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BARDIAN

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The Bardian

Vol 19, No. 1

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

April 9, 1952



WHY NOT BREAK OLD HABITS!

Community Participates In Initial Seder Dinner

Last night, for the first time at Bard, almost half the community attended a Seder Dinner in celebration of the Passover holiday.

At 6:30 p. m. in Dining Commons, a group of over a hundred familiar faces including students, members of the faculty and their families, partook of the traditional Passover feast. The meal proved to be quite enjoyable due to the efforts of Mr. Rodriguez. He was extremely helpful in planning the menu which consisted of gefulte fish, matzoh-ball soup, chicken and ices, topped off by wine which was paid for by those who attended. Candles and flowers adorned the tables.

Rabbi Zimett of Poughkeepsie conducted the main parts of the Reform Passover service in which Arnon Gafny and the Sturmthal girls asked the "four questions." The Seder celebration was highlighted by the traditional Hebrew folk singing and dancing.

Meaning of Passover

Passover commemorates the exodus of the Jews from Egypt. It is a joyous, happy holiday which is celebrated for eight days. The Seder dinners take place the first two nights (ours is a day earlier). On the Seder table can be found the following symbolic and customary foods: The matzoh (unleavened bread) which the Jews carried on their backs to be baked by the sun; bitter herbs to recall the years of slavery; and the sweet haroset (wine, nuts and apples) to signify hope. Everyone "reclines" at the table because

this was the sign of a free man, and the Jews were freed on this night.

Those responsible for setting up the arrangements, and planning this dinner are Martha Dreyfus (Chairman), Mickie Shapiro, Rose May Wolfe, Arnon Gafny, Bill Lewit, Dave Schwab, Mrs. Sturmthal, Mr. and Mrs. Koblitiz and Rev. Fuessle. They were looking forward not only to the success of this Passover Seder dinner, but to the group observance of other Jewish holidays.

Traditional vs. Progressive Education Aired

Miss Sarah Gibson Blandings, President of Vassar College, and Mr. James H. Case, Jr., President of Bard College, appeared on Muriel De Gre's radio program over station WEOK, Poughkeepsie, on Thursday, April 3.

The two educators engaged in a lively discussion on the differences between traditional and progressive education, admitting the importance of both. Some students are sufficiently mature to live up to the increased responsibilities which progressive education requires, while others are not and hence need the firmer guidance of the traditional college.

Both participants agreed that the high schools as well as the private schools do not give their graduating students proper guidance and advice in the choice of a college which suits their individual needs.

Pickett Condemns Race For Power

Believes Diplomats should be Ambassadors of good will; Stresses Disarmament, Aid to undeveloped countries

At 8:30, last Friday night, The Bard College International Student Conference officially began. Students of many different nations awaited, with mixed expressions, the presentation of a theme in which all were, by necessity, vitally interested: "The Ground Between." They wondered at its possibilities, its limits, the method in which such a delicate subject could be handled. Their subdued voices died down completely as President Case arose and introduced the keynote speaker, who would perhaps give answers to some of the unvoiced questions: a "Friend of the World," Dr. Clarence Evan Pickett.

In his speech, Dr. Pickett stressed the fact that the countries of the world are constantly employed in a frantic and vicious race for power. To put it more specifically, the Western World is busily engaged in obtaining its fullest production of armaments, against a possible war with Russia, and vice versa. Dr. Pickett maintains that we live in an age of revolution in which uncertainty is constantly bringing countries to fear. This fear leads them to strive for security, most countries making the mistake of believing that security can only be attained by building up their munitions and armed man-power.

Dr. Pickett deeply felt that this was unnecessary; a needless expenditure of both money and the best years of the young men of the nations. "There is a way which can be followed," said Dr. Pickett, "a way which some of the smaller and less powerful countries sometimes employ. Moral issues are dealt with instead of those involving distribution of power. Perhaps it is possible for us to take notice of the actions of some of these smaller states, such as India and Pakistan, and learn from them. We should try to take the middle road, leading through 'The Ground Between'."

In an informal interview at breakfast, Saturday morning, Dr. Pickett consented to answer some questions for the Bardian. He was asked to tell some of the possible solutions which existed for the prevalent problem of "desire for power."

"I feel," said Dr. Pickett, "that only through compromise and the pursuit of the middle road can we hope to attain peace. Gradual

reduction of arms should be our goal, with technical assistance given to undeveloped portions of the world, in accordance with the Point Four Program. In effect, reduction of arms will give us the needed funds for this program."

Dr. Pickett was asked what feelings the nations receiving aid from the United States felt towards us:

"Although many countries appreciate what we are doing for them some resent our intrusion. It is like a rich man in a village to whom everyone owes money. Also, our indifference towards building up friendly relations makes matters that much worse. If our diplomats could get out of

(Cont. on page 3)

Position Open, Job Co-ordinator

To the Community:

The following Cumulative Community Law was passed by Council in its meeting of Monday, March 31:

"A community office for student employment shall be established to handle all student employment on and off campus. Jobs will be distributed on the basis of financial need, priority system to be determined by the Bursar's Office. The financial need priority system shall not be binding for the employer. A community coordinator will be appointed by Council to serve from May 1st of a given year to May 15th of the following year. The coordinator will be employed on a salary basis."

The function of the coordinator will be to arrange employment both on and off campus and to find new employment opportunities off campus. The job is open to any member of the community. The salary will be at the rate of \$65 per month, but for the remainder of this academic year shall only be \$35 per month since only preliminary organizational work will be involved. It is estimated that the job will normally take three hours per day.

Applications for this position should be mailed to the Chairman of Council to reach him not later than Friday 25 April.

Arnon Gafny

Chairman of Council

The Bardian

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Editorial

Out of Hibernation . . .

Last semester, a Community Service Project was instituted for the benefit of the college and the student body. When it was first established under a committee headed by Wally Vogl, it received commendation and the community pledged its support. The popular belief at the time was that C. S. P. would benefit the school by proportionately channeling student energy into major projects such as the establishment of a ski-tow, campus picnic facilities, and building developments of an extensive nature.

The two basic fallacies in the plan were:

1. While a few major projects were undertaken, the bulk of the C. S. P. work consisted of raking leaves, distributing mail in the post office, and performing various clerical duties. Though the students proved helpful in carrying out these lesser jobs, the original intent of C. S. P. had been sidetracked. Most students found their jobs monotonous and routine; they could see little progress in what they were doing and did not have the feeling that they were a part of a growing and constructive activity. Because of this lack of appeal, the students lost interest and the enthusiasm for C. S. P. began to lag toward the latter part of the semester.
2. The resentment was growing toward C. S. P. as a compulsory activity. Some kind of schedule of fixed working hours was necessary in order for the C. S. P. Committee to execute its plans, however, students found the system of a set two-hour working period too inconvenient and in conflict with their other planned schedules. They believed that they were being forced, under pressure of punishment, to do something to which they had already freely pledged support.

