

Bard College
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BARDIAN

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The Bardian

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December 19, 1950

BARD: Eden and Hell

McVickar and Potter have been under the watchful eye of Floyd, the Campus Proctor, since September, and the sweet, young residents of these respective dorms rock the rafters after eleven-thirty each evening when they are beckoned (by their own honor system and Dean's ruling) to retreat to their screeching abodes.

After a few months of exploring the Bard program, Freshmen are not much different from upper classmen. There is little to distinguish Freshmen girls from the rest of the student body, except perhaps their hasty withdrawals from Mike's or other places in Cinderella fashions.

Two years at Bard is practically the equivalent of three months here, except for a few strange faces. Bard is not notorious for separating Freshmen from Sophomores or Seniors and this important factor occasionally makes the Freshmen Orientation Program a fiasco. Until I myself went to one of the Freshmen Orientation Lectures, I wasn't positive as to just who were freshmen.

Living in the freshmen dorm as a sophomore is pleasant, although the enthusiasm for life at Bard is rather overwhelming at times. This is the only tangible difference between Freshmen and Sophomores. During the first year at Bard, the environment is like the Garden of Eden while sometimes in the second year, Bard is vaguely reminiscent of Dante's Hell.

The position of the resident student counselor is precarious. Her position is not established to give out advice, and it is often difficult to distinguish the fine line between advising and suggesting. It is not presumptuous to say that many of the girls had delusions about the student counselors. Many forget that the Sophomores and Seniors in McVickar and Potter are also students here, and that as residents in the dormitories they are not policemen, saboteurs, mothers or other sickening titles. Their presence is to relieve that all-freshman atmosphere prevailing on Stone Row, and also to throw in a few words of wisdom, if anyone is listening, about their first years at Bard.

Barbara Kiernan is the greatest asset to the Freshmen Orientation Program. The idea of having a resident counselor in the dorm to make life easier for the freshman girls is the finest aspect of the whole initial program. With Miss Kiernan's help, the dorms have been alleviated of some of the dreariness that comes naturally to nineteenth century archi-

ture.

Problems of adjustment to Bard's "unique" atmosphere and educational system are greatly over-rated. With too much emphasis on guidance and orientation, the idea of discovery and independence during the first year in college will be sacrificed for stereotyped and unrepresentative Bardians.

It is not a good idea to explain all phases of Bard's educational and social life through the medium of the Freshmen Orientation Lecture program. With so many explanations of life at Bard, what is left for the Freshmen to find out by themselves, especially when Bard's educational system is so highly individualized.

The orientation lectures are a chore for the victimized listeners. It is much more beneficial for the Community Council to produce a satisfactory handbook for freshmen, than to have a few monotonous lectures on Bard's constitution and the function of E.P.C. Obviously, if people are sufficiently interested in coming to Bard for four years, they will seek out by themselves, the salient points of the life here.

It certainly is difficult to consider freshmen as adults in one vein at Bard, and then saturate them with compulsory lectures on too many unnecessary facets of Bard life. Sufficient credit isn't given to the capacity of the minds of new Bardians to figure things out for themselves.

As an orientator of the Freshmen and a member of the original committee that planned the program of orientation, it is a difficult feat to separate the good from the bad points in this program. But as long as this article is completely subjective, I think that the system of hours has proved itself unnecessary, although the hours are certainly not objectionable. The girls in Potter and McVickar have shown maturity by their very acceptance of the curfew placed upon them and they are uncomplaining about the stigma of their dorm life. This is certainly proof that hours are unimpressive and redundant. Like the words "compulsory for freshmen" next to lecture announcements, the hours make the Bard system a muddle of bewilderment.

Future Freshmen Orientation Committee should take stock of the effects of this year's experiment and note that they underestimated the maturity and common sense of the Freshmen Classes at Bard College.

Joanne Pines

David Schwab on Convocation and Quorum

Dear Editor,

As might be expected of a moderator, I was quite disappointed that a quorum was not present at the meeting of Convocation scheduled for last Wednesday. Admittedly, the topics under consideration were not of vital or immediate concern to many members of the Community. I feel, however, that the Convocation is an integral part of Bard and deserves the support of everyone of us. I wonder if I am being too optimistic in expecting to see at least 140

people at Convocation meetings. Certainly I do not want to force anything on anyone. The question, therefore, is whether the Community really wants Convocation. From the attendance last Wednesday, and from similar difficulties at similar meetings, I am forced to a negative conclusion.

There is no doubt that our present system of Community Government needs revitalizing. We, are, as everyone knows, in the process of doing this (Continued on Page 6)

Student Body Nation's Backbone

American Superiority Over USSR Rests with the College Trained

Although he realizes that it is a tremendous hardship on the educational life of any student to have to interrupt his academic training by enforced military service President Conant of Harvard has suggested a plan recently whereby all men at the age of eighteen would become eligible for two years of forced conscription. Conant, who believes that a world war is inevitable between 1952 and 1954, has suggested his plan as a combatant to the spreading tide of Communism. If a man is physically able, Conant feels he should serve actively in the regular capacity of a soldier. Those that are not physically capable should be conscripted for whatever work they can do.

President Case sees the world situation, and particularly the relationship of the United States to Russia, in a different light. Although he thinks that Conant's assumption of war within two to four years is a possibility, he is more inclined to believe that Russia will, rather than resort to a global war, persist in the present cold war strategy which has gained it the cheapest victory in history. If this appraisal should prove correct, a more constructive path than the one leading towards a gigantic and costly army is called for.

At present we are superior technically to the USSR. We are superior in weapons and in production methods, thanks to a generally high level of proficiency which has been derived from our ability to educate.

"We will never," says Case, "gain arithmetical equality with Russia in our

armed forces. Conant's plan endangers the educational level of our nation, which is our greatest point of superiority. But we can not simply decide which course Russia is most likely to follow and propose against that course. We must be ready for any and all possible threats."

