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Primitive Magic Scheduled For Hallowe’en Night

Primitive Magic will be the subject of a talk given by Professor Harry Turner-High, of the University of South Carolina, on Friday evening, October 31. In a lecture ideally suited to Hallowe’en, Mr. Turner-High will redefine Magic. He will stress its use as an economical and effective social control for primates, in view of primitive wild primates.

The Social Studies Club is sponsoring the talk as well as a panel discussion on Saturday morning. Irwin D. Turner-High, Mr. Turner-High, and Doctor Wolfe, Doctor Devereux and Reverend Fesselle will share some of the ideas presented on Friday evening.

Professor Turner-High is the author of General Anthropology, currently employed in writing a book on primitive magic. He is a member of the Department of Anthropology and Sociology at the University of South Carolina. In addition to this, he teaches for the University of the Provo River Valley School at Camp Jordan, S. C. upon the anthropological aspects of military government.

His ideas on primitive religions and military governments will probably be cited as examples of Magic as social control.

Henry IV: Premier Analysis

by Cynthia F. Silverman

This week-end the Drama Department presents a thought-provoking and exciting drama by Pirandello. An outline of the plot and an exposition of the themes and questions involved will help to further an understanding of the play.

The plot of Henry IV, involves a man who became mad and gained his sanity, only to find that he must retain his role of madness. The protagonist, known only as Henry IV., has been studying the history of this king of Germany in preparation for a pageant in which his beloved was to masquerade as his namesake, Matilda, Marchioness of Tuscany. During the pageant procession, Henry was thrown from his horse and suffered, as a consequence, from the delusion that he was in fact Henry IV., at Cannes. In order to sustain himself in his insanitary masquerade, Henry's nephew, Prince Nolli arranged for several rooms in his villa to be furnished as an eighteenth century throne-room, etc. hired four young men to be his counsellors, and made available a huge wardrobe for any who wished to visit him. Thus, everyone had to disguise themselves as characters of the same period in order to appear before him.

Henry's drama unfolds when Nolli, attempting to satisfy his mother's last wish, conceived of a brother, once more brings a psychiaclist to interview his uncle. Along with the doctor and Nolli come the latter's fiancée who is the daughter of Malinda, and the Donna Matilda herself, accompanied by her current lover. When the doctor is effecting his "violent" calculated to shock Henry into sanity, while simultaneously Henry is revealing to his courtiers the fact that he has been sane for many years. At the precise moment that the ghostly scheme is being carried out by the Nolli and Frida in the throne room, Henry's barbers tell the others that the madman is sane. They all rush into the throne room and, after the confusion, is settled, Henry explains what happened to him from the time of the accident, to the present. His delusion, he says, lasted for twelve of the twenty years during which he was considered mad, and that his memory gradually returned until he was fully aware of his peculiar situation in life and time. That is, he succeeded in returning to the eighteenth century from the eleventh, but it was a return to the line of the pageant twenty years before. He had to realize all the implications of the fact that, through his former friends who turned just as grey as he had grown old as Henry IV., the ever knowing that he was becoming old. This meant for him the impossibility of his intention to return to a life that had passed him by, a fate which he acknowledged when he says, "...

With pencils and tally sheets in hand, Bard student, Robert Roder, Roder and a staff of twenty will trick-or-treat the city of Kingston on Oct. 24. Several members of the Bardian, Dr. Robert's Government Course, and friends,” and “a couple of interested people,” under Bob's leadership question Kingston citizens on current political issues as part of his Senior Project on Government.

Before the actual poll, Bob's staff will be briefed in techniques that approaches towards the pub. I. They plan to try the poll on another, in order to study the varying reactions they will probably encounter.

It is interesting to note that not many polls have been taken in medium-size cities. Since Kingston is Bob's home town, the polling will have a two fold interest, for him in the testing of his hypothesis, that political position helps to determine the public's outlook on issues.

Each interviewer will survey a neighborhood by following a predetermined pattern; he will have the houses to call upon, chosen beforehand by a random sampling system. In this way, Bob feels that he can reach a fair and varied cross-section of all types of people from different social and financial strata. The time chosen for conducting this poll (4:00-6:00 p.m. in the permanent, since the early evening will find both men and women at home.

To dispel the citizen's apprehension of the interview, the latter will be rehearsed beforehand in the democratic, reassuring preliminary talk. The fact will be explained that he is representing "The Hudson Valley Opinion Research Council affiliated with the Bard College Social Studies Department." This title is intended to sound sufficiently important to gain the questioned person's confidence.

The Bard College Fire Department, Inc. was recently host to the Hudson Valley Fire Chiefs Association. Nearly a hundred fire chiefs from Dutchess and Putnam counties held their monthly business meeting in the Bard Gymnasium where they were welcomed by Emmett O'Brien and President James H. Case, Jr., Mr. Case expressed his pride in the world's only incorporated college fire departments run entirely by students. The meeting was followed by an informal get-together with hamburgers and beer served by the Bard firemen.

Last Friday night the BCFC had its first annual Ball of the season. The Bard fire fighters succeeded in saving a building by confining a blaze to an abandoned ice house on the property of Mr. Richard Aldridge in Barrytown. The department is currently planning to replace the out-dated red Chevrolet truck with a newer and more effective fire fighting unit. About $700 will have to be raised for that purpose.

One
Credit Where It's Due...

At Bard we honor the creative process which enriches our community and our society. We listen appreciatively to the works of our composers, view with pleasure the murals, paintings and sculptures of our artists, enjoy the poetry and prose of our writers and follow intently the action of the drama and the movement of the dance.