This semester a committee, headed by Steve Gerson, is formulating plans for a new C. S. P. program which will be revealed shortly after our return from Easter vacation. C. S. P. will be coming out of its long winter hibernation to present its plans to a Legislative Assembly for approval. We of the Bardian hope that C. S. P. will be cognizant of its past failings; and will work for a revitalized program with a workable system based on cooperation rather than discipline. We will wholeheartedly support a program which concentrates on projects of a large scope such as those which can be undertaken in conjunction with the Zabriskie Estate. We feel that the student needs a chance to derive a sense of personal satisfaction from seeing something completed and to voluntarily take part of that which is lasting and meaningful. With this idea in mind, The Bardian will do all it can in its capacity as a publicity organ, to insure the success of C. S. P.

In nation-wide newspaper articles concerning C. S. P. we have glorified the cooperative tone of Bard. It is well worth the effort to turn community spirit, which is considered our innate possession, into a positive reality.

A. D. S.

From the President's Desk

by

J. H. CASE, Jr.

You are all familiar not only with the decision which the trustees reached in January to raise our fees, but in general with the reasons determining that decision. The necessity of pricing an education that costs \$2375 per student at \$2100 instead of \$1800 requires comparatively little argument.

On the whole, I am gratified by that very understanding attitude shown by students and parents to the decision. I am also gratified by the formal resolution of the trustees that no student now enrolled shall be obliged to withdraw from Bard for financial reasons. Every student has had the opportunity to state his estimated need for new or increased financial aid arising from the new fee. Not every request will be met in full, of course, but the promised assistance will be given where it appears necessary and will be given solely on need and not on consideration of scholastic achievement and citizenship that determines the award of scholarship funds.

An increase in fees inevitably raises a question that should never be far from our minds—the quality of the job we are doing as a college. As I tried to indicate in the BARD SYMPOSIUM, I think we can improve that job in many respects, but I think we need have no cause for shame or apology for what we are doing now. I have just completed an analysis of registration for the current semester. Setting aside all Advisory Conferences, MC's, TMC's, and individual instruction in music, I find that we are offering 97 courses and that the average size of the class is 8 1/3 students. A little further breakdown shows that we are giving 27 courses, including tutorials, in which there are less than 5 students; 33 courses in which there are from 5 to 9 students; 19 courses in which there are 10 to 14 students; 15 courses in which there are 15 to 19 students; and 3 courses in which there are respectively 20, 21 and 22 students. I was somewhat surprised and considerably reassured to find more than 60% of our courses with less than 10 in a class and more than 82% of all classes in which there are less than 15 students.

This showing demonstrates fairly conclusively that the Bardian boast of small classes is, for the most part, well justified. You may have confidence in the statement that you are receiving at least twice as much of the time and attention of this faculty as the average student in even the "good" colleges receive from theirs.

I did not make this analysis, however, merely in order to brag about it. I made it rather in an effort to see that our faculty appointments for next year eliminate the areas of overload that now occur in the Literature Division and in some areas of the Social Studies Division. I hope that next year there will be no classes above 19 and few, if any, above 14. Unpredictable changes in enrollment patterns always upset even the most carefully considered planning, but the better the planning the less likely we are to run into this kind of situation. All of this is by way of saying that we are doing everything we can to make Bard even more Bardian—and hence better—next year.

Letter to the Community

by S. Peyton

The majority of the audience who saw Miss Julia was annoyed and disgusted by a few ill-bred individuals who because of their ignorance of proper behavior, almost disrupted the play. It is not the first time this has happened; it is the same story at every production given at Bard. Some of these ill-bred individuals are from the student body, but, sad to relate, some are also faculty members.

It is about time the Community realizes that drama productions at Bard are not (and do not pretend to be) professional productions. The members of the Drama Department are students learning their subject the same as each student in every other division is learning his. A production at Bard is the same as opening one of our classes to the Community and asking you to attend if you would care to . . . and demands the same respect.

People seem to feel that attending a play requires no background in the subject of drama. This is the same illogical type of thinking as saying one doesn't like Bach without ever bothering to take a course in Music Appreciation; or that one thinks English History is unimportant without having studied it. To appreciate and be able to criticize theatre, one must study theatre. Certainly one can see and enjoy *The Moon Is Blue* or even *The Iceman Cometh* without having a background of theatre, but at the same time he has no right to say that such a play shouldn't be done.

I have been asked by both students and faculty why the Drama Department doesn't put on "experimental" plays. As yet no one has explained just what he means by "experimental." Few seem to realize that of the many plays written only a very small minority are worth producing. *Desire* by Picasso is an example of the so-called experimental play being written today. Read it for yourself and you will see why it is not done here. However, every play Bard has put on since I've been here has been experimental in a much larger sense. The last production was experimental due to the fact that it was the first of the naturalistic school; if it hadn't been for Miss Julia we might still be doing plays such as *East Lynn* and *Pollyanna*. *The Importance of Being Earnest* was one of the best introductions to the foibles of the Victorian Age. *The Silver Cord*, which I directed, came in for severe adverse criticism as to why it

(Cont. on page 6)

Student, Faculty Evaluate "Miss Julia"

S. Malcolm Gathers Cross-section of Faculty Views

Over a period of four evenings, many members of the Bard faculty had occasion to observe the Drama Department's presentation of Strindberg's *Miss Julia*. Their opinions varied greatly as to the merit of the production.

The individual performances found a generally appreciative audience. The majority felt that the actors had sufficient, if not complete, understanding of their roles. Even the adverse criticisms were gentle—Christine was too refined; Jean was not quite adept enough to make believable the necessary combination of sophistication, crudeness, and vulgarity called for by the role.

One fault found with the peasant scene was that it didn't seem to fit the rest of the play, but it was pointed out later how necessary it was to the plot. Another question was raised about the gay careless entrance of the peasants after Jean's threats had prepared the audience for a jeering, muttering crowd. But, all in all, the interlude was described as quite "effective" and "charming."

The lighting was not as well received. Despite the limitations, a great deal more could, and should have been done with it. For such a "talky" play, it was too static. Light motion could have lent much dynamism not possible in movement or dialogue. It could also have been used very effectively in mood changes. Spotting might have been used occasionally. Judicious use of lighting was needed to emphasize the strange emotional conflicts and the eerie atmosphere of a mid-summer's eve.

