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OBSERVER

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Bard OBSERVER

The Official Publication of the Bard College Community

VOL. 5, No. 4

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

NOVEMBER 12, 1962

Farrell Talks in Library On Studs, Later Work

by David Johnson

Last Friday night, November 9, the Literature Club treated us to a talk by Mr. James T. Farrell.

The library was the rather unusual setting for it, and the atmosphere of warmth and cordiality that myriads of volumes of fact, opinion and wisdom lent the occasion was pleasant indeed. Someone once said that nothing can disturb the silence of a library, but Mr. Farrell's coming allowed us to do so. Gone were the familiar studying tables, and in their place were folding chairs which had been in every imaginable spot including the stacks and the gallery.

The room filled early, so that when Mr. Farrell arrived some of our friends were looking down upon the lectern from

high among the bound periodicals and fiction like so many muses.

Farrell is a short man with a serious face. He spoke gently and somewhat nervously in a high voice.

He began his talk by discussing "Studs Lonigan," the trilogy that is his chef d'oeuvre. It is the widely known story of the life and early death of an Irish youth in the streets of one of the less favored sections of Chicago. The book is one of the principal works in the movement of American social realism which was begun by Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" at the turn of the century. The writing of "Studs Lonigan" occupied the years 1932-35 and is concerned with the preceding period.

The subject of American youth coming from minority backgrounds who live in underprivileged surroundings has become a familiar one in our literature, but the field was virtually unexplored when the Lonigan trilogy was written. Mr. Farrell took pains to distinguish his book both from succeeding books in the genre as well as from the impression of his work given by literary critics.

(Continued on Page 8)

Shapley Tells of Stars and Men

Last Wednesday Dr. Harlow Shapley evolved man from inter-galactic dust in a popular yet brilliant lecture. Dr. Shapley appeared as the John Bard Lecturer for the Division of Natural Sciences.

He spoke with the aid of slides, the first of which was an early photograph of Albert Einstein. "This is St. Albert," said Dr. Shapley.

The noted astronomer began the main body of his delivery with slides of the planets. "Up to four or five years ago," he said, "I would have said, we have no idea whether or not there is life on Venus. But since then we have penetrated the clouds around it with spectroscopes, and we have found the temperature of the surface to be approaching 600° F."

"We can say with a good deal of certainty that no life can exist on Venus."

Next came a view of the Milky Way. "There are a million stars in this slide," Dr. Shapley pointed out. "About 200,000 of them are on the wall behind the screen, which is too small."

He observed that years ago he used to think ours was a dirty, dusty, messy galaxy (here

(Continued on Page 7)

Weiss's Gunsight to be Read In Open House at Schuyler

A reading of Prof. Theodore Weiss's recently published Gunsight will be the feature of Schuyler House's Open House next Thursday, November 15, at 8 p.m.

Mr. Weiss's long poem is not written strictly in dramatic form, but lends itself well to a reading by several performers. William Driver will read the part of the Narrator. The

wounded soldier himself will be played by Robert Rockman; the Mother will be read by Sandy Rosenthal. Robert Kelly will be the German Soldier, Mrs. Margaret Shafer will be Laura, the wounded man's lover, and Bill Tinker will be Frank, his companion.

It is hoped that many students will be present for this important occasion. Refreshments will be served.

120 Fail Toomey Exam, First Mass Test Here

Nothing this year, except possibly the Cuban Crisis, has promoted as much discussion and strong feeling among members of the Freshman Class as the Mid-Term examination in "Backgrounds of Western Traditions." Over 150 students took the examination, the first major test under the 6-Point Program and the largest in the history of

the college. Of these, 30 students passed; only 10 received grades above D. There was one A.

According to Mr. John Toomey, creator of the "nemesis" and teacher of the course, it was "a high school test." He, and many of the students who took it, contend that the test was so easy that everyone should have gotten

an A. Other students disagree, asserting that they spent a good deal of time studying and that the test was unfair. Some feel that not enough time was given to answer all the questions.

In a recent interview with the Observer, Mr. Toomey indicated that the reason for the high proportion of failures was the fact that the students were caught with their pants down. "In my tenure at Bard, I have found that some students feel that talk is automatically synonymous with wisdom and that precision, which is the very basis of scholarship, is 'un-Bardian'." Mr. Toomey stated that the test, like the course, required factual knowledge as a basis for interpretation.

"Our students all have the cream," he said. "They have the most stimulating and wonderful hypotheses, but when they are asked to explain these hypotheses in detail, we find that they are somewhat lacking in regard to Aristotle's *Organon*, namely logic and factual information." The purpose of the course, according to Mr. Toomey, is not to flunk students. Students should not feel, moreover, that the six-point program is "out to get them."

On his aims in the course, Mr. Toomey stated, "It is my hope that students will gain a respect for facts and then will utilize those facts on particular points." (Continued on Page 6)

Annandale Road To Have Lights

By Pat Johnson

Lights will soon be installed along the Annandale road, the Observer learned recently. The Central Hudson Gas & Electric Corp. has been requested to provide the lighting, and all other obstacles have been surmounted.

Since May of last year, the Business Office has been considering the installation of lights, and has more recently begun negotiations to have the job done. Going through the necessary channels of authority has taken the most time.

The road is maintained by

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The Mime



Kristeller To Speak On Neo-Platonic Academy

This evening, at 7:00 P.M. in Albee Social, Paul Oskar Kristeller, Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University, will speak on the "Neo-Platonic Academy in Florence." Mr. Kristeller is recognized among Renaissance scholars as the world's foremost authority on the "Academy," and particularly on the philosophy of its leading spokesman, Marsilio Ficino.

Born in Berlin, Germany in 1905, Mr. Kristeller brings with him a distinguished record of scholarship from both here and abroad. In 1928, he received the Doctorate of Philosophy from the University of Heidelberg, and in 1937, the Dottore in Filosofia from the University of Pisa. He has been a Fellow of the "Notgemeinschaft der deutschen Wissenschaft," the Medieval Academy of America and President of the Italian Renaissance Society of America.

In addition, he has taught under the Fulbright Program at the University and Scuola Normale Superiore in Pisa (1952). In 1958, he was awarded the "Serena Medal for Italian Studies" by the British Academy.

Mr. Kristeller is the author

of *The Philosophy of Marsilio Ficino, Studies in Renaissance Thought and Letters, and Latin Manuscript Books Before 1600*. He was the editor of the first volume (1960) of the "Catalogus Translationis et Commentariorum," and co-editor with Ernst Cassirer and John Hermann Randall of *The Renaissance Philosophy of Man*.

Mr. Kristeller is being brought to Bard by Forum, the club of the Social Studies Division.

Goodrow To Perform

On Monday, November 26, the Bard College Society for the Performing Arts will sponsor another evening of entertainment Lennie Rosen, co-chairman of the club, announced recently that Gary Goodrow, a talented young actor-comedian, would appear in a program entitled "A Night with Edmund Kean." The performance will begin at 8 p.m. in Sottery Hall.

Mr. Goodrow is presently starring in *The Promise*, an off-Broadway play. He also had a lead part in both the stage and the screen version of *The Connection*.

EDITORIAL

Student - Run Moderations

We need to take a long look at the traditional forms of the Bard education. The college will soon be eight times as big as it was when the moderation, the major conference, and the senior project were introduced.

Can we simply use the old instruments multiplied eightfold? In the case of the moderation, the most seriously endangered of Bard's formal academic procedures, the answer is decidedly in the negative. Eight times as many students will be moderating, but only about twice as many professors are moderating them.

It is a simple question of time. The moderation fails without sufficient reflection and discourse on the part of students and teachers. The professor entering his seventh moderation of the day is seldom capable of giving the consideration that is so necessary.

Furthermore, when classes become so large that teachers don't know the students by name until the semester is almost over, how can there be any meaningful evaluation? For the moderation must never degenerate into a routine that must be gotten out of the way before he name *junior* rings up on the adding machine. We would do better to have entrance exams into the upper college than waste everyone's time for that.

The lead story in this issue of the Observer points toward another danger that confronts the moderation. If a teacher looks at 100 students asking to moderate, and if he thinks that only ten of them are at all capable of doing upper-college work, what is he to do? If he and his colleagues reject all 90, they run the risk of getting 90 worse students next year. We do have some trouble on the admissions end of the stick.

