



The Bardian

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Sketches of Mid-Year Graduates

Steve Burr—

since his stay has explored various major fields offered in the arts division from scenic design to furniture design and finally to painting. His senior project is divided between design of wrought iron furniture and painting. Steve hopes to travel after leaving Bard and devote most of his time to creative painting.

David Gould—

his future should prove to be fascinating. Not only has he been given a fellowship to Carnegie Technological Institute where he will hunt for the Gooney-Gooney bird of Afghanistan, but he will be working at the Marine Biological Station in Bermuda where he will study the Ecology and Sex Life of the Halimides.

David plans, also, to study art and further this interest with a trip to Mexico where he will continue to paint.

Barbara Hyman—

who is a dance major, and has danced in all previous recitals while she was a student here, has just completed her project in directing and choreographing her own dance. Its original story was based on a delightful intrigue between planets. As far as future plans are concerned, Barbara and her husband are expecting an additional member of the family in May. She hopes to return to her work in choreography and technique.

Mr. and Mrs. Bastiaan J. Kooiman Mayo and "Bos" tackled two unrelated subjects for their Senior Projects. Mayo has completed a statue of Edith Graham Mayo, and seven paintings; while Bos' topic is, "Certain Aspects of the Dutch Labor Movements from 1945 to 1952."

Their plans for the future: to have 13 children, six dogs, a skunk—and live in Miami!

Tommy Lillien—

completes her Senior Project in Ensemble this term. We're looking forward to the program in which she will play first violin. The concert will include pieces by Beethoven, Ravel and Prokofiev.

Astrid Lundbye—

is exploring a heretofore unstudied subject—The Cossacks as reflected in Russian writing. As a history major with a strong interest in literature, Astrid finds



SENIORS OF 1952

left to right are: top, David Gould, Bos Kooiman, Steve Burr; bottom, Shelley Snyder, Mayo Kooiman, Barbara Hyman, Yale Nemerson. Not included in picture are Tommy Lillien and Astrid Lundbye.

this topic of value as a tie between the two fields. The work is mostly original, the reading being from such works as Tolstoi's *Cossacks*, *Taras Bulba*, and the Current Digest of the Soviet Press. (She is not expected to continue her work in history or literature after graduation.)

Yale Nemerson—

a philosophy major, whose Senior Project covers the philosophies of Bradley, hopes to continue his studies in philosophy at Columbia University Graduate School.

Cynthia Silverman—

originally planned a Senior Project on "Reality and Illusion," but while in the process of research became interested in Pirandello. Cynthia, a literature major, has now as the subject of her work, Pirandello's works in translation. Her plans for after graduation are as yet unknown.

Shelley Snyder—

came to Bard from Florida Southern College in September '49. During his sophomore year, Anna Karenina first interested him in Tolstoi. His completed project is on the short novels of Tolstoi, taking in the period from the author's early childhood, up to and including *The Cossacks*, the book which preceded *War and Peace*.

Professors Discuss Greek Literature; Van Doren Presents Keynote Address

By this time you should have read up on Sophocles and Euripides to really get into the spirit of Greek Week-end, which is being sponsored Friday and Saturday, December 12th and 13th by Bard's Literature Club. The schedule consists of three lectures by visiting professors, authorities on the Greeks.

The week-end opened last night at 8:30 in the Gymnasium where Mark Van Doren, Professor of Literature at Columbia University, spoke on *The Greek Poet as Artist*. A reception

followed in Albee Social. The *Greek Artist's Art of Eloquence* was the subject of Frank E. Brown, Fletcher Professor of Classics at Yale University, who presented his talk this morning at 10:30 in Bard Hall. Greek enthusiasts will gather again at Bard Hall this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock to hear Richmond Lattimore, Professor of Classics at Bryn Mawr College, speak on *The Art of Greek Literature*. The week-end will be brought to a close after the final lecture with a symposium of all three professors, and a reception at Bard Hall.

The Christmas section of Handel's "Messiah" and the "Hallelujah Chorus" will be sung by thirty members of the faculty and student body at 8:00 p. m. Sunday, December 14, in the chapel. President Case conducts; Mr. Clair Leonard accompanies on the organ.

Soloists are: Martha Dreyfus and Leni Rosenfeld, sopranos; Mary Ann Ellis, alto; Karl Wedemeyer, tenor; Steve Portman and Mike Zuckerman, bass.

The congregation will join in singing traditional Christmas carols.

Shakespeare Planned For Lit. Weekend

Preliminary plans are now being made for a Shakespeare Week-end to be held this spring, March 25-28. Faculty and students of the Literature and Drama Departments met last Saturday to co-ordinate a joint program of lectures and performances. The play to be produced is "Much Ado About Nothing," a comedy from about the same period as "Henry V" and "As You Like It." For three years, the excessive number of male roles in most of the plays has kept Shakespeare from the Orient Stage. Members of the Literature Department and Club have, however, expressed a willingness to try out for parts, and the problem appears to be solved.

The Literature Club will invite three guest lecturers for the occasion. Among the prominent authorities who may be present are Frances Fergusson, Eric Bentley and John Berryman. The Music Department may also take part with a concert of Elizabethan songs and madrigals. The entire program is scheduled for the last week-end in March, beginning on a Wednesday and ending on a Saturday. Try-outs for "Much Ado" will take place the week after Field Period, and all students are urged to come and read.

