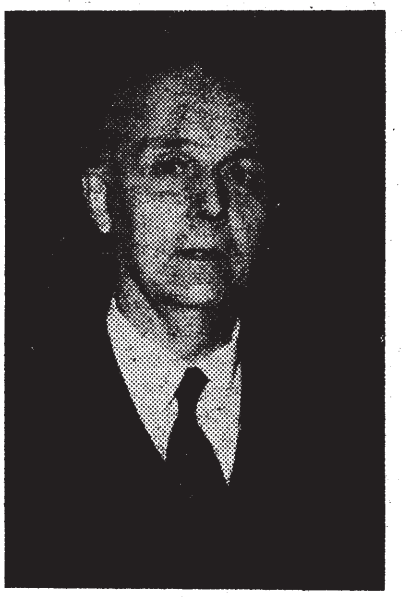
On October 6, Dr. Werner Jaeger delivered The Library Lecture before a capacity audience of two hundred and twelve persons. His topic was "The Greeks and the Education of Man." Dr. Jaeger, author of **Paideia: The Ideals of Greek Culture,** has taught at Harvard and at the University of Chicago. He is considered one of the world's foremost authorities on Greek culture.

Dr. Jaeger defined the Greek idea of the humanities: "That which is truly human in a man and constitutes his being what he ought to be." The Greek word for this is paideia, education. Paideia was associated with, and finally came to designate, the entire Greek culture. More specifically it meant the literature. Hence the genius of Greek civilization developed from the education of the whole man.

The lecture proceeded with a survey of Greek cultural history. Dr. Jaeger explained the reasons for and purposes of **paideia.** The unity of Greek thinking lay in a striving toward "the foundation of man." Greek creative activity aimed itself toward a conscious cultural ideal. Greek art never was a mere object of aesthetic pleasure, but was a bearer of **ethos,** "a feeling or intention of the artist that had sought expression and found it." Their poetry, as did their prose, concerned itself with all their human relationships. "The literature of the Greeks offers a splendid spectacle: the striving of the human spirit for the abiding expression of its ideals, the moulding of human excellence . . . ."

Greek education was this formation of the entire man through a study of past culture and a striving toward arete, the ideal potentiality of man. This potentiality is both ethical and aesthetic.

"The Greek idea of education is opposed to all professionalism." Professor Jaeger continued his speech drawing obvious parallels between what was finest in Greek education, and that for which we should strive in progressive education. "The objective of education is not business but man,—Greek education is general education,—stress is laid on the arts,—a general education meant a political education, if we take this word in its highest sense."



Dr. Werner Jaeger on the occasion of the annual Bard College Library Lecture, October 6, 1953. The event marked the 60th Anniversary of the Hoffman Memorial Library.

Dr. Jaeger concluded his lecture in a scholarly fashion placing emphasis on the revivals of Greek culture and defining and illustrating his earlier statements. The evening ended with a question and answer period, followed by a reception for Dr. Jaeger in Albee Social.

Bard College Hosts Group

Bard College, one of 20 colleges and universities in New York State participating in a joint study of college-community relationships, was host to a survey team on Wednesday and Thursday, October 7th and 8th. The visiting group, under the chairmanship of Dr. Alice Koempel, professor of sociology at Vassar College, consulted with Bard faculty members and students and more than a dozen community leaders.

The primary purpose of the study, the results of which will be published later by The New York State Citizens' Council, Inc., is to discover the most promising practices and new ideas in college-community relations.

"Blithewood"

Bard college was presented with a challenge when it received "Blithewood" from Mr. Christian A. Zabriskie in the fall of 1951. How would it be possible to utilize "Blithewood" as part of the college campus? The BARDIAN, in a series of articles, will present the facts concerning "Blithewood," and will attempt to formulate constructive suggestions concerning the future use of the estate.

In the spring of 1952, a committee of students, faculty, and alumni was formed, who made several suggestions for the use of the property. Many of these suggestions proved to be impractical. For example, that the main house, consisting of 42 rooms, should be used to house the president of the college and his family; to serve as student dormitories; or for administrative offices. The location of the estate prevents the latter two suggestions from being plausible. However, one very good suggestion was made. That was that the 425-acres of land lying east of route 9G, and included in the estate, be sold. It was planned to invest the money realized from this in further improvement of the mansion. A very small part of the land has already been sold to members of the college staff.

Under no circumstances will the buildings, pool, or informal gardens be sold. There are plans for future development of the college by use of the main buildings, and already the green house is the center of Botanical studies conducted by the Biology Department.

Plans are now being reviewed by two alumni architects, Sidney Shelov, class of 1937, and Paul Muller, class of 1940, for utilization of the old horse barn as an art studio and gallery. They are also planning the transformation of the coach house, now used by the dietition for living quarters, into a theater and dance area. Two married students and the Annandale Nursery School are now occupying the Walter's Cottage. The gardener's cottage is being used as living quarters by Professor Hartman. Prior to the granting of the estate, Bard rented the Hopson cottage from Mr. Zabriskie, but this too came with the estate, and now houses the Artinians. The Sand's house, now inhabited by the Bards was also part of the estate.

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Orozco Murals Lecture Topic

On October 15, in Bard Hall, Alex Dobkin presented a lecture concerning Orozco's Dartmouth murals. The lecture was accompanied by a series of color slides. Because of the extensive size of the murals, Mr. Dobkin was unable to show them on the screen in their entirety. By using individual sections, he stressed the historical content and narrative quality. The sense of unity which the individual parts were to achieve was lost to the audience, and therefore, the plastic qualities of the work were incompletely represented.

