"I can tell you the acreage, but not the price," said Shane Riorden last week, when asked about Bard's most recent land sale. In the last two years, Bard has sold more than 450 acres of its 800, the last sale being effected in June of this year. This last sale of 371 acres, all that remained of Bard's property on the other side of Route 9G, was made, said Mr. Riorden, "at a time when land prices seemed to have reached a peak because of speculation resulting from the new bridge." He was referring to the cross-Hudson bridge being built between Red Hook and Rhinebeck and connecting with the New York State Thruway, which, it is thought, will bring more traffic and industry to this region. "Speculation has fallen off quite a bit," Mr. Riorden declared, "since IBM decided not to expand in this area, as had been rumored."

The proceeds from the sale, he explained, would be used to help pay off the mortgage on the college. How large is this mortgage? "I am not at liberty to say." Was there any investigation of the use the land would be put to? "There was some talk of a precision machine shop, but nothing definite. In any case, it will not be used for the installation of heavy, smoky industry. That is, I don't think so."

When asked why there was secrecy on the price Bard got from the land, and the size of Bard's mortgage, Mr. Riorden stated that he felt it was not really a student concern. Didn't it become a student concern a few years ago, when the college was threatened with closing because of insufficient funds? "Well, yes," he said, "that's true. But there is no such threat now." He then went on to say that he felt Bard should publish a public statement of financial condition as many other colleges do. He produced just such a report from Haverford College. Didn't he think that students could make some valuable suggestions if they were aware of school expenditures, particularly if they were aware of waste? "Yes," he said, "perhaps they might."

EDITOR RESIGNS

David Robison, an editor of Bard Comment, has resigned from the editorial board of the newspaper with whose policies he was largely in disagreement, offered his resignation last Thursday evening. As a result of the agreement reached at the meeting which elected the original board of editors, there can be no new editor added to the board except in the event of another resignation. The remaining four editors will continue to print the paper as before.

See editorial - page 4
JEWISH STUDENT GROUP

In an informal discussion at Albee Social last Thursday evening, Rabbi Erwin Zimet, of a Conservative temple in Poughkeepsie, talked of the necessity of "confrontation" both with our "picture of ourselves" and with the influences that have formed our outlook.

He prefaced his remarks with a comment upon the so-called "religious revival". Rabbi Zimet discounted the large increase in church enrollment and the boom in church construction as being any evidence of true religious feeling. "Religion is a personal commitment, not a matter of conspicuous consumption", the speaker stated.

On the college level, Rabbi Zimet amplified his remarks about "confrontation". He expressed his opinion that the college student should be permitted and encouraged to question himself and his accumulated convictions. This is especially important because these convictions are largely the product of accident, rather than deliberate, reasoned commitment. The rabbi suggested the possibility of a discussion group and prayer services for the Jewish students, possibly in the form of a Hillel organization. Rabbi Zimet admitted that he expected opposition to such a group from some Jewish students on campus. He drew a parallel between such opposition at Bard, and similar reactions which he encountered at Vassar when a Hillel was first organized there six years ago. He pointed out two reasons for the opposition at Vassar; the first was fear of divisiveness, and the second was the reluctance of some Vassar students to be identified as Jewish.

While admitting that divisiveness was always a danger, and that fear of identification might be equally present, Rabbi Zimet insisted on the need for taking some sort of stand. He pointed out that many Jewish students not only aren't equipped to take a stand, but haven't even the minimum knowledge necessary to attempt a definition of Jewishness or an investigation of Judaism.

Rabbi Zimet was sharply questioned by the students present, a number of whom stated strong opposition to a plan which would include any sort of organized Jewish group on campus. Jack Hirschfeld stated that one of the dangers inherent in such a project would be the tendency to regard a religious group on campus as a "home-away-from-home". He went on to point out that the projected discussion group might create more confusion than enlightenment. Rabbi Zimet stated his preference for "confusion over apathy".

Martin Self suggested that religion could not be separated from its political ramifications, and stated that he was "suspicous" of religious organization because of its tendency towards a subtle form of segmentation. In replying to the opposition, Reverend Harper remarked that what was really being questioned was motivation. He went on to say that he questioned the motivation of those students who were questioning the motivation of those students supporting the religious group. He claimed that a religious group of some type which would also serve the educational needs of the Jewish students was necessitated by the lack of knowledge on the part of many students about the nature of Judaism.

A show of hands was called for, and it was moved on the strength of the showing that arrangements be made to set up a Jewish student group.

Rabbi Zimet was sponsored by Reverend Harper and President Case.