Do we want the moderation? Certainly. It is an extremely valuable experience for the student. The EPC statement in the October 8 Observer summed up its function and its value: "Self-evaluation is a cornerstone of integrity. The necessity for external criticism is, of course, basic to all responsible freedom." The moderation is the result of two years of evaluation rather than twenty minutes. As such, it is of great value in a small college. But as Bard continues to grow so rapidly, the moderation procedure becomes more and more blind.

We hope the invisible student never becomes a feature of the Bard education, but already students are becoming more and more difficult for the bystander to identify. To enable the moderation to see more clearly, we endorse the addition of a student moderation board to screen students before they meet their faculty board.

For many reasons this is almost the perfect answer. It would provide a much closer view of the student, and he would be able to get from his student board a much clearer conception of what to expect in the faculty moderation. The student board's recommendations would add immeasurably to the evaluation procedure. The students on the board would perhaps be motivated by a more direct concern, since they would be confronting students soon to be in their class.

At this point we must add what must seem obvious, that the student moderating board would be far more severe than the faculty. Granted: with proper direction the student-run moderation would do exactly what the faculty would be doing now if they had the time. Someone remarked at an EPC meeting that the student goes into the faculty moderation with dollar signs all over his spotless shirt front; his money is paying their salaries. Plainly the student board would possess no such inhibitions. All those who have only gone through the motions for their first two years would face a real challenge, since this board would feel perfectly free to demand of any student, "What qualification have you to do upper-college work?"

The plan would require infinite care to be at all successful. But we feel that the situation absolutely demands such effort. The load of the faculty must be lessened, and the students are the only ones who can bear part of the burden. If the moderation fails, then the senior project would be hopeless; without these two, the major conference is meaningless. Immediate action is necessary to save the very center of the Bard education, the moderation. Student-run moderations are the best answer.

Comment On Backgrounds Test

In his "Backgrounds" class last Thursday Mr. Toomey prefaced his lecture with a few remarks concerning the relation between facts and creativity. He asserted that creativity is not "the free flight of the imagination," but rather the fruitful synthesis of facts. He maintained that a careful reading of the assignments would have enabled students to pass his exam.

Another teacher is reported to have told President Kline that he will not allow any student into his seminars from now on unless the student passes an entrance exam. EPC hopes that other teachers will gain hope and confidence from these two of their colleagues. Who ever said education was an easy process?

—Fred Feldman

Dance Review

by William Tinker

A dance program. This one disappointing. Miss Apsey's first two pieces, no matter how impressive they were last year, and they were, especially "L'Eleve", a sensitive and beautifully constructed dance—suffered from being repeated.

The humor in "No Nato" was gone. Its effect lay in its freshness. Miss Apsey is a marvelous "actor" within the field of dance, but now there appeared to be a fatigue and lack of continuity to her performance. This was not so true of "L'Eleve". Here there was a real quality of expression which brought the lyric tenderness across to this viewer. But there must be other work that has been done in the department. Why this repetition? What about Miss Kennedy's choreography?

The last two selections in the first part seemed weak in comparison with Margery's earlier compositions. "Figure-head" did utilize a very dramatic visual presentation, and certainly this choreographer is still capable of unique concepts and original production.

The costuming here was striking, and its use certainly added to the total dramatic sustenance. I might add that there was a peculiar repetition of distinct movements producing a continuity of mood that became almost haunting in its understatement. The last dance of this section must be dealt with in different terms.

When one is working with an image that is as familiar to an audience as "The Bull-fighter", one must be very careful to approach the image with a viewpoint that is novel enough to hold the interest of the viewer, yet not so extraordinary as to mystify. While an attempt was made in the overdone ending at such a unique viewpoint, the total dance gave the outward appearance of an outworn cliché.

One saving grace was the visual use of the stage space. But the excitement of this element was practically negated by the docility of Miss Carliner's bull, whose movements lacked any of the clarity of strength needed, and by the ingenious ferocity of the matador.

There seems to be a tendency in modern dance here toward the obvious, that which can easily be overstated to the point of hitting one over the head with the symbol for some "great" emotion or revelation. The delicacy and restraint with which Miss Apsey's choreography has handled these matters before made this composition and its ending disappointing at best.

Both the original concept and
(Continued on Page 3)

A Letter to the Community

In the youth of his species man's great fear was darkness. Death and night were brothers, when he was separated visually he was lonely. He now takes light for granted, he brings light with him into the darkened room, he brings light with him into the darkened night. Man has conquered his fear of darkness by triumphing over it. Now he has a new fear.

"The silence of this infinite space frightens me," wrote Pascal. Man finds loneliness now in silence. And consequently he has developed a taste for sound, or rather, a lack of taste. "Better a bad noise than a good silence." But whereas lack of light made one wary, cautious, afraid because alone; lack of sound makes one introspective, attentive to his thoughts, and in the absence of thoughts, afraid because he is alone.

EPC wondered if the noise problem on campus was due to a degenerating academic sensibility at Bard. Socrates was wont to stand silent in a doorway contemplating his thoughts. Bard students rev motorcycles, blast hi-fis, and shout. While this may indicate that they are not of Socrates' temperament, it also shows that they prevent others from attaining silence—that silence wherein poets hear nightingales, philosophers hear the music of the spheres, and students study. EPC sent the problem to the student government, Community Council.

Community Council considered the appearance of the community. It discussed means of lessening noise, rules and mufflers. A plea for individual integrity was put forth. Community Council sent the problem to House Presidents Committee.

HPC spoke of noise violations, the individual within the society, and the fact that to impinge upon another's reflective mood is comparable to trespassing on his property or person. HPC asked that I send this letter to you.

This is where the problem is and the only place in which it can be resolved, with us, members of the community. It is a matter of integrity and respect for one another. When we break the silence around ourselves, we are apt to be breaking the silence around others, or interrupting their harmony, or diverting their train of thought, ending their sleep, or harming their studies. The faculty has voiced complaints of classes being disrupted and interrupted, and students have moved off campus and even left school because of noise.

I have bought a muffler for my motorcycle; it is only a small gesture, but will have a benevolent effect for many people. Take your speaker away from the window, modulate your voice, walk softly, for it is not your personal silence that you shatter.

I do not call for complete silence, I do not want Pascal's fear, and I have small hope for Socratic reflection. I ask for that older Greek ideal Moderation. I ask for an ordering of Chaos, which if it does not produce a masterpiece, will at least provide a better place in which to live, think, and even study.

LANE SARASOHN
Chairman,
House Presidents Committee

Aspinwall Bathtub Lures Observer Reporter

By Dixon Powell

Yesterday, at 4 P.M., this reporter, alone and unaided, made one of the biggest splashes of the year in Aspinwall.

Unknown to many Bardians, there is housed in the depths of the building, a claw foot bathtub with a curious and illegible inscription on the faucet. Though the exact origins and circumstances are unknown, it is generally thought that the fixture was installed in the early days of St. Stephen's when Aspinwall was used as a dormitory.

It has never been taken out simply because it would take "two men half a day to complete the job." One person, when being asked about it, asked in turn, "Who took the last bath in the Aspinwall bathtub?" With that, something clicked in my mind. I had been drawn to that bathroom since the day I first saw it. Its porcelain floor, bay window, and ancient washbasins made it look like the back room of barbershop of the 1880's. On top of that, there were boards across the door separating it from Mr. Toomey's office.

Able to control myself no longer, I set out Sunday with bathrobe, towel, soap and determination to test the abilities of the tub to cleanse after all these years. Stripping to the waist for action, I began to scrub the tub. Though it had undeniably been cleaned within the year, it still did not gleam like freshly polished ivory. After twenty minutes of backbreaking toil, I decided to throw in the sponge, and myself with it.

Although it was not the world's most pleasant experience, I can forever hold up my chin and say unto the world, "I took a bath in the Aspinwall bathtub."

Leary's Novel Accepted

Mr. Paris Leary, Associate Professor of Literature has had his first novel accepted by Doubleday. Originally titled "The Symbols at Your Door," it will be retitled, as the publishers feel the present title "not commercial enough," and will appear within six to eight months.

