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BARDIAN

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Page 1	Lewis Vogl Memorial Dedicated in Library Six Graduate This December Lady Rama Rau Calls Upon Youth of America
Page 2	Editorial Our Tired Juniors From the President's Desk J. H. Case, Jr.
Page 3	In the Limelight Miles Kreuger Eva Jones Brightens Dull Dance Workshop Steve Portman Sharps and Flats Dick Lewis
Page 4	The Bardian Literary Section Three Prophecies Martin Dinitz Prophecy at the Portal of Heaven Prophecy at the Portal of Hell Prophecy at the Portal of Xanada Poem Diane Musser
Page 5	In the Limelight Miles Kreuger Plans Made For Int. Week-end



The Bardian

Publication of the Bard College Community

Vol. 21, No. 5

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

December 16, 1953

Lewis Vogl Memorial Dedicated in Library

On Tuesday, December 1, a brief ceremony took place in the Study Hall of the Main Library, where the collection of books bought from the Lewis-Vogl Memorial Fund was opened to the public. Many friends of Dick Lewis, '54 and Wally Vogl, '54, who were the victims of a tragic highway accident about two years ago, gathered for the occasion. Among them was Dr. Alfred Vogl, the father of Wally.

The first brief address was made by Mr. William Frauenfelder. He spoke as a teacher and friend in very warm and moving words. He told what these two Bardians had meant to the community and what great promise they held for future achievements. Paul Kolda, chairman of the Community Council, then gave eloquent testimony of his friendship with Dick and Wally whose roommate he had been.

The final speaker was President James H. Case, Jr. whose words follow here:

As Dr. Felix Hirsch pointed out, the Lewis-Vogl Memorial Fund was used for the purchase of important sets in those fields of knowledge in which Dick and Wally had shown particular interest. They include the beautiful Coronation edition of the New Nonesuch Shakespeare, a recent edition of Gerhart Hauptmann's *Selected Works*, *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, the definitive edition of the *Works of David Ricardo*, Talbot Hamlin's *Forms and Functions of 20th Century Architecture*, the *National Nuclear Energy Series* and Seton's *Lives of Game Animals*.

The collection for the Fund is continuing, and further gifts will be gratefully accepted. The latest addition was Dr. Alfred Vogl's own book on *Diuretic Therapy* which he donated with a special inscription.

(Continued on Page 5)

Six Graduate This December

Six members of the Bard College class of 1954 have completed the requirements and will be graduated this December. They are Pat Davis, Beatrice Gross, Roberto Ottolenghi, and Felice Silberberg. Also graduating are Martin Johnson and Joanne Maaloe Burdick.

As far as plans for the future are concerned Pat will continue in her major field of textile design. Her senior project in this field has recently been on exhibition in Orient Gallery.

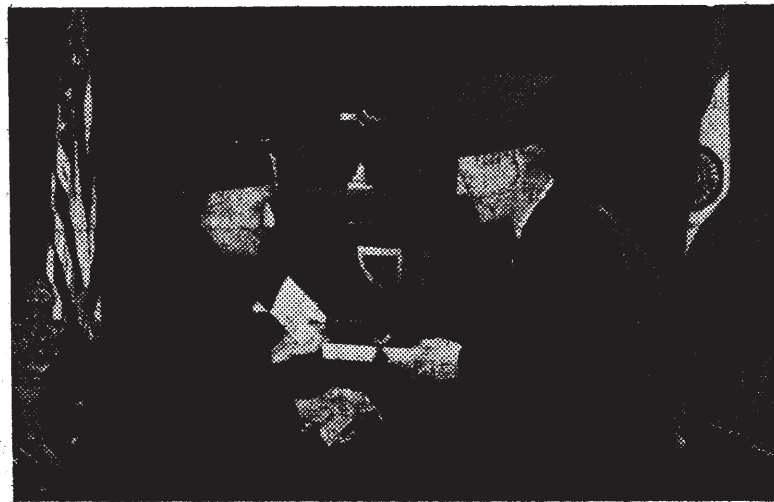
Beatrice ("Rusty") Gross, whose senior project on psycho-therapy in children has been submitted to the Social Studies Division, plans to be married this Spring to Conrad ("Bud") Gilkinson, a former Bard student.

