



The Bardian

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Psychology Panel To Discuss Values

This week-end Dr. Werner Wolff, with his Anthropological Psychology class, will conduct a panel discussion dealing with "Culture and Values." The panel will begin at 10:00 this Saturday, November 22, and last until 12:30. Along with Dr. Wolff, Moisha Kubinyi and Karl Wedemeyer will act as moderators.

The class, in its Wednesday morning seminars, has been engaged in a study of problems such as the meaning of the word "race," the difference between culture and a Culture, and values predominating in primitive civilizations. Contemporary values were also taken up and from this came the idea of holding a panel on the same subject.

Printed sheets have already been sent to the various speakers outlining the main points of discussion. Included are such topics as: Materialism, Myth, and Religion, "The Relationship between Science and the Arts," "The Conflict between Personal and Cultural Values," "The Dual Standard System in our Modern Society," and "The Meaning of Success in our Society."

Each member of the panel will represent a different walk of life and, necessarily, a different viewpoint. Taking the Philosopher's point of view will be Dr. Louis Otto Mink, Professor of Cultural Philosophy at Wesleyan University. Dora Lee, now teaching at Vassar, will represent the Anthropologist. Representing the Arts will be Henry Billings, President of Artist's Equity. Eric Wedemeyer, a Long Island Manufacturer, will present the side of the Businessman, and John Glynn from the M.S.A. center on the Zabriskie Estate will give the Working Man's views.

Each person is expected to speak for about eight minutes, generally following the outline presented him, but bringing in any other points he may deem pertinent. After the group as a whole has finished speaking, prepared questions will be asked the panel by students and faculty members representing different fields of study at Bard. During this time, questions from the rest of the audience will be welcomed. The panel will end in an attempt to correlate the various viewpoints presented.



John J. Glynn

Director of the Bard MSA project, Mr. Glynn will speak this Saturday as a member of the Psychology panel "Culture and Values." Of Storrs, Connecticut, he formerly acted as co-ordinator of the labor program in the Labor-Management Institute at the University of Connecticut.

Lit. Club Plans Greek Week-End

Dig into your trunks and book-cases! Find those volumes of Greek tragedy, dust them off well and shake out the chitons and sandals! On the week-end of December 12, the Literature Club will bring Greek culture in all its glory to Bard.

Mark Van Doren is expected to open the week-end on Friday night, December 12, with a keynote speech entitled "The Greek Poet as an Artist." It is hoped that Robert Fitzgerald and Gilbert Highet will contribute to the Saturday afternoon forum. All three events will take place in Bard Hall. Following each there will be a reception.

The theme of the Saturday night dance will be Greek Literature and Culture. All are invited to attend in authentic dress.

In the future, the Literature Club is planning several co-operative programs which should prove interesting not only to students of the Literature Division, but to students of the various other departments. Paul Nordoff will present a program of his accompaniments to Elizabethan Ballads and French Symbolic Poetry. Dr. Fred Crane will represent the Social Studies Division with a talk on "The Problems of the American Writer in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries."

Artist's Role In Society Presented As Topic Of UNESCO Report

Last night, Mr. Harvey Fite, of the Arts Division, gave a report on the UNESCO International Conference of Artists, held in Venice, Italy, September 22-28, 1952.

The principal fields of discussion at the UNESCO conference included: the role of the artist in society, international laws which would apply especially to artists, and laws regarding the handling and reproduction of works of art. There were delegates from forty different countries, and also from five non-governmental organizations.

The conference was divided into five committees: one each for the visual arts, magic, literature, theater, and cinema.

Mr. Arthur Honegger, in his preliminary address on music, said, "In modern society, the composer is obviously in the most vulnerable position in this year of grace—or, if you like, disgrace—1952." Mr. Honegger's reason is that the composer's entire life is dedicated to producing a commodity for which there is no demand. He goes so far as to say that talented young composers should not be "discovered," but discouraged, for there are too many for the market.

He explained that modern audiences come to concert halls not to hear the music, but to admire its execution. There is a natural distrust of unfamiliar compositions. New works empty the halls, because the great conductors are

expected to perform from their old reliable repertoire.