Mr. Leary described the book as "a comedy of manners about an upstate New York town." Contrary to popular rumor, the book is not about Bard. A chapter of the novel appeared as a short story in the magazine *Quixote* under the title "Toujours L'audace."

Mr. Leary has been published in the New Poets Series and has also had poetry and criticism in *The New Yorker* and *The Village Voice*. He will give a reading of his poetry tomorrow night at 8:30 in Albee Social.

Observer

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EPC Seeks Greek, Latin Study Here

EPC's efforts to get a Winter College in languages this January fell short of exciting enough interest among students. The questionnaires sent out in the mailboxes filled in by only 44 students; of these, only 30 replies indicated definite affirmatives with regard to the proposed program this January. This response was far below the minimum required to run a Winter College.

EPC had hoped that a Winter College program in Greek and Latin would be the first step in instituting the two courses into the regular Bard curriculum. Since there will be no Winter College, new efforts must be generated to bring the classics to Bard. Remy Hall pointed out at the EPC meeting last Tuesday that a great number of literature graduate schools require Latin of entering students.

After discussing the matter, EPC voted to do everything it could to get Greek and Latin onto the curriculum. The main problem is the perennial one of producing enough student interest. The tentative aim is for classics courses next fall, and EPC hopes to get enough people hot on the subject before then.

EPC also discussed the new policy of issuing grade on mid-term criteria sheets. If the grades supersede the subjective comments of the instructor, it was felt, the idea is a damaging one.

Paul Gommi has been in school one month. Someone borrowed his car and wrecked it. He was riding with someone else and after an accident received 7 stitches. Next time you see Paul Gommi tell him you think he's a nice guy.

"Nature hides itself."
—Heraclitus.

Noted Pianist to Play in Recital

Gladys Stein will give a piano recital at the college on Sunday, November 18th. The program, sponsored by the Music Club, will consist of three piano sonatas by Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert. The performance will begin at 8:30 p.m. in Bard Hall. The public is invited.

Gladys Stein recently returned from a tour of the West Indies, sponsored by the U.S. State Department. In 1960 she was acclaimed at a recital in Carnegie Hall. Gladys Stein was also chosen by Leonard Bernstein to appear as soloist at Tanglewood in the Gershwin Piano Concerto.

Miss Stein is a graduate of the Juilliard School of Music. Among her teachers have been Clarence Adler, Victor Babin, and Rosina Lhevinne. She has also studied in Europe under the Fulbright and Rockefeller grants, and while there she did extensive research on the music of Franz Schubert.

The Art of Mime

By Ann R. Schneider

On Monday evening, November 5, those of us present at Sottery Hall were treated to a demonstration of the supple grace of the mime. Lionel Shepard, accompanied by the forceful voice and guitar of Jimmy Gavin and the spontaneous music of two other musicians from his repertory group, synthesized dance, progressive jazz, and the art of imitation.

The program was diverse enough to include a few delightful minutes of uninhibited jazz (fairly reflective of Mingus' work), a few minutes of very inhibited folk music, and a question-and-answer period. Shepard did, however, re-assert his eloquently silent role each time he glided around the small stage.

The purpose of the evening's performance was admittedly one of entertainment, but there were few pantomimes which did not have some sociological or political significance. "The Gant; A Bed-time

Story About Survival" was an especially poignant number. We watched, laughing nervously, as Shepard portrayed the people living under the Giant's shadow who took the advice of their medium, Clara, and assumed a contorted position to protect themselves. We watched, no longer laughing, as the Giant came over the mountain and crushed the people even while they were in their pseudo-hitluristic position. A similar theme was also present in his "Genesis."

The audience reaction was, for the first time since then, as enthusiastic as the reaction to the three plays presented last month. This reporter would like to thank the Performing Arts Club for arranging Mr. Shepard's visit, and Mr. Shepard and company for a very pleasing performance.

Next Friday marks the first anniversary of the borders of the blackboards in Aspinwall being painted pink.

Shafer Wins in Tennis Tourney

On Thursday, October 25, Mike Shafer defeated Jim Banker in the finals of the Bard College Tennis Tournament, 6-1, 6-3. Mike, a new student, seems to be a likely prospect for the number one position on the tennis team next spring.

In the first round Shafer beat Saul Rosenfield and Banker outplayed Peter Kenner. Mike DeWitt lost to Banker in the quarter-finals; in the same round George Lynes fought hard but went down in defeat to Shafer in three sets. Semi-finalists Gary Garbis and George Thompson lost their matches to the finals-bound adversaries.

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Bard Radio to Resume Operation

The Bard radio station is ready to go on the air. Assuming the name of WXBC, the title of the old station, a steadily grown number of students have planned a considerable schedule of programs. The station merely awaits the solution of a few technical problems before it begins to produce sounds.

The studios will settle themselves in an abandoned store-room in the basement of the gym. Acting Program Director Larry Yurdin said in a recent interview with the Observer that WXBC will broadcast a highly diversified and well-balanced program schedule.

When asked what the programming would consist of, Mr. Yurdin said that the station would be especially eager for local endeavors in programs involving the arts, sciences, and political groups. Musicians, actors, and speakers from the faculty and student body would be welcomed, original works would be performed, and political discussions would also be aired.

Mr. Yurdin added that he thought that there were a great number of programs which educational stations like WXBC could have for the asking, or for a nominal fee, from such institutions as the BBC, the Canadian Broadcasting Company, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and such influential stations as KPFA of Berkeley, California. He stated that the Bard station would this time endeavor to be on the air for a large number of hours in the favored listening times. He said that prerecording would make this possible. They would try to keep the number of records played on the station's time to a minimum.

He said the radio station has excited a huge response; very many students have offered their services. Most of the students have widely differing ideas about what WXBC should do. The programming is still in a state of flux, and students who have ideas of programs they would like to put on can still sign up or see Larry, Lane Sarasohn, Jack Kennedy, or Jeffrey Genza.

The technical end of the station, in contrast, seems to be grouping in clouds of uncertainty. The equipment is in doubtful state of readiness, and nobody is sure when WXBC will have the facilities for transmission. But a large number of students are highly excited and enthusiastic, and maybe something will happen before long.

Dance Review

(Continued from Page 2)

its transformation into dramatic elements need not be so broad as to stagger. In fact they can usually be more appreciated when they are of a limited nature and are handled with direct and concise transformation into elements of dance. Having seen both this tendency in others in the past, and Margery's avoidance of these blatant formulas, I wonder about the change and what her influences are.

The consistency of expression and physical ability of Ellen Kennedy's portrayal of Io in the second half of the concert was one of the most rewarding occurrences of the evening. Given a less than satisfactory portrayal of the role, she made it come alive constantly with nuances and shadings of expression. The same is true for Miss Loewenherz, whose ability was quite obvious, though her role did not demand either the duration or breadth of expression.

Mr. Porras suffered visually from faults which were not entirely his own. I had never expected to see Jove as a winged and sideburned dandy, overly made up to the point of harshness. He fulfilled his role with

a personal competence but I feel that the vehicle's interpretation and his costuming were both against him.

Miss Apsey (who must have been exhausted by this point) showed her technical ability in the limited role of Argus. I could make out little under the clouds of net and the science-fiction-monster head which was all out of proportion to the human physical properties of the dance.

The set for "Jove and Io" was interesting, but to the point of distraction. I feel that the forced perspective of the maze or net (?) could have been more successfully utilized. Certainly the entrances of Juno and Argus were dramatic and original, but later they seemed to be a "thing" in the way. Only the forward plane was utilized from then on, with the exception of the frivolous "corps de ballet" who clustered meaninglessly behind it.

This entire piece of choreography lacked a continuity which could have given power to what seemed an important series of scenes. Jumping from the comic to the overly melodramatic, there was little to tie the sequence of events together into a narrative whole, which

is presumably what the fable was about. This viewer waited for some sort of epiphany but received only a series of disconnected events and disclosures, which fell short of achieving a desired dramatic and narrative entity.

Again, the performances were all competent, Miss Kennedy's laudable. But the four primary figures could not save the composition from a helter-skelter of directionless nymphs, grandiose but empty gestures and implications, and a general lack of choreographic continuity. The concert certainly showed how much one can be driven to do—but to what end?