The sets came in for unanimous commendation with one professor awarding them "unqualified praise and admiration," another calling them "the best in a long time." A third was especially impressed with the excellent placement of the symbolic telephone, standing out prominently "like a nasty little animal" on the wall. A practical criticism pointed out that from the audience's right, the whole of the kitchen alcove was not visible.

The costuming, although excellently received, brought up a question of authenticity. The clothing was judged to be too obviously designed from costume books, which unfortunately have a tendency to show the people of an age or country, especially in the lower classes, as they would look on their way to church. The peasants too closely resembled southern aristocrats. This was also the criticism of Jean's clothing. There was little contrast between Christine's costume and that of her mistress. Many thought that the cook's innate "respectability" and "fineness" were purely inner qualities and should not have taken shape in the "elegant simplicity" of her costume.

There was quite a bit of disturbance about the untimely laughter during the play. This had several different explanations. One opinion was that the wording

was made ridiculous by a poor translation. Another attributed it to the need for a modernized version, the lines being dated and out of place. Dr. Stephan Hirsch stated that the difficulty was that, "either the audience was not appropriate for the play, or vice versa."

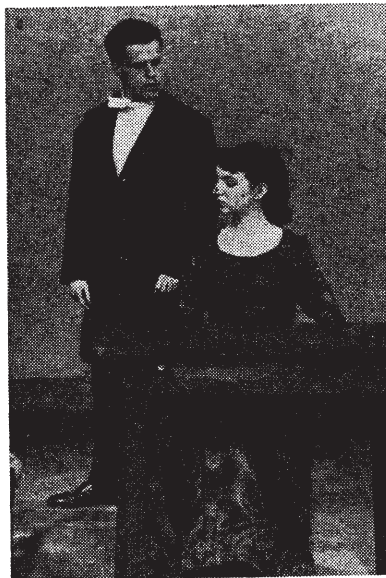


Photo by G. Wellington

The aspect of *Miss Julia* that received the most attention was its actual theme, and the suitability of the play as a college production was questioned. Many thought that *Miss Julia* is one of Strindberg's weakest plays. They felt that he created no sympathy. Since the audience realized from the beginning that the situation was hopeless, the play became, not tragic, but merely depressing.

This opinion was strongly refuted by a professor who claimed that *Miss Julia* is not only one of Strindberg's greatest plays, but is also ideal for a college Drama Department. It deals with two of society's greatest wars—the battle of social levels, and the battle of the sexes. It presents an engrossing study of these while remaining simple in action. Interest is added by a seemingly religious obsession and a European and 19th century flavor. *Miss Julia* is a well-written play; its message, fine though disagreeable, warns that "Life is essentially tragic—you must pay for your joys."

Another opinion holds that the play was a good choice for Bard because of its dealings with the problem of education. Julia's trouble comes from her upbringing, first by her lower-class mother who plants the hate of men and ideas of emancipation in her mind, then by her father with his ideas of refinement and contempt for women. But it was later stated that the play was neither good nor suitable, since it deals with a problem unapplicable today.

The general feeling is that *Miss Julia* was an honest attempt to develop the best possible quality of production from the material here at Bard; that despite the obvious limitations, the play was a success, because it succeeded in this aim.

Production Discussed By Diana Kline

As anyone who saw this production can testify, skilled direction by Ellen Kraus turned a somewhat outdated and illogical play into a pertinent and meaningful piece. Her interpretation was quite unusual; instead of pointing up the play's social significance, she emphasized the deterioration of character in both *Miss Julia* and in Jean, her servant.

At first, I'll admit, the casting seemed rather improbable to me, but due to Ellen's direction, the players achieved a complete grasp of their roles. The characterizations, compared to the usual interpretations of Strindberg, were highly unorthodox. Peter Blaxill, as the low-born valet, Jean, seemed to be completely involved in his part. Not once did his own personality show through; he was Jean throughout. The cruelty and unscrupulousness in his performance was frighteningly real, and his acting vital and intense.

Sandra Mowbray-Clarke, despite insufficient emotional maturity for the role of *Miss Julia*, turned in a performance that revealed the hard work and deep concentration which must have gone into it. She had technical shortcomings that could have been corrected. Both of her hands seemed to move identically, and the movements themselves lacked variety; then, too, her voice was somewhat shaky and too breathy to carry well. These however, are technical matters, and for her part Sandy turned in a sincere, impressive, and carefully modulated performance.

Dale Mendell, as Christine, seemed a bit unnatural and uncomfortable in her part, and her motivations were not always clear. Nevertheless, she always spoke with a calmness and serenity of mind which contrasted well with *Miss Julia's* near hysteria.

If the drama had started at a lower level, it might have had a chance to build toward a more exciting climax. The story, however, is loosely woven, repetitious, and the minor climaxes, though they fly thick and fast throughout the play, are difficult to achieve emotionally.

Joan Larkey's set, built by the stagecraft class, was entirely in keeping with the play itself, although not necessarily with Ellen's interpretation of it. Then, too, the choice of color was good, but they were not made strong or vivid enough to fulfill their purpose. Through the use of levels and diagonals, she expressed the social significance within the play; the "rise" of Jean and the "fall" of *Miss Julia*. On the whole, it was a well thought out and carefully executed set.

All points considered, I would term the production unusual, engrossing, and a definite success. More plays of this type should be performed at Bard, with an eye towards experimentation and the acquisition of experience in acting, directing, and design.

Groves of Academe

Reviewed by Astrid Lundbye

Satire is defined as trenchant wit, irony, or sarcasm in a poem or prose work for the purpose of exposing and discrediting vice or folly. The viewpoint of progressive education, as presented by Mary McCarthy, is too distorted to be good satire. The author visualizes progressive schools as corrupt. The satire becomes merely a vituperative attack thereby defeating its purpose of presenting the complete picture; and succeeds in showing only the worst aspects of Jocelyn College.

Miss McCarthy has fallen victim to the very thing she ridicules. She loses, in the 'grove', her ability to distinguish between the decaying trees and those which have remained healthy. There is no clarity of ideas on the part of the author; therefore, the book fails in its designated purpose.

Only the undesirable qualities of the characters and of the topic are brought out. There is no relief from the putrefaction embodied in Jocelyn College. All who enter the school are contaminated; no one leaves without realizing the taint. There is no beauty, for each person is ugly both mentally and physically. The most frightening knowledge for the members of the 'grove' is that their world is a lie which has caught up the entire community. The life and security of the hero, Mulcahy, is constructed on a lie. He has developed this pseudo-personality to such perfection that it dominates the core of life at Jocelyn. In this sense, he rises to the position of hero. He so enmeshes his colleagues in the lie that when he falls, he drags his whole society down with him.

