Outstanding Group Conferences Coincide With Summer Session

Various outstanding groups plan to hold conferences here at Bard and their activities should prove of interest. The first of these groups to arrive is the Summer Institute for Social Progress whose annual meeting will be held on June 25 through July 12. Its theme this year is “November and After: Issues That Shaped the Election.” The Teacher's Union of the A.F. of L. and New York University School of Education have to sponsor a Graduate Workshop for Problems of Classroom Teachers from July 12 to August 8. From August 16 through August 24, Americans for Democratic Action will hold their discussions. This will be followed by the final visiting conference, from August 25 to September 1, of the Institute for General Semantics.

Enrollment of between forty and fifty students is expected for the approaching Bard College Summer Session. It is open to qualified college students, high school graduates, and adults. The fee, including tuition, room and board, is $360.00. Students will attend in order to make more rapid progress in their work, to make up credits, to demonstrate their ability after a poor showing in the regular semester's work, or simply to gain knowledge. Several students will be on campus, not for the courses, but to complete their Senior Projects.

Four courses and the String Ensemble are definitely scheduled. Dr. Fless is giving a course on The Modern Novel, Contemporary Social Movements and The Crisis of Our Age: World History, 1914-1952 being offered by Dr. DeGre and Dr. Hirsch, respectively. Dr. Hartman will teach a course in Field Biology.

String Ensemble Planned

One of the interesting features of the Summer Session is the Orientation Center of Foreign Students with Dr. Frauenfelder as instructor. The Center attempts to provide a brief but intensive introduction to American life, with emphasis upon improving spoken and written English.

Among the activities planned off campus are trips to summer theaters, to concerts, and to historically interesting points in the vicinity. The aim of the Summer Sessions is “to provide for each student the educational experiences which will be of the most value to him of her.”

The Concerto Workshop, which took place on May 13, not only allowed some talented Bard pianists to publicly display their musical abilities, but also gave the community an opportunity to hear four important components of a diversified curriculum. For everybody concerned, it was a stimulating and worthwhile experience.

Ruth's first "public appearance," and she certainly should be complimented for her poised manner, as well as for her musical competence.

An excellent, if conservative, reading of the "Concerto in B Flat Major, Opus 19" by Franck, was offered by Elinor Rosenblum. Lucid and adept throughout, Elinor proved herself a master of clarifying much of the charm of this delightful work. Perhaps a greater variety of tonal color and a stronger emphasis of dynamic contrasts would have improved her interpretation; in spite of this, however, her performance was a tasteful and enjoyable one.

After hearing Naomi Bellinson's rendition of Franck's Symphonic Variations, it seemed evident that (Cont'd on page 5)

Graduation Exercises June 21 Culminate "June Week" Events

During the latter part of June, Seniors and Alumni will set the stage for a furious of activity. Preceding the formal commencement exercises, the members of the class of '52 will celebrate their approaching graduation with the traditional "June Week" festivities. The alumni will hold their annual reunion that time. Following is a calendar of end-term events:

Friday, June 13—Seniors will take off, in cars and busses, for the wilds of Lake Taghkanic State Park, for their traditional Senior picnic.

Wednesday, June 18—The Juniors and Seniors will try to pull each other through Annandale Creek in the annual tug of war. Hallowe'en in June! Seniors will mucker incantations as they toss their project notes and carbon copies into the bonfire back of Wardens.

Thursday, June 19—The Zabriskie house and garden will once again be the scene of a gala social event: the graduation formal dance and cocktail party.

Friday, June 20—The Reverend John Hues, class of '29, Rector of Trinity Church, New York City, will speak at the Baccalaureate Service in the Chapel.

Alumni headquarters in the Zabriskie Estate Carriage House will buzz with excitement as reunion activities get under way. The class of '52 has been invited to join the party.

Saturday, June 21—The Kappa Gamma Chi alumni will return to Kappa House to dedicate a plaque commemorating their gift of the house to Bard in 1946. Following this is the traditional softball game, between alumni and 'anyone who will play against them.'

At 1:45 the Academic Procession will form in front of Wardens. Arnon Cunfyn will be student marshal and mace-bearer. The exercises will be held on the south front lawn from 2:00 to 3:30. Five honorary degrees will be conferred: two to alumni. Special certificates will be awarded to international students. The class gift, a phonograph combination for use in the art library and Alumni will be presented. Immediately after the Recessional President and Mrs. Case will hold a reception in their garden.