We are fortunate in being able to reap these fruits of the varied talents of our liberal arts college. Yet we forget at times the creative act is not confined to the arts alone but comes daily to fruition in the sciences and the social studies. The latter are not everyday matters of living that we take for granted and rarely pay them homage.

The Social Studies Division, for instance, can look back with pride on its Carl Schurz Centennial celebration of a few weeks ago. Dedicated educators, philosophers and social scientists, eminent professors and eager students, pondered the challenges facing The Liberal In Our Time. They talked about the values needed to reconstruct our faltering society and cherish the memory of Carl Schurz, the German immigrant whose selfless endeavors in behalf of the emancipation of the Negro, the cause of anti-imperialism, the conservation of our natural resources and civil services reform suggested our finest traditions.

These efforts were deemed so important that the Department of Social Studies was represented by an official observer and that recordings were made for the Voice of America. A few days ago Professor Felix E. Hirsch, who was mainly responsible for the success of Bard's ambitious undertaking, received a letter from the Department of State which contained the following paragraph:

"Not only myself, but all those in the Department concerned with German affairs are truly overjoyed at the success of the Bard College program on the occasion of the Carl Schurz Centennial. I don't know how our observance could have anything else but a success in light of the excellent program presented."

Next April the Social Studies Club, in cooperation with the Social Studies Division and the community at large, will hold its sixth annual International Student Week-end. In the past this event has been the highlight of every Spring semester. This year again it promises to reveal the creative character of the social studies.

Letter to The Editor

Dear Editor:

The Community Council is very glad that the BARDIAN is once again serving as a gadfly. We only object to the manner and direction of the work of the gadfly. We agree that the problems of Community Government are perennial; and we agree that the core of this perennial problem is apathy. The unanswered question, however, remains—whose apathy? Once this is answered, both Community Government and the BARDIAN can attack the problem with full force. We contend that an apathetic attitude is not prevalent in the organs of Community Government. The crux of the problem lies in the blase attitude that the entire Community, faculty, students and administration, have taken to its governmental setup. They no longer seem to possess the initiative to take community problems to their various governmental committees. This is where the gadfly should strike. Your elected officers can sit in session for the rest of the year grinding out routine work, and Community Government will be nothing more than a heap of words as long as there exists no vital interest in all the members of the community. A close government leadership, in cooperation with communications media, has a real job to tackle.

Now, I would like to discuss some specific points that are brought up in your editorial. The first concerns the Budget and the

Budget Committee. Would you hold a Congress of 1952 directly responsible for a specific piece of legislation of a Congress of 1927? Obviously the answer is no. We consider such an attitude unfair and irresponsible. If the BARDIAN is so preoccupied to Council legislation, why didn't they work out this piece of poor legislation last term, when it was enacted? Council saw the unfairness of the new budget law from the very beginning. We even tried to correct it by extra-legal procedure through the establishment of an unofficial budget committee under the direction of the Treasurer of Convocation. What we most strongly object to concerning this particular part of the editorial are the connotations that arise from the word "budgetary." We feel that the adjustment of the budget is one of the most important functions of your community government. The distribution of five thousand dollars of your money (convocation dues) to your clubs and organizations is one of the most important matters-making functions of government. We wish that we could hold innumerable meetings on the distribution of the budget and that they could be even more airy than this one. A better distribution of community funds means better community activities for all. On the matter of so-called "decorum" I feel that your editorial has completely missed the point. The point is that the Thursday meeting is not a day and pompous (Continued on Page Eight)
It's A Dog's Life
by Jock, As Told To Sue Stephenson

I must say in all modesty that among these many, namely Lassie, certainly does not have a more interesting past than I. I saw the phone and read my story—after all it did make every newspaper in the country plus some foreign publications, but here it is for that wise man who wasn't acquainted with my exciting life.

Five years ago I was born in the town south of North Carolina, and as soon as I was able to withstand the ordeal of being shipped in a crate to New York, I was sent as a gift to my most cherished friend and beloved mistress, Alice Hartman. As a puppy I grew up around children and cats, and loved them over to the best of my canine ability. You see, Alice's mother is president of the Israeli Orphan Asylum in Far Rockaway, and I liked to feel that my companionship helped to bring in the children in some way. Several articles have appeared about us, and I am the protector of these orphans. I would walk them to school each day, and from there to the evening. Yes, there are a great many pleasant memories of the past. I recall the wonderful romps Alice and I would take along the long and desolate stretch of the beach, Adventure was the key to our time during our wanderings. I would often see the ghosts and spirits that lived in the creepy, tumble-down houses. As you can see, I grew used to the unexpected.

Exactly a year ago, Alice and her friend Nancy decided to set forth for an afternoon hike, and I, of course, went with them. Our path was followed by the water, at which point the girls decided that it would be great fun to eat their lunch in a rowboat out in the bay. All went well until about halfway through, when an outboard from the boat was dropped into the ocean. In spite of their efforts to retrieve it, the girls did not succeed. In vain, my two friends attempted to paddle Indian fashion to shore, but the strong rebellious current resisted their struggles. Thus began the terrifying twenty-hour siege of chilling coldness, pain, seasickness, and fear for the teenagers. Sensing the danger, I barked for help, while the girls cried for hope at attracting someone's attention. As the night went by, the water became more and more turbulent and cold while the girls were told to return and protest Nancy, and to continue barking. Some garbage collectors saw Alice when she landed on a nearby sand dune and carried her to their hut. After telling them of the horrible experience the three of us had been through, they sent for a police helicopter to rescue Nancy. I am afraid that the policeman had a little trouble with me when he attempted to help Nancy from the boat. I was instructed to guard—my loyalty must have been carried too far, I bit him and promptly left the boat in search of my companion. Later on in the day some men dragged me from the swamps where I had been looking for Alice. It was then I learned that both the girls were safe and well taken care of in the hospital. The next day all sorts of men came to interview us and take pictures. I didn't mind at all because it was such a joy to be back with my mistress, and as a matter of fact . . . well, I rather enjoy posing for photos. Besides, you can't deny I am quite a handsome chap, weighing about 75 pounds and sporting a luxurious coat of fur that any girl would envy.