Roberto has completed a creative music project, which included a fuge and a sonata for piano. He is uncertain about future plans but would like to do graduate work in business. Not planning to return to his home in South America in the near future, he will remain in this country.

Felice, whose Social Studies Project has been on France in the 1920's, will be working in New York after graduation.

Give to Community Chest

Lady Rama Rau Calls Upon Youth of America



One of India's greatest woman leaders, Lady Dhanvanthi Rama Rau, receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters from President James H. Case Jr.

Assailing "the glib and hearty values of Kipling" as a form of chauvinism that is "over and done with" for India and for the world, Dhanvanthi Rama Rau, one of the greatest of India's women leaders, recently called upon the youth of the world to break down the barriers between East and West.

On Saturday, December 5, Lady Rama Rau addressed a special academic convocation at Bard College after receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters. The degree was awarded by President James H. Case, Jr., who cited Lady Rama Rau "for the hope and assurance you have given to suffering and aspiring mankind."

"You are one of those whose devotion, understanding, and skill have wrought the miracle of the century—the transformation of India from colony to independent world power," the citation read. "In that swift and vivid transformation you have loosed bonds even more shackling than those of empire: the chains of blind and repressive social custom. You have established women's rights in India; but you have also given to all men and women everywhere a fresh realization of their dignity, responsibility, and opportunity." Lady Rama Rau was presented for the degree by Ruth Gillard, Dean of the College. A former presi-

dent of the All India Women's Conference and founder and president of the Family Planning Association of India, Lady Rama Rau was last summer elected chairman of the newly formed International Planned Parenthood Federation. She is just completing a coast-to-coast tour of the United States, speaking on "India's Social Revolution" under the auspices of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America.

Lady Rama Rau is the wife of Sir Benegal Rama Rau, former Indian Ambassador to the United States and now Governor of the Reserve Bank of India. Their daughter, Santha Rama Rau, is a magazine writer and author of the two best-selling books, "Home to India" and "East of Home."

Addressing the Bard College faculty and students on the need for youth to break down the barriers between East and West, Lady Rama Rau asserted that the younger generation in her own country is at one with the youth of the West in seeking common understanding between the peoples of the world. "The common denominator is always humanity—people," she said, adding that the world's great cultures and religions "somehow distill the same essence of spiritual and ethical values."

The Bardian

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Editorial

OUR TIRED JUNIORS

Bard certainly is a "different" college. On other campuses, everybody looks to the seniors for leadership. But in Annandale, we have long learned not to count on them, because they are usually too busy with Senior Projects and other affairs of their own. Lately, a new trend is developing which should be a cause for concern. Go to any committee meeting and try to solicit the help of a junior for some worthy purpose, and you will be surprised. Our juniors nowadays beg off when their help is most needed. For instance, the people who ran the BARDIAN quite successfully last year, bowed out in June, leaving it to their successors to struggle through on their own, without the active support of their elders. Something similar has happened to the International Students Conference. Last year it benefitted greatly from the enthusiastic efforts of certain sophomores who now, as juniors, can no longer "afford" to work for the Conference. It is fine that some able and courageous sophomores jumped into the breach, but things would run more smoothly if the juniors had not yet withdrawn into their ivory towers. Can nobody make them understand that their collaboration and their sense of leadership cannot be spared? No college should rely on freshmen and sophomores to run its extracurricular activities! Let us hope that some of our juniors will return to the fold next Spring!



Season's Greetings

Two

From the President's Desk

by J. H. CASE, Jr.

