



The Bardian

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C. Weigt Receives Fellowship; Plans Book On Choreography

Bard College has recently learned with pride that a Ford Fellowship has been awarded Miss Claire Weigt. This Fellowship finances a year of research in the particular field of the recipient; Miss Weigt's project will be in dance, drama and art. It will cover the academic year July 1, 1952 to the end of June, 1953.

In contrast to the Guggenheim competition, where the individual submits his own name, the person to receive a Ford Fellowship is selected from among those submitted by colleges throughout the U. S. The selection is based on the worth of the project plans. From among 238 outstanding persons chosen from all over the U. S., Miss Weigt was one of the 21 women so honored.

She will begin the year at the Camden Hills Theater, Camden, Maine, doing the choreography for two musical productions, and collaborating on stage design. During the year she will continue to paint and to conduct her dance classes. The main object of this research year, however, is the completion of Miss Weigt's book, *Choreographic Studies of the Modern Dance*. The book is based upon the work students have been doing here at Bard. It deals with the art approach to dance; whereas most people think of choreography as rhythm or movement, Miss Weigt deals with it as space and design.

When asked to give a layman's description of her space-design concept, Miss Weigt presented

the basic ideas in this way: "The choreographic problem is that of dancing in an area; the relation



of the dancer to space is correlated with the movement. There are two spaces in dancing, that upon the floor where the design is created, and that in the air. The space of the former is horizontal; of the latter, vertical. The relation of the dancer to these is one of the important factors in choreography."

Miss Weigt has been on a sabbatical and is utilizing this time to obtain her Ph.D. at Columbia. Though she will be absent from Bard for three semesters, working on her project, she plans to return to us in September, 1953.

"Nature Of Scientific Truth" Theme Of Science Weekend

The Science Department will be the focal point of much activity this week-end. Colleges within a two-hundred mile radius have received invitations to attend a series of much-discussed symposia on "The Nature of Scientific Truth." This topic will include features of physics, psychology, logic, and the probability theory.

One interesting feature which may be considered, is science as viewed by the layman, whose knowledge of science is limited to advertisements such as "Scientifically proven and tested ingredients. . .", or "Latest scientific tests prove . . ."

Speakers definitely scheduled thus far are Columbia's Professor Ernest Nagel, logician; Yale's Professor Henry Margenau, phy-

sicist; and Harvard's Professor Philip Frank, physicist. Professor Frank succeeded Albert Einstein when Einstein left Prague. It is hoped that additional speakers of like caliber will be included in this roster.

The symposia will be held Friday and Saturday, May 9th and 10th. On Saturday afternoon the panel discussion and individual talks will take place.

Science Weekend, which is an extension of the John Bard Lecture will be presented by the Science and Social Studies Divisions, with financial aid from the latter. This weekend is a concentrated attempt to bring the Science Department to the attention of the Bard campus, and to bring the Bard Community to the attention of science.

Voice Students Perform Tonight

Divers Musical Events Planned

Bard's talented musicians and composers are combining efforts to musically enrich the remaining weeks of school with a series of Concerts and Workshops. The intricacies of vocal technique will be featured in tonight's Voice Workshop. Three of Paul Nordoff's students are presenting a program of selections varying both in style and language. They are Jack Feare, tenor; Helene Rosenfeld, dramatic lyric soprano; and Karl Wedemeyer, tenor.

The program will be divided into English, German, Italian, French, and Spanish sections. *Mists*, by Respighi, *Sontag*, by Brahms, and *Wohin*, by Schubert, will be included, as will pieces by Cimara, Faure, and Manuel de Falla.

Mr. Nordoff will turn from coaching to performing when he plays his own Sonata for Violin and piano, with violinist, Alice Smiley, sometime during the middle of this month. The program will also include Brahms Third Symphony and a work by Bach.

On May 8, 1952 at Town Hall in New York, Mr. Nordoff will assume the role of composer-pianist for the Olga Samaroff Memorial Concert. The world premier of his Sonata will be performed at this time by the composer and Sada Shuchari, violinist.

In like manner, administrator turns choral-director. Brahms Requiem will be presented May 25th, at the regular church service, and will be conducted by James H. Case Jr. It will be sung by about 30 members of the Bard Community.