This type of novel can be justified if it sustains interest and provides valid criticism. It is never a pretty type of story, but it can be a true one. "The Groves of Academe" is not an honest satire, since malice has replaced truth. When one finishes "The Groves of Academe", one can ask only one question; . . . "Why?"

Pickett Interview

(Cont. from page 1)

their Rolls-Royces and live the lives of the people: eat with them, talk with them, try to understand their problems, as is attempted to a certain extent in India, perhaps we could get somewhere. As it is, much good will toward the United States is being allowed to run down the drain."

Dr. Pickett believes in the brotherhood of man. His hard work and persistent efforts in the U. N. and the Friends Organization of America show the intense desire he has to see a unified and peaceful world, although he realizes this is not something which will happen overnight. He feels that many unyielding years lie ahead, and much must be accomplished before the desired ends are brought about. We can all be of help, however, in being, as was the immortal Will Rogers, "Ambassadors of Good Will."

Nocturne . . .

It seems a life-time since I left Briarcliff and David. When I left, it was Spring at Land's End. Flights of birds winged overhead to the far north of fir and grey rocks. Sweet winds blew from the moors and the white gulls dipped low over the sparkling waves. Briarcliff—sun-light dancing on the grey stone walls; pines putting forth new needles to show a fresh green face to a northern spring. Long walks along the cliff-edge, breathing air pungent with the salt tang of a sea-spray and the sharp smell of pines. Small white flowers in the long green grass and gnarled apple trees, limbs heavy with fragrant blossoms.

And David—bare-headed and laughing, running to me across the grass, his fair hair tangled by the wind, his cheeks flushed. My David of a hundred moods: David sad, with eyes as grey as rain; David gay, with eyes blue and sparkling as the ocean far out where it meets the horizon. And always David in love with me, and I with him.

For a year, time had forgotten Briarcliff; a year of green springs, belting summers, russet autumns, and a winter of white velvet snow and glittering ice. We lived a thousand days till the sun set, and a thousand nights till the dawn, and each day and each night was sweeter than the one before.

But the winter had been long, an endless procession of days, and as each day faded into the next, Land's-End had slowly changed from a world of hushed and tranquil snow-falls and silver branches, into a world of sodden snow, lying limp on the ragged boughs of the evergreens, and grey mist swirling around the doors and windows. And always the damp and the cold, until even before the blazing fire you were never warm. Then, more than ever, was each day like a hundred, and every night a misery of sobbing winds and forlorn crying of the gulls.

As time passed, I came to hate the everlasting vistas of cold grey sea and sky and the stark pines with arms out-stretched to the drenching rains. Yet David loved this sad, wild Northland, and it was everything to him.

Then came a night when sleep

hung just beyond my fingertips, and I dreamed strange half-waking dreams of the far places of the earth where the waves broke warm and green on pale golden sands, and bright-winged birds flew over torpid rivers; where the boughs of the trees hung heavy with strange sweet fruits, and the hot breath of scarlet flowers drifted on the still, sun-drenched air.

I woke to find David bending over me, his eyes dark and shadowy, and a faint sad smile on his lips. And the morning was cold and wet. The tiny snowbirds were bedraggled and miserable in their cheerless search for stray crumbs, and the mewling gulls, dim ghosts in the mist hanging over the water, were lost and lonely.

And I knew that I would leave Briarcliff, and David knew.

* * *

Spring came to Land's-end, and with the fresh winds and white clouds scudding across the brisk blue sky, came a ship from the South, sails spread to the breeze, flying through the surf. And one day I boarded the ship and David stood on the cliff and watched us sail away. When a flock of wild geese flew overhead and he did not turn his head, I knew that he could not see the ship, for the grey mist was in his eyes.

So I left Briarcliff and David, but the gulls followed us far out to sea.

* * *

There was a river that ran past my door, where every twilight the blue herons came, and every dawn, the flamingos. The great trees trailed lianas of Spanish moss on its warm green waters and on its banks, dusky-scented crimson flowers grew. There was a boy with dark eyes and lithe brown body who swam in the river, and would have loved me; yet I paid no heed to the sweet wild fruits he brought to my door-step, nor to the wailing music he played by the river.

In time there came another night when I lay fitfully awake and the half-dreams came true. Dreams sad and haunting beyond all belief. Dreams of Briarcliff and David. Then I realized that a year had drifted by, for all seasons were summer, and all summer was a drowsy golden haze

by GRAHAM

that was the passing of time—Before dawn I heard the gulls crying far out over the ocean, and in the morning I saw in the distance the white-sailed ship. I knew that it was spring again at Land's-end.

I left the dark-eyed boy singing his sad songs by the warm green river where the crimson flowers grew, and went home to Briarcliff.

* * *

From where I stand beneath the pines I can see the weeds obscuring the path along the cliff-edge, and the boarded windows and the locked doors. I can feel the moor-wind cool on my face, and I have turned my back on the ship.

David will never come back to Briarcliff; but I can never leave. And I will not be alone—there are always the gulls.

High Tension Wire

by J. Thomas

The magnetic virus vaccillated
Between the anode
And the cathode
Of the brain
And of the heart.
The heat of such
Electric friction
Melted all the will,
And the fatal germ
Burned hot into the heart.

When the pulsing pain
Spun to splitting height,
You burst Athene-like
Into ardent arms.
Without reason and no longer
Owning heart—
Fused to a love at once
As cold and
Passionate
As the dawn.

Vive La Difference

by CYNTHIA GROSS

It must have been a lovely summer's day. However, I was but vaguely and vicariously aware of the weather. Before nine, and after five, the grayish in-between coolness could hardly have been defined as "weather," and the hours sandwiched from one grayness to the other were kept at a comfortable, artificial air-conditioned level. But a waitress has little time for observing climatic conditions—except by the changes in clothing of the patrons,—especially on those lazy, thirsty days, when the orange and blue-green figure of Simple Simon, adorning the "Howard Johnson's" on 6th Avenue and 8th Street, presents an irresistible invitation to any passers-by. The restaurant had few regular customers though, since the rather expensive menu was not at all attractive to most of the residents of the immediate neighborhood. Tips generally follow the rise in price of a restaurant, and so I had joined the silent, unappreciated and generally unnoticed clan of table-wipers and tray-bearers; and had gladly donned the white and green, behind which they mask. And it certainly ought to have been a lovely day. . .