Sunday, June 22nd—Chaplain Pauske will conduct memorial services for the alumni who have passed away during the last year.
President Case has stated in the past that he regards the administration as the most liberal element at Bard. By this he meant, The Bardian, along with many members of the Bard Community, feels that the President often loses sight of his main function as an educational leader in assuming the role of a business administrator. It is extremely unfortunate that a man as able and experienced in educational matters as President Case is forced to devote his whole time and effort to fund-raising. Perhaps the Board of Trustees should make the most use of President Case as an educator by hiring a professional fund-raiser who would take this pressing and unnecessary load off his shoulders. President Case could then devote all of his energies toward fulfilling his administrative duties.

In a progressive institution like Bard we cherish the principle that students, faculty, and administration share in the resolving of the educational, in the formulation of the educational policies, and in their administration. It is understood, however, that the load cannot be evenly divided and that the greater portion of responsibility must rest upon the administration. It is for this reason that we maintain that the President's activities should primarily be of an educational rather than of a financial nature.

From the President's Desk

E.P.C. has conveyed to me the legitimate concern it has felt about the dropping of Industrial Design next year, and I am glad to report that the original agreement provides a means of resolving the situation.

It would be misleading to attribute the decision essentially to financial reasons, for there will be no financial saving, except possibly in eliminating the need for capital expenditures in shop equipment. So far as faculty personnel and salaries are concerned, the Arts Division will not be reduced, but will be maintained at, I believe, the largest size it has ever attained. And the faculty as a whole will be larger than it has been in seven years, with a ratio of one faculty member to less than seven students. What is the reason?

Working through the faculty Policy Committee and the four Divisional agencies on which these faculty represent a majority of full-time faculty members (or their equivalent) among the Divisions. The final allocation came out as follows:

- Arts ........................................ 9
- Languages and Literature ...... 8½
- Science ..................................... 6
- Social Studies ......................... 12½

With this agreement reached, I turned back to each Division the task of allocating manpower to its own disciplines. In its first meeting the Arts Division voted to retain Industrial Design but made no allocation of manpower to it. When this inconsistency was noted, the Division reluctantly decided that Industrial Design would have to go because the major concern of painting, sculpture, music, dance, and drama could not be properly supported with less than nine full-time faculty (or the equivalent).

The Arts Division reported to Policy Committee its judgment that only one student would be seriously affected by the change. I regret that anyone is at all affected, but it is good to know that the damage is minimal. And no one, I believe, can deny that our work in other areas of the Division will be strengthened. I also regret any diminution of the variety and richness of our offerings, but I am certain that in the long run the size of our student body is materially increased, the things essential to our program must be our constant concern. To do them supremely well is our first responsibility.

Letter To The Community

BARRY STEIN

There is, in the basement of North Hoffman, an organization known as WXBSC, whose sole function is to provide modulated electromagnetic energy of a frequency suitable for reception on a standard broadcast receiver. It is, in short, a radio station. This statement is unnecessary: to a small minority on campus, and to them I offer my sincerest apologies. But I can see no better way to answer those who have no alternative than to conclude that these aware few are indeed a small minority.

In the four years since its establishment as a campus activity, WXBSC has equipped itself in such a way as to do justice to a college in four times our size. That this was accomplished completely without benefit of professional aid and in a non-technical school is in itself an achievement to be proud of. The station facilities represented perhaps $5000 invested cash plus countless man-hours of labor. This money, as I am sure you all realise, came from you in the form of convocation dues, through the most unco-operative committee in council. Am I mistaken in assuming that any investment of this sort should be watched over, shielding its growth, and helped out by... (Cont'd on page 6)

Page Two

The Full Circle

JUD LEVIN

When I came to Bard four years ago, there was a race of men here labeled as "the veterans." Actually many of these upperclassmen were not veterans, but they were pretty much alike in the fresh and limitless energy with which they approached their work and play their quarrels and friendships. They could drink six beers to my one, laugh harder at a good joke, and work faster when the pressure was on.

They have been gone for some time now. My class is the last one that shared Bard with these men and their female contemporaries. I think that we have occasionally surpassed them in the breadth of our interests, in the seriousness of our intent, and in the quality of our work. But we have definitely lost the keenness of their responses and the vitality of their protests, and these we need badly. We have forgotten how to bristle and have allowed ourselves to be sedated. We left our weapons at the door two, three, and four years ago and have never gone back to pick them up. When the men departed, the children arrived.