A student organization, the Madrigal Group, having seen a slump

brought on by Clair Leonard's unfortunate illness, was given new life by his recent return. They hope to be able to present two songs for Parent's day, which will probably be *Au Joli Bois* and *Come Again Sweet Love*.

Several events are planned for late May and early June, such as a composer's workshop, a recital by Carole Hershcopf and a concert of ensemble music incorporating part of Faith Lillien's Senior Project. As a finale to the Music Department's program this semester, Ruth Neal will give an organ recital, constituting the second half of her Senior project.

Drama

Workshop

by Lawrence Wismer

The workshop production of *Six One Act Plays* was probably one of the most valuable experiments of the year in the drama department. Over 30 students, both majors and non-majors who are taking courses in the department, were involved in the productions.

From the selection of the play to its performance, each production was planned to allow as much experimentation as possible and students were able to work in all phases of a production. Each play had a student director, a designer, a costumer, technicians, and actors. During their classes in Drama and at every opportunity, they would meet to discuss the problems and development of the work they were doing.

The Workshop really had its inception several weeks before the performance when the directors began to read one-act plays in search for those which would be considered meaningful by both the students involved in the production and the audience. The facilities and the people available at Bard were taken into great consideration. As a group they discussed the plays in regard to the ideas expressed and the manner of interpretation. When the plays were finally chosen, each director met with his designer and together they planned the scenery, lighting and costumes. Casting was carried on by the directors,

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Dylan Thomas To Read His Poetry

Dylan Thomas, possibly one of the most important "younger" poets of our day, will arrive at Bard Thursday, May 8, to read his poetry. Mr. Thomas is known internationally for his ability both as a reader and as a poet. Critics seem to agree that some of the most musical lyricism in contemporary poetry has been written by Thomas. Often regarded as the successor to Auden and Elliot; his latest published work is entitled *In Country Sleep*.

Five Point Program Critically Analyzed

Johnson Discusses Symposia; Evaluates "Common Course"

In the dim past many people discussed apathy. It was a catchy word—almost like the lyrics of a song on the hit parade. In fact, a few students attempted to write lyrics for apathy to the tune of Jealousy. I don't remember now whether that worthy project was ever completed, but like every popular song, it had its hey-day for a few weeks and then faded, becoming a tune of yesterday.

Also, if you remember, there were a number of people who considered the word seriously—as fact, not fancy. You probably have recollections of colloquia or addresses by President Case and Dr. Esther Raushenbush, Dean of Sarah Lawrence College.

On Tuesday morning, February 19, President Case presented a five point program. Today the program is in the hands of Faculty Policy Committee who consulted with EPC and then took appropriate action. One point was killed—the extra class hour per subject for Freshmen. The other four will be instituted next semester. Questions should now be asked and certainly, comments and suggestions are needed. As a starter—What should the core course consist of? But perhaps some background is appropriate.

President Case divided the campus into three "elements in a dynamic solution." They are faculty, students and administration. He said, "I regard the administration as the most liberal

element of these three, the faculty next, and the student body by far the most reactionary force . . . I rather suspect the faculty of being a bit stuffy too, but nothing so backward as the students."

I do think enough of us are backward, but I take issue with the term, reactionary. Many of the newer students are far too backward to even warrant the label, reactionary. This appears more to be a question of "know nothing" without desire or interest to learn. Very few of these students have enough awareness of the so-called "Bard tradition" to consider the possibility of changing it. The excitement of progressive education in the real sense of the word, which may have stimulated some of the older students, has not been pumped into them.

Some students who have "fond" memories of the "good old days" may classify new ideas as either "Bardian or un-Bardian." Some of these "older" students may be opposed to change. Perhaps they would like to set up an "un-Bardian Activities Committee," but a great many of these "older" students are the ones who laid the groundwork for a re-evaluation of Bard in terms of colloquies and positive action.

The President called for this positive action and action has been taken, despite the fact that too many students remain unconcerned. One has the feeling

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From the President's Desk

by
J. H. CASE, Jr.