President Case has suggested a modification to the over simplified Conant plan. It is, "that every young man of eighteen should become eligible for a period of National Service which for the able bodied is military, but that the induction shall normally commence with the breaking off or completion of his schooling at either the high school or post-high school level, and that induction shall not be postponed after the age of twenty three or twenty four or what ever the military deems is the age of maximum usefulness.

"If at any time the demands of a global war require calling out all available manpower, no one, of course, is going to quarrel with pulling everybody out when needed.

"In terms of his actual usefulness to his country, the students now in college ought to stay there until he is called to leave. Right now 80% of the boys of eighteen have completed all the schooling they ever had intentions of pursuing.

"It is up the remaining 20% to maintain whatever superiority we may now have in our conflict with Russia."

Robert Solotaire

International Students Make BARD Their American Home

"For the first time in the history of Bard College we have a sizeable group of foreign students on our campus. Without fanfare they have been introduced into our community and have been accepted in the friendly spirit that we consider characteristic of Bard." This statement opens the *Bard College Orientation Program For International Scholarship Students* by William Frauenfelder, a comprehensive plan for orientating foreign students not only to Bard College but to American Governmental structure and culture.

The foreign student's courses are carefully planned with an eye to understanding the life and democratic spirit of the U.S.A., as well as obtaining specialized knowledge in his major interest. It is the extra curricular aspect of the program, however, that is of the greatest interest.

It is the purpose of the program to introduce the students to the democratic system by having them visit communities of all sizes. This semester they first explored Red Hook, concentrating on the shops, factories, and the school system as well as visiting private homes. Later, the foreign students toured Poughkeepsie, with special emphasis on the newspaper and government. Next semester they plan to go to Albany when the legislature is in session, and then to Washington DC. By this method they can become acquainted with American life in ever widening circles.

As individual projects, the students have addressed private meetings in nearby towns. Five of them attended UN day in Pine Plains, spoke on their own countries, and were invited to private homes for dinner.

Dr. Frauenfelder expressed the hope that other Bard students, especially those with cars, would give the foreign students a chance to see other parts of the country such as the Boston or Phila-

delphia area. As many of them have limited financial means, this would be the only way they could get a fuller knowledge of America.

The main problem this semester has been in striking a balance between the academic program and the informal American education. Despite the language handicap, however, the students have done well in the classes, and have impressed the community with their seriousness of purpose. Dr. Frauenfelder mentioned that, although most of this year's students have an adequate knowledge of English, the absence of a speech laboratory with adequate equipment "is nothing short of a calamity." Lack of knowledge of manners and customs is no problem to this group, as they have come from similar cultures.

The program will be repeated next year, and it is hoped that Bard can increase both the number of foreign students and the areas from which they come. Students from the Orient are especially desired.

Dr. Frauenfelder claimed that the main value of the program was that it was a two-way education. A Chinese student from another college expressed this point very aptly when he wrote: "Our first duty in this country is, of course, to learn; the second is to inform . . . each foreign student having the opportunity to come in contact with Americans here has the same responsibility. Each of us is a member of an unofficial goodwill mission to America."

Dr. Frauenfelder closed by saying "In spite of the two-power conflict between Russia and America, we have to continue to work for one world, and through the foreign student scholarship program we can contribute in a small way in establishing the conditions on which this one world must rest: intercultural understanding, tolerance, and sympathy."

Pat Rose

The Anthropologist And the Colonial System

The following article was translated by Olga Andreyev from *Les Temps Modernes*. —Editor

Dr. Sturmthal's report on "European Problems," as complete as it may have been, did not stress strongly enough the colonial question which is one of the most essential problems facing contemporary Europe. Europe's failure to create for its colonial possessions a decent standard of living (*The New York Times* wrote recently that, in the most privileged sections of French Indo-China, there was but one doctor for every ten or twelve thousand inhabitants) together with an inability to maintain its power and prestige overseas, is among the main defects of Europe's western democracies, particularly France.

If England has reached the state of socialism by which it impresses the whole world, it is partly because of a more efficient, if not always more humane colonial policy. France, failing to solve its colonial questions, would endanger not only its colonies, but also her own equilibrium. The following article, published last August in the French magazine *Les Temps Modernes*, edited by J. P. Sartre, is concerned mainly with the professional and national aspects of anthropology and colonization. It seems to me to be interesting reading for Americans, as it shows that, when a European becomes aware of the failure of his community in a certain field, he has to face the problem as an individual. An anthropologist feels his tremendous responsibility in colonial matters. The question which arises is: Does he have to conform with a policy of misunderstanding and exploitation, or does he have to seek a personal attitude which may be considered "asocial" and may make the whole world say that French intellectuals are hopelessly confused?

* * *

Anthropology, or the study of human societies from a cultural point of view, was born with the colonial expansion of the European nations in the nineteenth century, and it has grown with the colonial system. This system may be described as the subjection of a nation with little or no technological development by one that has a higher technological development. The dominating nation, in exchange for economic advantages, is supposed to fulfill a philanthropic role (an expansion of western civilization is considered the most noble role, with the extension of Christianity, hygiene, and the exploitation of untouched resources ostensibly following.) Though an anthropological point of view can be applied to any society, it has mainly been used on "non-mechanized" societies—societies without big industries, knowing capitalism only from the outside. This is why, no matter what the anthropologist's opinion may be, his science is closely related to the colonial system.

Anthropologists work mainly in colonial or semi-colonial areas. Even if they do not have an official government position, they are identified with the colonial administration by natives. It therefore seems difficult for them to ignore the colonial problems, for these problems are vital to the people they must study.

It is obvious that anthropology, if it wants to deserve the name of science, has to maintain a certain amount of objectivity. However, it is a science of humans, and we cannot adopt the same attitude of detachment towards people as we can towards physical phenomena. Moreover, the personality of the scientist interreacts with human beings as he deals with them. His method of research, his questions, the acquisition of objects in order to build up collections in the museums, all these affect the culture which he is studying. He takes a dynamic part in it. He cannot overlook the fact that he is dealing with groups to whom the colonial

method is applied. These groups bear, to some extent, the economic, cultural and political influences of Europe. In our studies we therefore have to give up the concept of a "cultural purity" which very probably did not exist even before the colonization (there are very few groups which have not, in one way or another, been influenced by other societies.)