The committee on visual arts discussed five main points: a) the artist's relations with the public authorities, b) the artist's relations with those who commission his work, c) the artist's relations with the public, d) the artist's relations with the art critics, and e) the artist's relations with each other.

The literature and cinema committees were largely concerned with the problem of censorship. The draft resolution by the committee on films proclaimed that an international judicial board which could be formed, would render decisions on censorship. This board would replace the various inadequate systems prevailing in most countries at the present time. Another film resolution declared that script writers should receive greater billing than they do at present. The committee requested national governments to eliminate all prohibitive taxes and dues regarding installation and production, and to take steps toward an international exchange plan, which would guarantee the professional training of young people wishing to devote themselves to the cinema.

The visual arts committee, considering the fact that sculpture and architecture are not sufficiently represented in world-wide organizations, recommended that UNESCO set up an international to be located in UNESCO House, (Continued on Page Five)

Regimentation In Education Theme Of Bard Conference

Ernest O. Melby, Dean of the School of Education of the New York University, was the keynote speaker at Bard's Third Annual School and College Conference, held here on November Sixth. His topic, "Can Education Escape Regimentation," was indicative of the theme of the conference, which stressed learning from, and through, people as well as books. Dean Melby feels that schools and communities can benefit immeasurably from each other by working together for a better understanding of their aims and objectives, and that with a more universal understanding of their educational goals, schools will be

much less prone in outside attack and/or control.

President Case, Dr. Bluecher, Allan V. Heely—Headmaster of the Lawrenceville School, and Willis Thomson—Principal of the New Rochelle High School, participated in a discussion of the ideas brought out by Dean Melby. President Case commented on the significance of Bard's community government. Dr. Bluecher discussed the underlying philosophy of the experimental core course, which aroused a great deal of interest. Mr. Heely and Mr. Thomson discussed the types of methods suggested by Dean Melby taking examples from public and private secondary schools.

EDITORIAL

Our Bard co-op store has just announced a profit of \$999.06 for the fiscal year, and has declared a five percent dividend to the store membership. On the surface, the operation of the Co-op has been a financial success for the past year.

However, on the basis of the preceding figures and a comparable cost-income relationship, the co-op will incur a deficit for the current fiscal year.

PROFIT?

Total Gross Profit	\$16,065.11
Total Expenses	16,317.22
Operating Loss for Year	252.11
Reimbursement from College for Summer Session	
Before the Store Became a Cooperative	551.17
Reimbursement from College for Special Wages	700.00
Net Profit	\$ 999.06

This impressive profit is derived from the \$551.17 which the college administration gave the store to make up the deficit incurred during the summer of 1951, before the store became a Co-op, and the \$700.00 reimbursement for special wages. Therefore, if the money received from the college is not taken into account, it is evident that the store has incurred a net loss of \$252.11.

Though the administration was not going to reimburse the co-op for the deficit this past summer, it put continual pressure upon the management of the store to remain open all summer. The college conducts the summer sessions at a profit, and therefore should make up the loss entailed this year, inasmuch as the store was kept open as an attraction for students, and as a good-will gesture, rather than as a money making enterprise.

The Co-op store has to take care of mail distribution, which has a labor cost of \$65.00 a month. Also, the store has now started a check-cashing service, as it is believed that such an activity is its duty since the student bank has been discontinued. Mail-room, bank, and store are all services that one would expect in a community of this type—especially in view of the high tuition.

The administration argues that it has a \$4,000.00 investment in the store, and that it does not charge rent for space used by the store. The administration has already indicated that it would gladly step aside if the store could pay this sum. However, the paradox here is found in the fact that the Co-op will never be able to make a profit unless given a free hand.

THE BARDIAN SUGGESTS THAT THE ADMINISTRATION TAKE INTO CAREFUL CONSIDERATION THE FOLLOWING POINTS:

- 1) An important basis for any Co-op charter is that it should be for the benefit of the members, and should be in operation only when those members deem such operation advantageous.
- 2) All members of a Co-op should have one vote, regardless of the size of the individual investment. Thus, if Co-op members decide to suspend operations for a period (such as during the summer session) it is their prerogative.
- 3) The wonderful spirit shown by the administration at the birth of the Co-op and manifested in its generous contribution of space and maintenance seems incompatible with its present attitude that it is owed services in lieu of rent.