The tables were crowded with mothers and vacationing school-kids, buyers and salesmen, twosomes of all sorts and varieties,

and small numbers of solitary, coffee-sipping and peculiarly dolorous older people. I had just pocketed the biggest insult to a member of my sisterhood—a five-cent tip—and was trying to recall whether Mr. Plaid shirt had ordered American on plain rye or white, down. And I was suddenly anxious to strangle one Rosemary Clooney—who kept trying to talk everyone into coming on-down-a-her-house in a very throaty and monotonous (and definitely unappetizing) manner. I tried to stay in the kitchen behind the temporarily closed swinging doors, until I was certain that Miss C. had been silenced for a while—and then returned with the American, toasted. From the expressionless grunt of acknowledgment I received, I supposed it Had been toast. Locating my order pad, I approached my 5c "jinxed" table. At a casual glance, it appeared to be occupied by a mother and daughter, or aunt and niece—a pair of ordinarily-dressed, quiet women. The elder partner, facing me, had a faintly familiar air about her dark, thin features and short, ringletted, graying hair. Her tight-skinned, strong fingers haphazardly drummed the worn leather cover of a cigarette case she had placed on the table. She

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Poems

by ALEX GROSS

My would-be lady,
a most excellent virgin
of distraught aspect,
says she is confused.

Small wonder:
the world is confusing
far beyond the power of epigram
or virgin's eyes to designate.

Love, its fullness,
absolute need,
centered in
its vortex
by its-
force

Patently, patiently,
remitting nothing,
doubled over in
admiration
of its-
self

After hearing Dr. Wolff read his poetry during a Literature Club meeting, we requested permission from him to print the following:

FRAGMENT

Where the violet waves
Break through the slit horizon
And the foam of eternity splashes
Pounding against the steps
Of our brain.
Slippery are now the edges
And broken the tablets
With the engravings of old,
Washed out and corroding
Is the ancient design.
But in the crevasses deep
Grow the flowers of the future
Bending under the sandals
Of slowly descending night
In the rainbow mantle of dreams
Who under spray and foam
Carry the urns of the past.

Vive La Difference

(Cont. from page 4)

smiled deeply at her younger companion, and questioningly widened her crisp, sienna eyes. "Tea?" She seemed certain that it would be tea. The dark, long-haired figure, whose back faced me, remained still, and the gray woman's eyes drew back as her glance met mine. "Tea, miss," she announced, "Two tea, and lemon, please." I felt oddly chtated by the unimpressive order. Two tea—I sighed and sought the hot water heater in the kitchen. Not consciously realizing the reason, I came near the table from the opposite direction this time, and then I saw why.

The fullness of the younger woman's smooth, porcelain face was cushioned in the palms of her sculptured, ivory hands. The tips of her magnificently formed fingers brushed her closed eyelids and nearly reached to the glistening accent of curved brown lashes. Her nostrils widened slightly; the mouth scarcely moving, as she murmured a hasty but definite expression of some final, urgent decision. I knew I was intruding, and as I stood awkwardly there, the shut lids parted suddenly, and the eyes focused expectantly on the features of the older woman's now frozen, hard face. I could not bear the terrible pressure of the situation; of it's misplaced drama. Hurriedly and a little clumsily I set the tea pot down, with what seemed to be the most crude gesture imaginable, and a trifle too loudly. I inquired—would there be anything more, ladies? I could have slapped myself soundly a moment later—but I quickly turned away to inspect my other tables.

Mr. Plaid shirt had exchanged his presence for a dime and a dirty cup, which I removed, respectively to my heavy apron pocket and the kitchen. I tried to crowd unhappy thoughts out of my head by working twice as fast. But somehow my day began to move more and more slowly, and I found myself studying every new face carefully and almost desperately. They all blended into a hopelessly bland and dull similarity, with a few of the usual variations—round and square, bleached and dyed, straight and stooped. It began to near five o'clock, and I tried to anticipate the inevitably uncomfortable subway ride home—when I heard a low, "miss?" at my back.

It was only the voice of the escort of a small party at the table the women had used (I had avoided watching them leave.) At once I realized the question he would ask, and before the words had passed his lips, I intended to have him realize why I would not answer. But, no. He had begun, "... recommend to the wife and myself a few—you know—interesting little spots. We're only here in the big city for the day—and I said to the wife—(that's her, with the hat), and the daughter, (Alice—the little girl—that's my daughter), I said let's do something really terrific that we'll always remember—in

our one day in N.Y.C. and I thought of this here well-known-section. So I figured being as you work around here, you'd prob'ly be able to suggest something really typically—well, you know interesting. Not exactly rough or—you understand, just interesting—..."

I glared at the man for an instant with an instinct of complete revulsion—then quickly composed myself—and smiled, very sweetly. "I really don't know what you'd call "interesting," I lied, "But really any place around here is just like any other place. Why don't you all have something cool to drink and spend a while in here—where it's nice and cool..." Was it cool in here? I didn't know—for it was five o'clock and. I hastily tore off my apron-mask!

Marbled Globes

by Armand Spanglet

Sensual eyes can be discerned
As they shift an eyelid bent
Toward far corners of the sphere
Filling vistas, full of looks.

Then the eyes consume in flame
As they turn their marble globes
And they flow their blended scent
Up to churning, whirling winds
In descent upon the seas.

And the lesser dusts fall by
Destined for their chosen lot
And the eyes, so faintly ill
Shut their eyelids, and are still.

Mortality

by WALLACE JACKSON

ed with a feeling of pride. She smiled at a passerby and never noticed that he only nodded curtly in reply. She liked a day like this and wondered why she didn't get out more. How happy it made people!

Her eyes wandered over the crowd and she played a game with herself which she often played. She looked at each person she saw and tried to guess just what he was like. She wondered if the young boy in the crowd would speak to the girl next to him. She wondered if they knew each other and if they would leave together. She liked to think that they would speak and become acquainted there. That was always more exciting. She tried to imagine how different they would be from one another, and yet... and yet there would be something secret between them that no one else could share. But when she looked again the boy was gone and the girl was standing alone. That made her sad.

An elderly woman clutched a bag of groceries against her and stood half-turned to the wreckage as though she wanted to leave, but was afraid of missing something. Martha could feel her sharp, narrow eyes carefully covering the scene. Her pinched,

pale face and slightly stooped shoulders made her look like a bird of prey; a hawk, Martha decided. She was reminded of her childhood, when on rare visits to the country she had seen these solemn, brown birds sit anxiously on bits of branches; branches that seemed stiff and hard as did the birds themselves. Martha made up her mind that if the woman spoke to her she wouldn't answer, for she knew that such a person would be disagreeable.