Wolff Leads Bible Study

Dr. Werner Wolff, Professor of Psychology, yesterday initiated the first in a series of informal discussion groups on the question of biblical interpretation. The text used will be the book of Genesis, and occasional reference will be made to Dr. Wolff's study on the subject, Changing Concepts of the Bible.

The book of Genesis will be regarded as an "existential report of man's predicament", though questions of psychology and anthropology will be brought to bear. The philological and historical aspects of the text will also be considered for the sake of verification of assumptions.
PIANO RECITAL BY MALCOLM RILSON

On Monday evening, October 22, Malcolm Rilson presented a program of piano works by Bach, Mozart and Chopin, assisted in the Mozart Concerto in D minor by Paul Nordoff, who played the orchestral accompaniment at a second piano. Throughout the entire evening's performance, Malcolm's careful attention to each detail built well-constructed continuities over large areas, and these in turn he fitted into total unified conceptions, until, at the end, it was evident that he had skillfully and convincingly projected a unit of piano music which was the theme of the evening's recital.

Out of the opening polyphonic phrases of Bach's Prelude in C-sharp minor emerged a noble pattern of controlled nuances, which proceeded to the development of a climax scheme absolutely genuine and moving. This was matched by an unusually transparent manipulation of fugal counterpoint, entirely balanced, and moving forward in its increasing intricacies toward its majestic goal.

Malcolm presented the themes of the Mozart Sonata in B-flat with authority and control. Ornamentation and passage-work were brilliantly clear, with local cadence accents which afforded an unobstructed view of the structure of the whole work. The second movement was performed with an honesty and naturalness to an artist in complete technical command of his materials, yet fully understanding the actor's simplicity of its mood.

While virtuosity was in evidence throughout much of the evening's performance, it was highlighted in Malcolm's interpretation of Chopin's Ballade in G minor, not virtuosity for its own sake anywhere, but always in the service of the demands of the music. Moreover, Chopin's intense subjectivity required a plan of phrasing and dynamics which would reveal it without the least distorting or exaggerating it, and this was accomplished with taste. The full range of characteristic piano sonorities was heard in this piece which exploits them so excitingly.

It was well to place the Mozart Concerto at the end of the program after an intermission. Throughout this long and serious work, including the cadenzas by Beethoven, Malcolm sustained the sense of the continuous forward drive of the music, whether as pure soloist or as ensemble player.

—Clair Leonard

GOLDENBERG EXHIBITS "SPLIT STYLE"

Janet Goldenberg's exhibit in Orient Gallery is split into two evident styles. The earlier is a very commercial, stiff, uninspired group of paintings. The paint is applied flatly, the color is drab and uninteresting, and the subject matter and its organization are equally dull.

The second group, five fruit-scares, shows an amazing change and improvement. The color especially is vivid and vital in many areas, although it sometimes verges on brashness. The confining and stilted method of form in the earlier paintings has been completely abandoned, perhaps too much so. There seems to be such a violent break-through from one style to another, that form, in the second group, is completely disregarded, except for a few superficial strokes. However, the daring which activated such an improvement — that is an abandonment and break-down of the old style in order to begin the new — is certainly praiseworthy. Perhaps Janet's seven-league brush will carry her a great deal further.

—Judith Abrams

NARDIAN PUBLISHED

A poem by Carole Freiberg, sophomore transfer from the University of Utah, will be published in the November issue of Seventeen magazine. Miss Freiberger, a dance major who has been writing since she was 13, is being published for the first time.

GORE GONE

Literature Club announced today that, due to his commitments in Hollywood and Broadway, Gore Vidal, well-known Barrytown novelist, playwright, T.V. script writer and screen writer, will be unable to speak this Tuesday as scheduled. However, this is only a postponement and Mr. Vidal will address Lit Club later in the term.