Gym To Be Open Longer

The recreational facilities of the gymnasium will now be available until midnight on Thursday through Sunday evenings. The gym will also remain open late earlier in the week on those occasions when Miss Itelman is not occupying her room there. This action to extend the 10:00 P.M. closing time follows a Community Council motion regarding a petition circulated by Dick Cross and signed by 72 students.

Open Letter to Mr. Strauss

Dear Warren:

Warren, you haven't been here too long, and I'm sure that as much as you know of Bard you already want to do right by it. You're not selfish, you're not a spy, but Warren, you're a symbol.

Nobody likes to see people subjugated, or freedom violated, or art desecrated. Do you think you can do something about it? Do you think you did something about it? You didn't. I gave you something you could do something about, Warren, even though it was very insignificant. I told you I didn't like the dogs in Dining Commons. I told you I had nothing against the dogs, I just didn't think it was healthful or pleasant to have them in the dining room. That was my opinion; I don't deny you the right to your opinion.

You said you wanted Council to be a forum where opinions can confront each other. It's been three weeks now, Warren, and I still don't know what your opinion is, or Charlie's, or anyone else's. First you made me think you agreed with me—that was when you told Al Boxer to get the dogs out. Then you made me think you disagreed with me—that was when nothing happened. Then, when you wouldn't let Charlie talk, you just confused me.

My interest in the dogs is transient; my interest in honesty is not. You can do a lot to make Bard a more honest place. You're Chairman of Council. Is Council an open forum? If it is, why don't you let people talk? If it is, why do you interrupt people and insult people and delay the business at hand? You are a symbol of a new kind of Council, a Council that says, "We are an open forum, in which ideas confront each other," but a Council in which no real confrontation can take place. Maybe it's not your fault, but this year's Council is bad. You do a lot of talking but no acting. You pass the buck. Even if it isn't your fault, since you're the chairman, since you stand for it, you're the symbol of it. I only mean to do right by Bard, too.

—FRED FELDMAN

Crisis in Southern Rhodesia

(Editor's note: The Zimbabwe (Southern Rhodesia) Students Union prepared the following statement in response to the steadily worsening crisis in its native country, from which it has been banished by administrative edict. The Observer received the statement from the Coordinating Secretariat of the International Student Conference, Post Box 36, Leyden, Netherlands.)

The present crisis in Southern Rhodesia has been sparked off mainly by the constitutional issue. Therefore to enable our readers to appreciate the nature of the evil forces ranged against the African people of Zimbabwe (Southern Rhodesia), a brief historical summary of Constitutional de-

velopments is necessary. We feel that history must run its full course in Southern Rhodesia today as it has done in many other parts of the world. The point of no return has been reached; a peaceful settlement of the settler minority versus the British Government intervenes at once.

The present population of Zimbabwe (Southern Rhodesia) is 225,000 settlers mainly of British descent, 3,500,000 Africans, and a few odd thousands of other races.

In 1923, as an alternative to joining South Africa, the settler minority was given responsible Government based on a constitution that made no provision whatever for African representation but reserved to the British Government power to disallow any legisla-

tion by the Rhodesian Government that might discriminate against the Africans. The result was an all-white parliament — a situation that has continued up to date.

Apartheid Entrenched

By constantly raising the financial and educational franchise qualifications, the all-white parliament made certain that only a tiny proportion of Africans got onto the voters roll. By passing the Land Apportionment Act in 1933-35, the whites set up a rigid system of racial segregation which resulted in the shameful economic exploitation of the African people and a denial to them of facilities for education.

The present sense of disillusion as to the good faith of the British Government as re-

gards African interests is easily understandable when one remembers that, vested with constitutional powers of disallowance, the British Government did nothing to prevent the passing of the Land Apportionment Act — the most discriminating of all measures: and an act on all fours with the infamous Group Areas Act of South Africa.

The African National Congress

In 1956 the African Youth League was formed, led by Robert Chikerema and George Nyandoro. In 1957 as a result of union between the Youth League and the older but less effective Congress led by Joshua Nkomo and others, the African National Congress was formed. Congress made its avowed policy to fight against racial segregation and discrimination, the two pernicious systems which so humiliated the African people as to leave them with no political, economic, social or cultural rights in the land of their birth.

Previously, the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland had been imposed upon the unconsulted and unwilling Africans. The falsehood of the "Partnership" idea was quickly exposed as only a clever trick to subject all the Africans of Central Africa to a South African situation by 1960. Hence, with mounting opposition to Federation, constitutional changes rather than the removal of segregation and discrimination became more and more the focus of African political demands.

The Ban Tactic

Early in 1959, alarmed at the growth of the African National Congress, Southern Rhodesian Prime Minister Edgar Whitehead banned the Congress and imprisoned over 200 of its leaders, proclaiming at the same time that the removal of their leaders would rise again. To make complete the destruction and frustration of African political aspirations the Whitehead Government enacted a series of savage laws—in particular, the Preventive Detention Act, which gave the Government power to detain without trial any African politician. Under the provisions of this Act Robert Chikerema and George Nyandoro have now been detained for over four and a half years without having been convicted.

The formation of the National Democratic Party (to replace the Congress) in the latter half of 1959 so terrified Whitehead that he immediately hatched a plot to remove from the 1923 Constitution the reserve powers lest the British Government should use them to intervene (as they have a right to) in the Southern Rhodesian Affairs at the request of the African politicians. The growth of popular support for the N.D.P. was answered with police violence and intimidation which resulted in the shooting of over 6 people in the middle of 1960.

After a hard struggle the N.D.P. forced their way into the Constitutional Conference at the beginning of 1961. By a calculated trick Duncan Sandys, then British Commonwealth Relations Secretary,

and Whitehead arranged to have the Conference concluded in Southern Rhodesia under the chairmanship of Whitehead himself. The result was a constitution providing for a parliament of 65 members, of whom only 15 would be elected with African participation, but in such a way that all 15 could be whites not necessarily sympathetic to the African cause.

The Constitution also provided for a Bill of Rights and a Constitutional Council to review all legislation and to disallow any laws that might be discriminatory or contrary to the Constitution.

The Weaknesses of the Constitution

Among the major weaknesses of this 1961 Constitution, apart from the unequal representation in the new Parliament, are the following:

1. A further provision nullifies the effect of the Bill of Rights and the Constitutional Council. It states that the Government by creating a false emergency, as they did in 1959, can cause the Governor to sign any bill which the Government chooses to designate as "emergency" before the Constitutional Council can review it.

2. The Constitution on coming into effect does not operate retroactively to invalidate discriminatory laws passed before it is ratified. Hence the recent series of harsh laws to anticipate the ratification of this Constitution.

3. A very narrow franchise contrary to the principal of universal adult suffrage has been entrenched into the same constitution.

Rejection of the 1961 Constitution by Africans

The Africans refused to be fooled by this constitution, remembering that the Union Constitution in South Africa also had entrenched clauses when went overboard. When the Malan Nationalist Government came into power. They have thus rejected it. To back up his claim of African support, Whitehead undertook to enroll over 50,000 Africans, a task he found to be far beyond his ability when he toured the country early this year. Hence the elections on the new Constitution have been postponed from October this year to March next year.

The Africans became greatly disappointed that their demand for another constitution had been ignored by Britain. The shooting by soldiers and police continued, police provocation rose to a high pitch when every African political meeting was attended by the police who recorded everything that was said, and often the police provoked violence to get an excuse to shoot. The result was a violent spontaneous reaction by Africans in every part of Southern Rhodesia. Leaflets were distributed announcing the formation of a Zimbabwe Liberation Army.

In less than a week two further harsh measures were passed by the all-white Southern Rhodesian Parliament.

(a) The Unlawful Organizations Act and

(b) The Law and Order Maintenance Act. Then followed the ban of ZAPU on the 20th of September, 1962. The two (Continued on next page)

Pieces of Charred Satire Salvaged

Manus Pinkwater and I made a special journey to the dump behind the gymnasium to save a few charred pages of the minutes taken during the satire committee meetings of which I was the nominal head.

That which we were able to salvage may assist in clearing up some of the confusion as to where the responsibility for the satire night lies.