The Bardian sincerely hopes that the commendable job Mrs. Teator and the store committee are doing will not result in another wasted community effort.

Ave atque Vale

by Pogo

My battle was brave but I lost it;
No president now will I be.
The coin fell on Ike when they tossed it;
There wasn't a third side for me.

Farewell to my loyal supporters!
Farewell to the sessions so smoky!
I'll pack up my grip and my garters,
And . . .
Head back to the Okeefenokee.

(M. M.)

The Bardian

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"I disapprove of what you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it."—Voltaire

From the President's Desk

by J. H. CASE, Jr.

I am the very model of a modern college president.
 I'm always on the job, though nearly always a non-resident,
 I tour about the country to assemblies gastronomical
 And make all sorts of speeches from sublime to broadly comical,
 I keep the trustees calm and the alumni all benevolent,
 Restrain all signs of riot and publicity malevolent,
 I know the market-value of each wage-slave professorial,
 And how much less he'll take for honorarium tutorial,
 I'm on to all the low intrigues and rivalries divisional,
 And on the budget how I wield my fountain-pen excisional!
 So though I pile up mileage being generally non-resident
 I am the very model of a modern college president!

Harold A. Larrabee
 (With apologies to W. S. Gilbert)

There you have it. Of course I may not actually be the very model, etc., but I am, indisputable, generally non-resident. And all the time I'd much rather stick around here than have to carry the story of Bard—and pass the hat for Bard—all around the place.

This year, even more than usual, it's a question of money—money to keep the Bard show going the way it ought to go. Not all the hat-passing means travel. Today, for example, I am signing a couple of hundred letters to your parents asking for their help. But mostly it does mean travel—New York chiefly, but other cities too.

Wish me luck and freedom from road blocks. When the job is done I'll be glad to stay home. And the job, after all, is on behalf of the whole community—so here I go again. And, again, wish me luck.

I mix with all the business kings—the Lions and the Rotary,
 Of heiresses and oil-tycoons I am a hopeful votary.

* * * * *

I've shaken every human hand that's manicured and squeezable,
 I pass the hat among the rich, the buck wherever feasible!
 So though I pile up mileage being generally non-resident,
 I am the very model of a modern college president.

The Stranger In His House

by MARTIN JOFFE

One morning Wallace Collen awoke to find a bear asleep by his bed. He arose, dressed and washed, and returned to his room to find the bear still asleep. It was about five feet long, with blackish-brown hair covering all but a part of its face. He petted it gently but it arose with a start. The bear growled and backed away slightly. It would have backed further away, but the room was too small. Wallace could see it was not a friendly creature. He approached it again, and this time secured a rope about its neck. "I must domesticate this creature," Wallace said softly. "Sit down," he commanded, but the bear remained standing. "Ah, this one is accustomed to soft-spoken requests," thought Wallace. He opened the door and stated, "I am leaving now. Will you come?" The bear followed him out the door and across the lawn.

After a few weeks of familiarity, there grew up an understanding disdain between the two. When Wallace asked something of the bear it would do it, but only with a sullen expression and a few growls. Once when the bear, spying some meat in a butcher shop, made for it, Wallace called angrily to it. And when the bear, pretending not to hear, walked into the plate-glass door, Wallace roared with laughter. "What a clumsy and uncivilized beast this is," Wallace said. The bear gazed at him and thought, "Is this the ass that will contain me for the rest of my days? He is no body or mind to work with."



Three days later, when visiting a few of his friends, in the city, Wallace thought he heard a few words coming from the other side of the room where the bear was lying down. Without turning he addressed a few questioning phrases to the bear to which it seemed to be replying. Cautiously, he moved toward the bear only to find that one of his friends, while hiding behind a sofa, was actually the owner of the voice. This greatly annoyed Wallace. "So they are making fun of my bear," he thought. It was not that he liked the bear, but it still belonged to him whether he wanted it or not. And he hated the bear now because it gave his friends an opportunity to make fun of him.