Seventh Annual International Week-end Highlights Spring Semester

"Though International Week-end is sponsored by the Social Studies Club, this year we are particularly interested in making it an all-college affair." These are the words emphasized by Charlie Naef, co-chairman of the highlight of the Spring semester which will take place on April 17, 18 and 19. The week-end, which usually coincides with the anniversary of Franklin Roosevelt's death, will be the seventh annual such event held at Bard. The purpose of the week-end is to
(Continued on Page 8)

Dec. 13	Christmas Formal Dance	Blithewood	10:00-2:00
Dec. 14	Tommy Lillien's Senior Project	Bard Hall	3:30
	Christmas Choral Service	Chapel	8:00
	(Christmas section of Messiah)		
Dec. 15	Cello and Piano recital	Bard Hall	8:30
Dec. 16	Literature Club	Albee Social	8:30
	(Program of Christmas poetry and music)		
Dec. 17	Psychology film	Orient Gallery	4:30
Dec. 19	Christmas vacation begins at 5:50 p. m.		

Regarding The Core Course...

At last the mystery of the core course has been revealed by Mr. Bleucher. Ever since President Case's speech the campus has been divided on the merits of such a course. This division has continued until this day. But we have been completely disregarding the fact that the course has been changed rather significantly and that it is now far from being President Case's baby.

To predict the course's fate at this date would be impossible. It has the potential of becoming a "snap" course or a "cure-all." However, it can be destroyed if not given a chance or if the administration insists on ballyhooing it for monetary gain.

The prevailing attitude towards the core seems to substantiate President Case's contention that the student body is conservative; we satisfy our desire for progressive education by going to Bard and then content ourselves with the protection of its institutions. So if the course accomplishes nothing else but change, it will have value; it might conceivably wake up this campus.

The belief that the core course, by virtue of its being compulsory, is un-Bardian, misses its real intent and purpose. The course has been tailor-made to fit Bard's program. It will deal with topics that the students are interested in and will be constantly changing to fit their individual needs.

Optimistic predictions will tend to exaggerate the potentialities of the course and will greatly influence our eventual attempt to judge its success. However, when the time does come for us to judge it, there will be many criteria which will be available to us, the easiest being whether it attracts new students and money grants. Conceivably, this could be the most important as the future of Bard College depends on whether it will be able to meet its deficit. However, the chances are that we will leave the financial worries to President Case and concern ourselves more with student and faculty reaction. Here again there will be variance for not only will there be a new Freshman class each year, but a different approach in each seminar, inevitable whenever you have more than one faculty member teaching a course. To meet this problem, Mr. Bleucher plans to have a conference of the common course faculty each week and then have the entire freshman class meet for certain lectures. But it is too idealistic to assume that the presentation will be "common" in all the seminars.

We do not mean to infer that this will be undesirable, but rather that it will further hinder our final judgment of the success of the course. One thing we can do is observe its effect and influence in our seminars. If the common course accomplishes its purposes and is able to arouse intellectual curiosity, it will certainly become apparent in other courses. Thus, the place to judge the common course will not be in the coffee shop but in the seminars.

In The Time of The Snow . . .

In the time of the snow, there was death.

Has the Christmas snow come to Bard? Does it fall heavily now, covering the ugliness of a land ravaged by autumn? Does it cover the campus now, blocking the driveway, smothering the autos in their parking places, mysteriously attracting the night?

Perhaps it is in bad taste to remind you of the terrible loss that we suffered, in the time of the snow. But if grief is sincere, it cannot be brief. And if mourning has meaning, it must be renewed.

There was peace and rest in the harmony of rich snow and a soft night, before the news came. Then there was only death, and, now, the memory of death, in hostile snow.

If it is possible to develop a strength that can make misfortune serve us, that even can mock death by wresting some advantage from it, then snow may fall again on Bard as it once did. For not until we can find and preserve in ourselves and those about us some of Wally's brilliance and ease toward life and some of Dick's patient effort and growing achievement—qualities which death emphasized clearly for us—can there ever be peace for those who remember them, at Bard, in the time of snow?

—JUD LEVIN

The Bardian

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"I disapprove of what you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it."—Voltaire

EDITORIAL

The first semester under the "Four-Point" program is now drawing to a close. The "core-course," though as yet untried, has been thoroughly worked out, through co-operation of students, faculty, administration, and Mr. Bleucher. Most students, though skeptical of "required courses," seem to be willing to give it a chance. Early moderation has already been taken advantage of by several Sophomores. The loss of the TMC to the lower college, however, and especially the "fifth course" now seem to be the most controversial points.

To most Freshmen, who have never experienced a TMC, the conference period in their major is not missed. Some, in fact, find it difficult to beneficially fill the half hour they do have with material for discussion. To many Sophomores, however, especially those majoring in literature and the fine arts, not having a TMC is a decided disadvantage.

Again, there are those in student and faculty bodies alike who highly favor five courses. Teachers feel that the students are working more and harder. They now find themselves able to teach basic subjects to small groups rather than having to teach the same elemental but necessary facts to ten or twenty individual students. The students feel that they are able to explore more subjects, and are gaining more from those they do explore than has previously been the case. Others, however, find themselves unable to do the work required of them. They say that although teachers have, for the most part, tried to lessen the work given to lower-college classes, in many cases few actual decreases have been made. This has resulted in lower-classmen working under increased pressure and, in some instances, spending more time on their studies than upper-classmen.

The Bardian believes that flexibility, decidedly the keynote of Bard's educational system, must be maintained. Allowances must be made for the differences in the educational needs of the individual. In the case of Science majors, for example, five courses are a good thing and might better be continued past the Sophomore moderation. On the other hand, lack of a TMC is felt to be a definite handicap by those requiring individualized guidance, such as language, art, and drama students, to name only a few cases in point. Even within the divisions, exceptions in both respects are prevalent.

The Bardian therefore suggests that an evaluation of the effects thus far of the "Four-Point" program be scheduled for the very near future. Difficulties inherent in the system should be located and either remedied by the increased flexibility of certain points, or completely eliminated. A rigid program of any sort must not be permitted. Only in this way can Bard honestly retain the name of either a "progressive" or "experimental" college.