Within the same week, two events have recalled the opening days of the current semester: the publication of the official record of the Bard Symposium, copies of which are in the Library; and final action of the faculty with respect to the specific proposals with which the Symposium was in part concerned. I hope future events will long continue to recall our adventure in self-analysis and self-prescription. No final judgment of the Symposium can yet be made, but a measure of stock-taking now is indicated.

Faculty action has determined the shape of at least some of the things to come. By a very large majority the faculty committed itself to a common course for Freshmen "dealing with ideas and values rather than merely with additional subject-matter." Details of how such a course is to be conducted are not yet available, but the faculty committee now at work holds that the course should not be "taught" in the usual sense of the word, but should be led by faculty members engaged with the students in a joint learning process, and that the real direction of the course should be supplied by questions formulated by the students. Systematic investigation of these questions through readings and discussions would thus constitute the pattern of the course, and every year the pattern should show new themes and motifs as the concerns of students shift in emphasis.

It was also by large majorities that the faculty adopt (1) the proposal to free the T. M. C. from the burden of carrying a specific course and sharpening its responsibility for personal counseling and for interpreting and synthesizing the student's past, present, and future academic program; and (2) the scheme permitting promotion to the Upper College to take place as soon after two semesters as the student can demonstrate his readiness.

Longer debate and closer votes (all voting was done by secret ballot) came with the other two issues. The closest vote of all was the faculty's rejection of the third hour as a requirement for Lower College courses now meeting in a single two-hour seminar, although it confirmed the right of instructors individually to require a third hour when they feel it necessary or desirable. Almost as close, however, was its acceptance of the proposal for five courses for students in the Lower College.

The attitude of the faculty toward every one of the five proposals paralleled that of E. P. C., which consulted many students and held many meetings before transmitting its recommendations to the faculty. This parallelism points to a more substantial agreement than the closeness of the faculty vote in two instances might otherwise suggest. One of the proposals is dead—the third hour—and no proponent should try to revive it. The other four have now been accepted and will be embodied in our program in September.

Although the required third hour is dead, and I am perfectly satisfied to allow it to rest in peace, there is no impropriety in recalling the reason why it was suggested. In my Symposium address I said:

"My second suggestion has to do with the seminar system itself. When it works well, it produces spectacular results, but it has a weakness that shows up in two ways. That weakness is the unequal and somewhat uncertain preparation of those who are to take part. It is the observation of a great many members of the faculty that most freshmen and many sophomores are not ready to assume the responsibility of receiving an assignment at the end of a Wednesday seminar and really getting to work on it before the following Tuesday night. I have checked this observation many times with students, and each time it has been confirmed. Its significance is that the work is not done well, and that the seminar is less effective for everybody than it ought to be."

Neither during the Symposium nor since has any one seriously disputed the accuracy of this indictment. The fact that a single proposal for curing the situation was found inadequate or inappropriate or otherwise undesirable is not, of course, any reason why we should continue to put up with an acknowledged weakness as serious as this. I therefore call on the community to come forward with a better answer than the one originally proposed, and I offer from my own pocket (empty at the moment) a prize of \$25 for the answer that seems best to the faculty.

It has been said by some that none of the proposals dealt with much more than methodology. Exempting the proposal for the common course from this accusation, I find no great difficulty in otherwise agreeing. But—methodology is important. There is really nothing "mere" about devices unless one begins to look at them as intrinsically important. On almost every issue, you must first determine what you want to do and then decide how best to do it. We know what we want to do—and we have changed very little from either our own vision when Bard was founded or from that of the best other colleges. What has always distinguished Bard is not any eccentricity of aim, but experimental methods. And that means that you alter your methods in the light of experience to make them constantly more effective and responsive.

It has also been said that none of the proposals has anything to do with the social life of the College. I find this a reactionary judgment that rejects the conception expressed by the Newman Committee last year and frequently voiced since then, that the very closest relationship exists between the vitality of the intellectual life of the campus and

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The Bardian

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Door To The Left

by SAM BENSON

I was sitting before the window, looking out into the street and at the people who came from the subway. There was a funny, hurrying dark woman carrying a big bag, a short man with a briefcase and then two little girls holding hands and . . . then someone knocked at the door.

