Dr. Jaeger Discusses Greek Ideals

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

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

The lecture proceeded with a survey of Greek cultural history.

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

Greek education was this formation of the entire man through a study of past culture and a striving toward arete, the ideal potentiality of man. This potentiality is both ethical and aesthetic. "The Greek idea of education is opposed to all professionalism." Professor Jaeger continued his speech drawing obvious parallels between what was finest in Greek education, and that for which we should strive in progressive education.

"Blithewood"

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

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

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

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

(Continued on Page Eight)

Oroscos Murals Lecture Topic

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

Murals Unparalleled

The Dartmouth murals were painted around 1923 while Oroco was a professor at Dartmouth. Supposedly, Oroco's intention was to instruct, but he was infinitely more interested in the actual painting and produced these murals which, in the opinion of Mr. Dobkin, are very typically American, and stand unparalleled. Oroco portrayed the story of American history from the time of the Aztec civilization to the present, ending with a prophecy of the future.

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

Final Mural

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

One
Policies

Dear all

In addition to the regular objectives of the community, which have to do with social and intellectual growth, there is a third and equally important portion of our collective problem. I should like to point out that the collective problem of our vitality was indirectly weak for reasons which are many and varied. The most prominent of these elements were a lack of leadership and a lack of support from the community as a whole. We feel that the first three criticisms have enough overall justification to merit serious consideration. The last two must be discussed in order to avoid misunderstandings.

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

Regardless of our attitude towards the action taken by the President, we wonder what the editors think is accomplished by a detrimental personal attack on the president, completely disassociated from mention of any actual issues. We ask what can be the value of implicating other personalities, again completely unrelated to the issues at stake.

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

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

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

Sincerely,

Susan Stephenson

The Bardian

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From the President's Desk

by J. H. Case, Jr.

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

Mr. Paul Kolda, Chairman
Community Council
Campus Mail

Dear Paul,

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on Page Six)

Letters to the Editor

October 12, 1953

Dear Editor:

We should like to protest the poor taste employed by the BARDIAN in the presentation (both content and physical layout) of an article entitled "Case Opens Year by Convocation Address." Regardless of our attitude toward the action taken by the President, we wonder what the editors think is accomplished by a detrimental personal attack on the president, completely disassociated from mention of any actual issues. We ask what can be the value of implicating other personalities, again completely unrelated to the issues at stake.

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

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

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

Sincerely,

Susan Stephenson

October 18, 1953

Dear Editor,

I have been recently informed that an article appeared in the recent BARDIAN entitled "No Class of '33 Gift Yet!" The Class of 1953 elected its class officers late in April. The organization was a success, a few titles handed out, but little leadership and purpose were included. This was our mistake, and may be used as a lesson to future Senior Classes. Our activities were listed on the calendar, but existed little in fact. This was only typical of the class feeling; a feeling that seems to prevail in general around Bard. Two weeks after I had been elected, a meeting of the senior class was called, to which three persons responded. A second meeting was called and about ten seniors, out of forty, appeared. Being that this was an unusually high turnout for Bard, the decision about the senior gift was made, and plans were made for the collection of senior dues. Within the next two weeks, every senior, including not only those in attendance, but also those who had not at one time attended Bard and that were still considered part of the class and those that had graduated during the winter sessions, supplied with informa-

(Continued on Page Six)
Experimentation in Fine Arts Explained

by STEFAN HIRSCH.

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

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

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

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

Our educational hypothesis, or "suggested truth," is that one learns best that which one learns voluntarily, and better by doing it than by merely talking about it. Note that the "doing" is not given exclusive rights; note that the "talking about" is not relegated to limbo. Our hypothesis continues by assuming that the creative mind must also be a technical and a critical mind; all of which demands a self-critical, self-disciplined mind. So far our strongest detractors would probably still go with me, but in formulating an educational policy one has to make certain choices; one must distinguish between elementary and basic factors. One must take into the physical and historical realities of the time and place in which one wishes to be effective. One must place first things first. One must also have the guts to resist certain pressures inimical to one's ideals.