Plans For Common Course Previewed

by MR. HEINRICH BLEUCHER

Students to "Take an Active part in the Course By Developing Their Own Line of Questioning"

It is considered unusual to talk about a course in progress at Bard. However, from the very beginning this course has been the common concern of the Bard community. The atmosphere of rumors, expectations, misgivings, propositions and counter-propositions that first seemed irritating and unhealthy has turned out to be productive. Cases of resistance arising from irrelevant frictions were rare and mostly due to misunderstandings. Very reasonable objections, on the other hand, and sincere misgivings were voiced by students and teachers alike, so that very different requirements had to be met.

Originally the situations were as follows: while a common course was desired, general courses were being proposed; while a core course was needed, an introductory course was considered. And yet this was not an impasse.

The original question had been: what is wrong with education at Bard? The fault which almost led into an impasse lay in this question itself. For there is nothing especially Bardian, and nothing special at all, that is wrong with education which is not wrong with education generally in our time. It was this general situation which made itself felt when the students at Bard complained about a lack of curiosity. Our starting point must be to take this students' statement very seriously. For lack of curiosity in young and fresh minds is most unnatural and frightening. It indicates lack of enthusiasm, and even lack of vitality and lust for life itself. The cause for this could not possibly lie in Bard. It has much more to do with the general mental climate of our time and its nihilistic predicament. In other words, what is at stake here is the state of the human mind in our time as such. The questions *Why?* and *What for?* seems often not to be answerable any more and this is also true for the *Why?* and *What for?* of education.

Up to the 19th century, the answers to these questions were always provided by common absolute beliefs which lasted in most cases for a man's lifetime. Since then, ever-changing answers out of an indefinite number or partial possibilities have been given. A man tries ten or more of them, only to fall finally into the nihilistic predicament. This process of devaluation and relativization drives men to abandon their freedom, to accept themselves as being mere instruments of first their own wishes, then of collective drives, soon of any efficient power, and finally of totalitarian rule.

The danger is felt and often ascribed to the fact that all the different fields of human endeavor no longer form an integrated whole which alone could provide a satisfactory answer to such all-

encompassing questions as *Why?* and *What for?*. Therefore, permanent attempts at re-integrating all fields of human endeavor are being made. To these also belong all so-called general and introductory courses. Unfortunately, it is only intellectual wishful thinking arising out of despair, to believe that life can be re-integrated by an educational system. This way will only lead to alienating education from life even more than before, because such an integration, or re-integration, could be achieved only from some higher instance. The integrating factor would be supposed to rule the whole of the different fields.

In the older educational systems, this ruling factor was a God or a Cosmos in which all men believed as a matter of course. Therefore, the ruling factor was transcendental and left space for freedom. In our age of secularization, however, this ruling and organizing factor can only be an arbitrarily devised theory of knowledge and can only rule tyrannically. And since we do no longer have a usual belief in any legitimate authority above us at our disposal, this kind of rule from above will always become in the end a rule from below.

Both rule from above or rule from below, are ruled from without. There remains the possibility of government from within. Although no absolute principle from above is any longer revealed to us and only arbitrary principles from below are offered to us, we still will find within ourselves one principle common to us all. This is our original will to human community itself, as it is based on our experiences of free reason.

They will take an active part in the content of the course by developing their own line of questioning. The common core course has as its task to establish human freedom from within in such a way that all the fields of human endeavor begin to form a living community and enter into creative mutual collaboration. This could become fruitful for higher education only if it is its very beginning; its success will partly depend upon the extent to which our freshmen are willing to consider themselves as fresh minds. In exchange, we shall let them have the great "privilege" of being taken seriously to the point where they will be confronted with the main issue of our time in the first year of their college education. They will take an active part even in the conduct of the course by developing their own line of questioning.

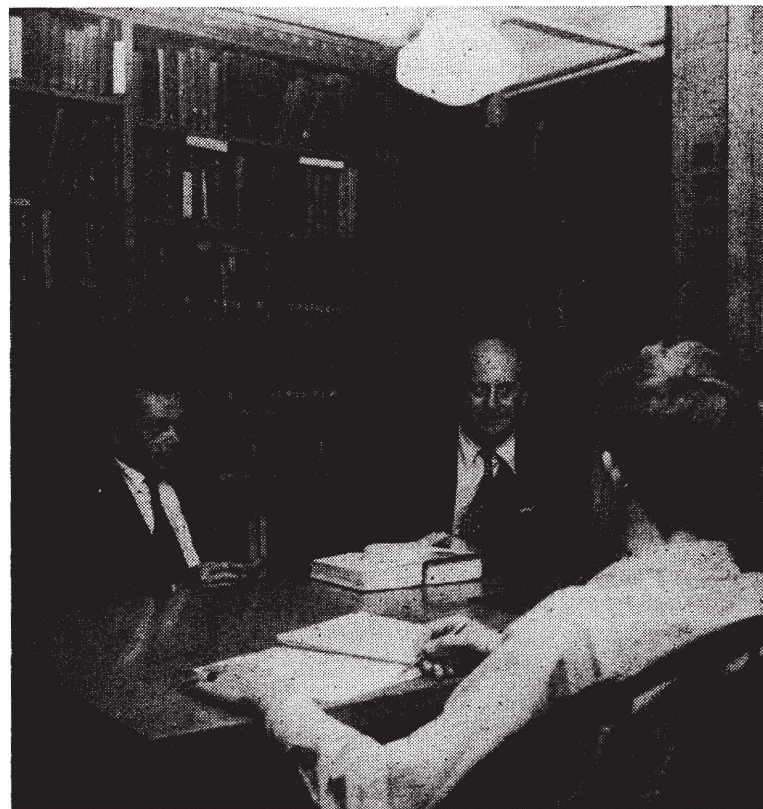
The more immediate purpose of the common course is to provide a common ground for creative collaboration between all human capabilities and their respective fields of knowledge, as well as be-

tween students and students, teachers, and teachers, students and teachers. This will provide for a communicative education which tries to enable us to evaluate those processes whose infinite possibilities progressive education has opened up to us. If we want to refuse to be instruments in processes and re-assert our birth-right as creative creatures, we must first show our ability to change processes into creative procedure.