But last year is past and now Alice and I have started on a new adventure here at Bard. As a friend, I pray that you will join us in the future. If you want me—just whistle. Or better still, call me by my Christian name, Jock. I'd like to get acquainted with you, man, I am a dog's best friend.

Music Activities
(Continued from Page One)

Mr. Monod, a composer who uses the same unusual form. The students take over on December 8, at which time they will present an all Bach program. Several other student concerts are being tentatively planned. On December 14, at 4:30 p.m., Bard College's Aeolian will be presented by the Festival Chorus in the Chapel. The chorus is made up of members of the Bard College student body and faculty. This popular Christmas feature has become a regular event at Bard.

The last musical event of the semester constitutes the second half of Tommy Iilien's Senior Project Ensemble. She will play violin in a program including pieces by Beethoven, Ravel, and others. This concert will probably take place on December 15. It is hoped that as many students as possible will take advantage of the varied musical program to be offered this semester.

From the President's Desk
by J.H. CASE, Jr.

Of all the hot spots in the academic world, one of the hottest is the dietician's. Let's face it: institutional food does not taste like home cooking. Nor, at least less $12.00 a week, does it taste consistently like the Waldorf Astoria. Feeding co-eos is considerably harder than feeding either men alone or women alone, for then you need not be mindful simultaneously of the meat-and-potato, bread-butter, wine and the calorie-choosing salad eater.

I learned this week that I was being quoted as saying last year that $10,000 would be added to the food budget this year. If I did ever say that, I was certainly living in a land of dreams. There was slightly more than $2,000 added to this year's food budget—and I do remember talking about that last spring. But I also remember thinking earlier in the spring—that the real black realities of budget-making had directly confronted me—that a really munificent sum might be allocated to food, and it is quite possible that I mused aloud upon this hope. Also, it was not a nourishing one.

Here is the way the budget works. Last year when we were feeding an average of about 247 students we made an allowance for raw food alone of $8,500. During the year we saw prices rising, a contingency figure of a little more than $2,000 was added to the entire dining commons budget. Of this amount, $1500 was considered directly applicable to the budget item for raw food thus increasing it to $8,500. This meant that for each student there was $145 to be used for raw food. The present budget takes our estimate of the average number of 215 students in dining commons this year, and adds this number by last year's per capita cost ($154), then adds $2,025 as an increase over last year in the allowance figure. This comes to a per capita cost of $183.50 per student for the current year. This is a very small step toward the goal of simplifying these data non-student users of dining commons expense as computed for this year and last and have been omitted in the computations.

It is no answer to complaints to say—"Wait until we have our new dining room and kitchen." That would not be an answer even if I knew—as I am afraid I do not—that a new dining commons and kitchen were just around the corner. Perhaps it is a little more germane to say that our food, so far as I have observed, is considerably better than the food at many other colleges—including some where the fee for board is more and the service less. The best answer I can say—so I know I can say for the dietician as well as for myself—that Bard will do anything and everything it can to make its students well-satisfied with the food.

Any one who has read this far will undoubtedly have seen the catch in the last sentence. Obviously it is the two words "can't." The College simply cannot spend more money on anything this year. We must relinquish any notion, therefore, of purchasing your contentment with sirloin steaks. But even ruling out an increase in costs, there are some things all of us can do. We can receive—and adopt—suggestions, particularly when they are made with the old-world courtesy for which Bard is justly famous. We can make the budget go farther if you will let the dining room know ahead of time how to plan for the week-end so that it need not prepare for fifty people who do not show up. And students can add very considerably to the pleasure of those who are enjoying a meal if they will remain calm when a dish appears that they do not particularly like.

The Institutional Committee, whose chairman, Paul Kolda, made a helpful report to Council this week, can be of great help to Mr. Rapp. He is, of course, on all of you. Channel your suggestions, criticisms, and compliments through this committee. You will find great eagerness on the part of everyone connected with commons to make the meals at Bard a pleasant part of your life here.
Benevolent Shoulder

by John L. Stainton

She shivered with a sudden spasm of guilt and whipped her mind back to the classroom. This was a bad thought, a dangerous thought. It gave her a deep, burning pleasure, this thought, and it was an old thought. It hung pregnant of danger, the danger of the horrible shame-feeling, the danger of the tortured yearning. These two torrents she had learned to anticipate, but never to avoid. Her own condition sickened her; back to the classroom.

Guilt hung in the air here, guilt of struggling thoughts, guilt of sly sullenness in a place of clearness and health. The children sat silently, their eyes on her, freckled hands twisting on the desk in front of her, like little freckled worms hiding their repulsive inadequacy from the sun. The thought came again, and her shoulders shrank as it took possession of her against her strength.