I think it is commendable that the secretary was present and writing 24 hours a day over period of two weeks, and therefore everything was taken down, her only recompense being an occasional nip of Paddy's. Unfortunately, the bulk of her work was burned in the Great Staatsburg Fire. We had planned, in a pinch, to substitute the minutes of the meetings for the satire proper.

Below are the extant fragments pieced together by the skillful hands of Jacques Rabnowitz, notre chef de section.

—FORTUNE RYAN
—JACQUES RABINOWITZ
—MANUS PINKWATER

K. Well Manus, have you written the satire yet?

M. What satire?

K. The satire scheduled for two weeks from today. You mean no one told you about it.

M. Nary a word.

K. Some one was supposed to have told you three weeks ago.

M. Oh?

K. When can you have it ready?

M. What makes you think I'm going to have it ready? What makes you think I WANT to have it ready? What makes you think I give a f... damn about your satire?

K. But surely (he weeps)

M. (Softened by his tears) I tell you what I'll do, Kennedy. I haven't got time to write your satire but I'll help your organize a committee of writers headed by my bosom pal and old compatriot Fortunato.

K. (Kissing Manus' hand) Oh, thank you thank you thank you!!!

M. Now, Jack old fellow... no promises! Fortune and I will process whatever material comes into our hands from the committee. By the bye, it might precipitate things a bit if the entertainment committee were to give the Writing Committee some liquid encouragement. per'aps a bottle of Paddy's.

K. (Kennedy breaks a leg running to get the whisky)

exeunt all, hautboys and drums
Scene ii

F. Get out of here, Manus. I haven't got any money!

M. Fortune, friend of my youth, it isn't your gold I desire but only to basque in the warmth of your friendship. (Kisses him on his carbuncular forehead.)

F. Get out! Get out! Get Out! Get out!

M. I have come to explain to you, Fortune. You have been elected head of a committee to draft an important document . . .

F. Indeed . . .

M. Indeed . . .

.

F. What's in it for me?

M. Glory, fame, honour, and several sucks at a bottle of Paddy's.

F. Indeed . . .

M. Indee-diddle. All you have to do, Fortune my chum, is organize some humorous material submitted to you by a vast and enthusiastic committee now waiting for you in Albee Social. To get things started, I myself have covered several sheets of foolcap with jokes, songs, and snappy patter. Read them at your leisure, Fortune. I have to return to the forest to check on my traps.

exeunt Manus

F. I have never read such rot in all my life!

Scene iii

(The Committee Meeting)

(Utter chaos reigns)

F. (Shouting over incredible din) Is is understood then that you several members of the committee, from every walk of life, will have your contributions in my box on Wednesday at the latest?

All: Yea, chief . . .

What say yet? . . .

. . . Forsooth no! . . .
count on me . . .
maybe . . .

(Exeunt Fortune, tearing his hair.)
Scene iv

K. Well Manus, have you written the satire yet?

M. (His left hand caught in a bear trap) What say ye?

K. (Weeps)

M. Oh yes, the satire. Fortune's taking care of everything.

Scene v

F. (Solus) Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, creep in these pretty creeps from day to day . . .

(Enter Kennedy)

K. Satire?

F. Nary a word!

Scene vi

K. Satire?

M. Forsooth, no!

Scene vii

K. Satire?

F. THERE IS NOT GOING TO BE ANY SATIRE.

K. When will you have it ready?

F. THERE IS NOT GOING TO BE ANY SATIRE.

K. But . . .

F. No one has written ANYTHING . . .

K. But, October 26th! We wrote it down! We wrote it down, Fortune!

F. That may be, but no one has written any satire.

K. But we wrote it down. We wrote it down! "SATIRE NIGHT" (Weeps)

F. I'm sorry, Jack. Looks like the committee just didn't come through. I tried, Jack. God knows, I tried. But they wouldn't write anything.

K. (Pulling himself together) Well, I'm sure you guys'll come up with something by tomorrow night.

F. No, Jack, I don't think . . .

K. Naw, I got faith in you guys.

(Exeunt Kennedy)

F. I have never read such rot in all my life!

*** F I N I S ***

Students Report on Crisis

ve Hitlerite laws have the following effects:

- 1) No African who was associated with a banned organization can in future take part in any other political organization.
- 2) No African political organization shall be formed or allowed to exist if it advocates policies supported by a banned organization.
- 3) Whitehead shall determine and dictate the policies principles any African organization shall hold.
- 4) The 1,000 Leaders arrested on September 22-23 can be detained in prison or restricted areas without trial for a length of time up to 20 years (restriction areas 1 to 3 miles radius).
- 5) Fines of up to 1,000 pounds are imposed on anyone denying the membership card of a banned organization.
- 6) The press cannot publish without government authorization anything to do with a banned organization.
- 7) The chiefs, who since 1933 have been nothing more than Government tax collectors, are now to be regarded as political representatives of the people and will be given real powers—a deliberate attempt by Whitehead to use civil servants who he can control and manipulate for his designs.

The foregoing facts show that at choice is left to the people of Zimbabwe: none but refuse to accept the ban of the UPU and to establish a Government in exile. Since the formation of our Union last year we have unequivocally declared our unqualified opposition to the racist regime of Southern Rhodesia. Our constitution enshrines as one of its fundamental objectives

to strive for a Southern Rhodesia based on a democratically elected parliament irrespective of colour, race or creed. We therefore condemn the fascist Government of Whitehead and the ban on ZAPU, a violation of the legitimate right of all political parties to function without Government interference.

We declare our unanimous support for the formation of a Zimbabwe Government—in exile, and call upon the British Government which is vested with final constitutional authority in respect of Southern Rhodesia to abrogate the present Constitution and to call another Conference to work out a new Constitution that will be acceptable to all on the basis of universal adult suffrage and National Independence.

We also call upon all student Unions to express solidarity with the students of Zimbabwe in their struggle to regain their inalienable rights and achieve freedom and independence for their country. To this end we appeal to you all to protest to the following:

Mr. R. Butler,
British Minister for
Central Africa,
Central Africa Office,
Whitehall,
London

Sir Edgar Whitehead,
The Prime Minister of
Southern Rhodesia,
Prime Minister's Office,
Salisbury,
S. Rhodesia

Messages of solidarity should be sent to the Zimbabwe (Southern Rhodesia) Students' Union of the United Kingdom and Ireland, 4, Inverness Terrace, London, W. 2., England.

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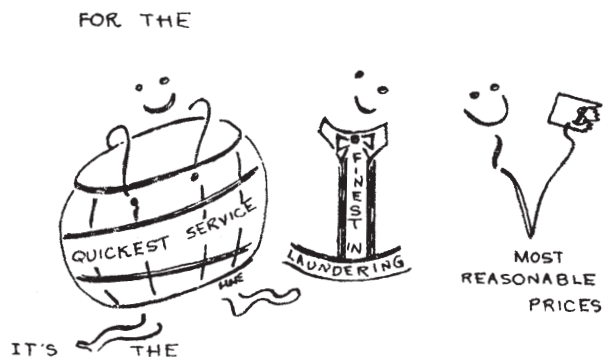
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OLD BARD

(Editor's Note: The following is from "The Lyre Tree," the newspaper of the college, Vol. 8, No. 1, September 28, 1928.)

The Freshman rules for this year are as follows:

1. No Freshman shall wear a hat on campus, or within a six mile radius of the campus, but shall wear the regulation cap at all times. While actively engaged in athletics Freshmen shall be exempt from this rule. A tug-of-war held in the spring between the Freshmen and Sophomore classes shall be the deciding factor as to whether or not the Freshman cap shall be worn for the remainder of the year.

2. Freshmen shall at all times show proper respect for upperclassmen, and shall give precedence to upperclassmen and Sophomores in passing to and from buildings, except Chapel.

3. Freshmen must speak to all whom they meet on the campus.

4. Freshmen may not smoke on campus nor carry canes.

5. Freshmen may not carry their gowns on campus.

6. Freshmen must wear black ties on weekdays.

7. Freshmen must carry matches at all times for the use of upperclassmen and Sophomores.

8. Freshmen must answer the telephone as soon as it rings and notify at once the person called.

9. Freshmen may not sit under the Lyre Tree without the permission of an upperclassman.

10. Freshmen must know all of the songs and cheers of the College by the third Sunday after their arrival.

11. Freshmen must be ready at all times to assist in activities undertaken by the college as a whole. This applies particularly to work upon the publications and for athletic teams.