From a human point of view, since the anthropologist usually belongs to the nation which is colonizing, he cannot ignore its colonial policies. This is especially true if he has an official position. He cannot simply disapprove theoretically of what is going on. He is the very person attempting to "understand" the colonized societies. His professional as well as human responsibility is to see their interests and their aspirations, to help them to express themselves, even if they do conflict with so-called national interests. As the only person who is specialized in the economic and intellectual facts of these societies, he has the duty to blame government or private enterprises wherever in his opinion, they endanger the society's present or future. He has the obligation to disapprove of the acceptance, in Europe, of myths concerning its colonies when what is really happening is virtually unknown.

But these points are simply a matter of intellectual honesty. A more constructive attitude is expected from the scientist who is sincerely attached to the society and who has devoted his life to studying it. The protection of the cultural values of the group requires such an attitude. Passiveness cannot be justified in these matters. To wish to stop evolution for the sake of "pure science" is nonsense. Any society is dynamic and to oppose this fact (as too many scientists do) is to oppose its very life.

For important enough colonial societies, the best possible pattern of evolution starts with realization of their own cultural originality, together with an active desire to assimilate a few of our basic techniques and as soon as possible to assure an elementary education to their new generations. So these societies may be able, in the near future, to give their own cultural message to the world. The idea of an evolution for the best is not denied by our colonialists. It is even the main justification of their system, but they indeed do everything to stop this process when it endangers their economic interests. Of course, we have no right to impose our system of ideas on the colonial nations in order to provoke these changes. What we have to attempt to do is to make them aware of their responsibility concerning their future and of the necessity of looking at it in their own terms. In any colonial group, a bi-lingual education is to be wished, for it gives the individual a grasp of the two civilizations he is confronted with. The best lesson which can be taught a colonial group is to make it realize the oppression fostered by any colonial method, as human and successful as it may be, when it opposes final emancipation.

Because of our original position as anthropologists in a colonial society we are the only persons able to keep the records, and to do all the technical work concerning the study of the history of the group and of its cultural aspects. This is our duty toward it since the knowledge of its history and traditions is of extreme importance for the development of any social group. We have to study its achievements, as small as they may be, and make our findings known. We will, by the way, fight the deep inferiority complex which has existed for years among colonized peoples, as a result of the belief that western civilization is the only good one. This means that we have to avoid a tendency which, at least in France, is extremely common among young anthropologists:

(Continued on Page 6)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

H. Edwards on responsibility of college to Charlotte Hahn.

The question of the willful destruction of Miss Hahn's Senior Project has been raised several times during the past semester but as yet little has been done to satisfy the parties concerned. For those who do not remember the incident Miss Hahn's statue, a piece of Vermont Marble about three feet high, was removed by two students, Bert Prall and Bill Hilgendorff, loaded into the college truck, transported to Krugers Island and blown up. The pieces were then reloaded into the truck and returned to the college grounds. After several days the two boys were tracked down. Bert Prall was immediately thrown out of school and Bill Hilgendorff was asked not to return for the next semester. Stefan Hirsch with permission of the Special Committee notified Miss Hahn of the destruction of her Senior Project, stating that three hundred dollars would be paid her by the two boys. For a short time the issue seemed solved in as good a manner as possible.

As a result of these proceedings and through the writing of letters appealing to the consciences of the two boys and their parents nothing has been accomplished in the form of a settlement. Due to the strenuous load placed upon President Case and due also to the slowness of receiving a picture of Miss Hahn's project which was in her possession Mr. Case has been unable to answer Mr. Prall's letter dated September 18th, 1950. In this letter Mr. Prall stated that he would be willing to pay for the cost of the marble which went into the project but that he did not feel he should pay for a student's work of questionable value engaged in the pursuit of an education.

President Case has stated in a council meeting that the college has fulfilled its responsibility by dismissing the two boys from school and that there are no legal grounds which can hold the school responsible for the destruction of the statue.

To my mind the legal responsibility of the college is questionable but the issue from the very beginning, in this now overly complicated problem, is not one of the law but one of ethics and the moral conscience of Bard College. It may or may not be true that we have satisfied the outside world by expelling the two boys from school. (This is what a conventional college normally does.) But what the college fails to realize, I think, is a sense of responsibility, decency, and understanding toward Miss Hahn the person who suffers most in this case.

The mere fact that the college has offered Miss Hahn a chance to return to Bard to study sculpture seems to say that they themselves have a feeling of guilt and wish the matter to be closed as quickly as possible. Miss Hahn rejected the proposal because she has already spent five years at Bard.

The entire question of a settlement has not been reduced to money. President Case has stated to me that even if the college had the money they probably would not reimburse Miss Hahn. The boys' parents have refused to pay the three hundred dollars and any hope of receiving payment through writing letters (as the President still intends) is futile. I have suggested to the President that some influential member of the administration visit the two parents with the express purpose of seeking a settlement. But even this suggestion the president has said would tax too much precious time and therefore was dismissed. The question now lies in responsibility. How much value does the college place upon a student's creative efforts and if such a value is at stake are they willing to support it by paying Miss Hahn the stipulated amount? Or is the alternative true? The college, short of funds, is in a poor position to pay for something as abstract as art. They then are representing exactly the same position as the

Bardian Staff

He who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. —Abraham Lincoln

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parents of the two boys and ultimately the position of the businessman who sees little more than profits.

If the college represents, as we all have supposed, any ideals beyond the notions of the outside world then they must be willing to pay for them through whatever sacrifice is necessary; and with the confidence they have established the college will strengthen a belief in progressive education whereby students' work will be respected and not abused.
Harvey Edwards

ENGAGING IS THE FACE OF THE RASCAL

Let me take over the burden of your Democracy. I will relieve you of the bother of voting, of being bored by endless discussion, of the need for voicing your opinion and of listening to others. I am a pleasant, fun-loving personality void of guile. All I want is the power you give me! To do with as I will! Power to pass any law I want to—for my benefit. Power to rule you eventually!

