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 waited, 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 Caise arose and introduced the keynote speaker, who would perhaps give answers to some of the unanswered questions: a "Friend of the World," Dr. Otisence Eyan Pickett.

In his speech, Dr. Pickett stressed the fact that the countries of the world are constantly engaged 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 Putsch Pour 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 5)

Position Open, Job Coordinator

To the Community:
The following Cumulative Cumulative Law and Music Council will meet on April 15 and May 1 at 8 p.m. in the Music Hall. The council will meet on the first and third Monday of each month.
a
a

Miss Sarah Gibbons, President of Vassar College, and Mr. James H. Case, President of Bard College, announced the election of the new officers of the Council 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.

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 included student 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. Rodrigues. He was extremely helpful in planning the menu which consisted of zefiut fish, matzah-ball soup, chicken and leoves, topped off by wine which was paid for by those who attended. Candles and flowers adorned the tables.

Rabbi Zimet of Poughkeepsie conducted the main part of the Passover service in which Arnon Gafny and the Sturmlthal 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 joyful, 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.

These 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. Sturmlthal, Mr. and Mrs. Koblitz and Rev. Piecele. 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 Gibbons, President of Vassar College, and Mr. James H. Case, President of Bard College, appeared on Murriel De Greve's radio program over station WEOX, 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.
Editor-in-Chief ................. Armand D. Sponglet
Managing Editor ................. Karl Wedemeyer
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Feature-News Staff—
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Barbara Simmons, Leni Rosenfeld, Mary Grayson
Literary Board—
John L. Stainth, Barry Stein, J. Livingston
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Bene Sachs, June Walter, Rose May Wolfe,
Diana Kline, Mickey Shapiro, Sheila Heister.

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 Vogel, 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 failings 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 term.
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 its best to see that the project is carried out in a manner which will be acceptable to the student and the community.

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, from 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 of this kind. The producers 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 that there will be no exceptions to this rule. The audience always removes the more carefully considered planning, but in the absence of 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.

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 raising an additional $275 per student at $3100 instead of $1600 requires comparatively little argument.

For the whole, I am gratified by the way every understanding attitude shown by students and parents to the decision. I am also gratified by the formal resolution of the trustees that no student 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 fees. Not every request will be met in full, of course, but the promised assistance will be given if it appears necessary and will be based in part 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 inscriptions, 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; 13 courses in which there are from 5 to 9 students; 19 courses in which there are 10 to 14 students; 13 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 62% 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.

In this, I think, we need not make this analysis, however, merely in order to brag about it. I made it rather in an effort to see that our faculty appointment for next year eliminate the areas of overlap that has occurred 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 that there will be no exceptions to this rule. The audience always removes the more carefully considered planning, but in the absence of 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.

(Cont. on page 6)
Student, Faculty Evaluate "Miss Julia"

S. Malcolm Gathers Cross-section of Faculty Views

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

"Miss Julia" 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 production was that it did not 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 carelessness of the peasants after Jean's death. They had the audience for a jeering, muttering crowd. But, all in all, the立即ness of the description was quite "effective" and "charming.

The lighting was not as well received. While the limited, great deal more could, and should, have been done with it. For such a "talky" play, it was too static. Light motion could have brought 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 midsummer's eve.

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

The costume, weighing, and 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 era, particularly in the lower classes, as they would look on their way to church. The peasant women were particularly aged southern aristocrats. This was also the criticism of Jean's clothing. Her dress was great contrast between Christine's costume and that of her mistress. Many thought Jean's innate "respectability" and "fineness" were purely imaginary and should not have taken shape in the "elegant simplicity" of her costume.

"Miss Julia" produced 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 presentation. 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, with the audience was not appropriate for the play, or vice versa.

Production Discussed
By Diana Kline

As anyone who saw this production can testify, skillful direction by Ellen Kraus turned a somewhat outdated and illogical play into a pertinent and meaningful one. 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 Jean, her servant.

At first, I'd admits, 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-browed valet, Jean, seemed to be completely involved in his part. Not once did his own personality show through; he was almost Jean throughout. The cruelty and unscrupulousness in his performance was frighteningly real, and his acting vital and intense.

Sandraw Mowbray-Clarke, despite inherent emotional immaturity necessary 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 hands tended 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 emotions were not always clear. Nevertheless, she always spoke with a calmness and serenity of manner 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.