"Why hello," I said. There in my doorway stood a little old woman, like any little old woman, with a funny, worn look on her face and eyes that glowed, just a little.

"Oh, there you are. I've been looking for you a long time," she said. I stood back from the doorway and she waddled into the room and plumped herself into a chair next to the enameled table in the center of the room. "Now let's have a real nice cup of tea and a good talk, shall we?"

"Of course," I said and went to the stove to put some water on. "And what was your name?"

"Miss Smittens, Miss Josephine Smittens. I've lived here a long time and I've been looking for you for a long time too. For a while I thought I would never find you, but then someone told me this was where you lived. You see, I have something to show you."

"To show me?" What could she mean? Was she going to show me a sunset, or a painting, or how the wind blows the leaves from the trees? Or a dwarf with a candle looking for truth? "What are you going to show me?" I said.

"Later." And she dipped the tea bag up and down in the hot water until it became quite strong and then began to sip it slowly through her old dry lips.

"Come with me," she said and I followed her, clicking the door shut, down the narrow bent steps and through the fog of dust lining the stairway.

The street was noisy and there was a half glow of happiness shining from some of the store windows. I passed the canned ham at the delicatessen which I had always wanted to buy, and turned with her up a little side street, littered with papers and cans. Then we went through a wooden gateway into a little garden. There were rusty iron chairs and a little figured table with a metal dog sitting up on it, and over in the corner were some rocks and dirt with plants undoubtedly hidden

under the winter cover of leaves.

"Oh, not here," she admonished and grabbed my hand, hurrying me through a cement archway, dripping with stale moisture, into a strange cobbled walkway. The stones were worn and uneven and loose. We passed a small stucco building with a window in its side, barred and very dirty, and I attempted to peek in. "Oh, not here," she murmured reproachfully and grabbed by hand again, pushing me through a metal door into the back entrance of what I thought was an apartment.

The room smelled of incense and there were Japanese prints and a dirty bamboo curtain hung on the wall. I stopped to look at the print, but she said, "Please, not here, it's only a little distance now," and she took my hand and we walked into a dark hallway. She flicked a switch and in the dim light I saw that there were two doors on either side of the hallway, and one down at the far end. "There, that door at the end of the hallway, go through that," she said.

"Aren't you coming with me?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I don't dare," she said with terrified eyes.

"Why not?" I asked. The woman gave me a startled look, as if to say, "Don't you know?" and backed up against the entrance to the hallway.

"Please go ahead without me," she said and pointed to the far door. I walked ahead and opened it. The room was completely bare on one side and then I heard a tapping noise and turned around. There in a corner of the room a little girl was playing hop-scotch, with chalk squares on the floor and a little stone thrown in the places. She stopped her game and looked at me. A funny, half smiling child with the bright brown eyes and a faded blue dress. Her shoes were black patent leather and buckled, and her socks were a grayed white.

"I knew you'd come," she said, looking me straight in the eye, and I could feel myself wither under the evil of her glance. Funny, sick, half-starved child, dying on the other side of the shawdows. I couldn't leave. She picked up the rock and it made a hollow click as she threw it on the next square and began to skip towards it.



Eyes meet
And the electric arc sparks
Across the room;
Fingers touch
And rationality is
An empty word.

Love is a word
In search of music,
But the only sound is
The contented purr
Of the well-oiled wheels
Of the Machiavellian clock.

The fourth dimension is dead.
Come here and listen—
To the deafening
Silent theme
That is
This love.

by JESSICA THOMAS



"Come out of your shell!"

The mysterious stranger crouched on the grass in front of Stone Row intent on holding communion with me. Not wishing to appear rude, I poked my head out of my shell and informed him that I was sorry but I was too tired to converse with him.

"You don't understand. You must stop bawling and start crawling."

By this time the stranger's face was fire-red which prompted my answer to him: "You've got the wrong gal, dah-ling. For example, last month when the fire alarm went off, I decided that it was time I stopped talking about never being able to resist a siren and actually did something about it. So, I moved my sleepy head out of my shell and crawled all the way over to the road where I was finally picked up by the 37th car speeding to the scene of destruction. However, I was in for a great disappointment. There were no blazes in the sky . . . Not even one teeny building was burning up. What audacity! I simply couldn't imagine where they got the nerve to drag us out for a mere brush fire. Anyway, you can see, dah-ling, I've been extremely active!"