To the freshmen this means first of all to change the process of education, as it is imposed upon them, into a creative procedure of their own. The common course will be a required course in order to enable students to choose well among the non-required and freely chosen courses at Bard. The student will discover and become able to evaluate his own inclinations and abilities by going right into the middle of human creative capabilities and their specific re-

First among them is that their deeds and thoughts ought to be one. Second, that they made one of the few fundamental discoveries in human creativity nobody since can do without. This discovery, third, must be based on a personal experience that can be re-experienced and therefore established as a truth by everybody for himself. Fourth, all these discoveries must be fundamental indications of human freedom.

Nine such "great men" have been chosen. Since they are "great men" rather than "great books," the texts they have left us are short, so short that they almost can be learned by heart and remembered for a life time, as they should. They are the original sources of human creative power. They are the arch-figures of man, so great and yet, so absolutely our equal, though not in stature, that free men can look up to them in pure admira-



Mr. Bleucher discusses "Common Course" with Dr. Hirsch and students

lations. The first definite concrete content of the course will be education itself as a problem of self-education of man. The second immediate content will be for each student, his own personality, the analysis and evaluation of his own experiences, expectations, inclinations and abilities. The third content of the course will be the teachers. By this, I do not mean ourselves, because we shall only play the role of mediators between the students and those whom one might rightly call the teachers of all mankind. As such we shall recognize a very limited number of "great men" who happened to fill the highest and at the same time most elementary requirements men may be asked to meet.

tion, knowing that these are like us and that their "greatness" guarantees us the possibility of our own growth.

With these findings and founding fathers of the free human mind, we—teachers and students—want to establish communication during this course. Its ultimate purpose is to find the dependable foundations of a free life in the given or God-given founding qualities of man's creativity and to learn to use and trust them in order to proceed in the way of community-building, to help make the human mind a liberatirian mind, an open mind for an open human world and to prevent lest it fall into the trap of whichever

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My Week

By TALLULAH THE TURTLE

Since Thanksgiving, Bard students have been burning the all-night oil. Campus buildings are a blaze of lights in the wee hours of the morning and the increased membership of the "We Never Sleep" Club is fantastic. The big questions asked by faculty, staff, and administration were: "Why are we supporting the Electric Company?" Also, "Why have 250 students signed a petition on the Hegeman Bulletin Board stating that the archaic 24 hour day was "Un-Bardian" and demanding an additional 5 hours per day"? The best informed sources traced this enigmatic situation to a type of additional study causing a sudden metamorphosis in the work habits of the students.

I knew The Bardian was on its toes, when I saw our Ed-in-chief approach me on little cat feet at my usual habitat—the Stone Row grass. I poked my head out of my shell and greeted The Shadow (from the 5 o'clock breed). He seemed upset and excited and kept mumbling, "It's all in T.P." I took out my field glasses and looked him straight in the eyes and said, "Dah-ling, you're embarrassing me!" The Shadow went on to explain that Term Papers were the cause of 1,643.55 problems. Such questions as "Why do you beat your girl; Why do you need toothpicks to keep your eyes open; and why do people accuse you of B.O.?" could all be answered by "T.P." My Chief suggested that as a feature writer, I might cover one of the sidelines which he calls "The Coke-Machine Scandal." He picked me up and carried me to the Hegeman Basement. I had that marvelous sensation of being lifted out of my surroundings! It was about midnight and because many were taking a break at this time, I was able to make some interesting observations. Crowded about this monster machine were several Dalian figures with moist lips. Their eyes seemed to undress the machine and see only the thirst-quenching cokes enclosed within. One by one, they deposited their dimes in the slot but each succeeding one came back with more vehemence. Their faces took on an increasing look of frustration, anguish . . . and thirst. They tried that suave technique of coating the dime in the sand of the cigarette stand but it was clear that this dirty trick wouldn't work. Using varied methods, each in turn took his dime and slammed it, crammed it, threw it, blew it, slid it, or skid it into the slot but to no avail. The machines only answer was an elongated grunt which sounded very much like a time bomb. People would have fled instantly had they not been stubborn . . . and thirsty. I heard one girl suggest Mikes but it was plain to see that the others weren't willing to walk a mile for a coke. During this period of their conflict, I was able to interview a few members of the coke crowd concerning their feelings about the situation. One glassy-eyed individual, staring at the machine, muttered to me, "So near but yet so far." The crowd seemed to stand in awe of one guy. I gathered that he once had success with the machine. When questioned, he simply said, "Shucks—T'weren't nothing" and wouldn't divulge any part of his secret. Another haggard individual got on the top step (I think he was a Drama major) and yelled "My Kingdom for a Coke." As I had my story I started crawling out, saying good-naturedly to the group, "Well, dahlings, C'est la vie!" As the door closed behind me I heard a weird, bitter cry go up that could only originate from this chorus of parched throats: "C'est la misere!"

—H. K.