It was this woman, however, who first pointed to the little patch of white barely visible under the strewn rock. Her high, shrill voice surprised the sweating workmen and they looked up as though just aroused from sleep. The crowd stirred and all eyes were directed to one place. Martha didn't know whether to look or not. The elderly woman shifted the position of her groceries and with her elbow nudged the gentleman next to her, giving him at the same time a very meaningful look. But what she intended, he had no idea.

The thin fellow had hurried to the place and was removing rock, while his companion trod slowly and precariously across the uneven rubble. A long white piece of cloth was removed. As it hung in the workman's hands, the wind caught it, flapping its edges so that it made short, snapping sounds. All eyes strained to make out what it was. It was—Martha gasped—a nightgown! A bright flush of color rose to her cheeks. She thought it terrible that they should find that!

Someone tittered. The workman looked uncomfortably at his companion who was busily pressing the handkerchief against his face, completely absorbed in his own action. Someone else laughed, a short, shallow laugh, almost like a hiccup. The rest remained silent, looking at the man holding the nightgown, holding it so that only his heavy, dirty boots were visible below the white fringe. A long, red grin spread across his face. First one leg, then the other kicked out, slowly, now faster. His whole body became animated with the action. He smiled broadly and, bending at the waist, his feet

(Cont. on page 7)

Affluent Gentility . . .

M. Johnson

Inscribed to Poe's Helen
Whom I like in the company of
Kay-dets.

(From West Point but you know what point is
the best point.)

Singapore ponies on a spree
With flipped leather lacing.
Have it exude nothing but you
(Not the ponies, but your accentuated
positive.)

In Japan three wisps of
elderly beard implanted
upon a spidered, creased
cortex

claim:

"Two pots floating down the river
One pot was all a-quiver."

Churchill: "Let us go then, you and I
And paint beecootivool pichers."
These are the degenerate medical men who
buy Picasso's navel and then have the
audacity to muse upon it.

Week End Review

Friday evening, April 4, Bard students were joined at the supper table by approximately 38 students from foreign lands: Germany, Belgium, Scotland, India, Hungary, Israel, Greece, Ceylon, Thailand, Brazil, the Netherlands, France, Hawaii, Argentina and Japan—in addition to four West Point cadets. After the meal, a general session was held in the gym, at which time the "Key Note" address was delivered by Dr. Clarence Pickett, Honorary Secretary of the International Friends Service Committee. The question of the evening was, "Are the Middle Forces capable of mediating or restraining the conflict between East and West, or can they become new forces in themselves?"

The Ground Between

The general theme for this year's International Weekend was "The Ground Between" and the various conferences were concerned with an analysis of movements independent of both American and Soviet Systems. Saturday morning the students attended special introductory seminars: Mass Culture and Diversity, Stefan Hirsch, Bard; Captured Personalities, Dr. Steinzor, Sarah Lawrence; and The Third Force, Prof. Hans Kohn, C. C. N. Y. General seminars held Saturday afternoon were: Neutralism, Dr. Walden Moore, formerly of Rochester U. and Executive Director of the Atlantic Union Committee; The Middle Powers, Mr. Catsby Jones, John Hopkins U.; The Decline of Colonialism, Dr. T. Das, Columbia U.; Resurgent Fascism, Hans Rogger, Sarah Lawrence; The Role of Regional Alliances, Dr. E. Steinegger, U. of Innsbruck, Austria; and The Role of Aid to Underdeveloped Areas, Dr. M. Rosenthal. From six to nine that evening, a Buffet International was held in the Gym, after which the general session met again, this time featuring a panel discussion by the seminar leaders. In the gym Saturday night, Bardians and their guests enjoyed an evening of dancing at the International Ball.

The foreign students and interested members of the Bard Community visited Hyde Park Sunday morning, placing a wreath on the grave of the late President Roosevelt in commemoration of his death seven years ago this month. Carrying with them to their respective colleges and homelands new ideas and insights, the visitors departed after the noon meal.

International Weekend was successfully executed by co-chairmen Kit Kauders and Marilyn Schwartzapel, assisted by the steering committee: David Schwab, Naomi Bellinson, Scott Peyton, Ellie Wechsler, Dr. Sturmthal, Dr. and Mrs. Felix Hirsch, Mrs. Bourne, Mr. Bertlesman, Mr. Koblitz and Miss Ruth Gillard. The guests were attended by students, hosts and hostesses and entertainment was provided by the foreign students of the Bard Community.

Letter to the Community

(Cont. from page 2)

was chosen. The fact remains that it was one of the outstanding plays of the "twenties," and is an extremely good example of how we have changed in the past thirty years. This, I think, made the production worthwhile.

Why not do poetic drama? One reason is that there isn't much that is worth doing. A play may read beautifully, but, unfortunately, literary excellence does not always make theatrical excellence. **Blood Wedding**, a better example of a poetic play, was performed. The result was an attack on the Drama Department for being "pseudo-art." Another school of attack is why not more Shakespeare? In Elizabethan times, women were not permitted on the stage; the woman's parts were taken by young boys. Because of this, one finds that the casts in Shakespearean plays are for twelve men and for only three or four women. The Bard drama department has SEVEN men! Why not draw from other members of the Community? Excellent idea, except:

1. Most other students haven't had dramatic training. To put a show on for the entertainment of those in it, is a drama club's function; we put our shows on so that our drama students may learn technique. If casting students who are not seriously interested in drama and have no background in it, means we have to teach them dramatic technique without their taking classes in it, then we are nothing more than a Drama Club.

2. A student has first allegiance to the division in which he is majoring. To be in a drama production means rehearsals five nights a week, from seven to ten, for three or four weeks! It does not mean come when you feel like it or when you have the time. Unless a person outside of drama is willing to comply with this schedule it is unfair to both him and the Drama Department that he be in the show.

3. Since the drama students are here to learn by doing, it is almost necessary that they be given first consideration of parts; if they do not get the part they want, they must accept what is given to them on the understanding that they are better fitted for that part; the same applies to non-drama students. There have been several outstanding cases of non-drama people who have tried out for leading parts and have been awarded smaller parts for specific reasons and who have then become indignant and walked out of the production.

If our plays entertain the audience, that is good and everyone is pleased; however, this cannot always be the case. The first consideration must be given to students of the Drama Department. The plays are always chosen for the specific reason of allowing the student actors, directors and scenic designers to learn different methods and techniques. The difference, for example, between realism, naturalism, expressionism and other forms in theatre is amazing, but it can only be learned by experience. Not one of the plays have been chosen without careful consideration as to its value to the drama student and to the audience. These plays of historical and dramatic importance give Bard an opportunity to learn about theatre and to appreciate it. The Community hasn't taken advantage of it.