"You are worst offender. You are apathetic about apathy."

By this time, the stranger had risen to his full height and I thought he was going to crush me. But his face seemed kindly and I could tell that he was not only being critical but was earnestly interested in helping me. "You win, dah-ling. Tell me what I can do," I said warmly. He laconically replied: "Bardian!" With this disclosure his mysterious mask seemed to melt and I was sure of his identity. The word he uttered brought back so many pleasant memories. I thought how grand it would be again to crawl around on calloused feet during the evening, sleep-walk during the day and meet so many dissenting people. My mind was made up. I would take up my journalistic activities again. "O.K. Chief Dah-ling, what's my assignment?" I asked. He told me to cover the art exhibit including mention of those held in the past. Patting my shell, he said with deep appreciation, "Thanks, Talu, I've always said where there's Tallulah there's hope."

I was anxious to cover my assignment right away, so early Monday morning I crawled over to South Hall where the art exhibit was being held and arrived at breakneck speed on Tuesday. I must say I was terribly impressed by the whole showing. Words fail me at a time like this so I won't use them. I just think the exhibit was x\$%&?@**1/4. There are many rising young artists represented here like Dufy, Matisse and Van Gogh. I'm sure they'll go places in time to come. What impressed me most was the experimental trend in these paintings. For instance there was a lovely one called "Paw" by Karen; still another one that had touches of greatness was called "Hole in the Wall" by Hope Castoff. Others deserving mention are: "Beerstains on Ceiling" by Keg Opened Too Quickly, "Impromptu Messages" by Inna Rush. All in all I found this to be a very enlightening and stimulating exhibition.

This showing deeply contrasted with one held last term. Though last year's exhibit was not on as high a cultural level it proved to be as dynamic and enlightening and in many ways more original. The dominant theme was "Undertones." It was set up by interested Seniors in the dorm. One particularly good painting was called "You Are A Young Lady: Not Part of The Cavalry." Well-placed on the entrance door was the most striking and vivid piece of all entitled "Slam it! Damn it!" An interesting feature was the appropriate arrangement of the pictures. An example of this is seen in one that was framed in a mirror called "The Face That Launched A Thousand Shouts." This exhibit was too extensive to elaborate further on at this point. In passing, let me just mention "Go Out To Shout, This Is Not A Ball Park" and "Sleep Is A Wonderful Thing. Why Don't You Try It Sometime?" both of which caused quite a commotion. I must say that although these exhibits were quite successful, more presentations of this school of thought would prove to be beneficial to the general tone of the community.

H. K.

● ● ● Sea Images ● ● ●

A naked form upon the rocks, with
Only dead, sneering wind surrounding.
A gull caws—
like a dull scratch upon a
void.

A twist of dry kelp nudges the barren shell.
Yet, one does not forget the ballet
of winds upon a wave,

The taste of salt within foam
Nor the surrender of "self" to sun.

by P. DAVIS

Che si dice

Hey! I SEENA JOCKEY looka damn cocky
an bringa' da favorito in last.
I watcha da long shot leava da whole lot
with one of da foots in a cast.

But da besta one yet I never fo'get
I tella you of it now
It'sa bout a pony an might sounda' phoney
but listen anyhow!

* * *

Now, I work inna stable so if anyone's able
I should getta da tips
It was a day inna July with da clear blue sky
when dey bring inna Mista' Chips.

Hey! I been around but I never found
da horse with a longer reach
And da way he trot showed me a lot
an I yella, "Che si dice!"

Then come da day when da trainer he say
Mista' Chips was agonna race.
I had a hunch I'd a bet a bunch
for I knew he'd set da pace.

Da time she come near and I shake with fear
'cause I put all my lire across.
But the odds were right and I losta' my fright
fo' I know I have da horse.

They reacha' da track and come prancin' back
toward da startin' gate.
"Dey're off!" I shout and den I doubt
fo' Mista' Chips, he start late.

I begin to smile 'cause da race is a mile
an' da start don't mean a thing.
Mista' Chips is inna da back, on da outside track,
but he's prancin' like he's king.