Murals Unparalled

The Dartmouth murals were painted around 1933 while Orozco was a professor at Dartmouth. Supposedly, Orozco's intention was to instruct, but he was infinitely more interested in the actual painting and produced these murals which, in the opinion of Mr. Dobkin, are very typically American, and stand unparalleled. Orozco portrayed the story of American history from the time of the Aztec civilization to the present, ending with a prophecy of the future.

Although Mr. Dobkin did not emphasize Orozco as a personality, the ideas of the painter were sometimes evident in the explanations of the slides. The first panel is of a migration with the people moving resolutely forward. Orozco displays his belief that man moves mountains, not the converse, and in a larger sense, expresses a belief in humanity. According to Mr. Dobkin, Orozco conceives of the United States as a mechanistic society where all wear similar clothes. He sees Orozco as a sympathetic observer of United States society, yet the United States is depicted by a grimly stereotyped caricature of the spinster school teacher and her submissive pupils.

Final Mural

The final mural of a worker reading a book contains the prophecy that the worker would eventually inherit the earth, that the workers will work for themselves and combine intellectual knowledge with physical prowess.

The Bardian

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From the President's Desk

by J. H. CASE, Jr.

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

16 October 1953

Mr. Paul Kolda, Chairman
Community Council
Campus Mail

Dear Paul,

Your letter of October 13 on behalf of Community Council seems to me to represent reassuring and substantial progress toward the goal of setting our objectives as an educational community (of which, of course, the academic program is the foundation) and suggesting the framework within which social regulations and measures of enforcement can appropriately be fitted.

As I study the proposals, they strike me as going far toward providing the **individual** with a genuine opportunity to take advantage of what the community offers. I am not so sure, however, that they are equally successful in dealing with the converse of this important problem: providing the **community** itself with the essential elements suggested by Professor T. M. Greene in his Symposium speech of February 1952 and referred to in my opening address this fall. You will recall that these elements were **structure, texture,** and **dynamism** or **vitality.** It has been my opinion, shared by at least some others, that our chief deficiency was in structure, and that our vitality was indirectly weakened as a consequence of that deficiency.

This, I acknowledge, is a delicate point, for Bard's spirit as it is expressed in texture could be destroyed by over-structuring. I raise the question, however, whether Council's statement, adequate as it may be for the individual members of the community, deals adequately with our collective problem. I should like to point out that the collective problem itself has two faces—internal and external. The one has to do with social cohesiveness; the other, with relationships beyond our own campus and including the wider community of the great academic tradition of which we are a part, parents of students, parents of prospective students, our neighbors in the mid-Hudson Valley, and all friends of the College.

As an example of what I have in mind, I find no provision in your allocation of closed-house hours for community-wide social activities. The Entertainment Committee tries to arrange a program of social activities, particularly on Saturday nights, in which at least a substantial portion of the whole community can participate, but failure to take account of this effort dooms it to comparative ineffectiveness. I should not quarrel with you if you were to re-compute the allocation now made under the heading "Miscellaneous" so that provision for this important function of a community could be made without increasing the number of closed-house hours.

Three general observations seem appropriate on your computation of the number of closed-house hours required for attaining the educational objectives of the community: (1) The computation itself seems reasonable, despite the fact that it provides a greater period of open-

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Editorial

Many students in the Fine Arts Department are perturbed. These students have been discussing and criticising the present state of their department. Their criticisms are aimed at both basic teaching techniques and a lack of scope within the department. Educational Policies Committee feels that their criticisms have sufficient validity to warrant an overall study of the situation.

A consensus of their criticisms seems to indicate five major deficiencies within the Art Department.

1—An insufficient diversity of mediums and ideas.
2—No cohesive element within the department.
3—A lack of emphasis upon History and Criticism of Art.
4—An insufficient amount of technical training and traditional direction.
5—Not enough emphasis on drawing especially from nude models.

We feel that the first three criticisms have enough overall justification to merit serious consideration. The last two must be discussed in order to avoid misunderstandings.

Point number one could be solved by the reinstatement of an industrial design course, and/or by a fourth instructor to complement the ideas of Messrs. Schanker, Hirsch and Fite.

It has been suggested at the E. P. C. meetings that point number two could be rectified by holding a Divisional Seminar. Mr. Hoffman is using this procedure in the Drama Department, and we feel that it also would be a wise experiment for the Art Department.

Point number three (as the case with the first point) would be resolved by the hiring of a fourth instructor. There are only three professors for the thirty students in the Department. When one compares this with the nine professors and forty-seven students in the Language and Literature Division, the overburdening of the professors of Fine Arts becomes apparent. A fourth man in the department would alleviate this overburdening. It would permit Mr. Schanker or Mr. Hirsch to teach one or more History and Criticism of Art Courses, or the fourth man could himself teach this type of course.

Points four and five Professor Hirsch discussed on the following page.

With Louis Schanker, Harvey Fite and Stefan Hirsch as a nucleus, Bard College should have an outstanding Art Department. We hope that either the administration or the Division of Art, Music, Drama and Dance will take immediate action to bolster the Art Department.

Letters to the Editor

October 12, 1953

Dear Editor:

We should like to protest the poor taste employed by the **BARDIAN** in the presentation (both content and physical layout) of the article entitled **Case Opens Year by Convocation Address.**

Regardless of our attitude toward the action taken by the President, we wonder what the editors think is accomplished by a detrimental personal attack on the president, completely disassociated from mention of any actual issues.