Remember you didn't want the bother of Democracy! You voted for a 25% quorum. You voted for a rule of the majority by the 13% minority.

Are you that stupid, you 87%? I hope not!

Remember in a 25% quorum, only 13% need to be a pressure group, communists, fascists, or crack-pots, to gain their ends for the entire Community—or the World!

Louise M. Avery

3 December 1950

Editor
The Bardian

JEU DE MOTS OU LETTRES
(d'ECHANGE)

(dedicated to the economists' abstractions, Social Studies Colloquium, November 29)

Modern art constitutes my pleasure
It may represent for you pains
But *A* your present economic losses therefrom

May *B* my future economic gains
Since to *C* is of primary importance to art

What price Bentham or Freud or Lord Keynes?
E. R.

Lattimore Urges Cooperation with Free Asia

Western policy should aim towards an alliance with the free people of Asia so that "America will assert its leadership among the Asiatic nations and not over them," declared Owen Lattimore. "The most dramatic thing Mr. Truman could do now," he continued, "would be to suggest a high-level conference—not with Stalin—but with Pandit Nehru and top representatives from Pakistan and Indonesia."

Professor Lattimore, director of the Page School of International Relations of Johns Hopkins University and key figure in Senator McCarthy's recent hunt for communists in the State Department, spoke in the fully packed chapel of Vassar college on Tuesday night, Dec. 5. Fifteen members of the Bard community were among the listeners to his lecture on "What America Faces in Asia." He was introduced by the chairman of the Vassar Political Science Department who praised him as an outstanding scholar who had the courage to pursue his search for rational long-term foreign policy objectives in spite of an "unprecedented wave of reaction—worse than Nazism—that is spreading through the world."

Reviewing the history of American foreign policy, Professor Lattimore said that in the past we were confronted with clear-cut alternatives that were either advantageous or disadvantageous. "Today neither way out is pleasant," he said, in allusion to the Korean dilemma. If we should try to carry out the

UN mission we might get involved in an endless war with China, which would suit Russia by leaving her with maximum freedom of operation in Europe. But if we should negotiate and compromise on the Korean question, it might touch off defeatism in the marginal spots in Asia, leading to a communist band wagon psychology. "The situation is so complex," he admonished, "that no one man can work out the solution, but many minds are needed to make a meaningful decision." We need full discussion of all the factors involved, a representation of all points of view, and a democratic sense of restraint and responsibility, in order to arrive at a compromise acceptable to all and supported by public opinion.

Asia has changed rapidly in the past years. Before the imperialistic conquest by Japan, it had colonial status or was otherwise dependent on Europe. The United States defeated Japan but it did not take over the European legacy in Asia. Reactionaries may believe in returning to the status quo before the Japanese conquest, but this idea is absurd. The question is "what degree of change at what rate?" America traditionally believes in evolutionary change. The State Department advocates a policy of gradual change towards national independence and social reform, while Russia presses for an immediate national and social revolution.

Professor Lattimore would agree with the State Department policy, yet with

one significant reservation. "Western policy," he said, "has been based on the erroneous assumption that the problems of Asia can be solved better by outsiders than by her own native leaders. The time comes when a country can learn only by experience or by its own mistakes. In the long run, foreign rulers are apt to make costlier mistakes than its inexperienced native leaders. Would the American Revolution and the further development of the United States have been more successful if it had not been led by Americans but by Frenchmen?"

The dilemma we are now facing in Korea should teach us a lesson. The UN intervention in Korea was looked upon favorably by the Asiatic people. But they were well aware of the fact that it was not a strategic undertaking, which is underscored by the fact that General MacArthur declared a year ago that "Korea was strategically untenable." If then it was a "tactical intervention" it should have been exploited diplomatically. But regardless of the admonitions of India and the other free Asiatic nations, the decision to cross the 38th parallel was made solely on strategic grounds. That we are suffering now a strategical defeat without having attained our tactical goals follows as a logical consequence.

He went on to point out "one of the most neglected phenomena in Asia . . . that the countries not being Russian statelites and being most effectively anti-

communistic are those that have the greatest independence, namely India, Pakistan, Afghanistan and Indonesia." Therefore, there is need for "greater emphasis on looking to the free Asiatic nations for initiative in proposing policy . . . in fact, America and the Western powers should try to support their policy rather than vice-versa." As an example he mentioned the question of recognition of Communist China and its admittance into the UN. The free, anti-communist Asiatic countries recognized the People's Republic of China long ago, because the Chiang Kai-shek regime is not a government representing China but just "drift wood on the beaches of Formosa." They voted for China's admission into the UN, because they know very well that its presence or exclusion does not solve any problems but would determine whether these problems shall be dealt with within or without the framework of the UN.

Professor Lattimore concluded his speech by remarking that the United States does not impose its policies upon Western Europe but rather follows the latter's suggestions. On the other hand, we are not consulting the free nations in Asia before formulating a policy which we cannot support because of lack of military strength and moral prestige. "The free men of Asia should have the same equality in determining Asiatic policies as the free men of America and Western Europe have."

Charlie Naef

Bolton Reviews Blood Wedding

The combined efforts of the Drama and Dance Departments in "Blood Wedding" turned out to be such a very fine show that I hardly know where to start my ovation. Clearly outstanding was the functional and exciting stage design by Martha Dreyfus, illuminated by Peter Strader's imaginative lighting. The groupings which Larry Wismer effected on this background produced some of the most fascinating tableaux that I have ever had the pleasure to see.