And I confess that I had some part in the denunciation of Bard. At first I was proud of it, then I was content to merely live in, and enjoy the inert realm I had helped to create, and now I am somewhat regretful. Four years ago, Bard seemed with every issue, and with every issue the very future of the college seemed to be at stake. There were those of us then who felt that we could not work in the midst of continual turmoil, especially since we did not know from one moment to the next whether or not the college would be there for us at the beginning of another semester. We fought the veterans. We fought destructive criticism with constructive criticism; we fought a ruthless Bardian with our own conception of what a newspaper at Bard could be; we fought bitter distrust with faith and hope. The veterans graduated and disappeared. We won, and dropped this matter.

With quiescence, we became complacent; and, complacent, we have only observed and commented mildly upon the growing concentration of all effective mission for the College. Situations similar to those which our predecessors protested so vehemently and eloquently have come again, with barely a whisper from most of us and only a few loud voices scarcely heard. The violent energy and bluster of the veterans have given way to a period of an astutely ruthless administration.

As a student somewhat alert to process at Bard and as chairman of the E.P.C., I have been increasingly impressed by the impression that while we are being protected and guided, we are being led. Our community institutions, I feel, are of necessity restructured by the impression that while we are being protected and guided, we are being led. Our community institutions, I feel, are of necessity restructured by the impression that while we are being protected and guided, we are being led.

It is true that community government functions at the discretion of the President. But if long (Cont'd on page 6)
And then there had been all the marrying nights. Toni shivered when she thought of them. It was so exciting. Very dark nights, and all the kids gathered on the ground in the back of the barn. Some had flashlights. She didn't remember quite when the marriage bug had bitten. But the whole summer had become a marrying one. In Arts and Crafts period, the girls and boys made leather brided rings and copper pins in the shape of hearts.

The first marriage ceremony must have been at the end of Irma's birthday party in July. They had eaten meatballs and spaghetti and had gotten to take off their shoes. The boys threw peanuts at each other across the room. Then they played Spin the Bottle, only there was no bottle so they played Spin the Chicklet Box instead. Irma was big and fat, with apple round cheeks and a dimple in her chin. She was a little older than the rest, and very good-natured and funny. All the boys kissed her smilingly—after all, she had been the oldest of the party, and anyway, she wasn't the friend type, they thought. She probably didn't even want a boy friend. She was too fat for one. But as they kissed her cheek with loud sucking noises, Irma murged prettily, pretending that she was being kissed. The boys were really too young for her.

But when Hank spun and the bottle pointed to Susan, he bent over her, his dark slicked-back hair dropping forward over his forehead, and kissed her on the cheek taking a very long time. Susan sat in her chair, her neck bent up, her whole body straining, her hands clasped tight in her lap, and she closed her eyes until he was done. Hank was the oldest boy there.

All the other boys stopped throwing peanuts and sat very still. They watched. No one said a word. Susan was very still, her eyes wide, and then she remember-ed to breathe and let out a long sigh.

Irma, the eternal organist, got up, but not to get back to her former noisy condition. She told Toni to do a stunt. But no, they couldn't be stopped. The girls all spun carefully to get their special boy friends, and they too closed their eyes when the kiss came. Irma tried to laugh. Ha, ha, look at this gang of lovers.

Why don't we play ghost instead.

Toni sat and watched. She was sort of scared. What was going on? This was queer. What was this new connection between Susan and Hank? The others were now all searching for it for themselves. Toni thought she wondered.

Why did Susan close her eyes? And then all of a sudden, Irma was dragged tight down from her father's book shelf, and put the girls back to the idea at once. Then Irma cried out in her booming voice, "And I'll be Justice of the Peace!" Susan giggled. Her girl friends pushed her forward, Toni stood up. Susan blushed. Irma got a napkin for her head.

All the kids were excited. This was something new. Toni was scared. Susan must have been at the end of her patience, and she stood up, Toni stood up. Susan blushed. Irma got a napkin for her head.

The boys were pushing Hank.—Come on, boy, you're about ready for marriage—they were slapping him on the back. But he said no. He was a sensible boy, and his father had always told him not to get involved too young. Susan was cute, he thought. But he would play harder to get. Not that Susan's beauty was young, and not in front of all these silly kids. She said no. And couldn't be moved.

Susan looked a little hurt. She giggled nervously. She said she thought that anyway she couldn't get married until she asked her mother. But the other girls had the idea and they wouldn't let it go. Finally Hank announced very gruffly and decisively, "You shall be engaged, Susan, and I." Then, having spent quite a lot of time planning it, he sat down in the corner and stuffed peanuts into his mouth, for the rest of the evenings.