Now he gets inna grove an starts to move
an' I tella myself he's on.
He eats uppa ground like he's a hell-bound
an' I yella, "Hey Paisan!"

Quick like a flash I counta da cash
I'ma gonna accumulate
But I starta to burn fo' atta da turn
Mista' Chips he just run straight!

But I'mma no mad, justa sad
fo' here'sa da gist of my tale
He's only gotta one eye—I'mma no lie
so he no could' follow da rail.

* * *

Now, I work inna stable so if anyone's able
I should getta da tips
It was a day inna July with da clear blue sky
when dey bring inna Mista' Chips.

by S. LEMER

There's something sad about soda
water,
It almost makes you weep,
It's just a lot of nothing
And tastes like your foot's asleep.
AYERS

Deceptive Isolation

Deceptive isolation
singly sensed by two
who share a wall. Alone,
upon one floor within ten feet
two infinities coexist—unaware.

* * *

A daytime empty bar;
the solitariness of one lone glass
raised to self-consoling lips:
a self-appointed martyr.
Perhaps within ten hours
unsteadily extended
to touch to twenty others,
glass becomes uniting essence—
force to twenty youthful bubbling
effervescences.
Should giddy fingers slip,
cohesive atoms disengage
and to the floor fall fragments of a finity.
applauded by a burst of beery laughter.

* * *

Within ten feet
two congruent totalities
harmonious in ignorance;
and separated by an afternoon
pathetic glass expanded, shatters
to a galaxy.

by CYNTHIA GROSS

Poems

by ALEX GROSS

Prelude And Prophecy

I

The meaning for our time is clear
as mud or any other suitably
opaque substance.

the mottled essence of New York,
the wasted men and hours of
living
reduced to five groundhogs;
the little man whose forms are
fixed,
living uptown, working downtown,
commutes his way through life;
others, irritated by an inner
scraping,
bring forth doggerel by stealth;
love caught in the Shuttle
and Central Park is very out of
doors.

thus, made immobile
by a chord succession,
we await the allegro's lunge.

II

When the people sag and limp
in perpetuity
and are held up only by their
skyscrapers,
one day they'll look around
and find their props missing
like a garter in a farce.

Morning

I sit uncomfortable,
half awake—my
thoughts are quiescent,
asleep in their furrows;
as I drink my coffee,
she comes in
and sits herself down at
another table.

* I arrange dis-
traction on my face
and soon get up
and leave.

After Reading Rilke

One walks along alone:
a twinge—insinuations of
hobbled fears—the night,
empty mirrors, open closet doors,
a friend passing in silence,
a nightful of muted minor thirds,
the thought of laborious love
unattained.

no more is needed:
one is undone.

On Perspective

The green leaves grow profusely meaningless,
each one the other's yet unbroken seal
implies, involves, and hides, as though the tomb
could cryptically deny its native verdure
by its somberness; but if white stones
can more than merely parody the edges
of a brittle country road, then leaves
must be a little different from death.

but white and green are only surface deep—
they celebrate a thought misunderstood,
and do no more than tantalize the mind:
for colors can have meaning only if
the intellect can disappear, and love
as catalyst unite the seen with seeing.

Five Points . . .

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of "go fight City Hall."

This bears directly upon the problem of subject matter for a common course. I agree with Bill Schlicht when he states that this course should be devoted to educational and social problems at Bard. I would add, however, the words PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE. This will serve to give new students a perspective in time. They will understand future goals in relation to original objectives. But I do not feel that the problems of individual students could be dealt with adequately, except as arbitrary points of discussion. Student problems, for the most part, should remain in the hands of the advisor.

Dr. Frauenfelder's topic What is Freedom, particularly at Bard? fits well into the general topic

Educational and Social Problems at Bard. Dr. Frauenfelder claims that this would not only tie in with the Bardian idea of social and intellectual freedom, but would stimulate discussion concerning historical implications of freedom. This might be a trifle too ambitious. Perhaps a study of educational philosophies with particular emphasis upon such scholars as John Dewey might be included as a preface to Bard's purpose. This type of course could very well provide the mechanics which would lead to a greater social awareness of students concerning the objectives of their school. As a result, future changes in our structure may be received with greater vitality.