12. At all athletic contests Freshmen are required to sit as a unit. In past years this body has been noted for its cheering. Help and encourage our teams by doing so.

13. Within thirty days after the close of the first semester the Freshman class shall, with all the ritual and solemnity due the occasion, SECRETLY bury an algebra, with a certain amount of wine, autographed by every member of the class. To be legal, every Freshman must be present at the grave during the burial. At the end of four years, the algebra is exhumed and burned on a funeral pyre during the Class Day exercises. Toasts are drunk to the college and to the outgoing and incoming Senior Class.

14. Freshman rules are to be enforced by the Student Council or by a committee appointed by the council for the purpose. Rules may be changed or abrogated at any time by the council.

Gospel Night was a huge success. Entertainment Committee should be congratulated for bringing God back to Bard.

Too much freedom is a bad thing, too.

Annandale Road

(Continued from Page 1)

the county for benefit of the people of Red Hook. Bard, therefore, has to get the approval of both Red Hook and Dutchess County authorities. These groups, in turn, have to apply to Albany for state approval of the project before any further moves can be made. Once final approval has been given, a contract, designating the amount and nature of the work, must be drawn up.

The company with whom the contract is made is the Central Hudson Gas & Electric Corp., which will install and maintain the lights for the time contracted, probably ten years. Bard cannot contract directly with Central Hudson, but must again deal through Red Hook and Dutchess County. Once these authorities have sanctioned project and contract, work can begin.

As of last Thursday, the Business Office was informed that town and county officials had approved the installation. All that is left now is for Central Hudson to begin work, and that will be in the very near future. The lighting, which will go from the main entrance to the triangle and out to 9G will cost the school about \$1000 a year. Powerful lights will be installed at strategic points, with less powerful, but adequate, lights between.

The darkness which one encounters going down the road has a peculiar intensity all its own. If left undisturbed, it settles down heavily and defies the human eye to discern anything. Groping into Annandale at night is based on a little St. Christopher and a lot of instinct. As it stands now, the three means of relief are the group of houses about half-way down the road, headlights of approaching cars, and a full moon.

The effectiveness of the houses is realized only as long as you are standing in front of them. Headlights are temporary, and require agility of driver and walker to insure that you are not standing in front of them. The moon would be ideal, if negotiations could be arranged to have it out on a full-time basis.

Therein rests the problem of the darkness, imposing a strain upon those who drive as well as those who walk. Yet this in itself could be tolerated, and even enjoyed, were it not for a more serious and frightening problem that has arisen within the last few years. There have been instances when Bard students who were travelling alone or in a small group were attacked by non-college people. The installation of lights would alleviate, or hopefully, totally prevent such occurrences. Walking to Annandale should be as safe for one as for many.



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B C M C Holds Rallies

by Dave Jacobowitz

South Barracks, N. Y., 3 Nov. '62: Tonight nine competitors wheeled out of the South Barracks parking lot after a "LeMans start" to David Moulton's Halloween Horror Rally. The "LeMans start" involves the driver running from a designated point to his car, leaping behind the wheel, and after, receiving rapid-fire instructions from his navigator, slipping out onto the route.

After a few turns around campus at ten MPH, the rallyists were led past Dick Bard's house onto some of the worst back roads in Dutchess County. At one point some said they were not sure they were not driving across somebody's front lawn. The directions indicated travel over mountains, through passes, down sheer cliffs, and across streams. The tricky Rally Committee put this last instruction in to lure the contestants to the last checkpoint in Middle-of-Nowhere, New York. Here each car was presented with the final leg of the rally. On their way back, they were required to gather information from some of the more scenic graveyards in the area.

Although almost completely lost, the hearty navigators, undaunted, shot the stars, asked directions, consulted maps (New England), and cursed jovially at Mr. Moulton. The object was to get the information and return to Bard in the shortest distance. This was done by Ken Lynch and Steve Dane in a lithe Fiat-Abarth. Since Ken knew the area he was able to do the job in 35 miles.

The final score was a computation of the two legs' penalties. Thus the team of Bobby Bard and Phyllis Anthony won the rally in Bobby's MG TD. Second was Dave Jacobowitz and aching Ellen Kennedy in the "Missile from Milano." Harry Bird's crippled Jaguar sedan finished third, in spite

of broken Panhard Rods and Manorton, N. Y.

These results were a little late in coming since the Rally Committee took upon itself to arrange a small reception in Sottery Hall for rallyists, most of whom were very late in arriving. Ellen Kennedy agreed that chasing gravestones and squirrels in the woods was a fine way to celebrate All Saints' Day.

The tabulations from this rally create a 3-way tie for first place in the big Rally Trophy Run, amongst Ellen Kennedy, Bob Bard, and Dave Jacobowitz. The next two events will decide the winner of this coveted award. Be sure to watch this column for the latest developments!

Lime Rock, Conn., 20 Oct. '62: Today upon the sun-drenched hills of Lime Rock, amid the trees dripping with sunlight, Harry Bird, at last triumphant in a Bard College Motor Club rally, sat smiling. The smile was not one of conquest, nor one of the thrill of merely driving quickly and well — it was the enlightened countenance of one who has experienced a literary and spiritual transport. Harry had truly been moved by poetry.

It was the promise of this experience that lured Harry and six other drivers to the South Barracks parking lot this morning. The Rally Committee greeted them with instructions composed in rough, unsteady rhymed couplets. Says Sage Walcott, veteran Healy driver, "The poetry was paradoxical and ambiguous and we all got lost."

The Rally Committee pointed out that Shakespeare, too, was ambiguous at times. "Besides that," added a member, "Shakespeare didn't provide free lunches."

Second place was taken by Bobby Bard and "Shoily" Crane in Bob's MG TD. Third place went to David Moulton and his poetic navigator, Joan Hand, in Dave's much-campaigned Morgan.

Art Club to Have Sculptor, Films

The Art Club has arranged with Sculptor Frank Eliscu to come to Bard some time next week. Mr. Eliscu will give a lecture with demonstrations.

In future weeks the club will show some films, among them "Fountains of Carl Milles." With all its activities, the Art Club is still running well within its budget. President Pinkwater said recently, "They all gave me ten cents." "The Art Club has more regular activities than any other club. We have life drawing classes twice a week, and lectures, and films, and . . . But we still need models, and the job pays well."

120 Fail

(Continued from Page 1)

lar historical problems. Backgrounds class is not the free flight of imagination."

Mr. Toomey suggested that students interested in the nature of the course might look at the prospectus given to them at the beginning of the term.

Since Backgrounds of Western Traditions is a required course for Freshmen, there has been considerable concern expressed over the possibility of failing it. The test was not "curved" as many had hoped. Hope and cupidty, a week after the test, was at a low ebb. Mr. Toomey, who remained calm and smiling throughout the crisis, emphasized that "good students worry about their grades." He pointed out, however, in a subsequent statement, that all is not as bleak as many students assume.

"Students should not give up," he maintained. Now that it is clearer to them what the standards are, they should realize that extra effort will be rewarded. Many feel that because of poor marks in this exam all is lost. To the contrary, Bard has never had an automatic, rigid, grading system and I hope it never will.

"Any student who makes an extra effort will be in no danger. I do not want the student to feel an overburdening pressure. They should now know how to study for an exam, but I hope they don't feel that this is the only purpose of the course. After the fundamentals are mastered historical studies can be as stimulating and creative as other studies."



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Soccermen Blank Rockland, 3-0

In the worst weather imaginable and on the worst field imaginable, the Bard soccer team pounded out a 3-0 victory over a Rockland County Community College to close its season with a flourish.

Arriving in Suffern early Saturday afternoon, November 3, Coach Charles Patrick's men found before them a tiny wasteland carved out from the backwater marshes of the upper Delaware, which the hosts had blessed with the name of "soccer field."

The rain had begun some hours before, and considerable puddles were already clamoring to envelop the shivering limbs of Bard's finest. But the field itself was most plainly a poor one in any weather, possessing approximately thirty-one blades of grass and four times that many good-sized stones.