We ask what can be the value of implicating other personalities, again completely unrelated to the issues at stake.

What merit in this article makes it deserving of the most prominent headline and the most prominent position in the paper?

At a time when the building of a creative community spirit is of utmost importance, we question the value of an article which does nothing but build malicious antagonism.

The **BARDIAN** has the potentiality of being a most influencial force in campus life. Cannot this potentiality be directed into more constructive channels than that represented by this article?

Sincerely,
Sue Leeman
Susan Stephenson

October 18, 1953

Dear Editor,

I have been recently informed that an article appeared in the recent BARDIAN entitled **No Class of '53 Gift Yet.**

The Class of 1953 elected it's class officers late in April. The organization was a surface one; a few titles handed out, but little leadership and purpose were included. This was our mistake, and may be used as a lesson to future Senior Classes. Our activities were listed on the calendar, but existed little in fact. This was only typical of the class 'feeling; a feeling that seems to prevail in general around Bard. Two weeks after I had been elected, a meeting of the senior class was called, to which three persons responded. A second meeting was called and about ten seniors, out of forty, appeared. Being that this was an unusually high turnout for Bard, the decision about the senior gift was made, and plans were made for the collection of senior dues. Within the next two weeks, every senior, including not only those in attendance, but also those who had at one time attended Bard and that were still considered part of the class and those that had graduated during the winter session, was supplied with informa-

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Experimentation in Fine Arts Explained

by STEFAN HIRSCH

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

Mr. Hirsch, who lives on campus with his wife Elsa Rogo, has taught at the Art Student's League and Bennington College. His paintings and graphic art have been displayed at the Metropolitan, Whitney, and Dartmouth College Museums.

I have been asked by the **Bardian** to write something about the past, present, and future history and policies of the Art Department in the Division of Art, Music, Drama and Dance. I am not quite sure that this is what I was really asked to write about and of course I won't write exactly about that. It may be pure accident that this request should come at the time when unrest and not completely explicit dissatisfaction of art students is mulled over in E.P.C. This in turn comes at the time when the entire college population is disturbed by its inability and unwillingness to live with reason as well as passion in an experimental college dedicated primarily to higher learning and to accomodate itself, in an experimental community—within the larger American community and not outside it—to the authority of its own democratically framed laws and to the mores of that larger community.

Since I am going to speak presently of the experimental character of art education at Bard I would like to clarify what we mean and what we don't mean by using this term. We think of it as following a hypothesis and preceeding the formulation of a theory. An experiment is ". . . an act or operation undertaken in order to . . . test, establish or illustrate some suggested or known truth." (Webster).

Our educational hypothesis, or "suggested truth," is that one learns best that which one learns voluntarily; and better by doing it than by merely talking about it. Note that the "doing" is not given exclusive rights; note that the "talking about" is not relegated to limbo. Our hypothesis continues by assuming that the creative mind must also be a technical and a critical mind; all of which demands a self-critical, self-disciplined mind.

So far our strongest detractors would probably still go with me. But in formulating an educational policy one has to make certain choices; one must distinguish between elementary and basic factors. One must take into account the physical and historical realities of the time and place in which one wishes to be effective. One must place first things first. One must also have the guts to resist certain pressures inimical to one's ideals.

I would place first the inwardness of art and with it a profound regard for the potential creativeness of any human being. This means in practical terms that art education should be individual education as much as possible. It also means that I believe the teaching of techniques as such is one of the greatest swindles perpetrated in a field in which confidence games have become increasingly easy with the waning artistic sagacity of a technologically obsessed society of specialist amateurs.

To be even more paradoxical, I would like to say that the creative process in art is the technical process and if the two occur separately there is no art but only empty virtuosity. This means then that technique as such cannot be taught except in the most elementary manipulative stages. Whenever the attempt has been made to freeze technique in a pedagogic system, art has stagnated, become "academic." If art has to do with the artist's awareness and feeling of new relationships, within or without, and with his casting this into tangible form, then he must also newly invent and discover that technique which makes his feeling and form explicit and unique; granted of course that in any given epoch the technical devices resemble each other greatly, but it is precisely their dissimilarities which embody the particular genius of the work.

Think for a moment of how we learn speech in pre-school life. Do we master vocabulary first, grammar and syntax next, intonation, accentuation and emphases last? The dominating element in it is none of those; it is the more or less dark but overpowering urge to give expression jointly to thought and feeling, the tension of which produces the total speech form. Are we clumsy at first? Indeed we are. How do we improve? By practice. Do we progress naturally in this? No. When we enter school and are forced to learn again badly what we once knew better, we adopt several languages: the monotone of scholastic recitation (and with it the disgust with great poetry forced thus through our wind pipes), the opportunism of tempered response to our elders, and the free-form twitter of the playground—by far the most vital. Much much later we go for public speech courses and finish our technical training as stuffed shirts or politicians.

If we want to cultivate the inwardness of art: which are the elementary practices and which the basic ones? Most of you would say that drawing is the elementary discipline of painting. I say painting is the elementary discipline of painting. Drawing may be a discipline basic to accomplished painting; in many historical situations it was. I have been upbraided by friends, enemies and students for allowing beginners to use colors before they knew how to draw. Our friend Bluecher knows two categories of people: "those who know, and those who know better." My wife calls the latter "unprejudiced by any knowledge of the subject"; my own designation for them is unprintable and in the art education racket they are legion.