Martin Johnson

Scholarship Given In Memory Of Dick Lewis

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Lewis have sent an initial gift of \$600 for the maintenance of the Richard H. Lewis Scholarship which they have established in memory of their son. The amount is available for presentation in September, 1952. The donors have not provided for any specific criteria in determining the awarding of the scholarship. For the present, President James H. Case, Jr. has decided to award it to a student majoring in the Social Studies Division in order to ally the scholarship more closely to Dick's chief interests.

SCHRAUTH'S ICE CREAM

The Borden Co.

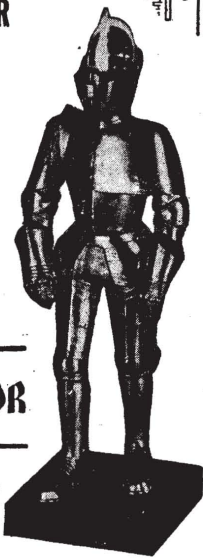
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1952 Bandwagon

by

Charles Naef

Tonight's returns from the Democratic Presidential popularity primary in Florida will reveal to what extent the myth of a "solid South" can be translated into Dixiecrat bargaining power at the Democratic National Convention to start on July 21, in Chicago.

Georgia's conservative Senator Richard B. Russell seems to control the solid South's 290 convention delegates. This leaves him 315 votes short of the 604 needed to capture the nomination. In view of the liberal Democrats' violent opposition, Senator Russell cannot hope to win the nomination, but he will exploit his political strength in an attempt to force a conservative party platform, soft-pedaling the controversial civil rights issue, on an unwilling Democratic majority.

Some Liberals Favor Southern Split

Many Dixiecrats have threatened with a more drastic version of the 1948 secession from the Democratic Party, in case the latter adopt a strong civil rights plank. Mindful of their successful fight for liberalizing the Democratic platform in 1948 and remembering Truman's surprise victory, liberal leaders of the stature of Senator Hubert Humphrey are determined to put new life into the moribund Fair Deal. Many liberal Democrats rejoice at the prospect of a Dixiecrat secession. They watch the Florida primary to determine whether such a split is feasible at this time.

If Senator Kefauver who campaigned on a straight Fair Deal and pro-civil rights platform makes an impressive showing that indicates strong liberal grass roots support, the "solid South" will be split. Liberals hope for a party realignment with the Dixiecrats joining the northern GOP while the pro-Kefauver Southerners would be retained in the Democratic party. An open split and a subsequent party realignment may not yet occur this year, but tonight's Florida results will foreshadow a Southern political upset which will have far-reaching national consequences.

We Like Ike, But We Want ?

Eisenhower scored his primary victories on the basis of his Me-tooism in foreign policy, his personal glamor and the general ignorance of Republican voters as to his stand on domestic issues. Apparently Ike's campaign managers are determined to preserve his vote-getting power on this proven basis when he returns from Europe on June 1st. They are jittery over the fact that he might have to answer some of the pointed questions addressed to him by Senator Taft who is out to prove to the electorate that he is more liberal than Ike.

Harold Stassen, in my view the least qualified and most opportunist of all GOP candidates, is playing a shrewd game that might win him the nomination. Anticipating Eisenhower's loss of much liberal and independent support when queried on his domestic views and recognizing Taft's weakness on account of his foreign policy record, he cultivates the friendship of both camps, in particular the Eisenhower forces.

Lacking marginal support, Taft must be counted out unless he can muster enough delegates to win the GOP nomination on the first ballot. Yet it is inconceivable that Taft will add another 330 delegates to his present 274, considering that Eisenhower leads him already by 4 delegates. Nor is it likely that the Eisenhower forces will control the necessary 604 votes when they enter the convention hall eight weeks from now. From a deadlocked convention Stassen hopes to emerge as the ideal candidate acceptable to all factions.

Perhaps MacArthur . . . Why not Warren?

Some people believe that the nomination will go to General Douglas MacArthur. If he is permitted to keynote the Republican National Convention with a stirring address, they argue, the battered Eisenhower halo will fade away in the presence of the untainted Sun God.