I noticed during the production that several people seemed somewhat insulted that Mr. Wismer explained the reasons for the department presenting Miss Julia. If those people had listened to what he said they might not still be questioning the choice of the play. If you haven't the time or inclination to take a course in the history of the theatre, or if you will not make a detailed study of it on your own, I would suggest that an informal talk be given before every production explaining just what the importance of the play is . . . it may be that that is the best way for you to learn. A person does not become a judge of what is worthwhile by simply attending a great many plays. No intelligent person minds criticism if it is valid and constructive, but criticism for the sake of criticism, whether it be favorable or adverse, is meaningless.

Having visited other colleges and having seen what they do in drama I can state quite frankly that not only are our productions superior, but in most cases our choice of plays are more interesting, more varied and certainly more important.

The students of the Drama Department appreciate your interest of wanting to sit in on our open classes (productions). If you as individuals do not understand something about drama, ask us. We will be glad to explain if we can. If you don't care for our efforts during the performance, you are quite free to leave, but please don't force yourself to sit through a whole play disturbing those around you and those on the stage.

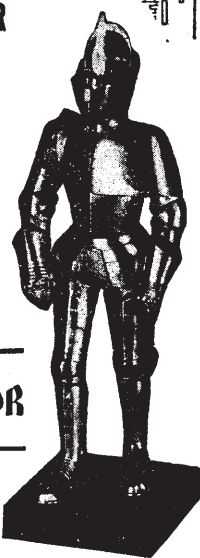
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Divisional Roundup

Under discussion by the Social Studies Division is its revised curriculum. They are also considering the effect of Mr. Case's proposed revisions on the entire college.

The Science weekend in May will be the occasion for a series of Symposia on "The Nature of Scientific Truth," presented with the financial assistance of the Social Studies Division. This John Bard Lecture will have as its speakers Philip Frank, Wolfgang Kohler, Ernest Nagel and possibly John Van Neuman. The subject of the final discussion and general objective of the Symposia will be the reaching of a "unified description of the concept of truth in Science, incorporating the special features of all four disciplines: the probability theory, physics, psychology and logic.

Among the coming events on the musical horizon are a Voice Workshop on May 5, and a Composer's Workshop on May 27. Three Senior Projects are to be presented also. An organ recital by Ruth Neal; Tommy Lilien's will be a string ensemble presenting Schubert's "Trout Quintet", a Ravel quartet, and Mozart's "Clarinet Quartet"; and a piano recital in which Carol Hershkopf will perform Prokofiev's "Third Piano Concerto." Also on the program with Carol is Margie Block who will render Bartok's Third Piano Concerto.

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The Literature Division has arranged for several fine speakers in the near future; Cleanth Brooks will speak on Milton at the April 25 John Bard Lecture, and at a later date Lindstrom is to discuss Russian literature. There is hope of obtaining Dylan Thomas for a reading of his own poetry, as has already been arranged with Jean Garrigue, William Humphrey, and Adolph Sturmthal; and will be arranged for students with promising original material. Three final items on the agenda are a proposed joint meeting with the Science Club, a faculty symposium in the Literature Division, and the playing of the records of Othello.

Of late, the Art Department has had several members, past and present, before the public eye. In the alumni department, Carroll (Sam) Summers was chosen by the Museum of Modern Art as one of today's outstanding young artists. Bob Solitaire's College Art Exhibit of woodcuts by Bard students will have its first showing at the 10th Street Library in New York on or around April 10. Two artists here on campus have now been acknowledged; Loretta Goldenberg, whose illustration for the story, "Ripeness of Time," was accepted, and will appear in the June issue of Seventeen; and Pete Hoag, who landed in the February issue of Art News because of his woodcuts in the Graphic Arts Exhibit. Starting April 3rd, Bard will present another of its own private exhibits in Orient Gallery and it will consist of student art.

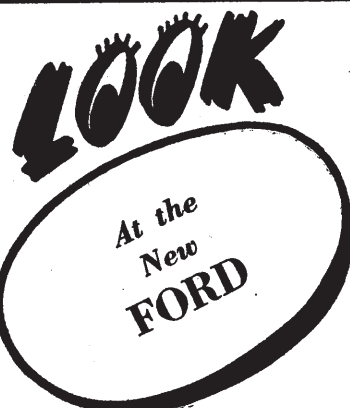
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Entertainment Revitalized Through Dormitory Supervision

In any community, entertainment is an important aspect of life, but it has an even greater importance in a rural community such as Bard. If we cannot go home for the week-end we depend for recreation on the provisions of the Entertainment Committee.

Since the provision of adequate entertainment is so essential at Bard, it is clear that an ample budget must be provided. Some feel that the \$2,400 allocated to the Committee this semester is too much. However, a great deal is done with what amounts to very little money per week-end.

The Entertainment Committee has changed in function since last semester; now, instead of being the initiator, organizer and provider of entertainment, it acts more in the capacity of a coordinating and advisory council.

Dormitories Plan Week-ends

Entertainment this term is based upon a week-end instead of a Saturday evening. Each dormitory is taking charge of one week-end, and in addition there are other groups who are seeing to our amusement for two or three days. The Committee, working through its Chairman, serves mainly to advise and assist these groups in the organization of their week-ends.

Dormitories are providing recreation of a richer and more varied type. Instead of each dance characterized by poor attendance and spilled beer, invigorating themes are brought into play, implemented by the enthusiasm which comes from providing something for the benefit of the rest of the community.

Although a greater diversity in activities seems to be the goal, a change in the staple drink is not altogether the first nor the best way that could be found for introducing variety. Liquor, while appreciated by so many, costs rather more than its less potent cousin, so that there is less money available for other week-end activities. Nevertheless, the budget seems to be put to good use.

Last semester, the Saturday evening dances were budgeted at the rate of \$90 to \$100 on the average. This semester, \$125 is allowed for the whole week-end. This means that for an additional \$25, activities can be presented on the former dull spots of Friday evenings or Sunday afternoons, and in some cases, at both times. Furthermore, Saturday evenings are a little more inspired.

Future Activities Promise Originality

Recreation is to be provided both indoors and out. The combined imaginations of many will yield the new ideas which enliven the end of each week. Among the innovations are the Wagon Derby, Work Week-end, cook-out dining and climaxed by an elaborate formal at the end of the year. Some of the entertainment, in deference to the Newman Report is somewhat of a cultural nature. However, the clubs should be able to provide our more elevated diversions while the Entertainment Committee considers our desire for lighter entertainment.