Is it not perfectly obvious that if one wants to create a semblance of something in color that one should start with color? If feeling, an inward thing, is to find expression in color, is it not most important to experience deeply the inward qualities of color? The patent ability to experience this, is what delights us so utterly with the paintings of children. Whether you want to be stuffy about their being art or not, the passion with which the kids push brilliant and muddy paints around is convincing and elementary in the double sense.

Mr. Stefan Hirsch with a class in Orient Studio

But no! We must first satisfy the demand for accuracy which any know-better will postulate. The same fool will tell you that Renaissance perspective is the technique embodying and guaranteeing that accuracy, unfortunately for him a demonstrably false assertion.

Nobody at Bard, of course, objects to drawing. Obviously what is loosely called good draftmanship in painting is something eminently worth practicing. The beginner wallowing blissfully in paints discovers or is made to discover the doubtful quality of his draftsmanship. From here on it becomes his duty to draw. It has never been the duty of Bard teachers to force students to draw. They are artist-teachers, not governesses. Bard students in every year since I have come here have drawn extraordinarily well, some few each year. They have always been the ones who never had any trouble in finding something to draw. The others have always yelled for nude models because they "knew better" that this is the only way to learn the craft. We have nothing against nude models except that they are too expensive when obtainable at all, to let them loose on students who can't even draw a green pepper.

Some of these problems have to be taken care of in the field period. No teacher at Bard objects to technical studies or to any of the hundred chores the practice of which makes the student more

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The Bardian Literary Section

THE LIFT

by ANDREW WING

The rhythmic roar of the big trucks filled the air with vibrant sound. The broad highway, massed with movement, gigantic noise, and glittering lights, was wet with a film of oil and night rain. Reflections from streetlamps, wide truck beams, and glaring colored signs formed dimensions of misty and radiant light. The blare and blinding glow built a prodigious contrast with the whimpering rain. Small splashes of water were being thrown toward the gutter at the side of the highway by the wheels of the passing trucks. Although the rain seemed resigned, the machines appeared angered and in a determined struggle as the grindings and groans were audible in the damp night.

The water ran over the coarse ground at the road's edge rippling and twisting with the force of a miniature river. Soaked paper and dead leaves, sturdy twigs and mashed cigarettes, barely holding together, slowly washed along the stream's path. Most of the particles of debris continued unmolested, but a few of the larger and slower moving were detained by two small feet firmly placed. They were the feet of a boy, who, standing resolutely in the road, not turning as the cars passed, was boldly hitch-hiking. He tried to look straight at the oncoming cars, arm outstretched, fist closed, and thumb extended, pointing in the direction that he wanted to go, but he had to blink his eyes at each car's piercing beam, and he couldn't help bending his body slightly forward to protect his face from the rain.

The boy, who appeared to be about the age of twelve, wore a pair of faded, blue levis folded up because the legs were too long and because it was the style. Covering his body was a heavy, dark, blue coat with a high collar worn up to protect his neck from the rain. Even with his shoulders shrugged to lift the coat high enough so that the collar might cover his ears, it still fell upon his thighs keeping him warm in the cool wet night. His pale features showed restrained emotion but did not openly give way to the overwhelming sounds, the relentless rain, or the everchanging lights. Though he could feel a tormenting, pulling fear which had hung over him since he had left New York three hours earlier, he was not going to let it overcome him, for he had a destination that he would reach even at the risk of all the dangers that might be present on the road or those larger ones which his young active mind was inventing.

Standing, hoping that a car would stop, the gentle rush of water passing by his boots, he thought about the city, his home there and his father. The boy could picture his father, big in appearance with eyes that seemed to see through you, and hear him say in his gruff, sharp voice, as he always said and had said earlier that evening, "Why did she have to die and leave me with you, eh Johnny?" But the boy didn't mind now; his father couldn't hound him out there on the highway.

His ears were filled with the words drumming over and over, "Why, why, why . . . eh Johnny," he had said with contempt, but the comforting memory of his escape came back. It had not been raining as he made his way out into the overcast summer evening carrying his coat and a small canvas satchel containing the few things that he considered important for his venture. Besides socks, underclothes, a shirt, and an extra pair of faded levis, he had brought a knife. One of those with a blade that snaps open at the press of a button, it was his prize possession. He had earned the money to buy it, and as a man always values his means of protection more than any of his other material things, the trapper, his gun, the ancient warrior, his sword and armor, the young boy valued his knife. He could feel the pearl handle's smooth firmness, and, when he needed further security, he could draw it out of his pocket and making sure that no one saw him, press the small steel button. Leaving the apartment he had lived in all his life, he drew the knife and watched the flash of shiny metal as he squeezed with his thumb, and pushing the blade to its position within the handle, he had gone on, ten dollars hidden in his wallet and fifteen cents in his hand for the subway that would take him to the city limits.

The boy stood in the rain listening to the grunting roars and watching the trucks and cars slither monotonously by in machine-like rhythm. The hopeless feeling of confinement to his place on the road lifted, and the world changed for him as a car slowed and stopped. He could see a body bend from the driver's seat to the other door window, a face stare out through the water-specked glass and hear a voice say, "Want a lift kid, hop in?" It was a soft kindly tone that the boy had seldom known in the few unhappy years of his life. He instinctively got in the car as the man pushed the door open, leaning across smiling. Smoothly the car edged away, enveloped in the mass of moving monsters with the rain splashing lightly as the wipers steadily banged and slid pushing the dimming mist aside. "It certainly is a bad night for this time of year," the man said, "As cold and wet as it is, isn't common to July."