There are some who might feel that the acting was not sufficiently stormy for such a play of passions. This reviewer, on the other hand, believes that the strongest possible communication was managed by the sensitive dramatic understatement. All the principals were excellent. Anne Gerosa's portrayal of a woman living on agony was certainly one of the chief unifying factors in the production. Ned Mayo and Michael Zuckerman played against each other at long range in such an effective manner that their unseen mortal struggle marked a high in theatrical horror. In this panic of souls, Mary Price's interpretation of a girl crushed by confusion was not lost, but showed through with remarkable vigour. Not to be forgotten were the well thought-out roles played by Ellen Kraus, Barbara Wersba, Nancy Gulick and Peter Blaxill. Their intelligent readings added tremendously to the wealth of enjoyment in the play.

Special notice is due to Ray Dolbeare and Judy Zinman, who created

in their roles. The dancing-speaking medium had not before been encountered by this reviewer, who was immensely impressed by both its use in "Blood Wedding" and its further possibilities in the hands of such excellent artists. The integration achieved by the other dancers was thorough and good. Their contribution to the production was neither minor nor dispensable.

Mention might be made of a few moments in which the all-over good taste and imagination of the producers and cast seemed to have failed; yet so infrequent and insignificant were these episodes that it appears unjust to let reference to them detract from the general accolade which the performance earned. "Blood Wedding" was without doubt one of the most successful and profitable evenings ever offered by Bard Theatre.

Whitney Bolton



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Pete in Italy

The heat is *unbearable*. Let's get the hell out of here. I always said the Riviera is *unbearable* when the heat sets in. (No kidding, is that what you always said? Well, God bless you, mister!) Put the top of the Citroen down for a last look at Mediterranean blue behind us, pay the bill—Wow, that's high—and let's go. Which direction? We came from the north and Paris, impasse to the south, Marseilles and Franco Spain to the west, and Italy to the east.

East, then. Back through the southern fringe of the Alps, cross the boarder and Italy. Stopping periodically to wait for Catholic name-day processions, Torino, third city in size in Italy looms. Put the top back up and roll up the windows; Americans are as welcome here as Taft in Mississippi. Here, hop the Mussolini Autostrada which bridges the important cities in Northern Italy. Two hours gets us to Milano. The heat is still terrible, so grab a quick look at the Duomo and the Scala theatre for an hour more will take you to Como. Pass up the Villa d'Este which is expensive beyond reason and pick a little hotel.

Italian drivers are a species unparalleled. In the year 1934 they discovered, to a man, the horn. This apparatus has replaced the brake, steering wheel, and need for eyes. Since the mountains rise almost perpendicularly from Lago Como, all the hotels are squeezed between the cliff and the road. The auto manufacturers, realizing their countrymen's affection for leaning on the horn, have made no effort to muffle the motor. If every day were May 31, and you lived in Indianapolis, you might approximate the sensation of trying to sleep in Como.

Driving without sleep is dangerous, but on again in the morning. Verona! Pose for a quick picture on Juliet's original balcony, and spend a pleasant hour strolling around the Roman Arena in the center of the town; it's in better shape than the Colosseum. Open air operas are given here. Back on the autostrada again to Padua. (If this article reminds you of a song from *Kiss Me Kate*, you should congratulate yourself.) There's a cathedral here with a grave of one of the saints. The saint the church is named after, as a matter of fact. I can't remember which one; I never can. Put your hand on the back of the tomb,

worn smooth by centuries of carressing, make a wish and who knows? You may pick up leprosy. But hurry, because Venezia is right ahead.

What a paradise! What a Garden of Eden! (A garden made of the Adriatic, incidentally, with no room to plant apple trees.) You have to leave your car in an eight floor garage and take a gondola if you've got the lire, motor launch if not. Venice is a water-locked fortress built to withstand siege. A hundred and some odd islands, separated by countless canals, hold the wonders of this city. On the Grand Canal, ignore the spotlights controlling the water traffic, and the sumptuous gondolas sporting Coca Cola ads. Stare at the buildings built out of the putrid water. Browning lived there, Byron over there, Barbara Hutton in there. Stay in your hotel room long enough to hang out a suit, and step onto the Piazza St. Marco. It's a huge tiled square with pigeons flying perilously low, not to be confused with the human variety buying things. The tall Campanella collapsed in 1933, but it was rebuilt perfectly. The church is breathtaking in its disgusting ornateness. The pink Palace of the Doges is majestic. In back of that is the prison, from which the prisoners would come to be executed. A bridge had to be crossed and the prisoners got their last glimpse of life—agonizingly enough the magnificent harbor—through little lace windows; The Bridge of Sighs. Good, eh? Venice.

Rise at six and watch the fish being unloaded as they have been for centuries; look at the once-grand shops on the Rialto Bridge; Find the Titians and other masterpieces in little churches; Take a boat to the Lido, island of the Excelsior Hotel and countless bathing cabanas on the Adriatic, and while you're there risk 1000 lire in the modern casino. (\$1.25) Don't ignore the working girls till after you've talked to them. They aren't the same as the Parisians; these can sing, too. And last, be a glutton, a pig, a slob at the table. Chianti is cheap and the food is on an endless conveyor. Oh, yes, one last thing. Don't leave—ever.

Except for Austria.

Pete
three

Newman on Eisenstein Film Technique

To see "Alexander Nevsky" is to be present at a barbaric pageant. One is never at home. The shock of recognition, so great a part of American films, is completely absent. We remain outside, stunned and terrified at moments, moved to sympathetic action and even laughter, but never brought close. The heroes are statues standing upright—broad, giant columns, always vertical, against deep vistas of sky. The invaders are giant demons, masked in iron, horned, black, never human, even ludicrous in its final scenes: the woman supports her two lovers as they all stagger drunken with war-wounds across the snow. Tears have no place in this field of broad passions.

But, as pure pageant, the "Alexander Nevsky" is magnificent. The artistry with which the camera is used should silence those critics of recent days who have claimed that Soviet Russia never developed an art of its own. We may doubt whether the Russian movie can express more than mass-effects. We can challenge its ability to express a range of ideas, actions and forms. With our peculiar fascination for the intensely private, introspective and isolated individual, we may be out of sympathy, but never can we deny this movie and other Eisenstein movies as being works of art.