Jean Larkey's set, built by the stageway class, was entirely in keeping with the play itself, although not necessarily with Ellin'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 lights and diagonal, she expressed the social significance within the play; the "conceal" of Jean and the "fall" of Miss Julia. On the whole, it was a well thought out and 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 to 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, and is either professional 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 good satire. The author visualizes progressive schools as corrupt. The satire becomes 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's' 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 puritanism embodied in Jocelyn College. No who enters the school is contaminated; no one leaves without that same mental and physical beauty, for each person is ugly both mentally and physically. The most refreshing 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, Mulanchy, is constructed on a lie. He has developed merely a superficial personality to that perfection that it dominates the "life as Jocelyn. In this sense, he rises to the position of hero. He so resembles his colleagues in the lie that when he fails, 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 one," Dr. McCarthy has admitted truth. When one finishes "The Groves Of Academe", one is left with only one question; "What?"

Pickett Interview (Cont. from page 1)
their Roll-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. Thus it is, much good will toward the United States is being allowed to run dry.

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

by GRAHAM

It seems a life-time since I left Briarcliff and David. When I left it was flowering at Land's End. Flights of birds wheeled overhead to the far north of far ships. Wind blew from the moors and the white gulls dipped low over the sparkling waves. Briarcliff—sunlight 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 cliffedge, breathing, the 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 snarled apple trees, limbs heavy with fragrant blossoms.

And David—bare-headed and laughing, running to me across the grass, his fair hair tangle 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 the tide rolls to the horizon. And always David in love with me, and I with him.

For a year, time had forgotten Briarcliff; a year of green springgreens, bellflowers, buttercups, violets; a year of a winter of white velvet snows 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, and the spring had been late, and as each day faded into the next, Land's End had slowly changed from a world of white and grey to a damp 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 each night like a night 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 outstretched to the drenching rains. Yet David loved this wild, wild Northland, and it was everything to him.

Then came a night when sleep hung just beyond my fingertips, and I dreamed strange half-forgotten dreams of the far seas of the earth where the waves broke warm and green on palm lined beaches, 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 and smile on his lips. And the morning was cold and wet. The trees were bedraggled and miserable in their cheerless search for stray crumps, and the mewing 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.

High Tension Wire

by J. Thomas

The magnetic virus vacillated 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 passionless 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 it. Before nine, and after five, the grayish in-between coolness could hardly have been called "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 passer-by. The restaurant had few regular customers, indeed, since the rather expensive menu was not at all attractive to most of the residents of the immediate neighborhood. Tippy generally followed 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 is certainly ought to have been a lovely scene.

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 frenzied tip—and was trying to recall whether Mr. Plaid shirt had ordered American plan rye or white, down. And I was suddenly anxious to strangle one Rosemary Choo-Mooney—who kept trying to talk everyone into coming on down to a house in a very hoity-toity and monotonous (and definitely unappetizing) manner. I tried to stay in the kitchen behind the temporarily closed window doors, until I was certain that Miss C. had been silenced for a while—and then returned with the American, tossed. From the expressionless and ungranted acknowledgment I received, I supposed it had been toast. Locating my order pad, I approached my "boxed" 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, thin, clear features and short, ringleted, greying hair. Her thin-skinned, strong fingers had hazardedly drummed the leather cover of a cigarette case she had placed on the table. She (Cont. on page 5)

Request Performance

After hearing Dr. Wolf 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 still horizon
And the foam of eternity splashes
Pounding against the steps
Of our brain.

Slippery are the edges
And broken the tablets
With the etchings 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 mane of dreams
Who under spray and foam
Carry the urns of the past.
Vive La Difference

(smiled deeply at her younger comrade)

"Taste?" she seemed certain that it would be a rather dark, long-haired figure, whose back faced me, remain- ed under water. He'd eyes drew back as her glance met mine. "Tea, miss," she announced.

I felt oddly chaste by the unimpress- ive 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 di- rection this time, and then I saw why.