The thought was very simple—it was of the guilt in a cowboy’s hand striking down upon his thigh, and the muscles of the thigh wincing in torture from the cut. It was a hot, clear day, when the cowboy struck his thigh, and as he struck, the day grew clearer, the scene sharpened, and a pang of pleasure almost brought tears to the eyes of the cowboy and the teacher. The scene grew heavy with the intensity of life, and the hand’s muscles knotted, his eyes glittered, in the strength and beauty of the moment. She knew this cowboy, she felt guilty in presuming him to share this with her. He was strong, he was big, he lived on a higher plane than she. Now she relaxed. There was calm in the classroom again, but no peace, no happiness.

The classroom was a paradise for her, like a waiting room. It was a place for grieving and staring ahead, for allowing thoughts and fantasies to take over. Why was she in here? She had been pushed by the benevolent, and she had remained as though her friends were playing dolls with her helpless person. She’d loved to read; she’d loved to muse and daydream (poor thing, it’s a slim mercy she has her books—she for sure hasn’t anything else.) “She had to eat.” But it wasn’t that she had to contribute. These western townpeople had no conception of not wanting to contribute; they could conceive of no lower disgrace—and hence no lower misery—than that of not contributing was not adding something to the community which was his own and all others in his consideration. And tonight the benevolent shoulder was giving another push, the hardest and farthest push if it had known, and perhaps it did, of any push in its treatment of this scrappy, freckled schoolteacher. She was going out. She was going out with the command of her fantasy, that fantasy that was filling her, giving her things she’d never had and never hoped for. No that she had any hopes of the occasion. When she thought of real things she thought in real terms. No, Pete was just being a nice guy, which he naturally was. This occasion was not going to be crusty, it was not often are. Pete would take care of that. Pete was a nice guy, and knew what he was doing, unlike many nice guys who are more cruel in their attempted kindness than in indifference.

The cow split the schoolhouse on a loping pintos, his own easy movements in complete harmony with the scene, were all combining to drive the conflicts if not from his mind, at least into his own place in the mind, where it could be viewed with ease and perspective. As a wrestler cannot objectively plan the defeat of the opponent who is torturing him, a man cannot deal with a problem which fills his mind until it cannot hold it, torturing him, imprisoning his entire consciousness. The pinto loomed and Pete moved in the saddle. A jackrabbit took off from under a cactus and ran along with the horse for a little way, then fell below the horse’s neck, and long shadows barred the plain. All was beauty, as all at this hour is beautiful, and the cowhand, bowing this beauty, and forming part of it as he was, was softened, and that filled his mind and was all he could feel, took its own place in this scene, this scene which now filled his old ideals, the quiet, and the ideals were firm and good to the hand of he who held it and whom it served, with an uncompromising bite through the soul sluggishness to bring forth the clean strength.

He took the quiet into his hand and let it trail in the wind behind him. The woman in the schoolhouse. The poor, fearful, scruffy woman in the schoolhouse. He felt a straining compassion for her, and a guilt, which would now calm things in his mind like the arms of a sculptor working his tools. He loved that woman as he loved all the world and he hated the things that built her misery as he hated all misery. She was miserable because of all the people and all the ideas he loved, she was a victim of the order, the beautiful human thing he thought made society and its ideals. People and ideals—things he loved and the things he hated. She had sinned by being repulsive and ineffectual—why couldn’t he stand by and allow her to take her punishment, to be forced into the beautiful plain, made by, serving, and served by the mankind that he loved. A man was forced out of him by the power of the problem, and he cut into his thigh with the guilt. The quick pain left him quivering, and the frustration hurt him more, the frustration of the thing.

When he rode up on the schoolhouse, he found the teacher and his employer leaning against the fender talking. His employer was a large cheerful woman, dunesed and unacquainted. A good, old-fashioned man, he often thought, and fond of him. She waved and shouted to him, and he brought the pintos to a halt and studied him. He climbed off laughing and began talking right away. He talked to the teacher, making it known through his humour what an excellent teacher she was, and thoroughly she kept him happy, happy to share her company. He made it known that anyone could take a pretty girl out and enjoy her for her prettiness, but he was sick and tired a man got a girl for a wife, he was sick and tired. She was always right. He was a charming, subtle boy; sometimes he did not feel her, but they both enjoyed the same thing. When the three had climbed into the cab of the ranch woman’s pickup, he gently eased the mood into a serious one. The teacher loved to talk seriously. She stood petrified in the face of a joke, not knowing whether to enjoy or abstain, and horrified at the thought of joining. She loved the cowboy’s company, he would make her feel part of this awesome ceremony of joking, building on unspoken ed comments so they looked like intended wit. But now, speaking of basic things, or trading experiences, having her own accepted and matched as they seemed of real worth in the eyes of this man, she had the deep thrill of being accepted on merit instead of patronage, of contributing. It was more than simply feeling valued for a moment. It was bringing what was herself into sight and seeing this thing accepted in the eyes of a strong, respected man as real and considerable, if not praiseworthy. There is something, some intimacy, about the cab of a truck. Part of it is the sturdy power of the machine, part of it is the warmth of knowing that some one is sure enough of your effort to make no special effort, that he is ready to make the vague consciousness that this truck, in its power and utility, makes no effort to appeal to one except in its worth, and, is and its passengers with it, part of the substance of the mutual there are. So, as the three drove on, they held between them this feeling of belonging; of being integral with what really mattered.