For Eisenstein, the moving picture had to be built on contrast—black figures on a white ground, Teutonic masks against human Russian faces, hawk-eyed, oppressor against peasant. What results in the final analysis is a simple conflict between good and evil. His theory of art resembles the social theory of class struggle, a dialectic that makes up in intensity what it lacks in subtlety. But Eisenstein, even with his naive acceptance of a mechanical theory of conflict, has had the ability to make the mechanical eye of the camera express a vision at once personal and vital. He has triumphed over the machine not through neglect but through artistic use. In this, there are few American movies that can compare. Only men like John Huston whose *Asphalt Jungle* have been able to depict detailed, psychological and slow-moving themes with the imaginative mobility of Eisenstein.

Certain parts of "Alexander Nevsky" art haunting, particularly the introduction of the Teutonic Knights. The scene of a single, horned knight standing upon rubble, stone-still and barbarous, the only movement a slow thread of smoke, could have been from Dante's *Inferno*. For minutes the world is a suspended nightmare; not a human face is revealed. The steel mask, cut by a cross, dominates, bites into memory. The final battle, with the drowning under ice, also was memorable. For me it had a vigor that made the battle scene in Henry the Fifth seem jazzy and built out of rhetorical flourishes. For within the energy of battle the camera eye established moments of absolute, terrifying calm and barbaric humor.

The rhythm of the picture, created both through the musical score and the ever-present choreography, was also intensely successful. I have not heard Prokofiev's score by itself, but I would suppose that on such a hearing the images of the movie would inevitably rise before the inner eye. The dissonance and the musical rhetoric were always wedded to the action. It did not soothe or sentimentalize; it intensified. Again, the Walton score for Henry the Fifth suffers by comparison. It seems blatant and showy, calling attention to its own harmonies more than was necessary.

So, too, the great mob scenes were magnificently planned. A comparison with the "great" American pageant-master, Cecil de Mille, seems in order here. De Mille, to create grandeur, piles mob scene on mob scene, with the attempt to impress through the sheer weight of numbers. Eisenstein, on the other hand, arranges his masses, condensing action into a few intense rhythms. If both directors are caught in the fallacy of the mass, surely within

the mistake Eisenstein emerges as an artist, De Mille as a vulgar census taker and ballyhoo maker.

So, too, there is a fine control of speed. Slow rhythms of close battle are set against the sweep of attack, the flash of diagonals, black horses thundering in pursuit. The rhythm-movements create abstract patterns, yet one never feels forced to cry "Stop! Let me see! Hold the camera!" The patterns are formed within an acceptance of the dynamic nature of the moving picture. Even the images that are repeated and reflected are mostly images of fire, the candle and torchlights in a life and death procession. There is not the attempt to beautify the visual patterns through the addition of static painting designs, as certain European movies had tended to do. The camera as a mobile eye is accepted in its own artistic right. Again, the Russians seem to have made a form out of action itself, which, fifteen years ago, resulted in exciting movie action. There is no slowing down of action to the pace of introspection as in our present films (and as in our increasingly inactive novels.).

This review is not meant as an apology for Russian films, nor am I offering Eisenstein's aesthetic as a completely valid end. I only want to point out that this Russian picture has the ability to express the dynamic pagentry of life, something that American pictures have not done. Certainly, there are exceptions to this. There are the old gangster and cowboy-indian movies, and the ever-present historical extravaganzas, but the former have become increasingly concerned with psychological detail (see *The Asphalt Jungle*, and *The Broken Arrow* in which the Indian is now no longer evil, no longer an enemy to be fought) and the latter have always appealed only to those who could accept action from a great romantic distance. I believe that we have become increasingly immersed in sympathy for ourselves, in movies that depict the tragedy of frustration to such a degree that action has been slowed almost out of existence. Our movies have begun to show our obsessive self-pity; even the movie industry has commenced to express its own frustration and self-pity (see for example *Sunset Boulevard* and *All About Eve*). Perhaps, within this tendency, Russian movies can offer us an alternative goal.

But if there is danger in the present loss of pageant action in current American films, the extreme to which Eisenstein and his Russian contemporaries have pushed the pageant in recent years is even more terrifying. To accent the heroic-classic, the column-effect, the characteristic, leads to the empty monument building and the murdering stereotypes of totalitarian culture. But there is also a stereotype of self-pity, and American artists seem caught in this totalitarianism.

I have not mentioned the obvious faults in "Alexander Nevsky." They glare out. The anti-church, anti-noble, anti-commercial propaganda, the depiction of Nevsky as a man of the people (almost a baby-kissing political hack) and as the supreme Russian nationalist, all are labored touches called into existence by political and not artistic necessity. But somehow these faults do not violate the essential activity of the movie.

To see Nevsky, then, is to have before us a haunting sign of what we are not, and what we have increasingly drawn away from, into the half-truth of psychological depiction. It will be interesting (and perhaps terrifying) to see what happens to American films if self-pity themes are carried to an extreme; if, in this extreme, there will not be bred a desire for the other extreme—mechanical pageant pictures that depict the glories of barbaric action, war and the machine itself. To see "Alexander Nevsky," then, is to feel fear and admiration and to sense, by contrast, the terrible nature of our American dilemma.

Danny Newman

Lilies at the Feet

A vestibule capsule that which waits and consummate an end that ends not waiting on the checkered tiles. This is the floor on which my toe will follow to its own confines the lines led to the door, behind the bloodless lilies grow, imperfectious as we are to them, fold pious leaves, white-hooded, genderless, numerous. We rise in their disdain, fearing the style of flesh the chill against our heat—street-longing.

Ignore the city. Stand where its heel runs down and on the banks in some clap boarded place, unjustly clean, they curl just that much deeper in the sand.

Countried innocence sits out—the pots on porches undertake where people go about to watch, and the assistant rocking there shall earn his dark blue suit, for grief will come to black his boots, and it will be as though that some strange thing he'd swallowed gave him stomach-ache and that will go.