The fullness of the younger woman's smooth, porcelainized face was cushioned in the palms of her sculptured, ivory hands. The tips of her magnificently formed fingers brushed her closed eye- lids and nearly reached to the glistening accented curve of brown lashes. Not nostril whites, nostrils width slenderly; the mouth scarcely mov- ing, as she murmured a hastily and disinterested 'tea' for me, but the eyes focused expectantly on the features of the older woman's now smooth, hard face. I could not bear the ter- rible pressure of the situation; of it misplaced drama. Hurriedly and a little clumsily I set the tea pot down, with what seemed to be a great effort, and gestured imagin- able, and a trifle too loudly. I inquired—would there be anything more, ladies? I could have slipp- ed myself soundly a moment later—but I quickly turned away to inspect my other tables.

Mr. Fald shirt had exchanged his presence for a dim and a dirty cup, which I removed, res- spectively to my heavy apron pocket and the kitchen. I tried to crowd unhappy thoughts out of my head by working twice as fast. But so much more than 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 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 ride home—when I heard a low, "milk!" 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 the first time I once I realized the question he would ask, and before the words had even left his lips, I intended to have him realize why I would not answer. But, no. He had been here to the big city for the day—and I said to the wife—(with the hat), and the daughter, (Alice—the little girl—that's my daughter), I said let's do something for Mr. Smith today; that we'll always remember—on

Mortality

by WALLACE JACKSON

A cracked flower pot lay like a rare and tiny copy among the gray, stones, the fallen tumbled stones that sprawled all the way to the road and by which she didn't feel. The sunlight struck the edges of buildings and three lines of waving shadow, glitter the split rock and peeped into people's eyes, causing them to squint and blink. Today, she de- cided, was a yellow day and she continued her walk up the street avoiding the flat pebbles that scrunched under one's feet and made a sharp, unpleasant sound. Martha had colors for all the days. This wasn't her favorite, though, for it pleased her most when, just after rain, the sky was pink and everything was bathed in the soft light.

The clank of shovel against stone rose like the sound of dull toning bells. A thin line of smoke drifted from the rut and darted- ed into the wind. Not far from her, two workmen were digging, lifting and throwing the rock, while the expression on their faces remained unchanged. Behind them a house lay open, as if a new scooper had, running down the front wall. Odd bits of furniture were in scattered disarray and the pale iron pipes glistened above the naked. People passed, stopped for a moment, then went on.

One of the searchers, a puffy, round-faced fellow, stood up, re- vealing a wide circle of sweat which stained his shirt front. Through his thick clenched fingers the white folds of a handkerchief appeared and he pressed this to his forehead and rubbed, repeating the process and looking at the cloth each time until he appeared satisfied with the results. The other man, sadder and more thin, continued to shovel while with each load of debris his eyes focused on the crowd. He seemed to be making sure his work was ap- preciated. The long veins bulged under his hairless arms and stood taunt like tightly stretched rope.

Marble Globes

by Armand Spaniel

Sensual eyes can be discerned

As they shift an eyelid bent

To the 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 blinded scent

Up to churning, whirling winds

In descent upon the seas.

And the lesser dusts fall by

Carrying with them their chosen lot

And the eyes, so faintly ill

Shut their eyelids, and are still.

Ed with a feeling of pride.

She smelt at a paucity 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 same 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 her 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 acquaint- ed there. That was always more interesting. 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 look- ed 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 wreck- age, though she had wanted to leave it but was afraid of missing some- thing. Martha could feel her hands, 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 de- cided. She was reminded of her childhood, when on rare visits to the country she had seen these solemn, brown birds sit anxiously on tips 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.

This was a woman, however, who first pointed to the little patch of white barely visible under the strewed 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 grocer and with her elbow nudged the gentle- man next to her, giving him at the same time a very meaningful message as to 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 un- even rubble. A long white piece of cloth was removed. As it hung in the workman's hands, the wind caught it, flapping its edges as if that it made short, snapping sounds. All eyes strained to make out what it was. It was—Martha gasped—"a nightgown! A bright flash of color rose to her cheeks. She thought it terrible that they should find that!

Someone uttered. The work- man looked uncomfortably at his companion who was busily press- ing the handkerchief against his face, completely absorbed in his own action. Someone else laugh- ed, a short, shallow laugh, almost like a hiccup. The rest remained silent, looking at the man hold- ing the nightgown, holding it so that only his heavy, dirty boots were near the fringes. A long, red grin spread across his face. First one leg, then the other. The man picked up the car and his whole body became animated with the action. He smiled broadly and, leaning back, took off his feet

Affluent Gentility

Inscribed to Poe's Helen

Whom I like in the company of

Kay-dates

From West Point but you know what point is

Singapore ponies on a spree

With hipped leather lacing

Have it e nude nothing but you

(No she ponies, but your accentuated positive)

In Japan three wipers of elderly beard implanted upon a spidered, creased corner

claim:

"Two pots floating down the river
One pot was all a&silver!"