Three Triolos ... Three Lyrics

Solvent
When time dissolves in time, it slips
From out men’s hands and stands so still
No palm can press it. Closed, are lips,
-When time dissolves in time and slips.
-To naught. Want is a thousand whips
Inside that whine to wake the will.
When time dissolves. In time it slips:
From out men’s hands. And stands so still.

Insight
My dear, it’s just a stage
He’s going through. You see
It unobjectively. Just gauge,
Mark his steps. He’s just a stage
Of life. He’s at the Hamlet age,
You know, to be or not to be.
My dear, it’s just a stage
He’s going through. You see.

Wind-song
We heard a wind-song freely sung
A melody that soon was gone
When raindrops feel like bells that ring.
We heard a wind-song freely sung
When snowflakes clove the air to bring
All music near. Before the dawn
We heard a wind-songs freely sung
A melody that soon was gone.

The Call
The call sounds inaudibly beyond the bend.
The blank grey road looks forward to the soft round verdure.
Something softly waits beyond the bend,
And the soft grey clouds,
The tranquil clouds,
The soft grey clouds
Glide forward.

The Sky Opened
The sky opened and revealed its secret,
The clouds slid apart; the mist cleared;
The sun passed humbly over the horizon;
The moon awaited its secret;
And the little mischievous stars,
The twinkly-tiny stars,
Peeked round the edge of heaven;
As the sky opened and revealed its secret.

Weissachers
The heavens vailed the music of the spheres.
The bud opened, flourished a rose.
The deep clouds gathered
Around the glory-shining ones.
A lilac blew a perfumed violet kiss,
And I stood in the middle,
Looking stupid.

by Dianne Mussur

by Martin Dinkl

Four
Having A Wonderful Time

by Karl Wedemeyer

Dear Cynthia,

Well, as you can see by the postmark, here I am in Old Mexico. The flight down wasn’t bad, although George got a little sick, and we had a sharply thrilling view of the city just before we landed. The plane was very crowded and we were sitting just in front of the stewardess, which was once The Best hotel in Mexico. And, my dear, the service is just amazing. Why, we could have every meal in bed if we wanted to and it would still cost less than a room with no trimmings at all in one of those New York hotels. You can’t imagine how pleased I am, everything, and George too.

The day after we got here we took a trip to the Floating Gardens. The Mexicans have some names for them which sound like “

bucha-milky cow,” but if you think I’ll spell it for you, you’re just fancying yourself. I tell you about an affair with an absolutely glorious name and a sign across the front with the name “Maria” on it. There weren’t too many people around as it was only Thursday and the crowds usually come on Saturday. We would have too, but I was afraid that if we waited till then we wouldn’t have time to fit in. So we passed a few hours in the plaza looking at the stalls. The way, was very black and oily looking. I shuddered to think what would have happened if I had fallen in. Everyone we did meet was in a bad humor in a very solemn sort of way. Some of the men got into what I can only describe as a sort of frenzy, certainly. George found out that the driver believed himself to be underpaid and he got very angry indeed. So we got very few pictures and George brought home a very small American dime out of his pocket. The boy said Muchas Gracias several times, and you could tell he was pleased. On the whole, the city was a disappointment. We saw some native peoples selling flowers at unexpectedly ridiculous low prices that I simply couldn’t resist. For just a few pesos I was able to get a cow’s liver and train and a couple of live orchids!

Last Friday we went to the Pyramids. They really are something. You could see the ruins of the city where there were simple fabulous mounds on top of which thousands were actually sacrificed and on the sides of which were carved heads of monsters. I was even able to touch one of them! But George tramped off the day by climbing up the side of it. He got some great shots! You know, Funny Boy George! of me trying to climb up these very steep stairs to where he was, but I finally decided that I had gone quite high enough so I never did get to the top. Before we left, George bought some ‘original’ pieces of Aztec sculpture, even though I told him that we would probably get better stuff digging for it ourselves.

Saturday we decided to go shopping. George haggled with the driver of the Libre, as usual, before we would let me get in. I think he could have made a gainsome from trying to argue the fare down out at Juarez avenue, across from the Palace of Beautiful Arts, which is really big building even if it is slightly tilted. Did you know that every building is slowly sinking into the ground because of a buried lake? George was creepily feeling just a creepily feeling just a creepily feeling just a creepy feeling just a creepy feeling just a creepy feeling just as I was about to go into the hotel somewhere where we can actually feel myself being trapped alive.

I saw some street vendors to see if there was anything worth buying. I wouldn’t mind walking in Mexico, as the air is nice, but the drivers just don’t like it. George found out afterwards that we had still paid too much for it. Can you imagine? It doesn’t really matter, though, because when you change pesos to American dollars I really paid a fabulous price.

Now for the best part of all. Sunday was an election day, which comes every four years. One of the candidates was supposed to be up in the election, but the other was rumored to be going up guns. So, probably better than just being up in the election, once and for all dangerous, everyone was afraid to have to vote was warned to stay off the streets. We read and played gin-rummy the whole day and Monday we found out that not a thing had happened. So, naturally they thought that nothing was going to happen, but how wrong we were!

George and I went to see a movie at the Cine Reforma. When we came out of the theater there seemed to be a couple of the police officers riding around on horseback. We realized that about a hundred mounted police were riding down the Paseo de la Reforma, armed and swords away from the city and directly towards us! We decided that we had better get to the hotel, so we are now up in one of the side of the street, and then turned to watch. As they passed by I noticed that they were all wearing helmets alike minus his hat, and seemed very serious about the whole thing. I thought it was about time to go home, but George just kept walking nearer and nearer to the commotion, so all I could do was follow him.