—Clair Leonard
Annandale Revisited

Bard's concept of education has been changing rapidly, but the difficulty involved in change is that it is either general or specific, conscious or unconscious. It requires, at times, a painful sort of intellectual parochialism to deal with an institution somewhat on its own terms, to see it as a constant organic rearrangement, the origins and ends of which are somewhat lost under the accumulation of events. If those of us who are given to the tendency of infinite reflection about the least change, arm ourselves with the assurance that at least we will never be responsible for atrocious mistakes, we may lose all the virtue we acquire by that assurance in a moment of this same tedious reflection when we come to realize that we are by no means the only agents of change. It is the unfortunate fate of institutions that they change merely by not changing at all. This deliberate mind which so dislikes the uncritical flavor of general changes, which so prides itself on the fidelity which enables it to occupy itself with each subtle nuance of each specific event, this mind sometimes finds in the end that everything has become obscure despite its caution. All that painful reflection gone to waste; and only because the whole chain of very considered and specific changes has been a long time in the forging - what a surprise then, after all those carefully considered individual hammer strokes, that we have bound our very own feet! When an institution reaches this point as a result of its marvelous caution it has attained what is precisely the worst form of unconsciousness. All the unity of its educational philosophy, which consisted in just that ability to see itself in a general way, as a product of conscious general theories and conscious general changes, is lost and forgotten; what was said five years ago, in a general way, about fearlessness and non-conformity and the possibilities of progress is bound to be unimportant and obscure. From this moment onwards no one directs, everyone is being directed.

Ironical as it might seem, it is just at this crossroad in Bard's history as an independent college, that another very chilling tendency arises in the minds of people who ought to be able to reckon more clearly. After having turned back methodically and step by step from the original independence of our educational concepts, and while we appear each year in a more and more mundane and unspectacular light as an educational insti-

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tution, at this very point it seems to these people that any cry for further change (further change? we only mean going back to the ideas that were stated a long time ago), is the misdirected cry of the "ritualistic liberals," the mad revolutionaries who want things to change just for the sake of change, etc. etc. It never occurs to these people that in the years of "infinite reflection" not even one small part of the potentialities involved in an experimental system of learning has been realized. We are certain now that we have all learned a prudence and a caution which will never desert us in the times of our great irrational outbursts; to this extent we have been sufficiently schooled in the manner of eager young things who have always to appear sufficiently grave before an old, petulant aunt, of a conservative temper, who promises, when she finally passes away, to leave us all the money we need to begin life on our own terms. The old aunt has not passed away, on the contrary she grows stronger and more petulant every year, and it is we who grow more and more feeble and less and less capable of remembering why it was that we waited so long for her demise.

The time is fast approaching when it will be beyond the memory of any student what it is exactly that the unique relationships between faculty and students, between knowledge and ways of learning and between the
CHORUS SINGS OWN REQUIEM

At approximately 7:30 p.m., Thursday, October 25th, great courage was displayed in Bard Hall. The Bard College chorus voted unanimously to stick together and sing together, whether it gives a December concert or not.

Because of continued poor attendance on the part of its members, Clair Leonard, chorus director, found it necessary to interrupt Thursday night's rehearsal to deliver an ultimatum. What he said, in effect, was that it was absurd to think of giving a campus performance of Schubert's Mass in G in December if the chorus' attendance continued to fall off in such precise geometric regression. A discussion followed in which present members of the chorus pondered the disappearance of twenty ex-members who, being idealists, enjoyed the idea of a chorus at its inception, but quit, when in rehearsal, it took plain hard work to make the idea a reality.

Marilyn Lehrer, an alto, then suggested that whether the chorus gives a concert or not, it ought to remain together, only for the sake of giving its remaining members a chance to learn and enjoy the beautiful Mass. This motion was favorably adopted, and thirteen voices then began to bravely sing, "Osanna in excelsis..."

—Anthony Tuttle

GRAPES OF WRATH

Grapes of Wrath, a film adapted from the Steinbeck novel, was shown last Friday in two showings at Orient Theatre. The movie, starring Henry Fonda, and directed by John Ford, was shown in connection with the Social Studies Divisional Colloquium, which is studying America during the '30s.

Empt of strictures on student social freedom, should outside pressures be relaxed.

The early lock-up the other night is really not important. What is significant is that this regulation is being tightened, not loosened as promised. Perhaps, we think, the time has come for a reevaluation of the necessity for maintaining our retreat from our principles.
Steve Vinaver's Closed House is for the most part a parody of the questionable form of a Broadway musical review. In a parody something must be said about what is being parodied. Steve, in his show, tells us that Broadway revues are a series of cheap skits using songs with cheap lyrics and that they prey on the more inartistic establishments of today; namely, television, supermarkets, current juke box hits, etc. The only thing that may be gotten out of Steve's show is a cheapened substitute of these same things. What good is a parody if the show has the same dullness and tediousness that is found in the original? What possible enjoyment can be derived from watching a skit like the Poet's Corner (other than seeing Ronnie Davis & Co. render it in the best way possible)? In this skit Steve pokes fun at the most obvious elements in a panel discussion of fools talking about poetry — but what happens? It is boring, the speeches are tedious, even embarrassing. This skit along with Cristo's, Motet for the Movies and Sixty-Four Thousand Bananas, to name a few, depend upon taking a vicious delight in finding something that is easy humour and rising above it, becoming, in your laughter superior in a superficial way.