He noticed quite often that when he would be walking down the street, the bear would look at all the pretty young girls and bare his teeth. It was at times like these that Wallace greatly feared what the bear would do if it ever got loose. Although he admired the bear's taste, Wallace would raise his hand as if to strike the bear. He never touched the bear, since whenever he made a move the bear would cower and subside.

Wallace's fears were, in short time, to be justified. It was New Year's Eve, and Leni was having her traditional party to which she invited all of her departed husband's friends. For Wallace, this was the affair of the year, and this time he promised himself that he

would drink some, carouse more, and all in all have a better night than any New Year's Eve before.

While dressing in preparation, Wallace suddenly thought of the bear. "I have allowed this beast of mine to stand in my way too long. Tonight I shall make use of him. After all, it is a distinguishing feature, bringing a bear to a New Year's Eve party." He chuckled in anticipation of the jealousy of the men at the party, as well as the admiration of the girls upon seeing him and the bear walking in together.

As he entered Leni's apartment he noted to his satisfaction that most of the guests had already arrived. His hopes were more than justified by the envy of the men and the squeals of delight elicited from the girls. Before an hour had passed Wallace had consumed at least four highballs. Before three hours had passed, he was asleep on the couch in the dining-room. The bear, being intolerably bored by all the funmaking, slipped out of the back door and went down the service stairs to the street. There were still many people up, since it was only two o'clock on New Year's Day. The bear, after making sure that he was unobserved, ran to the park just a block away.

Under cover of night he crept from tree to tree, always being careful to conceal himself as much as possible. "I am free for at least two hours. "He," the bear snarled with contempt, "won't wake for a while. He doesn't yet know how to drink."

At that moment two couples walked by the bush behind which he was hiding. The bear crawled stealthily about and jumped in front of the group. One couple froze on the spot, while the other girl fainted and the man ran away. The bear swatted the couple standing and proceeded to devour the two girls. "I must return," he thought, "he will soon be awakening."

The bear, with conscious grace, leaped from the scene and was soon back at Wallace's side. "I must have fallen asleep," Wallace said aloud as if to convince himself that he was now truly awake. He spied the bear, and gazing incredulously at it, asked "What happened to you? Your mouth and face are covered with blood!" A terrifying picture seared his mind. "Quickly, let us leave," Wallace said, wiping the blood from the bear's face. They left quietly by the service stairs and sped out the door. Wallace was so distraught a condition that he did not notice that he was being pulled toward the park. The bear stopped at the spot where the remains were. Wallace stared in horror born of fear, with alcoholic overtones. The bear, noting that Wallace's attention was diverted from himself, crept away into the trees. He turned back, but only for a second as he heard Wallace's voice cry out

"It wasn't me. The bear did it. I swear it wasn't me. I wouldn't do a thing like that."

The bear spied a brownstone house and as he climbed the stairs he heard the church bell strike five. "Thank God it's a holiday tomorrow, so I can get some sleep," the bear mumbled.

THE FORTRESS

(A Psalm)

My house is small,
Fragile as a fallen leaf.
Outside my paper door all is ablaze.
The man-high flames whirl filth.
I am as a breathing space in Hell.

Oh, but the walls of my house shall harden.
They shall become sharp flint.
Sharp towers shall rise sun-high.
And armed warriors shall people the cruel turrets.

But inside, ah inside, shall be Heaven.
There shall be ornaments of gold and white marble.
Crystal shall sing its song.
And there shall be music.

I shall stand within, my arms wide open,
Waiting for the walls to crumble,
And for spring to enter in.

by MARTIN DINITZ

Three

Spring

by MARTIN JOHNSON

I ask a question fully
of race prettiness of
dullards and undefined
quizzical statements
of factual fancy—

NEITHER for the Spring violets
Bursting from green carpets in
Persia
(We think of Omar)

NOR for the inkling of my
newest fondness

(I feel the pressure in a
tunnel and must swallow)

INDEED a most tender sizeable
shoot of succulent bamboo grinds
between my molars

and this is my spring . . .

FOR fortunate is wordless here
To find my life in a specially
fabricated season

for
ME,

why not

I blow the gray pin-wheel
dandelion

With each breath goes one gray
cell

in springtime
In Springtime it is time

To be as a bamboo shoot
And tickle the rim of heaven

NOW
is springtime.