"No it isn't," replied the boy, uneasy in his new environment but who was quickly being soothed by the reassuring, calm gestures and speech of the man next to him.

"How far are you going? I suppose that you live near here," the man said, the words flowing like warm butter, without enough curiosity to put the boy on the defensive.

"I'm going to Cape Cod."

"That's good; we'll be able to go almost all the way together. I'm heading for Boston." He glanced over at the boy who sat huddled by his window, "Why don't you take that heavy coat off, spread it on the back seat, and let it dry." The boy followed the suggestion. "I think that I will stop the car in a few minutes and get something to eat. I always get hungry driving late at night," the man stated temptingly.

The rain upon the metal body clashed lightly, and the wheels met the road in a continuous swishing sound that only ceased when the car stopped for an occasional red light. Cape Cod and his Uncle Bill, came into the boy's mind. Johnny's mother, whom he had never known, had been very close to her brother Bill before she had died. Bill, knowing the kind of man that Mr. Fischer was, had come to visit as often as he could in the years following the boy's birth and mother's death. But two visits, both invariably short because of business on the Cape, were his limit, and the one time that Johnny had visited Bill had been the summer before.

On returning to the city, Johnny had said nothing to his father about Cape Cod. It had been the happiest time of his life, and he didn't want to have his dream of living there thwarted from its very start. As he sat in the car riding toward his dream, every sensation and memory ran through his brain in a wonderful, swirling heaven. He pictured the early summer swims as the sun was coming up making the wide water into a red glow, his jumping out of bed, running naked into the cold ocean, flailing around to keep warm, dashing back to get dressed, helping Bill prepare breakfast, and taking care of the cabins after the tourists had left. The boy leaned his head back on the seat of the car, closed his eyes, and felt the warm afternoon sun beating down on him out in his Uncle Bill's boat, fishing or rowing, exploring the various inlets. Bill would go with him occasionally and show him the tricks that good fishermen have to know. Johnny didn't even mind the work (at his father's he hated any kind of work, and if he didn't do what he was supposed to, he would be called worthless) for he helped his uncle's tourist boarders build cooking fires on the beach, fix their fishing tackle, or do all sorts of errands, each one more interesting than the last. It was this existence that he had dreamed of returning to for almost a year.

He emerged from his thoughts as a voice from the seat beside him came through to him, "Not going to sleep are you?" Johnny lifted his head from its resting place, sat up straight, and saw the man smiling at him.

"No, just thinking," the boy answered sincerely.

"The place up ahead of us looks good. I'm going to stop and get a bite to eat." The car pulled into a small lot at the side of a diner The boy, not having put on his coat for the rain, ran to the door, the

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THE LIFT

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man following at a slower pace. Having sat at the long counter, a big short order cook, dressed in a white shirt and white apron immediately came over to them for there was no one else in the long room.

"What'll ya have?" his thundering voice bellowed, an impatient smile on his face. Johnny's friend replied, lifting his brows, placing his elbows on the counter, and clasping his hands together in a dignified way.

"Two orders of ham and eggs, some toast, and coffee," he said with deliberation. Turning to the boy who sat huddled beside him, he asked, "That is agreeable with you, isn't it?"

"Yes sir, thank you very much," the boy replied respectfully, as the man began to pay even more attention to the boy than he had while in the car.

"It's late at night for a boy like you to be travelling to Cape Cod," he said placing his arm around the boy's shoulder. Johnny shuddered inwardly but did not show it as this man was his friend and buying him a meal. He smiled back at him and looked at the menu on the wall written with interchangeable white letters that were placed on a blackboard. Continuing the conversation, the man announced, "I like to travel at night myself; the traffic is much faster, and the night gives a comforting, confining feeling that makes a long trip not so bad." Their orders were brought by the cook and the man carefully passed the salt and pepper to the boy before taking any himself.

"Ya want anything else, mac?" the cook said in his gruff voice. "That'll be a dollar-fifty."

"No thank you," the man answered, taking a handsome leather wallet from his inside coat pocket and placing two crisp dollar bills on the counter. Receiving his change, he glanced over at the boy, who, not having eaten since early that evening, was devoting his full attention to his ham and eggs. "You are certainly hungry. How about a piece of pie?" The boy refused politely, not wanting to take too much from a stranger, and, after having finished eating, they left.

In an hour the rain had subsided as the car made its way through the night. The boy was tired. He sat, a warm feeling inside of him created by a full stomach and thoughts of the days to come. He slowly, contentedly, dropped into a sleep of soft mists and gentle rain, dreaming of people he had seen and heard that day. Then there was only the sound of the rain as the car motor stopped, and visions all disappeared. He felt two soft hands, one on his neck and the other on his shoulder, and as he heard a voice murmuring quietly words that he could not understand in his half sleep, Johnny awoke lazily just as a huge truck roared by.

The noise sent a sudden jolting fear through his body, and for a moment he did not know where he was until, opening his eyes, he saw the man smiling over him, a possessive expression in his eyes as he shook the boy gently to wake him. The man spoke quickly, the words streaming forth in a convincing tone, his hands still on the boy's neck and shoulder. "I'm driving no further for awhile," he said, hesitating. "How would you like to come to live with me at my home in Maine? It's beautiful there. I have a small house that overlooks the ocean. One can see the boats and gulls playing on the rocks. There is plenty of room for the two of us. Someone comes in to clean and do the washing. You will have no work to do." As he continued to speak in this manner, Johnny sat, dazed, looking into the man's eyes and not moving. A strong, stifling smell of perfume, that the boy hadn't noticed before, corrupted the air that he tried to breathe. Could all this be part of his dream, he thought. Reaching into his pocket, the boy felt the pearl handle and the small button that released the blade. Johnny could feel the hands, one more securely on his neck and the other now on his thigh.