Down the street in winter, but there was no sign, no excavation lately made, in summer came a time when day laid low, smudge pots burning in the heat . . . long since, a time's retreat, and I push past—geraniums, begonias, everblooms, violet water rots upon the air . . .

think all the world's a vestibule but my feet mark the perimeter of a city so fair is the reflection think the white god-seedlins flock and every circle holds a well—fascinated, frightened of the deep.

Iris Lipskar

Letters

(Continued from Page 2)

The following letter from James R. Bourne, former Democratic candidate for the 3th Congressional seat in New York State, was received by Charlie Naef, former chairman of the Bard Democratic Committee which was formed to elect Mr. Bourne. Charlie would like to add his own personal thanks to all members of the committee who unselfishly contributed so much of their time and effort to the campaign.

Rhinebeck, New York

November 18

Dear Charlie:

I've meant to write you long before this to thank you and the other members of the Bard Democratic Committee for your help in my campaign. I have appreciated your interest and work very much and it has been very flattering to know that so many of you were interested in my election.

Even though I ran well ahead of the state ticket, the results were pretty discouraging, but not too discouraging for us to work during the next two years to build up a better organization in these counties. If we can do that, there will be some hope that we can make more of an impression next time.

I hope very much that you will all keep up your interest in politics. You are the ones who will be running this country before too many years and we sorely need people in public office who have ideals and who stand for the kind of public administration which puts the welfare of all the people above the interests of property or of selected groups.

With many thanks again,

Sincerely,

James R. Bourne

Letters

(Continued)

Dear Editor,

It would be rather foolish to protest the partisanship of any newspaper; I do not protest that of the Bardian. But your last issue, which seemed like an attempt to canvass campus opinion on the present international conflict, took a completely partisan stand. Two of the articles were written by pacifists and the others by students who believed, for moral reasons, that the atomic bomb should not be used under any circumstances. If just for the record, there is at least one more viewpoint.

In any subject dealing with people, it is rather discouraging to think in terms of "either . . . or," in a given situation. But within the area of group dynamics and unpredictability there are no more than two major alternatives in the Chinese-American conflict.

A world war immediately is the first alternative. To those who are confident of America's military power this would seem the most natural course. But if the United States were to use the atomic bomb, she would arouse the wrath of all the colored peoples of Asia and Africa and a good many more people in Europe. As a bargaining power, the atomic bomb is rather negative. If used immediately, the U. S. would alienate nearly all of her potential allies. And the war will not be won or lost on atomic power alone.

If we were to fight immediately, where would be the battle ground? It is impossible for America to defend the world alone. But will these nations defend themselves? In Asia and Africa, continents that have been exploited by the major powers for hundreds of years—shall they be expected to defend us? We are defending a better way of life. Have the inhabitants of these "dark" continents known our better ways?

Who shall defend us in Europe? France's population is 40 per cent communist. Italy is poor and tired of war. Germany's people have been taught to hate war during these past five years of occupation and we still don't trust them to rearm. We shall most probably have England on our side.

We have only one alternative—concession; this is our only means of stalling for time. And we have no military right to refuse concessions to the Chinese or to the Russians.

We can do little else than concede. The inevitable war is not the result of the past few years of ignorant diplomacy or even of the rise of communism. It goes back to the beginning of our whole imperialist policy of the past few centuries; the date at which we began to alienate those same people without whom we cannot win this war. There is little time to change all this now, but we must bargain for as many years as possible. And then perhaps, with some matured thinking and some constructive policy now, the post World War III era will be a little less devastated, a little less demoralized. We have no other alternative in the time we have left.

Joyce Lasky

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There's only one more week to travel, so throw your Venetian glass and your souvenir hundred-lire-chip from the Lido Casino into your overnight bag, and let's go north. Reclaiming our Citroen convertible at the big, eight-floor Fiat Garage we get an early start. The first day should bring us to the Grösse Gluckner glacier and Austria.

The glacier, on the highest pass through the Austro-Italian Alps, is the largest conglomeration of aged ice in this section of the Alps, and is worth a looksee. It doesn't look so big—like a Death Valley saltflat, or a patch of Rocky Mountain snow, but a look through binoculars at a few foolhearted souls who ventured onto the fissure-scarred surface clears that up. The whiteness of the surface greens a bit as the drive into the large splits begins and graduates to a deep blue-green as visibility fades. The cold in the air makes one feel slightly like a lemon peel in a large old-fashioned. (Why waste time on glorious images when ones more familiar to my readers are available?) Now for an apple cider at the lodge above the glacier and then on. There is time enough to stop overnight in Bad Gastein, a health resort of some renown, and on again in the morning.

The main ranges of the Alps are left when you hit a little town called Zell Am See; because of the rapid descent this is with out a doubt the most depressing little berg east of Schwartzkopf Falls, Indiana. We'll leave it quickly. We have two ways of getting to Salzburg. Either way we'll be there

in time for the festival. We can cut back toward Innsbruck and go into Germany where we'll catch Hitler's Autobahn, the best highway in Europe, or we can continue around the bulge of Germany to Salzburg, a shorter way. Don't flip a coin, we'll take the long way.

We stumble on the Autobahn about midway between Munich and Salzburg. We can skip Munich; the center of town looks like a spacious and beautiful vacant lot, strewn with the tangled remainders of bad judgment and good aim. (Since the beer-halls are now back to selling beer, and the "former" Nazis claim that the only remaining Aryan things are the pigs' knuckles, the city can be seen in old newsreels for the former beauties, and Jewish graveyards for the former glories.) But Berchtsgarten is another thing; this is worth seeing and on the way. The town is just another picturesque Bavarian Alpine town. But driving up an amazingly well-paved road, a group of houses—a group of former houses—can be found. If you stand in the middle of a big room, with water on the floor, and bare concrete walls, and torn out fixtures, a magnificent view can be seen through a huge picture-window—the "peace-in-our-time" window. Satisfying? You can bet your sweet turtle it is! But enough soul-soothing.

