Primitive Magic Scheduled For Hallowe’en Night

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

The Social Studies Club is sponsoring the talk as well as a panel discussion on Saturday morning, November 1, in which Professor Turney-High, Doctor Wolff, Doctor DeGre, and Reverend Fussell will discuss some of the ideas presented on Friday evening.

Professor Turney-High is the author of General Anthropology, published by Crowell, and is currently engaged in writing a book on primitive magic. He is head of the Department of Anthropology and Sociology at the University of South Carolina. In addition to this, he teaches for the army of the Provost Marshall’s General School at Camp Jordan. In addition to this, he teaches for the army of the Provost Marshall’s General School at Camp Jordan.

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

Henry IV: Premiere and Analysis

This week-end the Drama Department presents a thought-provoking and exciting drama by Pirandello. An outline of the plot appeared in last week’s Bardian and questions involved will help to further an understanding of the play.

The plot of Henry IV involves a man who became mad and regained his sanity, only to find that he must retain his role of madman. The protagonist known only as “Henry IV,” had been studying the history of this king of Germany in preparation for a parents in which his beloved was to masquerade as his namesake, Matilda, Marchioness of Tuscany. During the pageant procession, Henry was thrown from his horse and suffered, as a consequence, from the delusion that he was in fact Henry IV, at Canossa. In order to sustain him in his insane masquerade, Henry’s nephew Di Noli arranged for several rooms in his villa to be furnished as an 11th century merchant’s chamber, etc.; hired four young men to be his counsellors; and made available a huge wardrobe for any who wished to visit him, since everyone had to disguise themselves as characters of the same period in order to appear before him.

Henry’s drama unfolds when Di Noli, attempting to satisfy his mother’s last wish concerning her brother, once more brings a psychiatrist to interview his uncle. Along with the doctor and Di Noli come the latter’s fiancée who is the daughter of Matilda, and the Dona Matilda herself, accompanied by her current lover. The doctor is effecting his “violent trick,” calculated to shock Henry into sanity, while simultaneously Henry is revealing to his courtiers the fact that he has been sane for many years. At the precise moment that the ghastly scheme is being carried out by Di Noli and Frida in the throne room, Henry’s courtiers tell the others that the madman is sane. They all rush into the throne room and, after the confusion is settled, Henry explains what happened to him from the time of the accident to the present. His delusion, he says, lasted for twelve of the twenty years during which he was considered mad, and that his memory gradually returned until he was fully aware of his peculiar situation in life and time. That is, he succeeded in returning to the twentieth century from the eleventh, but it was a return to the time of the pageant twenty years before. He had to realize all the implications of the fact that, although his former friends had turned just as gay as he, he had grown old as Henry IV, without ever knowing that he was becoming old. This meant for him the testing of his hypothesis: political predisposition helps to determine the public’s outlook on issues.

Each interviewer will survey a neighborhood by following a predetermined pattern; he will have the houses he is to call upon chosen beforehand by a random sampling system. In this way, Bob feels that he can reach a fair and varied cross-section of all types of people from different social and financial strata. The time chosen for conducting this poll (4:00-9:00 p.m.) is also pertinent, since the early evening will find most men and women at home.

To dispel the citizen’s apprehension of the interviewer, the latter will be rehearsed in the delivery of a reassuring preliminary talk. The fact will be included that he is representing “The Hudson Valley Opinion Research Council affiliated with the Bard College Social Studies Department.” This title is intended to sound sufficiently important to gain the questioned person’s confidence. The interviewer will then go on to explain that he wishes truthful answers and not just those (Continued on Page Eight)

BCFD to Buy New Truck

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

Last Friday noon the BCFD had its first Mutual Aid call of the season. The Bard fire fighters succeeded in saving a building by confining a blaze to an old wooden ice house on the property of Mr. Richard Aldridge in Barrytown.

A new fire engine is currently planned to replace the out-dated red Chevrole truck with a newer and more effective fire fighting unit. About $700 will have to be raised for that purpose.
Dear Mr. Hayes:

In view of the recent tuition increase by $300, it is regrettable that a service that was in operation on the Bard campus since 1943 was discontinued. We refer to the student bank. After studying a detailed letter of explanation to the Bardian from the Bursar, Mr. Ernest Hayes, Council still felt the need for some kind of bank facility.