It was then that bewilderment was replaced by fear as he looked into the darkness at the eyes that were pleading, trying to overcome and possess him. Johnny stuttered, "But I'm going to Cape Cod." Not thinking what he was saying, the boy was trying to rid his mind of its fears and confusion. He could feel the hands, smell the perfume, and hear the words, yet he remembered the man's kindness. As Johnny thought of his own destination, his fear of losing what he knew would be happiness overcame any trust that he had had in the man. The boy drew the knife with a sudden forcefulness, snapping the blade open. He shouted, trembling and about to cry, "Leave me alone, leave me alone!" A look of shock and humiliation appeared on the man's face as the boy leaped from the car more terrified at his own action than at the man's, snatching his canvas satchel and coat at the same time.

Running down the road into the night, Johnny felt that the man would follow and get revenge. In a moment, having run about a hundred yards, he saw the car start rolling ominously toward him. The blinding headlights raised and flashed on him for a minute as he desperately ran to the side of the road into a grassy field, wet from the long continuing rain. Lying on his stomach, he could see the car stop slowly. He held his breath for a minute until, the hesitation of indecision having ended, the car moved away. After waiting to see if the man would return, Johnny got up, brushed the water from his heavy coat and walked back onto the highway.

The rain was being swept away by a warm clear breeze at the boy's back as he walked slowly. The minutes passed. He was tired and if given the opportunity, would go to sleep. He did not mind the roar of the trucks any more, nor did he mind the lights, but the exhaust filling the air with choking gasses made it difficult to breathe and forced him to take short, painful gasps.

He had only gone half a mile when he came to another road branching off. Looking at the signpost, he read, "Cape Cod, 26 Miles." Having walked a few hundred feet, a green pickup truck came rattling towards him in the dim light of early morning. It was an old model, the paint having long before started to rust and wear off. Jolting to a stop beside Johnny, a man shouted from the cab to the boy, "Want a ride, boy?"

Dirge For Adonin

by DIANNE MUSSER

Scarlet are leaves from the scar of Adonin
Red wounds blood slips darkly to ground.
Persephone's mirth
For the wound of Adonin,
Persephone's sound
At the wound of Adonin
Trembles the Nether ground.
Lo, Winter prepares
Winter's birth.
Wail, of the wind in the sky;
Wail, Aphrodite, your breath,
Mourning the dying Adonin
And the summer that sinks into death.
When the hair of the corn turns from gold
The herbs will be ungrown
Into death, and the Aspen will quake in their soil
And the seeds will fly away unsewn
And the willows of the river will spoil;
When the stalk leaves begin to fold
The nut will bitter
And the blossoms will shrivel brown
And the gourd will wither
And the wheat will be blown down;
The fruit of the corn husk grows cold
And the reeds in the marsh land are drowned
And the husk of the fruit bereaves
And the twist of the vine is unwound.
Hear, Aphrodite grieves.
Wail, of your heaven bourn wind;
Wail, Aphrodite; your breath,
Moaning for dying Adonin
And the summer that sinks into death.

Persephone smiles
At the wound of Adonin,
Lo, Winter prepares
Winter's birth,
Persephone laughs
At the dead limbed Adonin
And Winter descends on the earth.

in the limelight

by MILES KREUGER

At last Wednesday's Departmental Seminar, students and faculty discussed plans for establishing a suggested reading list for all freshman and sophomore drama majors. The list would include such plays and critical writings as Mr. Hoffman and Miss Larkey feel a drama student should be familiar with by the time of his Sophomore Moderation. Since the department is divided into scenic design, and acting and directing, there will be a selection of basic works for everyone and also specialized texts for the particular fields.

The general reading list tentatively includes such works as **Hamlet, King Lear, The Tempest, The Alchemist** by Ben Johnson, **The Wild Duck** by Ibsen, **The Cherry Orchard** by Chekov, **Oedipus Rex** by Sophocles, Racine's **Phaedre,** Strindberg's **Ghost Sonata,** Moliere's **Tartuffe,** Eliot's **Family Reunion, Mourning Becomes Electra, A Streetcar Named Desire,** and the **Orestia** by Aeschylus. There will also be plays by Cocteau, Yeats, Brecht, Lorca, Pirandello, Congreve, and Shaw.

Acting majors will be asked to read **The Paradox of The Actor** by Diderto, **An Actor Prepares** by Stanislawsky, and **Actors on Acting.** Designers should become familiar with the work of Adolphe Appia, Christian Berard, Edward Gordon Craig, Robert Edmond Jones, and Jacques Copeau. All drama students will have to know **The Poetics** of Aristotle.

The students' working knowledge of these selections will afford both Mr. Hoffman and Miss Larkey greater facility in conducting seminars and conferences; for the names and titles on the list are ones that will continually appear during discussion, as examples of various styles and periods.

Workshops In Rehearsal

The first workshop productions are under way. Mr. Hoffman is directing members of the advanced acting class in **Sweeney Agonistes** by T. S. Eliot. Dick Sewell plays the title role, and David Mirsky and Donald Johnson are Klipstein and Krumpacker. Swarts, Show, Wauchope, and Horsfall are played by Russell Hergesheimer, Ralph Adam, Mike Rubin, and Miles Kreuger. Mona Mellis and Sue Stephenson alternate with Claire Shatraw and Dale Mendell in the roles of Doris and Dusty, in order to give each girl a chance to play a part.