We'll pass through Salzburg hurriedly now; we'll be back for the Festspiele later. But notice the castle on the hill; it's a magnificent castle looking the way castles ought. None of this

cookie stuff—this is a castle. The only way to take that is with an A-Bomb. And what torture-chambers; the kind that make Flicker's ghost sit up and drool. The town is a little marred by Georgia's finest patrolling the streets, but after all, we won. Mozart was born here and his statue is sought out eagerly by visiting music-lovers and pigeon-feeders. But, as I said, we'll be back later.

We drive about forty kilometers outside of town to a lake called St. Wolfgang and a little town by the same name. Here three of us can share a nice apartment, complete with breakfast, laundry and service, for 90 schillings a day; that's a dollar a piece. The mountains are lovely, the lake an impossible blue, and the life amazingly conducive to nothing. The food is good, the wine is better, the girls unbelievably ugly. Only one thing: if it should rain, and it will, take to higher ground when the peasants start moving out. A neighboring town, Bad Ischl, has a pastry shop called Zauners; if I want you for anything, I'll be able to find you there.

The Salzburg Festival is the music event of the year. Here and only here Nazis can be forgiven if they're talented enough. Feuchtwangler directs the Vienna State Orchestra in Beethoven's *Fidelio* with Flagstad singing. Subversive as hell, but good, really good. Bruno Walter directs Beethoven's IX. A Beethoven Mass together with a Mozart Mass is given in the cathedral with the leads from Don Giovanni—It's playing down the street—singing in

front of a 150 voice choir; the brasses are loud, but beaten by the organ. Shakespeare in German is harsh, but directed and acted beautifully. *Everyman* is given in a big open-air square, with death calling the hapless sinner from housetops all over the town. Operas, concerts, plays, pageants—all are part of the Salzburg Festspiele.

Vienna is in the middle of the Russian Zone. But the city was lifeless before they entered it, and remains so today. You can drive there; you see two Russian boys standing on the border of their Zone, the Enns Bridge. They are eighteen or nineteen years old and don't look mad at anyone. But how can we be fools enough to believe that? They commit atrocities in Vienna too. While we're there, they jail two Princeton boys for only stealing the Russian flag off one of their jeeps. They can't understand our harmless pastime of souvenir collecting—Barbarians! But the theatre is dead here, the opera is failing, and the people stay indoors. Let's fly home.

We have seen some wonderful things. Paris, Geneva, the Riviera, Monte Carlo, Northern Italy, the Alps, and a good part of Austria, with a little Germany thrown in. We've seen at least four ideologies—the American's in Europe, the normal European's, the declining Nazi's, and the rising Communist's. We've seen Coca Cola signs blended with the 14th century buildings, and the starving syphillitic praying in the gilded cathedrals. But now we're back home. Take off your shoes and happy television. Pete

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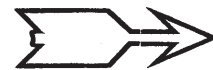
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five

Anthropologist

(Continued from Page 2)

a too exclusive interest in "primitive societies." Their attractiveness is not to be denied, but we have to face a newer and more important anthropologic phenomenon. Especially in Africa the so-called "evolved" elements of a colonial group are despised by the administrations, who still refer to the 18th century conception of the "good savage," the ideal native untouched by our civilization. But these "evolved" are not always stupid or perverted imitators of our western ways. They are highly interesting human products. Formed by the union of two civilizations, they have an original outlook on the world. They are, perhaps, the most genuine Africans (since we have taken the example of the African colonies) as well as the most modern ones. A few superficial cultural features have been eliminated in them, but the remaining characteristics show what is deepest, most permanent, and most original in their culture.

This is very true of African intellectuals who are conscious of the need of emancipation for the Africans by the Africans. In the case of a colonizing country like France, where colonial groups have, at least in theory, their representatives in the central government, a closer collaboration between these "evolved" representatives and our anthropologists is to be wished and is indeed possible to realize. But, unfortunately, in spite of the beautiful name of "Franch Union" given to our empire, our policy is still, in both its aims and its method, a colonial one. However, our colonists understand that an emancipation is a natural result of any normal colonial process. They therefore should look towards those who have approached our colonies in both a human and a scientific way, in order to get their help for a smoother and less harmful emancipation. Anthropologists may also help to assume a better cultural exchange in the future between the mother-country and her former possessions.

But we have to be realistic, and we see that, as sincere as a scientist can be in his attitude toward the human subject-matter he is working with, his role is limited. A basic freedom is at first necessary to any colonial group before it can really undertake its cultural vocation. And the means of a scientist are not efficient enough to procure this freedom for the group. It is only by taking an active attitude toward the established order in its own country (the very order on which colonialism is based) that a scientist will be able to solve these contradictions. Until then, much of his political and human efficiency in colonial matters will be lost.

Olga Andreyev

Salute To Mrs. Smith

We are sorry that we could not have given more space to Blanche Smith but nevertheless we would like to make at least a slight mention of the improvement in dining commons food.

We would like to Congratulate Mrs. Smith on the high quality and variety of the food during the past few months.

David Schwab

(Continued from Page 1)

through the *Bard Survey*. However, we cannot hope to succeed without the cooperation of more members of the Community.

I would like to ask every member of Convocation to consider this question very seriously. I would naturally welcome any suggestion which would help clarify the situation in which Bard's Community Government now finds itself. As I said above, neither I nor anyone who actively participates in Community affairs, wish to force our ideas on others. Somehow, I feel we are being forced into doing this.

Sincerely, David Schwab

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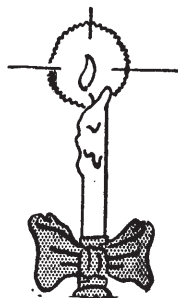
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Had trouble finding a field period job? Perhaps that magenta blouse clashed with your plaid skirt, or maybe those sneakers didn't go over with the personnel mgr. To avoid such unfortunate occurrences Texas Tech has inaugurated a new course titled Business Comportment which will attempt to put a little polish on those rough-edged Texans. The stress will be on business etiquette, grooming, correct speech, and composure. *Gadzooks man! How are we going to tell 'em from New Yorkers?*

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