Churchill: "Let us go then, you and I

And paint beoccevotich plochers"

These are the degenerate medical men who buy Picasso's navels 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 Powers 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. Steiner, Sarah Lawrence; and The Third Force, Prof. Hans Kohn, C. O. N. Y. General seminars held Saturday afternoon were: Neutrality, Dr. Walden Moore, formerly of Rochester U. and Executive Director of the Atlanta Union Committee; The Middle Powers, Mr. Cahn, Jones, John Hopkins U.; The Decline of Colonialism, Dr. T. Das, Columbia U.; Resurgent Pacific, Hans Hogger, Sarah Lawrence; The Role of Regional Alliances, Dr. E. Stiegenberg, U. of Innsbruck, Austria; and The Role of Aid to Under-developed 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 Katie Lang, who organized and assisted by the social committee: David Schweb, Naomi Bellinson, Scott Peyton, Ellie Wechsler, Dr. Sturmmal, Dr. and Mrs. Felix Hirsch, Mrs. Bourn, Mr. Bertlman, Mr. Robert 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've 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 was a better example of a poetic play, but the result was an attack on the Drama Department for being "pseudo-

ary." 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 Shakespearian 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 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; 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 role than anyone else. In the past several years, there have been several outstanding cases of non-drama students 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.

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 drama. 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 insistent that Mr. Wimmer explained the reasons for the department presenting Miss Jella. 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 how important the role is. . . . It may be that this 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-minded criticism if it is valid and constructive, but criticism for the sake of criticism, whether it is 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 curriculnm. 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, W. K. Entzel, and Eleanor Herzog 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 25 and a Composer’s Workshop on May 27. Three Senior Projects are to be presented also. An organ recital by Ruth Neal; Tommy Lilen’s will be a string ensemble presenting Schubert’s “Trout Quintet,” a Ravel quartet, and Mozart’s “Clarinet Quintet”; and a piano recital in which Carol Herskoph will perform Prokofiev’s “Third Piano Concerto.” Also on the program with Carol is Marion Brock who will render Bartok’s Third Piano Concerto.

The Literature Division has arranged for several fine speakers in the near future; Cleanth Brooks will speak on Milton in 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 Siurmax; and will be arranged for students with promising original material. Three final events on the agenda are a proposed joint meeting with the Science Club, a faculty symposium in the Literature Division, and the playing of the record of Othello.

Of late, the Art Department has had several meetings, 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 Solitario’s College Art Exhibition of woodcuts by Bard students will have its show opening at the 19th Street Library in New York on or around April 16. Two articles here on campus have now been acknowledged: Loreta Ridenberg, whose illustration for the story, "Ripeness of Time," was accepted, and will appear in the June issue of Seventeen; and Peter Hogg, 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 exhibitions in Orient Gallery and it will consist of student art.

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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 takes 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, imaginative 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, change in the staple drink is not apparent. The current method, best way that could be found for introducing variety, is more appreciated by many who enjoy the drink rather 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 $50 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 these times. Furthermore, Saturday evenings are a little more inspired.

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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 fell responsible for the safety 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 he was overcome by laughter, was forced to stop and lean against his shovel, letting the nighttime drop to the stone.

Martha remained off to the side and gazed at the Geoffry hills, as though it wasn’t a part of this at all. She didn’t know why, but she thought the most beautiful nighttown she had ever seen.
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 in more successful and novel week-ends.

Have you wondered 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 Koblin, Steve Barbash, Mike Zuckerman and Cynthia Silverman.

The third annual Bard Theatre Benefit Flick: Into Egypt was held on March 30, with the profit and other contributions added to the scholarship fund.

From the minutes of Council: March 2: “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 $109 to publish one trial issue, while another $235 would be put in the contingency fund 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 vote 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. He hoped that a large number of donors would make it possible a journey of the bloodmobile 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 “bloodmobile wagon.”

Council-Faculty Week-End

The unique, South-American flavored details are too secret. Just remember to be on hand the week-end of May 3.

—Barbara Simmons

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