In agreement with some of the arguments advanced by Council, the BARDIAN would like to take this opportunity to answer some of the points made in Mr. Hayes’ letter, which was previously posted on the Council Bulletin Board.

Dear Mr. Hayes: You write that the bank was kept open to avoid accumulations of cash in the dormitories. The BARDIAN disagrees with your contention that it has failed to do that, by virtue of the fact that “not uncommonly” withdrawals and checks cashed totaled $1,000 a day. Your use of the words “not uncommonly” does not necessarily imply that huge amounts of cash lay around in the dormitories, if this money was withdrawn before week-ends for travel and other unusual expenses. Furthermore you point out that:

“All, it seemed not inappropriate to recognize the maturity otherwise recognized in progressive education in the transition from high schools to college by assuming that college students are here as elsewhere where are no less capable than the students of yesteryear and can learn to manage their own money, which involves learning the personal uses of banking facilities, such as are available at Red Hook and at home. Also it is not inappropriate to recognize that some students, perhaps, have no way to get to town by themselves nor friends to take them, short of walking, and whose cash requirements on campus are necessarily modest.”

“Presumably, such cash can be kept on the person to spend as necessities arise, and no student bank is needed for amounts of cash that are too modest to give rise to temptation in dorms.”

This argument can be answered in several ways. In particular, we would like to refer to another progressive college. Antioch College does not only believe that a student bank helps a student manage his own affairs but, it has recognized the value of setting up a liberal loan service as well. Since most students know how to handle a bank account by the time they reach college, the problem boils down to the question of whether or not Bard students can keep their money at the Red Hook First National Bank. Most of them are prevented from doing this, because it takes an initial $50 deposit to open an account. The BARDIAN does not consider sums under $50 as “necessarily modest” and strongly believes that particularly those students who have to get along on these “modest sums” should be afforded the same protection and convenience that a bank account insures.

You also defend the suspension of the student bank on grounds of college economy. But we believe with Council that the advantages to the student body to be derived from the reopening of some student bank facility will outweigh by far any possible inconvenience on the part of the college.

Credit Where It’s Due . . .

At Bard we honor the creative person who enriches his community and minds society. We listen appreciatively to the work of composers, view with pleasure the murals, paintings and sculptures of our artists, enjoy the poetry and prose of our creative writers and follow intently the action of the drama and the movements of the crafts.

We are fortunate in being able to reap these fruits of the varied talents at our liberal arts college. Yet we forget at times that the good life act is not confined to the written word. Artists achieve fruition in the sciences and the social studies. The latter are so closely linked to the everyday process of living that we take them for granted and rarely pay them homage.

The Social Studies Division, for instance, can look back with pride on the Cari Schurz Centennial celebration of a few weeks ago. Dedicated educators, philosophers and social scientists, eminent professors and eager students, pondered the challenges facing The Liberal In Our Time. They talked about the values needed to reconstruct our faltering society and cherished the memory of Cari Schurz, the German immigrant whose selfish endeavors in behalf of the emancipation of the Negro, the cause of anti-imperialism, the conservation of our natural resources and civil services reform and all, they fostered the spirit of international understanding by emphasizing the positive values that bind together the German and American people.

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

“Not only myself, but all those in the Department concerned with German affairs are truly overjoyed at the success of the Bard College program on the occasion of the Cari Schurz Centennial.”

I don’t see how your service could have been anything else but a success in the light of the excellent program presented.

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

Letter to The Editor

Dear Editor:

The Community Council is very glad that the BARDIAN is once again serving as a gadfly. We only object to the manner and direction of the work of the gadfly. We agree that the problems of Community Government are perennial; and we agree that the core of this perennial problem is apathy. The unanswerable question, however, remains—whence apathy? Once this is answered, both Community Government and The BARDIAN can attack the problem with full force. We continue to maintain that an apathetic posture is not prevalent in the organs of Community Government. The crux of the problem lies in the blase attitude of the entire Community, faculty, students and administration, which have taken to government setting them no longer seem to possess the initiative to take community problems to the elected governmental committees. This is where the gadfly should strike. Your elected officers can sit in session for the rest of the year grinding out routine work. And Community Government will be getting more than a hoax as long as there exists no vital interest in all the members of the community. Here government leadership, in cooperation with the communications media, has a real job to tackle.