Spirit is no longer lacking on week-ends, for it is evident to all, even to those who disapproved of the scheme at its inception, that if one takes an active part in providing entertainment, the rewards are more gratifying.—By P. Price

Mortality

(Cont. from page 5)

flew out furiously, sending tiny fragments of stone rolling down the mound of rubble. Someone in the crowd hummed a tune; another person picked it up. The whole crowd was humming; people were laughing; everyone was laughing. The old woman nudged her companion and he smiled at her. She felt responsible for the gaiety and wanted this to be understood. Others came attracted by the laughter, pushing the people into a wriggling, squirming mass. The tall, thin fellow danced until the sweat rolled down his face and his tongue flicked out to catch the drops; danced until he too, overcome by laughter, was forced to stop and lean against his shovel, letting the nightgown drop to the stone.

Martha remained off to the side and gazed at the gown lying there, as though it wasn't a part of this at all. She didn't know why, but she thought it the most beautiful nightgown she had ever seen.



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Resume of Council Activities

Since field period, Council has considered and acted upon numerous issues of import. At its first meeting, Feb. 25, council evolved a plan whereby the task of providing entertainment for the community would be distributed among the various dormitories. Immediate action was taken, resulting in more successful and novel week-ends.

Have you been wondering what has happened to C.S.P.? On March 3, the C.S.P. Committee reported that at its last meeting it decided to continue the C.S.P. program only in connection with major projects and then, on a purely voluntary basis. The Committee will prepare a report to be presented at the next legislative assembly, on call by council. At that time the continuation of the C.S.P. program will be put before the community.

Members elected to council this term were Mr. Robert Koblit, Steve Barbash, Mike Zuckerman and Cynthia Silverman.

The third annual Bard Theatre Benefit Flight Into Egypt was held on March 20, with the profit and other contributions added to the scholarship fund.

From the minutes of Council:

March 3: "The Budget Committee is conducting a poll testing the acceptability of a new Bardian."

March 10: "The proposed Budget for the spring term

was presented for consideration and approval by council. The budget of the proposed Bardian was discussed at great length. The Communications Board recommended that the Bardian be given \$100 to publish one trial issue, while another \$235 would be put in the contingency for future use by the Bardian on approval by Communications Board and council. It was moved that the Bardian budget be approved as stands but the motion was defeated. A revote was called and the budget was then passed.

However, a feeling of uncertainty regarding the question of the Bardian was still prevalent among council members and as a result of a roll call vote on the question, the budget was defeated. The Bardian was then recommended to Communications Board for further consideration."

March 17: "The Communications Board reported on its approval of the Bardian constitution and its plans for publishing three issues of the Bardian this semester plus a literary review type of magazine at the end of the term. The board recommended that money for the Bardian be appropriated as soon as possible. The motion that council approve and accept the report of Communications Board was passed."

At the March 24 meeting, Mr. Robinson spoke of the Red Cross Blood-mobile coming to Rhinebeck. It was hoped that a large number of donors would make possible a journey of the blood-mobile to Bard. A group of council members was the first to volunteer, followed by other members of the community. If you haven't done so already, get on the "blood-mobile wagon".

Council-Faculty Week-End

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—Barbara Simmons

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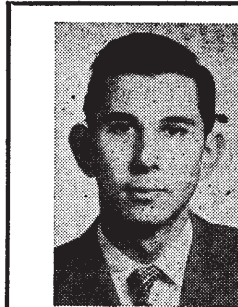


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by

Charles Naef

At last Harry Truman gave the green light to Democratic hopefuls by telling his Jefferson-Jackson Dinner audience in Washington, "I do not feel it is my duty to serve another four years in the White House." This decision did not come as a surprise. A year ago I predicted in my column, that Truman would not run again, and I turned my spotlight on General Eisenhower and Senator Estes Kefauver who since then have emerged as strong contenders for the Presidency.

It would be premature to view the coming Presidential campaign in terms of a race between Eisenhower and Kefauver. Both aspirants have to fight uphill for the coveted party nominations. They face strong opposition from their respective party organizations, while their support comes mainly from morally aroused and politically unsophisticated Republican and Democratic voters.

Kefauver and Eisenhower

Unfortunately both candidates, though exceptionally able men of great integrity, appeal to the public primarily because of their dubious distinction as military hero or crime buster. Confirmed internationalists in foreign affairs, they differ widely on domestic issues. Tennessee's Kefauver has been a staunch New Deal-Fair Deal advocate and is regarded as an outspoken anti-Dixiecrat even though he favors a go-it-slow approach on civil rights which has been traditional with most Southern liberals.

Eisenhower is an arch-conservative when it comes to domestic politics. While serving as President of Columbia University he made a few speeches which, though cast in broad generalizations, put him politically somewhere to the right of "Mr. Republican," Senator Robert A. Taft himself. The liberal-internationalist wing of the GOP is caught in the dilemma of having embraced a "winning" internationalist who repudiates liberal Republicanism at home. Another candidate, California's Governor Earl Warren, Dewey's running mate in 1948 who is a liberal internationalist of proven experience, should be the logical choice of many Republicans who hitched their wagon to five stars promising political victory.

Democrats Will Win

Even if Eisenhower should edge out Taft and receive the GOP nomination from the National Republican Convention meeting at Chicago starting July 7,—nay, even in the unlikely event that he should win the Presidency, the magic of Ike will not put the Republicans in control of Congress. Of 33 Senators up for re-election 19 are Republicans. At least 9 GOP seats are in serious danger, while the Democrats are apt to lose only two Senators, namely William Benton of Connecticut and Blair Moody of Michigan. The remaining seats represent solidly Democratic areas, mainly the South. Hence the present Democratic margin of 4 seats in the Senate will probably increase or remain constant in the unlikely case of a Republican sweep.

On November 4, the entire House of Representatives will stand for re-election. The vote for members of the House is the clearest indication of a party's strength, for the candidates are being judged on the basis of their own and their party's record and program rather than in view of their popularity and glamor. I am persuaded that there is a strong pro-Democratic sentiment among voters which will materialize in a pronounced Democratic majority in the House.

Large Vote Means Democratic Vote

In a special Congressional election which caused an unusually high voting turnout in New York State's Albany-Troy district on last April 1, the Democratic candidate captured 70% of the total vote as compared to the 59% obtained by his Democratic predecessor in 1950. The election was fought over national issues. A large vote means a Democratic vote. Election statistics show that the party in power has traditionally fared worse in mid-term elections. Since the Republicans failed to beat the Democrats in 1950 in spite of a relatively small voting participation, they should stand even less of a chance this coming fall. A further indication is the overwhelming success scored by liberal Democrats in last year's municipal elections held in Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Boston and New York City.

If Eisenhower is their candidate, the GOP might capture the Presidency on account of Ike's personal success. Yet the Democrats will retain control of Congress, for this is essentially a Democratic year.

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