Returning

Joy is not determined
By new sensuality, so close to earth.
Smiling thighs—a mockery—
Certainly not worth
One tear from your widened eyes,
One scar imposed by frightened lies,
Or a sob at dusk.

I know the child becomes curious
And craves prettier toys,
Yet sated he later returns
To playing blocks
And familiar lead soldiers.

Are they worth it?
Traded for a tear, a scar, a sob?
Oh newness, newness—
It's my soul you rob.

by MARTIN JOHNSON

VIGNETTE

Gently as the voice of a dove,
A dying leaf glides twisting to the earth.
Mellowed by a single summer's warmth,
It bows calmly to mortality.
This leaf is not alone.
T'is but a droplet in earth's saddest shower.
The twilight sun, all-wise,
And I
Shall ne'er forget this hour.

by MARTIN DINITZ

. . . Past - Present . . .

That was long ago—yes, yes—. Guess, what a rut
I got myself to, neighbors asking did I know
all what was happening. And me? I just stayed put . . .
that was long ago.

I said, 'just talk' I said, his drinking hard and go-
ing with a girl at Hank's till I went. Oh . . . a slut
she was, terble word to say, but, for her it's so.

taking him from me, his WIFE. Oh! I could've cut
her with a knife, I was so mad . . . I didn't, though
with words I did. And him? He left me—yes, yes—but
that was long ago.

by DIANNE MUSSER

RIVERAPIDS

Swirl-foam pourushes through boulderocks.
I, cliff-high and straddle-set, look down,
Like the straight great pines beyond the gorge.
Waters' power-patterns never stop.
I, pine-tall, am surely emperor of this
Torrent-fall.

by MARTIN DINITZ

The Moment After

by ANDY WING

The child, a small girl, lay
there. The sun leaped down upon
her with a force created by its
noonday brilliance. It was a chaos
of light, a burning inferno throw-
ing itself in one fierce moment of
blazing intensity on that place
where she lay.

That instant the sun reacted
as a fanatic, like a drummer
building the rhythm up to a cres-
cendo, then with a sudden clash,
one flash of the head, his stick
comes mightily down upon the
shimmering brass cymbal, the solo
ended, the music drifting on as it
had been before: like a man
standing on a soap box surround-
ed by a vibrant shrieking mob,
trying to speak, maddened by the
intensity of his frustration and
tormented by the crowd's will to
make him abdicate his flimsy

wooden throw, then falling into
the mass, still gesticulating, wildly
screaming, still there but lost in
himself.

The sun had seen; the sun had
felt; the child was dead. All that
there was now was the past, a
remembering, a sight of a huge
truck rumbling forward, the little
girl dashing across the street, the
piercing sound of the tremendous
weight straining back, a ghastly,
quiet crash, and an infinitesimally
small, mashed body.

The sun came down as brightly
as it should come down at noon
on a summer day. People were
there; the memory was there but
the moment was over. They all
stood, a quiet murmuring passing
between them. Silently shining
down, the sun could do nothing
but light the street.

Poem

by MIKE ZUKERMAN

"Why is there struming
on the winds this night
waters,"
moans the quay?

"Misty-eyed Jane
sits warm-round above
with rumbling-roan-guitar,
sending a song
where gray fulls smash
the purple deep
with watery-moon-choked-cry:
a watery song to a watery grave
a love-lorn lullaby.

"Why does she strum
on the winds this night
waters,"
moans the quay?

"Jane's brown eyed guy
asleep in the deep,
the purple deep,
rocks with the drifting tide."

1952 Bandwagon

Conclusion

The Puritan Revolution

by

Robert J. Koblitz

Assistant Professor of Government

The Crusade is over, and the Roundheads are in office, or soon will be. Korea, Communism and Corruption—conscripted, deep freezes, five percenters, "Pinkos" and Alger Hiss—bungling, bureaucracy and Big Labor: the battle standards are at rest and the gory heads have begun to pale in the daylight. The rascals are out. The Crusade is over. Now we may ask, what happened? What was gained? What lost? What next?