The spot we finally ended up was across the avenue from the American Embassy (paid for by us taxpayers) and near the Hotel Reforma. There were quite a number of the police cars and the two travelers, and we also saw the headquarters of the two parties. The side street right around the corner was completely empty, and we were occasionally spoken to by a man with a microphone standing on the hood of a small truck. On the Paseo, Army cars and buses of troops were constantly rushing by, or else stopping by the crowd, which usually made angry noises when any of the police or soldiers got too near. George said we should stay for at least a little while to see what was going to happen. I didn’t like the way things were going, but I certainly wasn’t going to tell him that.

Some man from Texas went right into the crowd to see what was happening. When he came back we asked him, but he said that nobody spoke English. I don’t know whether he was brave or just plain dumb. A trolley car tried to turn the corner and go down the side street, but the crowd wouldn’t let it go. It had to back up. The crowd began to make more and more ugly sounds, and then they all began chanting: “Viva” somebody-or-other. (I think it was Garcia). “Viva Garcia!” Suddenly, just as they had gotten to a pitch, the shouting stopped completely, and as it did so, everybody’s attention was drawn to the fact that three popping noises had just gone off across the street. I looked at George, but he smiled down at me and said: “They’re nothing but fireworks, honey.” (Good old, stupid George.) Then, from right next to the Embassy, came this shattering explosion! Before I knew it, the whole group that I had been standing in was making for the hotel and into it as fast as they could, and me with them. A lot of them were laughing, for no reason I can think of, but nobody stopped running! Inside the hotel was a big plate glass window through which we could see the now completely deserted street. Over it hung a layer of greenish haze, just visible in the glare of the street lamps, which seemed to be slowly spreading. Then I, along with several others, involuntarily passed, for we had just seen this man staggering out of the haze, looking like he was going to collapse any second. A couple of men (Mexicans, from what I could tell) put handkerchiefs over their noses and ran out to help him, bringing him into the hotel. He coughed a lot for several minutes, and then actually began to throw up! I became quite disgusted, and told George that I was. After a while the mist cleared away and, after several people had first tested the air ahead of us, we left the hotel. (They had this time done something with the sick Mexican.) Outside, we could still smell the tear-gas, which is what had been released by the bomb! George wanted to see what was going on, but the hotel was nearby and I made him come straight home with me. I mean, after all, excitement is nice but there should be a limit. The next day we found out that 129 people had been hurt and 8 actually killed? Can you imagine? And we were there!

Yesterday I went to the Airport to pick up Dorothy. (You know, cousin Dorothy on my Mother’s side.) While we were waiting for George to get a Libre, I told her all about the things we had been doing and I naturally told her about the Revolution we had been in. One of the Mexicans that had been talking Gobble-de-gook suddenly stopped and said in perfect English: "So now they’re calling it revolution." He turned and looked right at me and said "Americans!" Then he turned back to his friend and they both walked off. Can you imagine? And I didn’t even have a chance to open my mouth.

Well, I have this letter short because I hear George calling me for some tour or other. But listen, dear, you simply must visit this place. It is simply fascinating and I really am having a wonderful time. Love and everything,

Millicent

Five
Poem
by Mike Zuckerman

a little while and tomorrow
we'll date these shining hours of love
into the cold, matricular practicality
of "the last time," and
having tapped to core
only love's potentiality
will drift into the separated darkness;
you in the golden-ruddy glow
of David's Star, I
in the blazing-blue of Bethlehem's.

a little while and tomorrow
having watched you,
proud-formed-lady,
turn upon my breast a little girl
with tossed head nudged close
departing affectionate kisses
from adoring lips,
 thus all womanhood
becomes within the holding-close
that follows broken love,
a little while and we
shall be practical tomorrow
little loved one;
we shall pattern a good friendship
in the thousand blazing noons to come.

we shall walk apart, together
through the coarse-grained sands.
we shall touch, together, apart
through the drifting sands.

and when the storms thin out,
the grains grow few,
the blazing thousand noons
grow dusky

none shall know
excepting God, and
he won't tell:
although
perhaps he'll weep . . . . perhaps . . . .
for crumbling crowds that drift
their gilt, their doggerelled
opinions into the shifting
ears of love!

one day we'll lift our gaze,
like hostages so much in love
they face double-barreled death
smiling bravely, tearfully
through the last threads snapping,

with mine, dear,
you with yours
we'll go upstairs to bed,
carrying our stars proudly
like children.

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Today nobody can predict with certainty whether Governor Adlai Stevenson will succeed in swaying the majority of the American people away from the popular figure of General Eisenhower. The Republican nominee started the otherwise tight race in the advantageous role of national hero and independent "moral crusader." Adlai Stevenson has had to enter the campaign without any of these glittering attributes. The average voter cannot glimpse his name with the high-flung slogans that have become a part of the colloquial vocabulary. The citizen must judge him on the basis of the record of past administration policies he endorses, his performance as Governor of Illinois and the closely-guarded programs and ideas he proposes in his mastery speeches.

The respective merits of the two candidates, Stevenson's victory at the polls would reassure us, because almost every vote that is cast for Stevenson is an act in the climate of searching analysis of the man and his program. This is borne out by the fact that most everybody in the business of interpreting the issues of the day—newspaper reporters, professors, educators and students—has switched to Stevenson. The question remains whether the thinking elite of American democracy sets the trend of thought for the masses or whether it will remain an isolated group.