Now, I would like to discuss some specific points that were brought up in your editorial. The first concerns the Budget and the budget committee. Would you hold a Congress of 1952 directly responsible for a specific piece of legislation of a Congress of 1923? Obviously the answer is no. We consider such an attitude unfair and irresponsible. If the BARDIAN is so preceptive to Council legislation, why didn’t the Congress of 1952 do this piece of poor legislation last term, when it was enacted? Council saw the unimportance of the new budget law from the very beginning. We even tried to correct it by extra-legislative procedure through the establishment of an unofficial budgeting body under the direction of the Treasurer of Convocation. What we most strongly object to concerning this particular part of the editorial are the connotations that arise from the word “budgetary.” We feel that the adjustment of the budget is one of the most important functions of your government community. The distribution of five thousand dollars of your money (convocation dues) to your clubs and organizations is one of the most important of the making functions of government. We wish that we could hold innumerable meetings on the details of the budget and that they could be called “convocation meetings.”

A better distribution of community funds means better community activities for our students, a matter of so-called “decoration.” I feel that your editorial has completely “missed the boat.” Convocation meeting is not a dry and pompous (Continued on Page Eight)
It's A Dog's Life

by Jack, As Told To Sue Stephenson

I must say in all modesty that one of my faddish contemporaries, named Laurie, certainly does not have a more interesting past than I have. I have been way, and read my story—after all it did make every newspaper in the country and also some foreign publications, but here it is for those of you who aren't acquainted with me.

Five years ago I was born in the not-so-deep south of North Carolina, and as soon as I was able to withstand the ordeal of being shipped in a crate to New York, I was sent as a gift to my most cherished friend and beloved mistress, Alice Hartman. When a puppy I grew up around children and came to love and watch over them, the best of my canine ability. You see, Alice's mother is the president of the Israel Orphan Asylum in Fair Rockaway, and I liked to feel that my companionship helped the children in some way. Several articles have appeared about me as mascot and pet of the organization. I would walk them to school each day and call for them in the evening. There are a great many pleasant memories of the past. I remember the wonderful romps Alice and I would take along the long and desolate shore. Adventure was the keynote when during our wanderings we would visit the grottos and exotically lived, creaky, tumble-down houses—As you can see I grew used to the unworldliness.

Exactly a year ago, Alice and I turned our attention to the season when an ebb tide would drop us into the ocean. In spite of their efforts to retrieve it, the girls did not succeed. In vain, my two friends attempted to pad­dle the fashion to shore, but the strong rebellious current resisted their struggles. Thus began the terrifying twenty-hour siege of chilling coldness, pain, sense­lessness, and fear for the teenagers. Sensing the danger, I barked for help, but the girls were only hoping to attract someone's attention. As the night progressed, the wind became more and more turbulent and cold while the girls were told to return and protect Nancy, because of the loneliness. Toward morning when a small boat passed close by, the girls screamed, and I barked for help, but again to no avail. Evidently the occupants of the boat thought we were a­way from the shore.

The rowboat drifted toward a swamp garbage-fill­ing area as daylight began to break. My mistress wanted to try to cross the swamps on land, but as the girl got out Nancy collapsed, too weak to continue, so I helped her back into the boat. Then Alice then tried to find her footing on the dangerously deceiving ground filled with quicksand, when she cried out, I saw she wasn't safe and hasten­ed to find firm ground upon which to land. I took her part of the way to shore until I stopped. The best I could do was to try to keep the girls warm and to give them a sense of se­curity. I sat with them during the night. Alice tied a comb onto her collar and told me to go to her and only to return to her as I could. I sat near the three or four miles to shore she called me back, frightened because of the loneliness. Toward morning when a small boat passed nearby, the girls screamed, and I barked for help, but again to no avail. Evidently the occupants of the boat thought we were a­way from the shore.

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

I learned this week that I was being quoted as saying last year that $10,000 would be added to the food budget this year. If I did ever say that, I was certainly living in a land of dreams. There was slightly more than $2,000 added to this year's food budget—and I do remember talking about that last spring. But I also remember thinking earlier in the spring—before the black realities of budget-making had directly confronted me—that a really munificent sum might be allocated to food, and it is quite possible that I mused aloud upon this hope. Also, it was not a nourishing one. Four is the way the budget works. Last year when we were feeding an average of about 247 students we made an allowance for raw food alone of $36,500. During the year as we saw prices rising, a contingency figure of a little more than $5,000 was added to the entire dining commons budget. Of this amount, $1500 was considered directly applicable to the budget item for raw food thus increasing it to $38,500. This means that for each student there was $54 to be used for raw food. The present budget takes our estimate of the average number of 215 students in dining commons this year at last year's per capita cost ($154), then adds $2,025 as increase over last year in raw food allowance. This comes to a per capita cost of $163.50 per student for the current year. For the purpose of simplifying these data non-student users of dining commons should multiply the above number for this year and last and have been omitted in the computations.