TRAGEDY

A great tree lies sprawled across the forest floor,
Like a mighty, fall-spread giant.
Its long, dead limbs reach out in leafless dread
Of some god's fire-fierce bolt.
Sylvan companions stand in quiet ignorance
Of their fellow's fate so fell.
Sure it was a strong great god
Struck down this heaven-grasping titan-tree.

DISCOVERY

Immersed in this space-spread grassy field,
Like a high-gliding dove 'gainst a sky pure blue,
A lone violet, cool-petaled and soft hued,
Looks up at me.

It is nature's secret tear,
In that sweet, mute moment
Before its fated fall.

by MARTIN DINITZ

I'se So-o Tired

by WENDELL ACKERMANN

Ah, me, I tink I'll just sits masef down here an' rest ma ti'ed bones for just a little bit. Oh, lemme take off deze heavy shoes, ma feets is so ti'ed. Uh, well, dat takes care o' one of 'em . . . an' now bof are off. My feets feel so much betta when I takes off dem heavy things. Ah, now to stretch out in dis cool grass . . . Just look at dat blue sky an' dem puffy clouds; dey's movin' along so-o slowly . . . It sho feels good to curl ma toes in dis wet grass. Dey'uz hot an' sticky afore, but now dey's cool an' refreshed.

What's dat dere on ma hand? Oh, it's just one of dem little ants. Sorry, little ant, but I haf ta brush ya off 'cause youse tickles . . . Ma eyes is so heavy. I'll just close 'em for a bit. Listen to dem birds. Dey just keep up dat nice chirpin' all day . . . nevva gits ti'ed a playin'.

I hears sumpin'. Yeh, I sees it, too. Coupla dem fat crows comin' ova dat acorn tree. Look a' dem lazy critters, dey's just about movin' dey're wings. If I had ma Willie wid me, maybe I'd pick him up an' pop one a dem off fo supper. But, too late, dey's gone now . . . Gee, dat stream makes funny noises. Trick-alick-alickle, trick-alick-alickle . . . so nice an' calm an' content wid itself. Maybe I'll just pull maself up an' take a look at 'er. Uh-h-h . . . look dere at dat green leaf . . . Nobody gonna rush it ova da water. It just takes its own sweet time. Ah-h me . . .

Who's dat ova behin' dat bush? Is'at you Jimmy? Yeah, it's you all right. What ya doin' down here by da river, anyways? I thought I told ya ta help yuh Ma wid da cleanin'. Now g'wan home an' leave you Pa ta some peace an' quiet fo a change. Now g'wan, git . . . Dat boy ain't much help—always runnin' from his chores.

Well, lemme rest ma head agin. It won't be long afore Ma will be down here lookin' fo me. An' she always finds me, too. She wanna git me home ta beat da rugs. But I don't wanna do nuttin' like dat. Dat's hard work. Why don't she clean de ole rugs hersef. Well, anyways, I don't feel so dominated now dat her mutter's gone back home. Boy, dat womin use to hit me when I didn't do what she wanted. Course, I nevva hit her back 'cause, well 'cause it's easier ta go 'way an' hide den it is ta fight. Fightin' always ties me out so . . . Oh-h- ma back is startin' ta hurt. I think I just move ova an inch or two, dis spot's gittin' mighty hard. Ya gotta move a little now an' den to stay comftable, but ya can't move too o'fen 'cause ya gits ti'ed if ya do.

Uh, uh, I hears some more noises in da bushes. I'll bet ma best coonskin dat it's Ma, an' she's walkin' mighty heavy, too. Well, too late ta do anythin' 'bout it now, she's almos' on top a me. I'll just wait here and pray she don't throw sumpin' at me.

"Bones, Bones where are you? What's de idea a sneakin' out a dat rug beatin'? Ah ha, dere you is, you lazy loafer. Now git home an' git ta work afore I break dis stick ova yah fat head. Do ya hear me? Git goin'!"

"A'right, a'right, I'se goin'. Ya don't haf ta shove me. I was just gittin' ready ta start home, anyway."

"Yeah, youse always ready ta start home, but youse nevva seems ta git dere 'cept when we's eatin'. Now g'wan, git along."

Ah me, it's so hard fo a fella ta git away now an' den fo some peace an' quiet. He always bothered by his wife or kids or sumpin'. Oh hum, back ta beatin' dem ole rugs. Life is so-o-o tejus.



Season's Greetings

The Door

by ROBERT LANE

His face was dark with thoughts as he walked slowly towards the door. As he placed his hand on the knob, he turned to face her. "Rita, this is the last time I'm coming to see you," he said in a low voice.

She was almost up to him when he said it, and she stopped and looked at him, stunned. Her mouth worked for a moment in silence.

"Frank . . . wh . . . why? . . . what's happened?"

"Nothing's happened . . . it's just that . . . it's just that I've decided we can't see each other anymore."

Her face was pale; she tried to smile.

"Please, Frank, I don't think you're very funny."

"I'm not trying to be, Rita. I'm not coming to see you again. I mean it." His face was peculiarly rigid. He looked past her at the afternoon sunlight screaming in the window and dashing itself against the floor.

"Frank, what's happened? Is it Jeanie?"

"You know Jeanie's known for a long time and there's nothing she could do. It's not that," he concluded impatiently.

"Well what is it, Frank; have I done something?"

"No, of course not. It's . . . look, Rita, it's too tough to explain . . . it's nothing you've done, but . . . let it go at that will you?"

Frank!" she breathed out, amazed, "It's not that easy . . . not now." Her hands clutched his arms; the knuckles of her thin hands were white. "You know what I was when you came to me. You know what I was . . . no woman wants to be a prostitute! I was just dirt until I met you, Frank; there wasn't anything else. When a man walks out on a woman, she can't stop being a woman. I tried to take it easy after Mike left me, and I thought I had it licked, but I . . . Oh Christ! The change from just wanting somebody to taking anybody was so damned easy."