High winds blew the rain in diverse directions as the teams stumbled onto the field. Bard won the toss and elected to defend the goal with the smaller puddle, thus permitting Rockland to kick off.

The home team soon lost the ball without threatening seriously, and the Bardians took over. They played with determination, drive, and exuberance unequalled in the initial two years of Bard soccer. The conditions rendered almost all strategy useless, and the deciding factors became courage and aggressiveness.

Halfway through the first period Mark Cornell drove a loose ball into the goal from twenty yards out. Soon after, Mark hammered another one home from farther away, this time after a pass from Doug McDonald to Ray Hilton and a fine set-up by Raymond.

Tony Olmer scored the third goal minutes later, and the teams changed sides. Goalie Hollander waded into position at the mouth of the goal with some hesitation to face the oncoming Rocklanders.

As it turned out, Charlie and his fullbacks, Lane Sarason, Hatch Toffey, Mike DiPretoro, and Bobby Bard had little to fear besides frostbite. The hosts got within range several times in the second period, but as in the first, third, and fourth quarters, they seldom deigned to take shots. Each preferred instead to pass the ball to the nearest teammate and be rid of the next year.

burden.

Charlie brought one moment on himself in the third quarter. When he was battling with an opposing forward for the ball, he chose to crack the opponent a copy before he had gotten full possession of the ball. It slipped out of his hands, and Harry grabbed it away from another Rockland man, thus saving goal but giving the home team a direct kick from very close.

As always, Rockland must not be taken lightly; the Bardians took the ball again and drove for more goals. On one play, Larry playing halfback, took the ball through three opponents and two puddles to set up a beautiful play that barely missed a goal.

On two other occasions, after Barney made valiant efforts to score but failed. In Ellen, Ray Hilton, Jans St. Key, and Chet Gunter pitched in but could not get the ball across the line.

Late in the third quarter Coach Patrick's hat was wadded onto the field by a violent gust. The coach ran after it but Doug McDonald had already picked it up. When the ball came to him, Doug clapped on the hat and charged. He got the ball away from the enemy, but he was forced in so doing to enter a large puddle horizontally.

Coach Patrick later told the Observer, "MY THIRTY-DOLLAR HAT!"

In the fourth quarter and soggy Goalie Hollander re-entered his pet puddle to face his opposition, and as he met with no serious threats. When the final whistle sounded, the muddy Bardians piled onto the bus back to the dressing room, cheering loudly for their coach.

The team ended the season with a 2-3 mark. The previous games:

- 0—Orange County 9
- 2—Oneonta 1
- 0—Marist 4
- 2—Nyack Missionary 4
- 3—Rockland County 0

Next season promises a better-developed team; all players but two will be back next fall. The two who played their last soccer games against Rockland were Land Sarason and Peter Barney. Both played excellent games at Suffern, if to make more obvious how much they will be missed next year.

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Alumni, Parents Give Record Sums

In a recently issued pamphlet entitled "1961-1962 Alumni Annual Giving and the Ring of Parents, Friends and Industry," it is not surprising to find that Dr. Kline has outdone, if not himself, at least previous fund-raising efforts through the aforementioned channels.

The pamphlet contains three letters, two addressed to, and one from, the desk of Dr. Kline. Benjamin S. Gershwin reported an increase of three hundred percent in funds solicited from parents of Bard students. Mr. David E. Schwab gave the figure of \$23,301.11 the total funds collected in the '61-62 Alumni "Honor Roll."

With a few skips here and there, alumni contributions rose from 1894 to 1962. The class of '32 produced the sum

of \$2,162. From other sources the totals read something like this. **Bard College Parents:** Unrestricted, \$2,346.00; Library, \$8,716.96; Scholarship, \$39.00. **Friends of Bard College:** Unrestricted, \$741.50; Scholarship, \$7,311.87; Library, \$1,520.00. **The Board of Trustees:** Unrestricted, \$402.95; Library, \$3,500.00; Restricted, \$6,945.00. **Foundations and Trust Funds:** Unrestricted, \$17,163.33; Restricted, \$20,283.50; Library, \$1,000. **Business and Industry:** Unrestricted, \$1,029.00; Restricted, \$7,500.00; scholarship, \$380.00.

"Mister Voodim, would you go next tor and get a piz of chalk. I don't care vat dere doing, but say ve need a 'petite canulle'."

The Higher Learning in America

(Continued from Page 1)

The twentieth century has witnessed an acceleration of social change, not least in higher education. The public high school grew to maturity, today graduating 80% of each age group. Public money became the main support of those who went beyond the high school, first from states, and within the last two decades increasingly from the Federal government. Where once private colleges predominated, now more than half of all students in higher education are in public institutions; soon the proportion will reach two-thirds.

The Great Revolution of American higher education is a reflection of the larger scientific revolution and the evolution of a vast technological civilization. Science is the name of the revolution. Where once the clergy gave direction to the known, now the cyclotron and the laboratory provided answers heavy with life and death; and the schools serve a new master. Scientific research in universities increased forty times since World War II. The quality of American natural science became the peer of that in any foreign university. Meanwhile, the humanities lagged, here as elsewhere in the world, and the social sciences experienced astonishing but uneven progress.

Some fifty years ago Abraham Flexner made a famous study of medical colleges. He concluded that most were frauds. Within a decade the ranks of medical schools were decimated. Such study has been made of American undergraduate colleges, but the conclusions would be no less devastating. In any event, it is likely that the next years will see a vigorous re-evaluation of institutions unable to keep pace and provide the quality of education demanded. Of the 2000 some institutions of higher education, about 1200 grant the bachelor's degree. Most of the others are two-year Junior colleges. I would estimate that barely a quarter are providing an educational experience that can be justified as "higher education."

The experimentation in education, once pioneered by progressive schools such as Bard, is continuing. The high schools, particularly in the sciences, mathematics and languages (all promoted by Federal funds), are advancing rapidly, and have already overtaken many colleges. Junior colleges are expanding steadily, and providing terminal and technical training once sought in four-year colleges. Graduate schools and professional schools, especially in physics and the life sciences (including psychology) are flourishing. A new and exciting development, post-doctoral levels of training, which are coming to occupy the position once held by doctoral programs, are coming into being—as yet with little formal recognition. The undergraduate programs lag behind.

Beneath the liberal arts college, the upgraded high school is under pressure. Above, the graduate school demands better quality and more students. And now, replacing the largely stigmatized regional accrediting bodies, a national standard is emerging that will test liberal arts colleges and determine their survival. Not even the richest colleges will be able to support from endowments or tuitions or gifts the scientific apparatus, the language facilities, the faculty compensation, the classrooms and dormitories that are called for. An inferior grade of quasi-colleges may linger on; but the new "accreditation" of "higher" education will be national in scope and rigorous in the demand for quality.

Where could Bard fit into this picture? I suspect, either at the head of the line, or somewhere in the fringe—hardly helpfully in between! There will be wonderful opportunities for "experimental" college. A new dimension of international education beckons, responding (belatedly!) to America's new world role. There is danger the national concentration on the technologies may neglect the human and social fields. Of course, if these remain unimaginatively passive, the blame will be partly theirs; but the loss will be ours; for an education without culture is one without hope of fulfillment.

I believe the way ahead for liberal education is along with the sciences and the innovations and high standards established by them. The sights must be much higher, the perspective national and international, the career in prospect a larger service demanding a fuller preparation. The Peace Corps is far cry from the "genteel intercourse" for which Veblen's students were preparing themselves.

Stars and Men

(Continued from Page 1)

he pointed to the black splotches in the Milky Way), but he came to see that the same dust condensed to form stars, planets, and men.

Dr. Shapley showed another slide of the Milky Way and maintained that this picture had caused something of a revolution in thought when it first appeared.

"In this slide are one-third of the globular star clusters in our galaxy. But the picture only one-thirtieth of the sky. There is a cluster of clusters here, and one part is the center of the cluster of clusters: i.e. the center of the galaxy. We are far from this center; we are peripheral."

Dr. Shapley recounted the amazing discoveries of the powerful new astronomical instruments. Not so long ago, "our galaxy" meant "our universe"—there was only one.

Now the huge telescopes have looked far beyond our galaxy and beyond those near it; at least a million other galaxies have been sighted at present.