It is no answer to complaints to say, "Wait until we have our new dining room and kitchen." That would not be an answer even if I knew—as I am afraid I do not—that a new dining commons and kitchen were just around the corner. Perhaps it is a little more ger­mane to say that our food, so far as I have observed it, is considerably better than the food at many other colleges—excluding some where the fee for board is more and the service less. The best answer is to say—As I know I can say for the dieterian as well as for myself—that Bard will do anything and everything it can to make its students well-satisfied with the food. Any one who has read this far will undoubtedly have seen the catch in the last sentence. Obviously it is the two words "it can." The College simply cannot spend more money on anything this year. We are reluctant any notion, therefore, of purchasing your content­ment with airloin steaks. But even ruling out an increase in costs, there are some things all of us can do. We can receive—and adopt—suggestions, particularly when they are made with the old-world courtesy for which Bard is justly famous. We can make the budget go farther if you will let the dining room know ahead of time how to plan for the week-end so that it need not prepare for fifty people who do not show up. And students can add very considerably to the pleasure of those who are enjoying a meal if they will remain calm when a situation appears that they do not particularly like.

The Institutional Committee, whose chairman, Paul Kolda, made a helpful report to Council this week, can be of great help to Mr. Reddick, to me, and to all of you. This committee met with the Hartman's, representatives of the dieterian, and compliments through this committee. You will find, I know, great eagerness on the part of every one connected with commons to make the meals at Bard a pleasant part of your life here.

Three
Benevolent Shoulder

by John L. Stainton

She shivered with a sudden spasm of guilt and whipped her mind back to the class room. This was a bad thought, a dangerous thought. It gave her a shudder. It was the old thought. It hung pregnant of danger, the danger of the terrible shame-feeling, the danger of the torture yearning. These two torments she had learned to anticipate, but never to avoid. Her own condition sickened her; back to the classroom.

Guilt hung in the air here, guilt of struggling thoughts, guilt of self-sufficiency in a place of clearness and health. The children sat silently, their faces to their books. They looked up, it was not openly but silently from under a veil of guilt. The teacher started over their heads, afraid to meet their eyes, her freckled hands twisting on the desk in front of her like freckled worms hiding their repulsive inadequacy from the sun. The thought came again, and her shoulders shook as it took possession of her against her strength. The thought was very simple—it was of love in a cowboy's hand striking down upon his thigh, and the muscles of the thigh wincing in torture from the cut. It was a hot, clear day, when the cowboy struck his thigh, and as he struck, the day grew clearer, the scene sharpened, and a pang of pleasure almost brought tears to the eyes of the cowboy and the teacher. The scene grew heavy with the intensity of life, and the cowboys' muscles began to throb, and her eyes glittered, in the strength and beauty of the moment. She knew this cowboy, she felt guilty in presuming to share this with her. He was strong, he was big, he lived on a higher, a much higher plane than she. Now she relaxed. There was calm in the classroom again, but no peace, no happiness.

The deep place for her, like a waiting room. It was a place for greeting and staring ahead, for allowing thoughts and fantasies to take over. Why was she in here? She had been pushed by the benevolent shoulders of society, as well as though her friends were playing dolls with her helpless person. She'd loved to read, she'd loved to move, to be, to do anything. It's a useful mercy if she has her books—she's sure hasn't anything else. "She had to eat." But it wasn't that so much, as that she had to contribute. These western townspeople in their deep, burning pleasure, this thought, and it was: we could conceive of no lower disgrace—and hence no lower misery—that this man, who did not contribute, was not a member of any community which was himself and all others in his consideration. And tonight the benevolent shoulder was giving another push, the hardest and farthest push if it had known, and perhaps did, of any push in its treatment of this scranny, freckled schoolteacher. She was going out. She was going out with the command of her fantasy, that fantasy that was filling her, giving her things she'd never had and never hoped for. Not that she had any hopes of the occasion. When she thought of real things she thought in real terms. No, Pete was just being a nice guy, which he naturally was. This occasion was not going to be cruel to her, a punning thing, if anything. Pete would take care of that. Pete was a nice guy, and knew what he was doing, unlike many nice guys who are more cruel in their attempted kindness than in indifference.