Once again Dean Ruth Gillard has kindly consented to substitute for President Case in the writing of his column.

Know the truth and the truth shall set you free.
 Know thyself.

The discovery of truth does not spring full grown from the minds or the hearts of men. It is found in all of its simplicity only after apparent complexities are unraveled through the unmitigating efforts required to discipline the mind to perceive and the heart to know.

Complex is often misunderstood as merely the opposite of simple. However, within complexity there is simplicity which brings clarity when discovered. The most complex phenomena of life are constantly being examined to determine the elements involved. The elements, time and time again, when separated and known, are found to be simple units, their various combinations limited and knowable, and the ultimate forms in which we perceive them, understandable. But the procedure of discovering the simple within the complex is long and tedious. Success is possible only when the mind and the patience are disciplined to follow each "hunch," to ask precise questions, to see relationships, and to formulate operational problems.

It is not then the relation of the complex to the simple which concerns us. It is rather the relation of complexity to confusion which disturbs us, for this makes the discovery of the simple almost impossible.

Confusion will ever be present where men have not trained themselves to see. To be able to see requires discipline in perceiving what things are relevant and what things are not. This is clearly a matter of the mind and the training of the intellect. But there is something more. And this something more is not a question of disciplining reasoning powers, but rather of allowing them to be disciplined and allowing them to function.

In this perhaps we find the difficult problem of training man to set himself free. It is simple to demonstrate that if man has refused, for whatever causes, to allow his reasoning to function fully, those very things will also prevent acknowledgment but he is not in fact functioning completely in the search for truth.

There is no question that man's intellectual powers meet interference from his egocentric needs and problems. This interference can be minimized by techniques used by others to avoid whatever the source of the trouble might be,—fear of showing incompetence or immaturity, of coercion, of being made responsible; resentment of any intrusion that might seem to interfere with the process of finding oneself; dogmatism and rigidity which if broken might seem to leave no foundation upon which to function; and so on. Such techniques might in fact be useful and constructive crutches to development at certain points. But the only true solution to such interference is found by man within himself.

It is of little profit for man to recognize interference in the search for truth in others and not in himself. It is toward no end that confusion is substituted for recognition of complexity, that the search for simple component units is obscured by distraction into irrelevant inquiries and subjects, and that inquiry itself is stalemated by feelings and ambivalence. Humility is the essence of search.

Life and the affairs of men are complex. But discovery of underlying truths show us the simplicity of the distinctive threads out of which the most elaborate patterns are composed. To find these threads and trace them clearly and surely is the result of a disciplined mind and knowledge of oneself. Only by such understanding can the interference of one's own biases, feelings, protectiveness, and needs, be overcome to allow the full and free functioning of man's mind.

in the limelight

by MILES KREUGER

It is astonishing that in two weeks the student-directed and designed production of Luigi Pirandello's "The House with the Column" could have attained such a unity of production, in the concept of the play, the mood, the setting, and the style of acting. By emphasizing the futility of the town from which all the men are leaving to earn their fortunes, Jackie Michaels, the play's director, designed a mood of conflicting resignation and desperation.

This conflict was meant to have been echoed through the various minor female roles; but it failed to come across, due to uneven acting, bad acting, and no acting at all. These characters were designed to have been a part of the overall unity, in their well planned but sloppily executed tones of speech and blocking and gestures and relative importance in the performance; but the only virtue in their performances was their comparative latency.