Toni stood next to Susan. She touched her arm. She was very scared, her eyes were wide and she was wrapped around, very awkward.

The boys put their eyes to kiss. She decided that she wouldn't when someone kissed her. She would watch. But the summer went on, and Toni got kissed on the cheek by boys who were too young, whom the bottle had accidentally pointed to, and nothing happened to her.

Jeanne married Alex; Scott divorced Jane a week and a half later and then married Felice; and Johnnie married Alice. Irma even married herself off to the fattest boy in the camp, Denny "Fatso" Lamont. She made a great show of trying to strain to kiss him across the wide expanse of their collective stomachs.

Susan didn't talk to Toni much about Hank. But Toni knew that this time she wanted to be married to him. Yet he held off. He ducked her in the lake, and walked her home. But she was looking over at the Tuesday social sometimes, but he was careful.

Until one day Susan was glowing to Toni about the girls, yes she and Hank were getting married by Irma the next night.

That night was a big one. Toni never forgot it. She could close her eyes any time for the rest of the summer and see how it looked. It was very dark and warm, and mosquitoes buzzed around the many sparkling flashlights. Hank and Susan stood on top of a wooden picnic table on the terrace. Susan wore a white crepe dress, and white flowers in her hair. She was very smooth and thin and fragile. Hank wore a clean red and white broad-striped polo shirt and jeans. His hair was shiny with stickum. He looked scared. His eyes were open wide.

Susan read a long written letter, "I do," while they all stood around, very quiet and awkward. The boys put their hands on their hips, and then folded them on their chests, and then hung them loosely at their sides. The girls kept tucking their blouses into their skirts and pasting their hair down. No one knew quite what to do.

Susan and Hank held hands. And in her other hand, Susan held a bunch of white flowers with wide petals. Toni was too busy watching and being excited to hear them say I do—but then they were in each other's arms. Hank hugged her tightly and seriously. His thin arms could reach far around her. The boys started to cheer and everyone was yelling, Toni too, "Yay, yay, Hoorah, Hurrah, here comes the bride."

Susan threw the white flowers out to them, and Toni caught one. It smeared very strong like the French perfume her mother owned. The smell was the largest thing in the night, but for the yell, which didn't stop. Susan and Hank tried to get down from the table then, but the boys started climbing up with them instead. There were some people on the table, hopping, slapping Hank on the back, and trying to kiss the bride. Then it tipped, and the table crashed over in the gravel.

They all fell in a heap, laughing and crying. Hank was sitting on the floor stiff and red. Toni looked for Susan. She lay in a heap, the white flowers in her hair had fallen on her face, and she was stifling so much that she shook. Hank's hands were on her shoulders, strong and large. Then he helped her up, and worked hard brushing the dirt from the skirt of her white dress.

Toni took a deep breath and the flower smilie overcame her. She had been holding it against her cheek and had forgotten that it was so close. The smell, and the noise, and the flashes of white in the darkness hid her all of a sudden from a great heat. Her eyes stung and tears came. Toni closed her eyes. Then she knew. They closed their eyes when they kissed because it was too beautiful and hot and sweet and starry to look at.

With her eyes closed, it came in, pressed close to her, the heat. The flashlights made her see white streaks even through closed eyes. This is real love, Toni decided. Too bad not for us because we are young kids yet. Grown-ups can look. And how beautiful it must be to see.
The Man Who Searched For Love

by Andrew Wing

Mr. Crown walked into a bar on the West Side of New York. It was late; the moon shone on four people in the dimly lighted room. Two women sat on two stools at the bar; as they waited for men with whom they could do business, they talked in loud voices. There was a point in life when their business was profitable. The older of the two sat with her legs crossed and leaned her head on her hand. A large, young, and frisky dog ran, as if caged, around the room. The bartender shouted in Armenian at a small, dark, bald-headed man who cursed him angrily. Mr. Crown put his hand out to the dog and patted him. The dog quieted, went to sleep under a table at the end of the room, and breathed contentedly in his deep, still, slumber.

Mr. Crown sat on a stool between the bald man and the older of the two women. He watched the refinements of the four people in a dirty mirror behind the rows of liquor bottles. A Simon of prime and driftasant past snuffed from the woman who sat next to him. The older woman saw him away from her friend and looked over her shoulder at Mr. Crown, then turned back as if he didn't want what she had got tonight.