On October 16 about 300 members of the Columbia University faculty and staff inserted a full-page half-page advertisement in the New York Times, giving the reasons for their support of Adlai Stevenson. "We believe that his record, his character, and his campaign give promise of a great presidency. He has brothers in the labor, tax, aged and eloquence. He has appealed not to unreasoning selfishness but to the sober judgment of the electorate. The high level of his campaign is a landmark in the history of American politics."

"He does not dwell on "fearful post-mortem of the past. He addresses himself to the problems before us. We are impressed by his intellect, his humility, his dignity.

Their elaborate statement continues by examining his affirmative foreign policy, his opposition to communism and McCarthyism, his clearly stated domestic policy, his experience as a civil admin-istrator and his successful fight against corruption. Then the declaration concludes by setting General Eisenhower's predicament in betrayal against Adlai Stevenson's unflattering strength of position.

General Eisenhower: "On the basis of his public statements, some of us once thought that our beliefs and principles were in large measure shared by General Eisenhower. Even as late as July we hoped that we might win a campaign between two candidates who would do battle at the issues at the highest levels of political responsibility. Instead we have been able to follow with approval the activities of only one candidate. General Eisenhower has been vague or inconsistent on most issues, has borrowed Democratic planks on a few, and has been, in our opinion, wrong on the most crucial questions before him. He has been wrong in his wavering foreign policy pronouncements, wrong on tidelands oil, wrong on civil rights, wrong in surrendering to Taft, wrong in approving Nixon, wrong in denouncing Johnson, wrong in accepting McCarthy. We deplore too the attempt in the Republican platform to exploit the loss of American lives in Korea—which is a national sacrifice—as an issue of partisan politics.

Governor Stevenson: "Governor Stevenson has not hesitated to take issue with his Democratic predecessors and has differed with other powerful Democrats: General Eisenhower has declared his support of all Republican candidates. His great crusade has degenerated into nothing more than a drive to replace Democrats with Republicans. The Democratic party must be regarded with any Republican, good, bad, or indifferent."

"We do not announce our views in the spirit of those firmly committed to one or the other of the political parties. We believe in the wisdom of the citizen who picks and chooses among the candidates of both parties. We believe in the two-party system, but we do not think it can be threatened by ejecting a great candidate and re-selecting a lesser one. We believe that it might have been a service to the country to rehabilitate the Republican party as an agency of nationwide constructive leadership. We regret that General Eisenhower, by leaning indiscriminately on its most undesirable elements, has thrown away the magnificent opportunity to do so.

"We feel that this is too critical an hour in our country's history to entrust our destinies and our children's destinies to a soldier who has served his country in war but has not mastered the arts of civilian statescraft. This is no time for anything less than the wisest, steadiest, and most responsible leadership we can find. Therefore we will vote for Adlai Stevenson."

The history of the 20 year New Deal and Fair Deal Democratic Administration is written in Red. Red is the color of the blood split in war. Red also are the faces of the Democratic leaders because of the scandals that have been uncovered so far and the ones still to come. So disgusting is the graft in the Fair Deal Administration that stalwarts Democrats like Jim Farley stated: "Now is the time for the Democratic Party to stand up and acknowledge it. It is the point of grave errors. These mistakes have come from weakness and vanity in the party's leadership." At the same time, Jim Farley was saying this, Presi-dent Eisenhower was asserting that he knew of no mess in Washing-ton and Governor Stevenson was reiterating this.

On a radio-television program called HATS IN THE RING the democrats made their bid for re-election on a slogan PEACE, PROSPERITY, PROGRESS, AND PREPARENESS.

There has been no peace for the past twelve years. We have never been on a peace footing, for during this time we have had the threat or actuality of war. The democrats have been rather than the scare of military emergency, because they feared that such peace would send our economy into a tailspin. For the Demo-crats, economic stability seems more important than the 1,400,000 war casualties of the past three Democratic Administrations. The platform of this unraveled platform has rooted with twelve years of war.

"A rose is a rose is a rose." Fair Deal version: "A dollar is a quarter is a dime.

Granted there is more money, but it is a fifty cent dollar. Those who live on pensions have had their buying power cut in half. The PROSPERITY plank has been marred by the derelated dollar.

"We are steadily approaching a "socialized" state which is causing men to lose their individual worth. As the "all-powerful" executive obtains more and more power the private owner fears he must toe the line or he lose his business. Farmers are now willing to wait for Mr. Brannan's orders of what to grow before he sells his crops. The plank of PROGRESS is collapsing as we head down the road from our democratic principles.

The President vetoed a 78 billion dollar defense appropriation, a super-carry over, and money for scientific research which the Republican 80th Congress authorized. We have lost more planes in Korea than has the enemy and at the moment our enemies have more planes ready than we do. The plank of PREPARENESS has fallen apart due to Democratic leadership.

Perhaps Senator Sparkman is a liberal who supports Civil Rights, but in Washington, D. C. the seat of the Democratic government for the past 20 years, there is still segregation and racial prejudice. In Chicago, race riots have increased in recent months. Will the Democrats start on their Civil Rights in the South when they have done nothing about it in the Capitol for 20 years?

For those who asked what the Republicans can do, the answer lies in the record of the 80th Congress which is as follows: In 1945 the Armed Forces, Launched European Recovery Plan, Voted Greek-Turkish, Chinees aid, Reduced Taxes $5 Billion a year, Cut Budget, Reduced Debt, Drew Re-election, Commission, Forced Government Loyalty Check, Enacted Labor's Bill of Rights, Raised Government Employees' Pay, Made Farm Price Supports Civil Right, Liberated Veterans' Benefits, Limited New Presidents to Two Terms, Dubbed Housing Construction.