He looked down at her face and saw in her eyes all the helplessness of woman since the time of Eve.

"I know, Rita," he whispered, angry with himself because he could understand too well.

"But you've seen how I've changed, Frank; I'm not like that anymore . . . only for you. And I need you now, Frank; you're the only decent guy I've ever known, and I need you."

"Rita, please . . ." He tried to back away but was brought up suddenly by the door at his back. He turned and stepped back, but she clung to him.

"Frank, you're the only guy who can make me be what I want. And you can't leave me now. Frank, I'm . . ."

"Look, Rita," he cut in, "It's no good. It can't work, not now. It's no use."

"It's got to work! You remember why you came to me in the first place . . . You said you were a married man, but your wife couldn't give you a family. I'm a married man, but my wife's not the woman I thought she'd be. That's what you said, Frank, do you remember? It wasn't just a line; you didn't have any reason to hand me a line. It was business then."

He stiffened as if from a sudden pain. "Rita, for Christ's sake, will you cut it out? This isn't going to get you anywhere; I'm leaving because I have to and that's . . . that's the only reason," he concluded dismally. He looked down at the floor and finally blurted out, "Jeanie's going to have a baby; I can't leave her now."

He felt Rita sag against him. Her hands slowly slid down his arms, powerless. She finally broke the silence; her voice low and calm.

"It can't even be the way it has been, can it, Frank?"

"No," he whispered. It was good timing on her part."

"Yes . . . it was, . . . damned good." She was staring straight ahead at his blue work shirt.

There was another long silence; his arms slid around her waist.

"I guess you'd better get going, Frank; she'll be expecting you home soon."

"Rita, . . . I, . . . look, you know how I feel . . ."

"Sure, Frank I know. I, . . . it's just . . ."

They stood by the door in silence, her forehead resting against his shoulder. She finally looked up.

"You'd better get going, Frank."

"Yeah."

"Kiss me?"

"Sure, Kid."

He finally released her and reached for the door knob. She stepped back and he opened it.

"So long, Kid."

She smiled faintly. "Goodbye, Frank,"

He closed the door slowly, quietly, and the closing latch sounded like a pistol shot. She stood looking at the door and the blurred figure as it disappeared beyond the curtained window. She looked down at herself.

"I hope you're a boy . . . you bastard."

The Renunciation

by MILES KREUGER

The rain beat down on me with heavy, thudding drops. I left my rooms behind me in the mist. I knew one thing: I had to get away.

I thought of those faces back there. What faces they were: the leering one with the dripping lips and the whining, nasal voice; the muffin-shaped one, mounted on two enormous breasts; and the thin one, white and cold as a slab of marble.

I could hear their cackling and ravings even now, though the only

I had just reached the highway when the rain began to smash against my face. I pulled my coat collar high to keep the fur from getting matted. But the rain was furious, and the dampness oozed down my neck.

I felt myself being driven into the earth.

The highway was dark. It was very late. Suddenly, from behind me, there came a glow, soft, distant, but a glow. A life was nearing me.

The glow became brighter and brighter. In front of me, I saw my own shadow, as long and thin as a needle. The shadow became sharper and shorter. I turned. I saw two round lights piercing through the grey haze.

There was a screech of brakes, and a dark, bulky object, nearly my height, came to a stop by my side. A voice inside asked me if I wanted a lift; I answered yes. A latch snapped, and a door opened.

I got in the car and saw a smile next to me.

"Cigarette?" the smile said.

"Thank you," I answered.

There was a scratch, a smell of sulphur, and a beacon light of orange approached my mouth. I inhaled, and a wisp of cigarette smoke wiggled its warm way through my nose.

I sat back into the spongy cushions and glanced, by the light of the beacon, at the car's maroon interior.

A flick of the wrist killed the light, and another flick of the wrist sent the tiny dead beacon out the window.

I took another soothing puff of tobacco, and after the car lurched into motion, there was a little sliver of cardboard, tipped with grey, lying alone on a wet highway, somewhere between here and there.



sound was the incessant drone of the rain on the road, on the trees, in the air, falling, falling.

The night had closed in around me, and I was an island in a grey ocean. There were vast, towering shadows of trees, on either side, silhouetted against the sky.

I looked down at the ground and watched my own feet reach out from under me, relentlessly, like pistons, slapping against the wet tar, then disappearing beneath my coat.

Sonnet

When love first like a fruited tree was grown
With skeins of green bleached silver under moon
I would have cut its growth and not have known
That such can grow where such has died so soon.
But silently it sank its roots in stone
Where frost lay lately like a speechless pool
And as young grass detaches bone from bone
Come where water swims and night is cool.

As in her loveliness, Persephone
Comes numbed and nimbus'd out of Pluto's pit
By spring and morning thawed, and winter free
Feeling the sun too strong to look at it,
The tree went hill-high into day, and stood
Unwithered, and its fruits are good.

by DICK SEWELL

Students, Faculty Members Interviewed On Five Course Program

The new five course program for the Lower College has been working for almost a full semester. The following statements by various students and faculty members represent a cross-section of Community feeling toward the program thus far:

Wendell Ackerman: I am very much in favor of the basic idea of the five course program. Freshmen and sophomores are now allowed a greater number of courses permitting more experimentation before moderation. At this time, however, I don't think that the program is as good as it could be because, in many cases, homework assignments are so long that they cannot be prepared adequately in every subject. If the amount of homework was proportional to the number of courses, then I think the five course program would be extremely worthwhile.

Dr. Fred Crane: I'm not in a position to say it's worked but I have an indirect criticism of it in the sense that it has replaced the content conference in the lower college. This content conference constituted for me in the past the heart and core of individualized education at Bard.