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

To be even more paradoxical, I would like to say that the creative process in art is the technical process and if the two occur separately there is no art but only empty virtuosity. This means that technique as such cannot be taught except in the most elementary manipulative stages. Whenever the attempt has been made to freeze technique in a pedagogic system, art has stagnated, become "academic." If art has to do with the artist's awareness and feeling of new relationships, within or without, and with his casting this into tangible form, then he must also newly invent and discover that technique which makes his feeling and form explicit and unique; granted of course that in any given episode the technical devices resemble each other greatly, but it is precisely their dissimilarities which embody the particular genius of the work. Think for a moment of how we learn speech in pre-school life. Do we master vocabulary first, grammar and syntax next, intonation, accentuation and emphasis last? The dominating element in it is none of these; it is the more or less dark but overpowering urge to give expression jointly to thought and feeling, the tension of which produces the total speech form. Are we clumsy at first? Indeed we are. How do we improve? By practice. Do we progress naturally in this? No. When we enter school and are forced to learn again badly what we once knew better, we adopt several languages; the monotonous, ecstatic recitation (and with it the disgust with great poetry forced through our windpipes), the opportunism of tempered response to our elders, and the free flight of the twitter of the playground—by far the most vital. Much much later we go for public speech courses and finish our technical training as stuff to be or political. If we want to cultivate the inwardness of art: which are the elementary practices and which the basic ones? Most of you would say that drawing is the elementary discipline of painting. I say painting is the elementary discipline of painting. Drawing may be a discipline basic to accomplished painting; in many historical situations it was. I have been upbraided by friends, enemies and students for allowing beginners to use colors before they knew how to draw. Our friend Bliecher knows two categories of people: "those who know, and those who know better. " My wife calls the latter "unprejudiced by any knowledge of the subject": my own designation for them is unprintable and in the art education racket they are legion.

Is it not perfectly obvious that if one wants to create a semblance of something in color that one and finish our technical training as stuff to be or political? But no! We must first satisfy the demand for accuracy which any know-better will postulate. The same fool will tell you that the Renaissance perspective is the technique embodying and guaranteeing that accuracy, unfortunately for him a demonstrably false assertion.

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

Some of these problems have to be taken care of in the field period. No teacher at Bard objects to technical studies or to any of the hundred chores the practice of whichertain the student more (Continued on Page Six)

Three
The rhythmic roar of the big trucks filled the air with vibrant sound. The broad highway, massed with movement, gigantic noise, and glittering lights, was wet with a film of oil and night rain. Reflections from streetlights, wide truck beams, and glaring colored signs formed dimmed ones of misty and radiant light. A sooty and blinding glare built a prodigious contrast with the whispering rain. Small splashes of water were being thrown toward the gutter at the side of the highway by the wheels of the passing trucks. Although the rain seemed reduced at times, it kept a steady hum, an angering and in a determined struggle as the grindings and groans were audible in the damp night.

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

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

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

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

The boy stood in the rain listening to the grunting roars and watching the trucks and cars slither monotonously by in machine-like rhythm.

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

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

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

"I'm going to Cape Cod!"

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

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

On returning to the city, Johnny had said nothing to his father about Cape Cod. It had been the happiest time of his life, and he didn't want to have his dream of living there thwarted from its very start. As he sat in the car riding toward his dream, every sensation and memory ran through his brain in a wonderful, swirling heaven. He pictured the early summer swims as the sun was coming up making the wide water into a red glow, his jumping out of bed, the boy answered in the car riding toward his dream of living there thwarted from its very start. As he sat in the car riding toward his dream, every sensation and memory ran through his brain in a wonderful, swirling heaven. He pictured the early summer swims as the sun was coming up making the wide water into a red glow, his jumping out of bed, the boy answered in the car riding toward his dream of living there thwarted from its very start. As he sat in the car riding toward his dream, every sensation and memory ran through his brain in a wonderful, swirling heaven. He pictured the early summer swims as the sun was coming up making the wide water into a red glow, his jumping out of bed, the boy answered in the car riding toward his dream of living there thwarted from its very start. As he sat in the car riding toward his dream, every sensation and memory ran through his brain in a wonderful, swirling heaven. He pictured the early summer swims as the sun was coming up making the wide water into a red glow, his jumping out of bed, the boy answered in the car riding toward his dream of living there thwarted from its very start. As he sat in the car riding toward his dream, every sensation and memory ran through his brain in a wonderful, swirling heaven. He pictured the early summer swims as the sun was coming up making the wide water into a red glow, his jumping out of bed, the boy answered in the car riding toward his dream of living there thwarted from its very start. As he sat in the car riding toward his dream, every sensation and memory ran through his brain in a wonderful, swirling heaven. He pictured the early summer swims as the sun was coming up making the wide water into a red glow, his jumping out of bed, the boy answered in the car riding toward his dream of living there thwarted from its very start. As he sat in the car riding toward his dream, every sensation and memory ran through his brain in a wonderful, swirling heaven. He pictured the early summer swims as the sun was coming up making the wide water into a red glow, his jumping out of bed, the boy answered in the car riding toward his dream of living there thwarted from its very start. As he sat in the car riding toward his dream, every sensation and memory ran through his brain in a wonderful, swirling heaven. He pictured the early summer swims as the sun was coming up making the wide water into a red glow, his jumping out of bed, the boy answered in the car riding toward his dream of living there thwarted from its very start. As he sat in the car riding toward his dream, every sensation and memory ran through his brain in a wonderful, swirling heaven.
THE LIFT