Mr. Truman said that the budget cutters are playing Stalin's hand, he failed to realize that with the fulfillment of the Democrats' program to start balancing the budget is the Republicans' program to reduce taxes, stop inflation, to protect the farmer, and to destroy the moral decay and corruption which exists in the high levels of government. They will seek an honorable peace in Korea and create a foreign policy of preparedness which will do us honor and be understood by all. The Republicans will not have secret commitments, but will have all the great public problems hammered out in debate.

The evidence is all too clear. There can be only one answer. The new deal-fair deal regime has left its mark upon the annals of history in red. Now is the time for a change—for you, as an individual, for our nation, for the world. Twenty years of a red deficit, twenty years of red faces, twenty years of red tractors, twenty years of red blood. It is too much for any party whose slogan is "grows, prosperity, and preparedness."

Seven
Henry IV
(Continued from Page One)
Throughout the play one feels a certain tension building up between Henry and Belcredri (Matilda's lover), a tension which is much more profound than might appear in a casual analysis, and which is a key to Henry's stabil-
ing of Belcredri. There is a great deal of symbolic importance contained in this act, the comprehen-
sion of which requires an understand-
ing of what these two characters represent and how they may be explained in Pirandellian terms.

Henry IV, a man who finds peace and certainty in living a life that is eight hundred years old, that has already happened and can never change. He be-

lieves reality to be something fixed and unchanging, as history or art, and represented by form, uphold-
ing his beliefs even if he is called mad by “those hundred thousand others who are not supposed to be mad!” He is also convinced that we each wear masks in order to appear real ourselves and to others as we wish to appear, not as we really are. He goes even further when he expresses the notion that his mask and mad-
dness are more real than the masks and so-called sanity of the others, for his are voluntary and con-
scious.

Diametrically opposed to form is life which Henry chooses to renounce in the person of Bel-
credri, the member of “the live world.” While Henry lives in the ever-changing, never-constant flux in which what is true and real to-
day may be only illusion tomor-
row, and the climax of his life is both involuntary and self-de-
fating.

The ultimate clash between Henry and Belcredri may now be seen as the clash between two antithetic points of view of life. Where Henry would be the form or that which is permanent and therefore real, Belcredri is life or that which is in constant flux and therefore illusion. When Henry IV, pursuing his opponent he not only steps out of the form or frame established for himself, but even crosses the line separating reality from illusion (or sanity from madness, perhaps more ap-
plicable in this drama). Nor should it be ignored that Bel-
credri with all his symbolic sig-
ificance is the one who is mor-
tally wounded in this conflict.

Pirandello's concept of the world in terms of reality and illusion or, more generally, “being and seeming,” seems made to order to explain the thoughts each of us has of himself, of others and of life.

Political Survey
(Continued from Page One)
the person might think would satisfy the interviewer.

Finally, the actual questions will be asked. After receiving factual information about sex, age, education, occupation, etc., he will continue with the formal questioning. A person will be asked, among other things, if he has registered, read party platform, if he intends to vote, for whom he is going to vote, and if he has faith in politics.

Naturally, Bob anticipates cer-
tain limitations to the poll. Realizing that a part of the pub-
lic will not desire to answer be-
cause of embarrassment, suspicion of the authenticity of the poll, or fear of having different opinions than others, the staff will try to dispel such difference through its preliminary talks. The answers to the poll will be tallied on an I.B.M. Punch Card System Machine, which will greatly re-
"duce the work in tabulating the results.

After gathering the returns, Bob plans to employ the Controlled Sample System. For example, he will attempt to discover the poli-
tical feelings of the young, old, educated, un schooled, wealthy and poor. The process can be made more involved by working with more complex samples: young compared to old, educated to un-
educated, etc. One not only realizes how complicated the sys-
tem can become, but also how great a wealth of information can be derived from the single poll.

We can be assured that Bob and his workers will be waiting expectantly and impatiently for the night of November 4th, when the election returns of the nation will be gathered. If these results match those of the poll, at least part of the project will have been proven valid.

From all appearances, the poll seems to be not only an interesting query on the state of the political interests in the part of the country neighboring Bard, but an equally exciting experiment in discovering the varied reactions and thought processes of the many different groups that are found in Kingston and similarly throughout the country.

Letter To The Editor
(Continued from Page Two)
affair. I am sure that we will not leave all our "wit" for the coffee shop and I hope some of it will
continue to be injected into our meetings.

In answer to your remarks about our "Valhalla," we wish that you would have read the minutes of our meetings that were held previous to the publication of your editorial. They specifically expressed the desire of Council to return to Albee for the very same reasons that you mentioned. If you have ever attended meetings in Aspontowal C, you realize that it is no "Valhalla." It could more logically be compared to the Tower of London. We did not so there out of our own will or to reduce self government to a deceptive facade.

"Distaste and Acquiescence" are the enemies of the community which we all must fight if Com-

munity Government is not to
degenerate to a "deceptive facade." It must be the function of ALL THE GOVERNMENT BODIES, ALL THE COMMUNICATIONS MEDIA and ALL THE COMMUNITIES to break social and govern-
mental apathy.

Sincerely,
Steve Barbash
Council Chairman
[Editorial note: The BARCLAYS was in no position to "attack the place..." but the Budget Committee is only the result of a recent meeting...no evidence that such a law had ever been created.

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