As soon as these faraway galaxies began to be found, astronomers devised entirely new ways to calculate their immense distances.

In addition, the spectroscope can study the wave length patterns of the light from the stars in these galaxies to determine the speed with which the galaxies are moving towards or away from us.

With this method, Dr. Shapley said, astronomers uncovered the astounding fact that every galaxy is moving away from us at a speed directly proportionate to its distance.

Are we the center of this movement, Dr. Shapley was asked. Decidedly not," he replied. From the Andromeda galaxy, all galaxies would be moving directly away from the observer.

There are three possible explanations, he said: first, that a finite number of galaxies is expanding in an infinite universe; second, that the galaxies are moving along with it; third, that we are in a four-dimensional universe.

The first two explanations are inadequate; the third, while acceptable, creates new problems in terms of our usual ways of thinking. The third theory, nevertheless, is the only one that is at all useful.

After the lecture, Dr. Shapley answered questions from the floor. He got a few concerning the shape of the universe, which he said he could only answer with a differential equation.

The Observer sought out this equation at the reception in the President's house, but experienced little enlightenment upon finding it. The equation tells us nothing about K. Moreover, Dr. Shapley told the Observer, if this indeterminate number is positive then the universe is a closed, "spherical" four-dimensional surface. If K is negative, the universe is an open, "saddleback" four-dimensional surface. If K equals zero, the universe is a flat four-dimensional surface—i.e. a three-dimensional Euclidean shape, such as we see around the house every day.

At the reception, Dr. Shapley related anecdotes of his meetings with Einstein. All in all, he was a most entertaining and illuminating John Bard lecturer.

Sottery Hall Dedicated In Simple Ceremony

Sottery Hall was officially dedicated Saturday afternoon at a short ceremony with a major address by Charles Tremblay, Professor of Mathematics. After a short introduction by President Kline about the physical structure and the occasion of its construction, Mr. Tremblay, a close friend of Dr. Sottery, penetrated the character of the hall's namesake and his integral part in Bard College.

The building now known as Sottery Hall was part of a plan called for by the faculty in June of 1961 which recommended enlarging Bard's physical plant. The Board of Trustees took immediate action and Bard's own Buildings and Grounds Department did the entire construction job except the front door, which was contracted with Pittsburgh Plate Glass.

The Hall contains folding-seat capacity for 200 in its modern, functional, insulated interior, kept warm by hot-water heating. The building, now complete with refreshment facilities, natural gas lines, lavatories, and protection screen, was ready 1½ hours before freshman orientation this year through the efforts of Dick Griffiths, head of B & G, and his staff plus several faculty members.

President Kline then presented Mr. Tremblay, whom Dr. Sottery, generally modest about public demonstrations on his behalf, wished to deliver the central speech. Dr. Constantine Theodore Sottery, Mr. Tremblay said, has had the significant title of Doctor bestowed upon him by the students. Perhaps this in indicative, he noted, of the esteem in which the student body holds one who simply practices the community of study.

which a college like Bard is and must be. The dedication of Sottery Hall is a tribute to that unique vision for which Dr. Sottery will be remembered.

Dr. Sottery was given a round of applause. Dr. Shafer then concluded with a benediction, after which refreshments were served.

Hole Revealed As Test Point For Water Main

Since the start of the term, one nice-sized little hole, just large enough to engulf an Indian elephant or one-quarter the number of students down the road any given Friday night, has been mouldering in front of the North Barracks. At the bottom, a small mud-covered pipe was just visible to the naked eye.

The reason, as rarely happens around here, is quite simple. The pipe is a testing point for the new water line running from Sands House to Sottery Hall, from there to Tewksbury, and from there to Sawkill Creek. At that point, a pumping station is being installed near the swimming pool to remedy the water shortage.

Last Wednesday a bulldozer approached the hole, circled around it once or twice, decided to push in some dirt, and finally went home to eat dinner. The hole is still there.

Adolph Lampeter has requested that all interested parties send letters to Gov. Rockefeller voicing disapproval of raising the drinking age in New York to 21.

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Newspaper Fund Offers Experience

One hundred and nineteen college students received on-the-job training last summer as newspaper reporters under "The Newspaper Fund's" nationwide intern program. Three Bard students participated in the program. Allan Kronzek worked for Jack Blum's newspaper in Poughkeepsie, Richard Cohen did work for a Jersey City paper, and Marc Erdrich also had a newspaper job. All enjoyed the experience very much.

"We consider the program a success again this year," said Paul S. Swenson, executive director of The Newspaper Fund. Mr. Swenson said the experimental program will be continued in 1963. "We have set an earlier cutoff date for application (January 15, 1963) to give editors and young men more time to make summer job arrangements," he said. Application forms are available in the Dean's office.

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Farrell Talks in Library

(Continued from Page 1)

He perfected his remarks by saying that the realistic literature of the early part of our era was due to the shifting waves of immigrants from different cultures which were continually arriving in this country, establishing themselves, winning their place in American society and contending with those already established.

Mr. Farrell was born in Chicago in 1904 and, he says, "attended parochial schools on the South Side of Chicago." He studied at the University of Chicago for three years, but quit because he felt stifled. He therefore grew up in the milieu of Studs Lonigan and wrote about him from his own experience, although Mr. Farrell pointed out that he was already living outside the environment of the novel when he started writing it.

He emphasized that Studs did not live in a slum world, but in a neighborhood undergoing rapid social and ethnic change. Studs, he said, was not tough, and he disparaged the half-baked intellectuals of the literary variety who thought he was. Studs was, rather, a poser. He brags a great deal, but is seldom in a fight. And when a brothel is introduced in the story, nothing takes place.

(Farrell said privately later in the evening that he dislikes the current preoccupation with sex in literature and that many of his disputes with publishers have been caused by their trying to make him include more of it in his writings.)

His choice of detail and the selectivity in his work, Mr. Farrell said, came from immediacy and controlled effort, but he added later in reply to questions by Mr. Theodore Weiss and others that details are the result of an inner compulsion and that there are no

rules for selection of detail and emphasis.

He said that in the writing of "Studs Lonigan" he conceived of Studs' death from the beginning. Otherwise the book would have little point. The book was written about a person in his environment and not as a condemnation or, for that matter, a sociological study, though Mr. Farrell believes that "there is as much truth in fiction as there is fiction in science."

Concerning writing, Farrell felt that a writer reaches his peak in his later years, when his scope has widened. He said, moreover, that writers are so envied and sometimes despised by other men "because they might speak beyond the grave."

His own training, Mr. Farrell said, had not been primarily in English literature but in sociological fields. Among the authors he has read he mentioned Whitehead, Dewey, and Bertrand Russell, as well as Freud and William James. Some of the novelists he mentioned included Gide, Sherwood Anderson, whose "Tar" he read while working in a gas station, and Henry James, "even though the 'Partisan Review' hadn't found him yet."

Mr. Farrell ended his talk by answering some of our questions. Asked what forces today upon which a writer should concentrate, he said that one can't make such a statement and that to start with such a premise "is heartless manufacture."

There was a reception afterwards for Mr. Farrell in Albee Social, and there a number of us were able to talk with him in more comfortable surroundings. Seated with a cup

of coffee in his hand, Jarrell looked like a leper chain as he peered through his thick glasses and delivered a number of bons mots. The course of the evening, roundly complimented the dies, decried the publish trade as leeches, and expressed indignation at all who live other people's money. He gave the following definition of sociologist. "A sociologist," he, "is a person who spends \$50,000 of someone else's money to find out the address [a brothel.]" He spoke with affection of his son, who is a student, and showed the wariness of an established writer toward those who are starting. The conversation turned particular writers, and Mr. Gore Vidal was mentioned. Farrell said, "I don't think I told Gore Vidal to be a gunman."

The next morning Mr. Jarrell read some of his poems. He recently started writing poems again, and in this of complexity and obscurity his are refreshingly simple. Can think of no better way end this record of James Farrell's visit than by quote one of them.

NOSTALGIC-MOOD

These slight spring winds
Form a frail
And trembling bridge
To Yesterday.
Across their precarious street
I move
Delicate sentiments
That shudder
With the swinging bridge
And their own shaking
Waves.
Yet they move relentlessly
At my command
Back to you.

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