Maragrazia (Claire Shatraw) is the center of the feminine desperation to cling to their departing menfolk. The irony of her character is not that Ninfarosa (Barbara Wersba) has been deceiving her for years by pretending to write to her two sons, but that these two sons have no interest at all in their mother's existence; and the faithful youngest son (Donald Johnson), the only one worthy of her love, has been unjustly rejected by her all this time. Claire, as Maragrazia, displayed a strength that she has never before been able to retain consistently throughout an entire characterization. And because of her constant intensity, her portrayal of the anguished mother was stirring and vivid. Probably the most difficult task for young actors and actresses is the playing of age. If one tries too hard in one direction, the character becomes a sadly amateurish caricature, with the inevitable cracking voice and hopelessly contrived limp. The other extreme is that of the performer, who, in his desire to be subtle and modern, thinks that if he can make himself feel old, he will be old. He makes the error of forgetting that however well preserved it may be, the aged body does undergo several basic changes; and these he simply ignores. Obviously there is a point at which these elements fuse quite successfully, but this point is an elusive one for most young actors. Claire actually managed to find this point in portions of her characterization, but she was unable to sustain it throughout.

Ninfarosa typifies the contrasting feminine resignation to the fact that the men are leaving. She no longer allows herself to feel emotion and leaves the weeping to the old mother, Maragrazia. Employing her mastery of physical and vocal technique, Barbara Wersba, as Ninfarosa, was able to portray both her character's calloused and dispassionate exterior and the searing lust within her. Both qualities were ever present, and were presented with perfect control and poise.

Because the doctor is an outsider to this town and its problems, he brings with him an air of cooling objectivity. Richard Sewell played the role with dignity and candor. Somewhat foreign to the rich mood of the piece was the boisterous playing of Ralph Adam. He appeared too conscious of the theatrical means of creating character; and thus seemed uncomfortable in the role.

Donald Johnson, who vastly excelled any of his previous acting as the governor in *Right You Are*, showed that his improvement was not dependent on his playing a stylized character role. For in "The House with the Column," Don superbly underplayed the intense and grim role of the youngest son. He has never before shown such physical and vocal control as in this play; and his character was entirely consistent throughout.

Scenically, the production was also superior. Dan Butt designed a simple but effective set, representing a portion of the town; and his careful handling of space made the small Orient stage appear twice as large as any set has ever made it appear. The low, undecorated lines gave it a quality of natural earthiness, which was appropriate to this piece. Dan's golden lighting of the CYC was also worthy of note, as well as his dramatic use of the scrim curtain in the very opening of the play. His bringing up of the stage lights before the curtains parted to achieve a silhouette, was perfectly accented by the accompanying guitar chords.

From the charm of Gregory Carrier's innocent playing with Clay, to the complex nature of Pirandello's philosophy, this production of "The House with the Column" was a mature and carefully thought out work of Theatrical Art.

Eva Jones Brightens Dull Dance Workshop

by STEVE PORTMAN

This year's first Dance Department Workshop proved fairly unexciting in so far as the level of dancing was concerned. Also, the choreography demonstrated was inconsistent.

Eva Jones, in my opinion, the best dancer of the evening, opened the workshop with a minor dance which built well towards its climax, and whose level of interest was sustained throughout. It was danced with a fine nervous excitement and a real rhythmic sense. The dances which followed in this group were not as well performed.

Ann Bogart's dance was interesting enough, but lacked the spark with which the workshop began. The fertility dance was interesting, but certainly wasn't spectacular.

The next series of dances were class studies. There seemed here, as was the case with almost the entire workshop, that the dancers assumed positions from a standing one. There was no real lift or feeling of exhilaration which serves to project when a dancer makes the middle section of the body expressive.

The third portion of the program was occupied by square dancing, and I was waiting for Ted

Mack to fly the performers off to some amateur show in the middle of Idaho. There are certain times in sports and in the arts when spectators watch a performer. There are also those phases of either sports or art in which the spectators can participate. But spectators should not have to watch other spectators participating. I take for granted that these were expert participants, and that this is a school workshop, but nevertheless the thing was not effective, and in my opinion, lowered the artistic level of the workshop.