Who enjoys (even if it is parody of something else) a poem of Robert Frost at least temporarily ruined for you? How can Steve even begin to think that this would be funny? Who can find enjoyment, no less humour, in watching a skit based on a play by Tennessee Williams written and presented as boringly as Mr. Williams' own effort? What is more, there is nothing said, further than just that — that Williams is a boring and terrible sample of part of today's theatre. The cast did a fine job. Certainly everyone's work can be appreciated. The music was enjoyable.

-- Peter Hammer

Reviewing student work is always embarrassing. The reviewer can never really be objective, because the work he criticizes is always bound up in his mind with the fact that he knows the people who have done it. No review of student work should ever be undertaken without first some cheers for the enthusiasm, and applause for the hard work that went into it. For Steve Vinaver's new revue, Closed House, not only applause for the work itself is appropriate. Although many criticisms may be justly raised, the general quality of the show was very high, particularly in the direction, music and performances. This year's show was more professional than last year's; it was more polished but perhaps a little slick. The first act was actually very weak, largely because of the sameness of the material, except perhaps for the wonderful stylization of Pickle Week and the marvelous abandon of "Snow". It is unfortunate that Steve chose to satirize musical revues in the Opening, because his own first act seldom rose above his criticism.

In contrast, the second act was wonderful, featuring solos by the cast—at their-best as in Ruth Rosenheim's rendition of Little Ballarina and Eliza Horsley's brilliant performance in Pro Musica Antiqua. The ensemble work in Johnny Tunic's clever Motet for the Movies and in the skit, Peter Pan Goes To Pot, was also first-rate. The whole act would have been stronger if some of the numbers didn't start with a bang and end with a whisper. Pro Musica Antiqua was really the only one which built up to its ending. The cast most often outdid the show and some mention should be made of David Mirk's performances throughout, of Peter Shaw's monologue in Sixty-Four Thousand Bananas, and of Kline Brown's delivery of Nothing, which turned a dull song into something.

Perhaps the whole show would have come off better if it hadn't ended on the sour note of the Closings which almost obliterated the excellent performances, the witty material, the charming music, the pleasant staging and design, and all the spontaneous hard work that went into the show.  ---Jack Hirschfeld

The poet Rilke died from a gangrenous infection occasioned when he pricked his index finger on the thorn of a rose which he was seeking to pluck from a bush in his friend's garden.

No one knows what the leopard was seeking at that altitude.
POET RECITES AT LIT CLUB RECEPTION

Peter Kane DuFault, mustachioed young poet from Magronnck, N.Y., whose poem, "Letter for All Hallows' Eve" appears in the current "New Yorker," "spoke" some of his poems and sang some others in a unique program sponsored by Lit Club.

Harvard-educated Mr. DuFault ("I spent most of the time in the Gym there"), sipping the hot cider served by Lit Club, said that he has been previously published in Harper's, Atlantic Monthly, and the Christian Science Monitor ("they changed one of my lines, and I haven't sent them a poem since"). Macmillan published a volume of his verse last year, and will publish a new book for some Stringed Instruments, in February.

Appearing last Saturday evening in Albee Social, Mr. DuFault delivered more than 20 of his poems from memory, including some with guitar accompaniment and some for which he had composed melodies, separating the recital with remarks concerning the sources of his poems from among his reminiscences and experiences.

He concluded the program with the singing of several ballads he learned in Scotland while touring there last year.

It is difficult to remark critically about poems which have been only once heard and never studied, particularly when they are presented not in a temporal sequence, but according to similarity of mood or statement. The very least that must be said about Mr. DuFault's poetry, however, is that it exhibited the working of a serious mind with a good control of language.

Much of Mr. DuFault's poetry is inspired by birds and their habits. Almost every poem, whether directly addressed to bird-observation or not, seemed to contain an avian image or reference. Sometimes, Mr. DuFault's interest seemed unfortunately too purely ornithological. Others, however, used bird imagery to evoke ideas and sentiments transfiguring birds into symbols for human circumstances. These, it seemed to me, were the most successful.

Many of Mr. DuFault's poems were satirical comments on the machine and gadget age, most of them contrasting the falseness of modern life with natural, grass-roots existence, and those, I thought, were apt and appropriate but had hardly the depth that we have come to expect from poetry; they were merely glib.

(continued)
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THE EDITORS

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