There is something awesome and wonderful and frightening about the *vox populi*, something of magic that suggests slight of hand, something of mystery and miracle. The voice was decisive, but what did it say? As is the custom, the oracle spoke last November 4 in the classic form of a riddle:

The Cavalier clips off his curls,
Digs out the mink-ed Roundhead churls.
Forward to the distant past!
How long will the triumph last?

It is our faith that we accept the popular verdict. It is our pragmatic temperament that we don't waste time figuring out riddles.

It would appear that General Eisenhower won a personal victory, exorcised with his magic name and the taboo of Hooverilles and breadlines. The Republican victory was the triumph of a new conservatism over a New Deal liberal inertia. The coalitions of the thirties, along with the pale issues of the New and Fair Deal, are gone. Political loyalties are in flux. The people will not be contained in old issues. New forces are seeking new expression.

The Democratic defeat was a judgement passed on a record in office. It was not a rejection of accomplished changes, but boredom at stale victories. For fourteen years the Democrats have been caretakers: during the war they headed a coalition government, with businessmen safely operating the economy from dollar-a-year posts; the Congress has been under the control of Republicans and Dixiecrats; foreign policy has been "bi-partisan" and often more Republican than Democratic; it has been a decade of deadlock, stalemate, stalled at dead center. The achievement of stability, even at the cost of integrity, unity at the cost of forgotten promises and order at the cost of growing inequity is no little accomplishment. The Democrats deserve applause for their skill on the high wire—but the audience likes to see the tightrope walker take a tumble. Without mission, save compromise, without vision, save survival, there comes an inevitable loss of moral fiber; corruption is the converse of frustration. It seems that the electorate merely turned the Presidency over to the coalition that had so long been dominating the national legislature. Reluctantly—as the narrow Congressional margin demonstrates—responsibility was given to the other party to rule.

For the "liberal" cause, not everything was lost. To begin with, there was not a great deal to lose. It has been a long time since a truly progressive administration controlled the national government, and we should not forget the disappointments of the Truman administration. And the voters registered some welcome changes. In place of McKeller, Kem, Cain and Ecton we now have Gore, Symington, Jackson and Mansfield—certainly a decided gain. But the Crusade brought victory to Jenner, Bricker and McCarthy, and Benton and Moody are lost with the infidels. Kennedy and Cooper (Kent) are at least as good as the men they replaced. When we get a chance to size up the House the picture may change, but at the moment it does not look like a catastrophe.

There has been, however, one great gain for liberalism. It will no longer be necessary to stifle criticism out of deference to a compromised Democratic administration. The Republicans bear the whole burden, of omission and commission. Perhaps the Dixiecrats can finally be wedded to their Northern Republican colleagues, perhaps the Populist forces of the South can be rallied in a new Democratic Party, perhaps labor (the rank and file as well as the timid leaders) can awaken to the need for a vigorous coalition. If the Republicans err, as err they must, there may be new allies in abused farmers, blasted conservation and power projects of the South and West, broken unions, bitter minority groups. There is still a high potential in programs for better housing, medical care and subsidized food prices (Brannan Plan). A great opportunity, the lost opportunity of 1938, is here for a new program. Liberalism must go beyond Roosevelt, especially the tired and defeated Roosevelt of the forties, and recapture a new mission—a new crusade . . .

Finally, the great issue of the next years will be foreign policy. I believe the next months will bring home anew the tragic mistakes of American leadership since the war. It is not enough to stop Russia, we must go somewhere. Peace is not the absence of war, an uneasy truce, but a constructive adjustment to vast world changes. One may hope that a new Democratic Party, under the promising leadership of Governor Stevenson, may use the opportunity of relief from office to fashion not only a critical but a positive program, free from the confusion and muddle of the last few years, awake again with the promise of popular and progressive government.

Regimentation In Education

(Continued from Page One)

Paris. It is expected that this group will stimulate international culture cooperation, and will defend the economic and social position of artists on an international level. Other resolutions from this committee were concerned with reproduction rights of works of art, copyright, and exhibition.

The literature committee urged

that since creative writers do not work exclusively for personal profit, but contribute to the culture of their countries, their taxes should be determined on a different scale from that applied to commercial profits.