Dr. William Fraunfelder: It is my general impression that students have, of necessity, had to work harder, and have been doing more work. It is also my impression that the freshman class has been more successful in adjusting to the five course program than the sophomores, who were "brought up" in the four course program.

Sheila Heister: I am in favor of the five course program as it has evolved, due mainly to the wider range of courses it now offers. However I feel that one of the five courses should be the hour Trial Major conference. I do not necessarily advocate its incorporation into all the divisions, but for those students in the Social Studies and Literature Divisions, particularly, I feel the TMC is of great value and its exemption from the lower college student's curriculum constitutes a real loss to his development.

Dr. Felix Hirsch: I believe that the fifth course is one of the most desirable and most effective features of the new plan. I believe it offers the Lower College student a better chance to explore a wide range of subjects and thus to gain a general education in the best sense of the word. I would be in

favor of extending the five courses (including the major tutorial) to the junior year. My own experience as a student, long, long ago and my observations of Bard students have convinced me that a greater variety of subjects will stimulate the energies of a student more than a somewhat narrow intellectual diet. The greater effectiveness of the five course program in particular, and the new educational plan in general can be proved by the heavy increase in library business this fall. Although the enrollment dropped ten percent as compared with last fall, the library circulation in the months of September, October and November 1952, increased by twenty percent as compared with last year.

Leni Rosenfeld: In comparing the new five course system with the four course system of last year I find that none of the work in any one of the courses has been minimized. This is particularly bad when you become involved in time consuming extra-curricular activities which relate to your courses. You are then forced to keep hours which endanger not only health but school-work as well.

Mr. James Schroyer: On the basis of what has gone on this semester, and keeping in mind that I have exceptionally small classes (even for Bard), my impression is that the five course program offers a decided advantage; the students are working harder. My statement, however, must be qualified from every conceivable angle.

The general consensus seems to be, bearing these opinions in mind, that the five course program has the advantage of offering a more diversified program and an opportunity for students to experiment more fully in various divisions.

The outstanding disadvantages then, are the loss of the trial major conference, considered by many a most important part of the Bard system of education; and the overly-heavy work load, to which most sophomores find difficulty in adjusting.

It appears that the feeling is toward the five course program, in theory, and that the major complaints about the program are technical difficulties which may be ironed out as the program progresses.

—ROSE BAKST



Tides and Trends

by

CHARLES NAEF

Uninfluenced by the change of party control, the role of the independent liberal has remained the same. Neither party can establish an absolute claim to conservatism or liberalism, but it is true that liberals in both parties have been responsible for the social and economic progress that has marked the course of American history. In Adlai Stevenson's words, recently written to Students for Democratic Action:

"As a nation, we have made great strides forward in the past two decades on many fronts—social, economic, and political. These gains did not come automatically. They had to be fought for and earned by people who believed in progress, struggling against the worshippers of the status quo who perpetually dig their heels and refuse to move forward."

Some fifty national adult and student organizations representing liberals across the country have united in a concerted effort to challenge Senate "cloture" rule 22, which permits a bare one-third of the Senate to license a filibuster. By this provision a one-third minority can talk to death any measure clearly favored by the majority. The Senate filibuster represents the time-honored rampart of the status quo from behind which one or a group of Senators can block change through legislative action as long as his lungs and legs permit him to hold the floor. Senate Rule 22 requires a clear two-thirds vote of the entire Senate to limit debate and thus break a filibuster. While hundreds of worthy bills have been killed by the filibuster during the past century and a half, this minority weapon has been used during the last thirty years mainly to prevent the passage of civil rights legislation.

During the current 82nd Congress, the Dixiecrats aided by a comfortable margin of conservative Republicans, succeeded in thwarting all efforts to pass a Fair Employment Practices Commission bill, just as they had previously caused the failure of anti-lynching and anti-poll tax legislation. In the next Congress prospects for the repeal of Rule 22

seem somewhat brighter, if President-elect Eisenhower will use his personal influence with some of the GOP fence-sitting Senators. In the past these conservative stalwarts have traded their anti-cloture votes in return for anti-Fair Deal Dixiecrat votes on economic measures. Now that the Republican Party is in power, some of these fence-sitters may change their vote, mindful of the pressure by the constituencies in their home states.

In order to evade the possibility of a filibuster against a cloture bill, the liberal forces in the Senate are going to follow a carefully devised parliamentary plan of action which has been proposed by Walter Reuther, the new head of the CIO. The plan hinges on an essential pro-cloture ruling by the President of the Senate. Since Vice-President-elect Nixon, who will assume the Presidency of the Senate on January 20, is a known foe of most civil rights legislation and has consistently defended Rule 22, action must be taken during the preceding two weeks when Vice-President Alven Barkley will still wield the gavel.

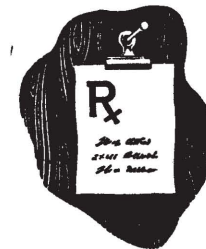
If General Eisenhower and his liberal GOP associates grasp this historic chance by throwing all their weight behind the effort to change Rule 22, history may well credit the Eisenhower administration with having hastened the forces of progress in America.



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Yerma Presentation Reviewed

by ROBERT SPITZLER

The boys in the back room at Bard have previously displayed their affinity for the works of Federico Lorca, in their presentation of "Blood Wedding"; a production of the same playwright's, "Yerma," should come as no surprise.