If the Republicans, however, are bent on winning the election, they should nominate the one man who has a chance to lead his party to victory—Governor Earl Warren of California. Less than 37% of the nation's registered voters are Republicans, less than 50% are Democrats; the rest are independents. The Republican negativism of the past twenty years did not materialize in victory, nor will it this year. I doubt whether the American people can be fooled into buying a doubtful domestic product wrapped in heroic battle flags.

A realistic appraisal will show that the American people accord government a positive role in our society. The concept of the welfare state is here to stay. Only if the GOP divests itself of the worn clichés of communism, socialism, statism and dictatorship and rises to the occasion by nominating a liberal-internationalist like Governor Earl Warren, only then can it regain the confidence of the American people and win elections.

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From The President's Desk

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the health of its social life. If the proposals as adopted do make a real contribution to the vigor of the more formal elements of our educational program, then the informal elements will also flourish.

Furthermore, I find the criticism unfair. What do you want for a nickel? Is it fair to say to a contractor repairing the foundations of a house, "What you are doing is no good because you are not painting the house at the same time"? Patience, good friends. And what is more useful than patience is a little effort on your own part to see what needs doing and to do it. The job isn't finished, and it is quite as much your job to suggest ways of getting on with it as mine. Let's make the Symposium a Continuing Conference. We don't need a shot in the arm so much as we need a constant and common awareness.

Drama Workshop

Cont. from Page 1

who are all members of the Advanced Acting and Directing class and every effort was made to use people to their best advantage. Each play was rehearsed eight hours a week for three weeks. Class time was utilized for a discussion of the problems and progress of each production.

It is very seldom possible for a group of people to share and

compare experiences in similar situations such as these. The co-operation among all those involved has been exceptional. The main objective of the Workshop has been to create vital and meaningful artistic experience, with a realization of the interrelation of every aspect of a drama production.

In watching the preparation of this production, Miss Larkey and I both feel that we have seen an exciting and valuable educational project.



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**Remodeling Of Estate
Planned By Architects**

Action is being taken by the Student Committee for the Zabriskie Estate to transform the present buildings and grounds into useful parts of the Bard Community.

A unified long-term plan is being drawn up by two architects who are graduates of Bard. In the near future, the plan will be submitted to the Faculty, Alumnae, Trustees, and Student Committees for approval. This plan will include ideas for changes that will be carried out over a period of years. The transformation is intended to be a gradual, steady process.

Concrete plans have been made for remodeling the Sands House, which is presently occupied by the Richard Bards, into faculty apartments which will be ready for occupancy next fall. The Hartmans are now living in the gardener's cottage, and Mr. Rodriguez and his family in the coach house apartment. The swimming pool is being equipped with a new filter, and it should be ready for use by late spring. The first major change that will directly affect Bard students is to demolish Orient Gallery, and transfer the facilities of the fine arts and drama departments to more suitable buildings on the estate. Furniture has been purchased for the Mansion House in anticipation of the arrival of delegates from the Summer Institute for Social Progress who will meet at Bard during a portion of the summer. This group formerly met at Wellesley College.

Lack of finances is one of the main elements preventing rapid progress. There is a possibility that part of the land east of Route

9-G will be sold in order to ease this situation. The amount of money to be allotted for improvements and changes on the Zabriskie Estate is decided upon by the trustees of the college.

Joe Schofield, chairman of the committee, hopes that student interest and enthusiasm will grow in regard to the possibilities and potentialities of the Zabriskie Estate. When the over-all plan becomes a reality; a wholehearted effort must be made by the community to support the Community Service Project plan.

When the architects' plan is submitted, and another meeting takes place, the community will be informed of more definite plans and details.

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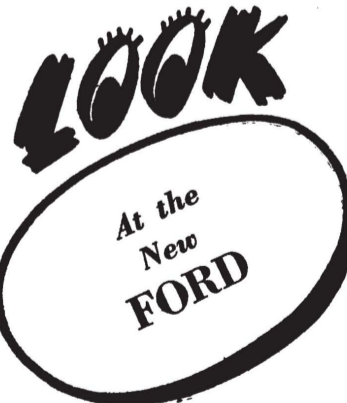
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