Mr. Hoffman is also directing the beginning acting class in a pantomine, to be done in the style of a Victorian melodrama. The here is Ralph Adam, the heroine is Eliza Horsley, and Russell Hergesheimer plays the nasty villain.

Japanese Plays

In cooperation with Mr. Koblitz's course on The Far East, Sandra Mowbray-Clarke is directing a reading of three Japanese plays. Her cast is from the beginning acting class, and Sandy receives scholastic credit for this project. The reading will take place in Albee Social, on November 2.

The Glass Menagerie

Last Wednesday evening at nine, WXBC broadcast its first full hour dramatic show, a beautiful and sensitive production of **The Glass Menagerie.** The director was Claire Shatraw; and heard in her cast were Jackie Michaels as Amanda, Sandy Mowbray-Clarke as Laura, Richard Sewell as Tom, and Chuck Howard as the Gentleman Caller.

President's Desk

(Continued from Page Two)

house than ever before permitted. (2) It is not quite enough merely to say that the forty hours remaining in the week should be open-house hours. For example, no one would defend the choice of midnight to 6 A. M. as appropriate open-house hours. There must, therefore, be some periods more appropriate than others. (3) Provision for individual houses to determine the distribution of the forty hours looks reasonable at first glance. If, however, House A were to prescribe open-house from 4 to 7 P. M. and House B should select 7 to 10 P. M., the actual effect upon the members of both houses and upon the whole community would be to provide open-house from 4 to 10, thus completely defeating the reservation of 128 hours a week for funetions best performed with closed-house. I do not speak of difficulties of administering a variety of hours, because that is merely a mechanical problem that, I believe, could be solved. But it does seem to me that the only variation that may be permitted to individual houses is to cut down the open-house hours permitted to the entire community.

I have not yet seen the proposals submitted by house presidents on behalf of their houses, but Miss Gillard and I are now willing to consider a modification of the order suspending all open house privileges on the basis of the progress that has been made in community thinking and manifested in the excellent start made by COSO, Council, and the Committee of House Presidents in the statement you sent me.

The comments made at the opening of this letter are not to be taken as an expression of dissatisfaction with what has already been accomplished, for I regard the start as a most promising one. I want you to know that I recognize the difficulties under which you and your associates have been operating, and I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your courage, your clear thinking, and your underlying devotion to Bard.

Faithfully yours,
James H. Case, Jr.
19 October 1953

Fine Arts Explained

(Continued from Page Three)

skillful and provides him with deeper insights into the possibilities of his craft, his hands and his soul. What we do object to is the pressure toward the outwardness of art brought to bear by individuals and groups. We as artists know only too well the economic troubles of a beginner in the cold, outside world. But a college must concern itself first with the internal structure of a discipline and not with the many ways in which it can be commercially corrupted and made profitable. A college art department cannot deal with practical professionalism in the way in which an art school can and does. Its concern is with the intellectual and emotional development of students and in this respect it is frequently in a better position than most other college departments because its very disciplines require the fusion of intellect with emotion more clearly than the scientific disciplines.

In this our experimentation has been boldef than that of most art departments in the country. Instead of assigning the teaching of the historical and critical aspects of art teaching to specialist individuals and the practice to others we have decided to combine them. It seemed most essential to us to develop in the student practicing an art critical criteria early in his endeavors. The art historians or critics who are not actually practicing an art cannot grasp its true inwardnesses in the simple way in which the artist does. Since this factor had priority with us, the choice was clear. Naturally we are not unaware of the dangers. An artist not trained as historian will not be able to convey and enliven all historical facts even though he is apt to have a rather good sense of history and its links with art. Sadly enough, art historians are no better off because they are usually trained in one special field and become quite hazy when forced to deal with one not their specialty. Or they are trained to administer those surveys of art history which are a watery soup of something resembling art and something resembling history without being either. We feel that the artist-teacher who himself is curious about art and therefore likely to be informed will provide a deeper understanding of artistic, historical and critical problems, especially when he may count on the presence in the library of historical and critical books at the disposal of students industrious and curious enough to be wiling to read.

In this field we have actually been pioneers of a movement which is now becoming explicit in such monumental works as Malraux' "Phychology of Art" (an artist writing on art) which emphasizes the philosophic, sociological, and, as the title indicates, psychological components of art. The understanding of the real history of art is too difficult for young people because its study requires an approach to the understanding of the history of man in all its other aspects. But the gradual understanding of individual works of art is an excellent preparation for many other understandings because it must involve, to be clear, every faculty of which we are possessed.

Stefan Hirsch

Letters

(Continued from Page Two)

tion as to the decision of the class gift, and the details of their payments of class dues. About four persons responded to this initial request. Another meeting was called, with notes in the mail boxes and announcements in dining commons. Twelve persons showed up and complied with the procedure earlier described. Between that time and graduation day, the remaining persons were personally solicited and given pledge forms to be filled out and returned. In fact, as the seniors lined up for the graduation ceremonies, they were addressed by myself as a final plea. After graduation, I received only one more response. This left the situation as follows. Twenty-six responses had been received from a graduating class of forty-two seniors and others that were still considered as being in the Class of '53. Over the summer, I wrote letters to every person that had graduated and not paid their class gift dues as well as to those having store shares and considered as being in our class. Of the twenty letters that were written, a grand total of seven replies were received. One came in as recently as last week. I did not want to close the accounts of our class until it was found to no lohger be possible to receive any more money.