The older woman and Mr. Crown sat down on heavy suitcases and waited. He didn't know what he was waiting for. He was heavy. The rides had been a novelty for that August day. In the distance he could see a small boy walking up the road towards him. The boy was dressed in faded blue of those serene, blue eyes. There was something about him that was different and paid no attention to him.

"Mr. Crown went out into the country. He was hitch-hiking along a highway in the afternoon sun. The sweat poured down his back as he walked along with his heavy brown suitcase. The fields around him were green and wind made a rippling of the wheat. Not a car was in sight. Mr. Crown sat down on his heavy suitcase and waited. He didn't know what he was waiting for. He was heavy. The rides had been a novelty that hot August day. In the distance he could see a small boy walking up the road towards him. The boy was dressed in faded blue overalls. They were like those his father probably wore on his farm. The boy's brown hair was bouncing as he walked. He wore no shoes, but he strode sure-footedly, with the grace and dignity of a young god. Mr. Crown admired the young farm boy. This beauty of youth was one of the good things in life. It was unspoiled and Mr. Crown was proud.

The boy walked up, and he stopped a little distance from Mr. Crown, looked questioningly at him, and asked, "Are you a tramp, mister?"

The boy watched every move suspiciously as he waited for the reply. Mr. Crown smiled slyly. "I don't know; what is a tramp?"

The boy told him, "A tramp is a bad man who comes along the big highway without any money." Mr. Crown got up and said as the boy backed away, "I have money."

The boy was doubtful, but he looked into Mr. Crown's deep, blue eyes and stopped. "A tramp is a bad man," he repeated.

"Why?"

The boy became indignant. "Mr. Crown, I think you look like a tramp. You're dirty. My mother says that men who are dirty are bad. You're bad."

Mr. Crown said, "I have a dime on the West Side."

"Who can find it?" she asked mockingly.

"Yes, who can find it?" Mr. Crown put his dime on the bar and left. The older woman sneered at her unsuccessful friend. She laughed at him for being a fool. He felt sad and began to run around the room as he had before.

Mr. Crown walked quietly out onto the street. He knew what the women were. He felt that there was good in them too. "There is good in all, there is good in all, there has to be," he said to himself. "Even those women have good in them, they must," and he walked away from that bar on the end of the West Side.

"Well, said the old man, 'I'm turnin' off at Hopkins Corners.'"

"Thanks," said Mr. Crown. "That will be fine for me."

"Mr. Crown liked the old man who had that strong individual dignity which old people possess."

"Say," said the old man loudly. "Are you a city feller, ain't ya?"

"Yes, I just came from the city."

"New York?"

"Yes," said Mr. Crown, his voice softening. "Biggest and loneliest town in the world."

"What's the matter, ya lose ya gal there or somethin'?"

Mr. Crown said, "I knew a feller once went to the big city for a couple a weeks. Gosh-darn did he have a time! He says to me that them city women fall for a feller. Don't know what became of him."

"You're lucky where you are, said Mr. Crown."

The old man looked at him with a surprised expression. "Hell, I'm damned tired of plowing up the land every year. Us farmers don't get enough for our crops. Ya sweat year after year and what do ya get for it? Nothing! but pains from growing old. If I had it all I'd live over again, I'd moved to the city long ago. You can live there.

"Yes, you can live there," repeated Mr. Crown.

"What did that gal a yours look like? Bet she was a honey, eh?"

"I never had a sti there for long," said Mr. Crown. "I liked them all, but move around the country a lot."

"That's funny," said the old farmer. "This friend of mine said they women in the city was a dime a dozen. Christ, I used to tell myself all the time that I should a never got married to my old woman. I should a gone to the city and found myself a real gal, one that wears stockin's and perfume. My old lady ain't worth nothin'."

"Mr. Crown smiled at him and said, 'You're happy, ain't you?'"

"Sure I'm happy. I'm happy. Why the hell did you leave the city, anyway, how wonderful life ain't so good. The kids run wild and the people is poor and stupid. Tell me the real smart one today."

Mr. Crown looked at the man. The old farmer met his deep, blue eyes for a moment then turned away from them quickly. "You're a damned jackass to have left the city," he said desperately.

"People are the same everywhere," said Mr. Crown. "The women are as good in the country as they are in the city. People are the same wherever you go. I just travel around. I love them all." Mr. Crown then turned away from the old man and looked at the fields as the noisy old car passed by.

"There ain't no good in the country," said the farmer. "You may be different, feller, but the people know how to live, damn them."