Miss Weigt's dance was a well choreographed piece, but the dancing was lacking. Only Miriam Roskin showed any real feeling and broke away from mere counting and tried to remember the sequence of movements. The music, composed and played by Mr. Hamvas, was straight-forward and adequate. Judy Zinman's dance, "House of Silence," was the artistic high point of the evening. It conveyed the atmosphere of Lorca's *House of Bernarda Alba*, although it left out considerable of the plot. There was little unnecessary movement, and the material was well developed. On the whole, the choreography was fascinating and the performance, well danced.

SHARPS and FLATS

by DICK LEWIS

The first of the chamber music workshops, presented recently at Bard Hall, proved to be satisfying from every aspect. Especially impressive was the enthusiasm manifested in each performer's interpretation of his particular composition.

Corinne Zucker and Rosalind Davis opened the program with an earnest rendition of Bach's B Minor Flute and Piano Sonata. Hindemith's Clarinet and Piano Sonata was executed in nice style by Joel Beren and Margey Bloch. Although Joel had difficulty in the first movement with a broken reed, in the closing ones he came back with a display of sound, enjoyable tone quality.

Following intermission, Mozart's exuberant Trio in E Flat was handled in a well balanced manner by Joel Berne, Peggy Gummere and Sandra Propp. Compliments should go to Sandra Propp's good taste interpreting Mozart in a clear and refreshing technique.

Sandra Propp and Naomi Gruenberg, guest cellist closed the concert with a sweeping interpretation of Brahms inwardly turbulent Sonata in E Minor for Cello and Piano. Miss Gruenberg penetrated into the workings of this piece with thoughtful insight, an insight which held the composition together in moments of technical uneasiness.

This extremely enjoyable concert proved again to this reviewer that enthusiastic and devoted musicians can produce music well worth listening to.

Some New Records

Two operas, Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors," and "Monteverdi's L'Incarnazione di Poppea" have been purchased for the record library.

The latter work, the last of Monteverdi's dramatic compositions, has a plot as unusual as its enticing and sensitive score. The opera also contains some unforgettable arias having an intensity of expression wonderfully woven with skill and craftsmanship. The recording, conducted by Walter Goehr with the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra and some expert soloists, is superior.

The Menotti work verifies the fact that opera can be written in English with excellent results. This enchanting short work is composed in such a simple and melodic way, that it seems to fulfill the Christmas spirit with a retelling that is fresh and certainly neatly wrapped. Chet Allen, the boy soprano, does a remarkable job in a fine recording by the original N.B.C. Television Cast.

The Bardian Literary Section

THREE PROPHECIES ---by MARTIN DINITZ

Prophecy at the Portal of Heaven

Numb, passionless, repose;
Silent night, hollow night;
Bereft of joy, in throes
Of awful, solemn blight;
Lightless, sightless, soulless day;
Blank confusion, rank decay;
Immobile, dim of sight;
Naught to do or say,
We sit, we contemplate
The empty, slate-gray abyss,
The mute morass,
Impasse.

Know you this.
When the lock is on the gate,
Of what use a cry, of what avail a kiss?
Ah! Christian, 'tis too late.
The portal's closed.
(Numb, passionless repose.)
Stalemate.

Oh! weeping world of woeful men,
Here is your "now."
There is no "then."

II

Phophecy at the Portal of Hell

Rosy taloned morn:
(Oh mourn!)
"Torn, torn from night
To view a burning sky!
(Oh fly!)
The primal blight is birth.
And death is only earth.

The seed begins to swell.
'Twas thus all angels fell.
We were born to spite our sire.

Fire is light,
- But light is fire."

III

Prophecy at the Portal of Xanadu

This way Paradise lies.
(Gloria in Excelsis!)
Day, oh day of blinding sun,
Mundane gloom of a stifling noon,
Bright seething depth of holy night,
Breathing fire in name of light,
Away! You show too much, too soon.
For man; the night's narcotic joy;
Ephemeral gold, but sans alloy.
In vision only lies immortality.

The garden was but a dream;
The serpent, reality.