A word to the Class of '54; elect your officers early and get your class gift decision and method of collection settled early. Do not wait until Senior Projects make solicitation difficult.

Sincerely,
Robert A. Ronder,
Treasurer; Class of 1953

SHARPS and FLATS

by DICK LEWIS

The first of the Bard College Concert Series, opened Tuesday, October 13, with, Claude Monteux, flutist and Paul Nordoff, pianist, in a program consisting of Bach, Faure, Rieti, Nordoff and Hindemith.

Although not overwhelming, Mr. Monteux proved himself a competent and able flutist. The recital opened with the Sonata in B Minor by J. S. Bach. This composition found Mr. Nordoff dominating by playing too loudly. Mr. Monteux displayed a rather hesitant approach which he never completely overcame during the course of the evening. After a performance of Faure's Fantasy, both musicians gathered themselves together for a finer rendition of Rieti's Sonatina, a piece endowed with appealing spasmatic and lyrical qualities.

Perform Nordoff's Sonata

The highlight of the evening, was the much anticipated Dance Sonata of Mr. Nordoff, which turned out to be a well-grounded, evenly constructed composition, that contained a most wistful, richly intergrated "andante" and a rhythmical, vivacious third movement. Mr. Nordoff has used the capabilities of the flute very well, not only to emphasize rhythmical content, but also to enrich a pleasing melodic structure, well suited for even the most conservative of listeners. Only last week, Mr. Nordoff's work had a successful premier at Carnegie Hall.

The evening came to a close with Hindemith's Sonata for flute and piano being played with the same accuracy as displayed in the preceding composition.

Mr. Monteux is a fine musician, being technically able. His playing is clean cut and well phrased. A question remains whether he could have given a greater warmth and personality to the interpretive side of his playing, which would have greatly benefited the essential character of his repetoire.

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One of the most enthusiastic revivals in the last five years has been the extreme interest payed to three Italian masters of the Baroque era—Corelli, Monteverdi and Vivaldi. It is the later's music that I wish to say a few words about.

Antonio Vivaldi, whose influence upon the concerto style is immeasurable, has composed music which not only breaths with experiment and originality but accentuates a richness of poetic and musical profoundness that tends to be extraordinary. Vivaldi, the experimenter, is not carried away into superficial invention but portrays through his music a sincerity that reaches the listener with open arms. Vivaldi, the technician, achieves a long-lasting sense of solidarity and compactness; while Vivaldi, the poet, transcends his form to fill the realm of melodic and harmonic beauty with a magnificence of clarity and simplicity.

There are few people, who after hearing a work such as "The Seasons" are not forced to admit that here is music which is alive, vibrating and throbbing with the movements and rhythms of life. Music having an imaginitive coloring that brings about acute sense of emotion. This work, probably his best known, has every right to its popularity and it can be heard in a most beautiful performance by The Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra under Karl Munchinger, who approaches Vivaldi with exactitude and warmth. I may suggest that the ("L'estro Armonico) Concerto Grosso in D minor, will demonstrate very well the typical qualities of Vivaldi's music and a good recording of this will be found with a Cetra-Soria label.

To those unacquainted with Vivaldi, may I say that if you give your time to some of his wonderful works, which are being heard more and more in the concert hall and on an extensive group of recordings, you will be rewarded with an endless succession of satisfactions. I hope a conviction that he is to be placed among the established great masters of music will also be forthcoming.

"Blithewood"

(Continued from Page One)

Last semester, Bard had a contract with the Mutual Security Agency who utilized the estate as an orientation center, however, because the contract was not renewed, we are negotiating for a temporary occupant for this year. Discussion with the Ford Foundation, in reference to their plan to establish a Behavioral Sciences Center, is in progress. Negotiations with International Business Machines were not completed. The company expressed its approval of the estate as a training center, but the mansion was not appropriate in size for housing the large number of staff members and trainees.

The money received from the M. S. A. project was used to cover maintenance costs of the estate, and to purchase about $13,000. worth of new furnishings. Some of the pictures, prints, and furniture have been sold through the Coleman Galleries in New York, and we have realized about $3,500. profit. The articles remaining in the mansion are almost worthless; they have been appraised, and their worth is so small that the expenses incurred by shipping them to New York to be sold are out of the question.

The ruins of the old Bartlett Coach House on the northernmost part of the estate may be dismantled with the intention of using the serviceable materials for building a "fire-proof" fire house. There is a temporary set-back in this project because of lack of time and funds to carry it out. It is not yet possible to obtain the money from the trustees.

A large part of the land suitable for crops is being leased to the local farmers for growing hay and wheat. This is beneficial to us in two ways: 1) We receive rent which can be used for the estate, 2) The land is kept clear of brush, and remains in good condition. There were plans for the college to enter either the farming, or cattle industry. However, this action was considered by the Board of Trustees and rejected. Last summer the Co-op. Farm Project used some of the land.

A great deal of money has been spent in lighting the green house, and renovating the pool. Repairs are now under way at the mansion proper. Completed recently is an apartment for the resident superintendent and his wife.

The temporary object, pending the time when we have sufficient funds for our own needs, is to use the estate for adding capital to Bard. During the interim, Mr. Shelov, and Mr. Muller are working on an overall plan for the future development of Bard College, as a school equipped to accomodate 500 to 600 students. The project will include the area from the Hoffman Memorial Library to the mansion. A new library centered between the two aforementioned buildings is included in the plan.