There was silence for a long time. Mr. Crown sat in the front seat with the old man. He wanted to tell him how beautiful the country was. He wanted to show him how the old man was wrong everywhere. He wanted to tell the old farmer how much compassion he felt towards mankind. Mr. Crown loved the world and everything that was in it. But he couldn't tell the old farmer.

The old man stopped the rickety car, looked straight ahead, and said, "This is Hopkins Corners."

"Mr. Crown got out and leaned over inside the car, looked straight ahead, and said, "Thanks for the lift. I hope I will see you again the next time I come by this way." As soon as he had shut the door, the car roared off onto a side road.

"Lucky where you are," Mr. Crown said.

The old man looked at him with a surprised expression. "Hell, I'm damned tired of plowing up the land every year. Us farmers don't get enough for our crops. Ya sweat year after year and what do ya get for it? Nothing! but pains from growing old. If I had it all I'd live over again, I'd moved to the city long ago. You can live there.

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Bard Spirit Today

by Robert Lens

"What is the spirit of Bard? How does it differ from that of the usual college? Or rather, does it have any spirit?"

It is pretentious for a newcomer to write about the spirit of Bard—the landscape or the people, perhaps, even the academic work—but something so illusive as the spirit . . . Pretentious though it is, that one should be asked and accept to attempt such a task, it is nevertheless characteristic.

We are pretentious at Bard, with all of the vanity and high aspiration, all of the foolish precocity and simple earnestness that the term carries. We are a little school, but think of ourselves as grandly different, even unique. We are dedicated to a new and untired idea of higher education without tight systems of fixed knowledge along with the great seats of learning.

The Bard spirit leads students to ask of a school what it can give. There is no more precious, or more personal faculty than the creative impulse: to articulate part of yourself, to express the genuine and whole, to measure the moment and its meaning. Yet the student comes here to create, returns each year with hopes undiminished, against all sense and science seeks here a place for the genius, it must be very clear to anyone who stops to think that creativity cannot be taught; the tools, yes, the techniques, the history, the logic, the form but never, never the conception or fruition of idea or art.

This is the quintessence of Bard's pretentiousness, the course to seek what is clearly impossible. The student shuts his eyes to frustration and the certainty of defeat to try the impossible. Wherever one lectures and hurries away lest he be forced to measure the impact. Other students, with marks and credits ask no more. Here we pretend to the whole student, the whole world, the whole learning from mind to mind, and even to create expression. It is pretentious. It is clearly impossible. The spirit of Bard is that here the impossible is treated not as a limit but as a goal.

In the May 5th issue of THE BARDOAN, an article on the estate there appeared mention of the house in which Richard and Helen Bard are now residing. A statement was made to the effect that plans had been made for doing of the house. This statement was in error; architect's examination has revealed that the cost of putting it in shape would exceed its total value. The matter is not altogether closed, however, as there have been no final decisions made.

Bardian Concert Workshop (Cont'd from page 1)

her technique and touch, both, have improved to a substantial extent. Except for her tendency to over-pedal, which was responsible for a few blurred passages, Naimy's playing was extremely musical. It was undoubtedly the finest and most praiseworthy performance of her Bard career.

Marjory Bloch's performance of the first movement of the Bartok concerto was an exciting one. She possesses a remarkable technique and a secure musicianship. Although the primary qualities of the work are of a rhythmic nature, Marjory did not neglect the passionate, singing melodies which can be easily forgotten in the rush of virtuosity. A slightly faster tempo, and more pianissimo during the orchestral passages, would have improved an otherwise exemplary performance. A great deal of credit should go to Mr. Paul Nordoff, who excellently accommodated his almost super-human feat of playing all four of the orchestral reductions on the second piano.

The HAEHN JEWELRY SHOP

Walt Bean, Proprietor

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dior partner and not as an accessible instrument. I am speaking of spirit and attitude, very difficult substances to gauge accurately, and even more difficult to modify. Rather than abandon community government, I think we should struggle to create the kind of atmosphere that we want. I regret that I did not study my Old enemies more closely. I can only advise that, as issues arise, we press with community government in disgust, as I have recently heard people recommend, we must treat it as issues arise, we press with community government. As we enter the President's office, we press with community government. We have swung full circle in four years, with the exception that the existence of the college seems assured. But the assured existence of Bard is small triumph if our contributions to its functioning and growth continue to be taken in a casual and patronizing manner. Let us begin to knock as we enter the President's office. Not so hard that we knock down the door as the veterans would have done, but loud enough to be heard.

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Page Six