Other resolutions declared that works of art should be permitted to flow among countries without restrictions and duties. A cross reference filing system, available to all artists, should be set up to enable the artist to collaborate with greater ease.

The Rhinebeck Gazette



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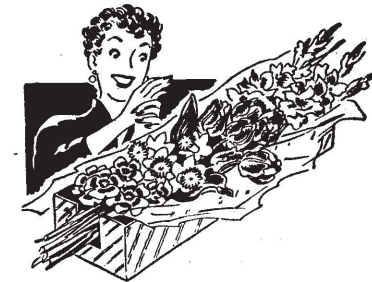
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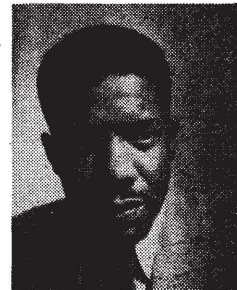
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Five

Concert Review: Ozen Marsh

by
Irving Dworetzky

On Monday evening, November 10, Mr. Ozen Marsh gave a piano recital at Bard Hall that showed him to be an artist of high rank. His playing exhibited a rare combination of intellectual awareness, emotional warmth and sensitivity. It was strikingly individual, yet always sane, extraordinary for wealth of imagination and satisfying in many respects.

Mr. Marsh made known virtuosity of the highest order, and uncommon musicianship. The crowning characteristic was a ravishingly beautiful tone, unique in its velvetness and limpidity, and capable of the widest range of colour effects. It was a tone that always sang, and maintained its fascinating quality under all dynamic conditions.

His seriousness of purpose was exemplified by the program he presented. It opened with the Variations in F minor by Haydn. This led to the Sonata in C by Busoni, two Poemes from Scriabin, and Prokofieff's Toccata. The second half of the schedule was devoted to a first performance of the pianist's own Sonata, two Chopin etudes and his first Polonaise.

Like the majority of the younger pianists of this generation, Mr. Marsh was on the least congenial territory with the classical music in his exacting if not well-balanced program. But as soon as he left Haydn behind him, and entered the modern field of Busoni and Prokofieff, he was in his real element and results became noteworthy.

The formidable difficulties of the Busoni and Prokofieff held no terrors for Mr. Marsh, who performed them with the full bravura in the authentic grand manner demanded. There was dramatic fire, power and sweep to the readings. The colouring was masterly, both in the subtly treated pages

of delicate lyricism, and those asking the utmost in expansiveness of utterance. Architecturally, as well, they were interpretations that were fully worthy of the compositions and capably realised its intentions. Nowhere in either opus was there a hint of overstatement, or a tone that was not a caress to the ear.

But still more admirable was the playing of the Chopin etudes and Polonaise. The tone grew mellower here, the tints more prismatic, the music more deeply and sensitively discouraged. Though the final piece by Frescobaldi, brought on by audience request, was over almost as quickly as it started, we have rarely heard anything where the poetical content was so completely understood and affectingly projected by the performer.

Against Mr. Marsh's artistic qualities must be placed certain immaturities and superficialities of approach. As a composer he failed to make as pronounced an impression. His composition was eclectic, and though carefully contrived, was too much like a mere technical exercise and too facile in moving one to another sharply varying styles to arrive at any heights of inventiveness. In his program he presented the surface more than the depths of the music he traversed. Seldom were there the fundamental differences of style as well as of interpretive approach that strongly contrasted compositions demanded. There was always fluency a-plenty, and usually excitement, but there were inconsistencies of tempi and of treatment.

Mr. Marsh has qualities that should carry him far if he can mature in his thought as well as his emotions, and above all cultivate the sense of form, proportion, sequential development and self-control.

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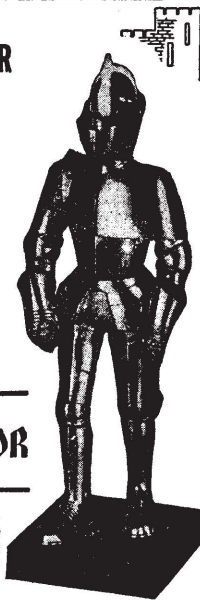
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