Lorca's plays are often tempting to off-Broadway groups, for there is much to be learned from productions of them. Commercial theatre men, less academic in their natures, steer away from them. "Yerma" is all velvet for the actor, who has rich and beautiful scenes, and it is challenging for the director, choreographer, and scenic designer, who can permit their imaginations free rein. The situation is a little less than idyllic for the audience, inasmuch as the playwright has been unable to translate his themes into understandable theatrical language. One can come away from "Yerma" sensually and artistically moved, but the experience is intellectually empty.

A cast of young people has done its best to clearly illustrate Lorca's exposition of his love and desire versus honor and convention theme. That these actors have not been completely successful is not to their discredit. Lacking maturity and consummate skill, they have endeavored to make the most of their equipment. And it is interesting to note that actors in lesser roles are most at ease in this illusory drama.

Barbara Wersba is excellent as the Pagan Crone, and as one of the laundresses, Lynn Stein is powerful and strong. There are not many actresses honest enough to permit all that mother earth in their performances. Richard Sewell is competent enough as Juan, and it is laudable that Sandra Mowbray-Clark is as carefully efficient in a minor role as she was in a more important role in her last appearance on the Bard stage.

But the major burden of this production falls upon Helaine Kopp, in the title role. Miss Kopp is possessed of a great deal of vigor, and her performance is characterized by fierce intensity and urgency. There are times when she carries the entire play along with the flow of her reading. But there are others, nonetheless, when a respite from the sameness of tone which all that force necessitates might be welcome.

It is only occasionally that "Yerma" comes to life, Miss Kopp and her fellows to the contrary. The final scene is visually and dramatically an exciting experience. The choreography by Zoe Warren, coupled with Lewis Hamvas' strident music and the clarity of Larry Wismer's overall direction, merge with the exhilarating actions of a whole stageful of people to produce a moment of integrity and fire. There is no apology necessary here, although one may be necessary for the vocal efforts of the laundresses employ-

ed in the second act, and for the substitution of a pianist for the announced sextet in the interpretation of an interesting score.

Perhaps one difficulty with "Yerma" lies in its theme. The problems of desire and honor and their conflict are more at home within the Spanish temperament than in the American. Or if they are meaningful to Americans, they might be better illustrated in the dramatic medium through some other story. Yerma's predicament is too remote.

Joan Larkey's sets are utilitarian and attractive; her lighting is more than a little murky. But as a whole her work is compatible with the demands of the tiny Orient theatre. Whether performances like Miss Kopp's, so closely approximating the bravura, are equally at home, is a moot point. In any case, "Yerma" was produced, quite frankly, to serve as a learning situation, and here it has been successful. As a complete evening in a playgoer's itinerary, it has not.



Bard Plays Host To Dutchess County Administrators

On the afternoon of December 4, Bard played host to the Dutchess County School Administrators Conference. This group of secondary school principals and superintendents has formed together an association to further the aims of the teaching profession and to make this society one of good fellowship while advancing a cause they all feel so deeply.

After dinner in the Faculty Dining Room, Dr. Robinson explained one of Bard's proud extracurricular activities, M.S.A. The clear and concise description of our part in the program was well received by the association.

Such conferences and friendly meetings with representatives of our own neighboring community are an excellent step towards furthering good relations with our neighbors and increasing their respect and admiration for us.

Bardians Help Free Trenton Two

Recently the New Jersey State Supreme Court sustained an appeal by the Joint Committee to Free the Trenton Two. A new trial was ordered for the alleged murder case.

The Trenton Two, it will be remembered, are the two remaining members of the Trenton Six who are still in custody. These six Negroes were accused of killing a second-hand antique dealer and were at first convicted on very circumstantial evidence and on the basis of confessions which many believe to have been extracted by other than legal methods. Four of the men were released after a re-trial, but the two remaining were sentenced to life imprisonment.

A year ago the Bard Chapter of Students for Democratic Action formed the Bard Committee to Free the Trenton Two, and raised \$115, nearly 1% of the total cost to carry the appeal to the New Jersey Supreme Court. The money was needed to print the court records of the case.

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Seven

International Week-end

(Continued from Page 1)
bring foreign students to the campus, where an exchange of ideas with American student leaders and the Bard Community will take place.

The tentative program which has been set up for the week-end includes: an opening address on Friday night, panels on Saturday morning, speeches and informal get-togethers on Saturday afternoon, a panel discussion on the political role of youth on Saturday evening, and a closing address and entertainment, which will be in charge of Mrs. Muriel De Gre, on Saturday night. On Sunday morning there will be the traditional trip to Hyde Park where a wreath will be placed on the grave of F.D.R.

Co-chairmen for the week-end are Charlie Naef and Sheila Heister. The steering committee consists of Naomi Bellinson, Marilyn Schwartzapple, Ann Shaaker, Francesco Cantarella, Chuck McIntosh, Bob Ronder, Dietrich Sperling and Audrey Goldman. Al Landau is the treasurer.

It is hoped by those planning the International Students Week-end that all Bardians interested will get in touch with them and help make this year's event the best, yet.

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The Bardian's Literary Supplement, containing creative material by and for Bardians, will make its debut in magazine form early next semester.

The magazine will be comprised of about thirty pages of original material, including entries in The Bardian's short story and poetry contest and illustrations by various members of the Art Department. Steve Barbash has designed a woodcut for the cover which, appearing for the first time on this issue, will be used for following Literary Supplements.

Common Course

(Continued from Page 3)
tyrannical idea of totality. In this sense, we hope that the common course might become the common cause of the Bard community.

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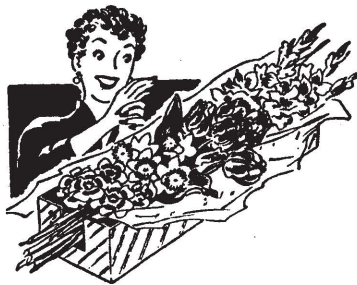
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