(Continued)

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

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

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

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

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

"To want anything else, mac?" the cook said in his gruff voice.

"That'll be a dollar-dirty."

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

In an hour the rain had subsided as the car made its way through
the night. The boy was tired. He sat, a warm feeling inside of
him would follow and get revenge. In a moment, having run about a hundred
yards, he saw the car start rolling ominously toward him. The blinding
headlights raised and flashed on him for a minute as he desperately
ran to the side of the road into a grassy field, wet from the long con-

...
Fine Arts Explained

(Continued from Page Three)

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

Stefan Hirsch

Letters

(Continued from Page Two)

as to the decision of the class gift, and the details of their payments of class dues. About four persons responded to this initial request. Another meeting was called, with notes in the mail boxes and announcements in dining commons. Twelve persons showed up and complied with the procedure earlier described. Between that time and graduation day, the remaining persons were personally solicited and given pledge forms to be filled out and returned. In fact, as the seniors lined up for the graduation ceremonies, they were addressed by myself as a final plea. After graduation, I received only one more response. 

This left the situation as follows. Twenty-six responses had been received from a graduating class of forty-two seniors and others that were still considered as being in the Class of '53. Over the summer, I wrote letters to every person that had graduated and paid their class gift dues as well as to those having store shares and considered as being in our class. Of the twenty letters that were written, a grand total of seven replies were received. One came in as recently as last week. I did not want to close the accounts of our class until it was found to no longer be possible to receive any more money.

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

Sincerely,
Robert A. Ronder,
Treasurer; Class of 1953
The Marj Welch Shop  
Ladies Ready-to-Wear and Accessories  
41 East Market Street  
Rhinebeck, N.Y.  
Telephone 603

The Haen Jewelry Shop  
"The Gift Shop of Northern Dutchess"  
Diamonds - Watches  
Jewelry

PARKER PENS - LIGHTERS  
SILVERWARE

Established 1884  
As reliable as its age  
As modern as the times

Phone 8  
Rhinebeck, N.Y.

Harold's Snack Bar  
Here to Serve You  
•  
Tasty Sandwiches  
Short Orders

Fountain Service  
WINE and BEER

ANN and DAVE SACHS, Props.

The Finest in Hardware  
Orchard Supply Company  
RED HOOK, N.Y.

Stockenberg Hardware  
Red Hook

Buy SCHRAUTH'S ICE CREAM  
The Borden Co.  
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Rhinebeck Diner  
Fine  
Chinese and American  
Cuisine

To Take Out

BUY  
COWHIG'S  
BUY REXALL

Rexall Drugs  
REXALL DRUGS  
Red Hook, N.Y.

"Get Your Levi's"  
Red Hook Dept. Store  
REXALL'S  
Red Hook, N.Y.

Hudson Valley Dept. Store  
RHINEBECK, N.Y.

Eva's Style Shop  
Ladies Wearing Apparel  
Custom Dressmaking and Tailoring  
7 East Market St.  
Tel. 6801  
Red Hook, N.Y.

Seven
"Blithewood"
(Continued from Page One)

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

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

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

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

A great deal of money has been spent in lighting the green house, and renovating the pool. Repairs to Bard. Some of the fences, prints, paintings, fur-...