POEM ---by DIANNE MUSSER

This forest's wild entanglement entwined
Grows soft bines greening, thorns of vines that scratch
And caches olive-mossed by ruts that wind
Where berries bitter, sweet mass in the thatch.
In hallows, come, when yellow sun-rays shaft
Along high-lifting linden corridors,
Rainbow the spider's webbing, warm the waft
Of pungent cones and follow wood wren's soar.
Come where the squirrels scamper sun-crisped leaves,
And where the chipmunks round the gnarled roots
And chatter-quarrel, hop where hop unweaves
Pine needles; where the dappled rabbit scoots.
Come stroll when raining slithers down and wets
Brown branches black, taps on the knot tree hole
And dulls the spruce and cedar gleam and jets
The jutting slate and soaks each oak and knoll.
From out this wood's entanglement paths find
Meadows where no thorns grow, where no vines bind.
Yet, do not follow these, nor look behind,
But come with me where this filled wood will wind.

in the limelight

by MILES KREUGER

Plans Made For Int. Week-end LEWIS-VOGL MEMORIAL

To most Americans, the problem of Africa is still a somewhat remote one, albeit there is a certain fascination connected to the word itself, which is more a product of mediocre books and motion pictures than any serious study of the country.

In this era of jet travel and world conflagration, the remoteness of the issues is somewhat offset by the increasing heed we are forced to pay to the grave warnings of many eminent students of the problem, some of whom, while far from being alarmist, have shown ample reason to believe that the situation can not long exist as it is today and that when and if an explosion should occur it might very well dwarf the recent Korean conflict.

The International Students Week-end Committee has selected for its theme next semester, the problem of Africa and some of its culture, sociological and political aspects. Considering the scope of the problem, it will, of course, be difficult to discuss in one week-end, which has been tentatively set for April 24, all the many facets and implications of this very complex issue.

But, in lieu of last year's separate panel discussions, the committee will attempt to hold a large, two-sided panel discussion consisting of speakers from both the colonial and nationalist points of view to be followed later by contributions from the foreign students themselves.

The committee plans, also, to stress the many-sided character of the theme by incorporating into the week-end, various displays and examples of African art, culture, and music which will serve to create a necessary background so often overlooked from a political view point.

It intends further, to procure speakers who can deal competently with the aforementioned issues as well as those of a political nature in order to provoke a wider range of interest from the student body.

Although International Week-end is essentially an academic week-end it is planned to provide opportuni-

The following is the text of the address given by President Case at the time of the dedication of the Lewis-Vogl Memorial.

"A college is a place of constant change. Across its heavens there wheels a procession of transient stars, some flashing like meteors, some casting so dim and distant a light their presence is barely discernable. Some glow red like Mars, and a few shine like Venus. Characteristically, all of them rise above the eastern horizon and hasten to their disappearance beneath the western.

"Once in a long time the progress of a star is halted, and the star becomes fixed. Whether it burns and fades or whether it retains and even increases its brilliance depends upon its own inner qualities.

"The tragic deaths of Dick Lewis and Wally Vogl arrested forever their unfinished course across our heavens. The quality of each of them is responsible for the fact that their light is steady and bright today, just as it was steady and bright yesterday when they were part of the moving show, and just as it will be tomorrow among the new members of the ceaseless procession.

"What we have done in creating this slight memorial to our friends—what we are doing in dedicating that memorial—these do not add brilliance to the light cast by the memories of Dick Lewis and Wally Vogl. What they do do is give each one of us a special moment of contemplation of the light and the warmth that issue from two of our brightest fixed stars.

"From this special moment may there come our own aspiration to make our light as constant and as comforting as theirs, and the determination to complete, in our own great and precious opportunity, the unfinished courses they did not live to run."

ty for Bardians to meet informally and converse with the international students.

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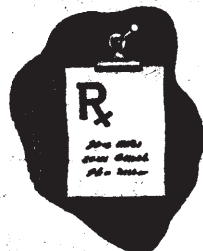
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and in Bard College.

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