The cowgirl approached the schoolhouse on a loping gait, her own easy movements in complete harmony with the scene, were combining to drive the conflict if not from his mind, at least into its own place in the mind, where it could be viewed with ease and perspective. As a wrestler cannot objectively plan the defeat of the opponent who is torturing him, a man cannot deal with a problem which fills his mind until it cannot hold it, tormenting, imprisoning his entire consciousness. The pilloalooped and Pete moved in the same.

A jackrabbit took off from under a cactus and ran along with the horse for a little way, then fell back panting, as great and dim, and long shadows barred the plain. All was beauty, as all at this hour is beautiful, and the cowhand, this man, this beautiful man, forming part of it as he was, was soothed, and that which filled his mind and was all he could feel, took its own place in this scene, this scene which now filled his mind with the beauty of this beauty and its clip on the saddle, and it too was part of the scene, a part of the west, representative of the harsh old ideals. The quick, and the ideals would be firm and good to the hand of he who held it and whom it served, with an uncompromising bite through the foultough stiffness to bring forth the clean strength.

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

When he rode up to the schoolhouse, he found the teacher and his employer leaning against the fence talking. His employer was a large cheerful woman, diminutive, andSpeculate. A good, capable woman, he often thought, and fond of him. She waved and shouted to him, and he he brought the pint into a special hall. He climbed with laughing and began talking right away. He talked to the teacher, making known through his humour what an excellent teacher she was. He loved her, thorouhy and kept the thoughts of her, her, how this fine fully womanly effectuality of hers made him happy to know her, happy to share her company. He made it known that anyone could take a pretty girl out and enjoy her for her prettiness, and the man was sick and tired a man of a woman, of a woman. He was a charming, subtle boy, sometimes he did not feel the same, but they both enjoyed the same.

When the three had climbed into the cab of the ranch woman's pickup, he gently eased the mood into a serious one. The teacher he talked seriously. She stood petrified in the face of a joke, not knowing whether to enjoy or abstain, and horrified at the thought of laughing. She loved the cowboy's company because he could make her feel as if it was of this awesome ceremony. He was a building of blackened, of blackened, of blackened, of blackened. He had sinned by being repulsive and matched so they seemed of real worth in the eyes of this man, she had the deep thrill of being accepted and merited instead of passing through the process of contributing. It was more than simply feeling valued for a moment. It was bringing as what was here into sight and seeing this thing accepted in the eyes of a strong, respected man as real and considerable, if not praiseworthy. There is something, some intimacy, about the glow of the machine. part of it as he was, the machine, part of it is the warmth of knowing that some one is sure enough of your thought to make no special effort to gain it. But most of it is a vague consciousness that this truck, in its power and utility, making no effort to appeal to one except in its worth, is, and its passengers with it, part of the substance of things as they are. So, as the three drove on, they held between them this feeling of belonging; of being integral with what really mastered.

Three Triosets . . .

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

Insight
My dear, it's just a stage
He's going through. You see
It objectively. Just gaze, my dear.
Insight, that thing of life. He's at the Hamlet age,
you know. To be or not to be.
My dear, it's just a stage
He's going through. You see.

Word-song
We heard a word-song freely sing
A melody that soon was gone
When mindrope feel like bells that ring.
We heard a word-song freely sing
When she asked us as to bring it along.
All music near. Before the dawn
We heard a word-song freely sing
A melody that soon was gone.

by Dianne Musser

Three Lyrics

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

The Sky Opened
The sky opened and revealed its secret. The clouds aliopart. The mist cleared. The sun passed humbly over the horizon. The moon awaked its beauty. And the little mistahious stars. The twinkly-tiny stars. Peaked round the edge of heaven. As the sky opened and revealed its secret.

Weltachmers
The hearers waited the music of the spheres. The bud opened, flourishing a rose. The deep clouds gathered Round the glory-albinous. A lilac blew a perfumed violet kiss. And I stood in the middle, Looking stupid.

by Martin Dienitz

Four
Having A Wonderful Time

by Karl Wedemeyer

Dear Cynthia,

Well, as you can see by the postmark, here I am in Old Mexico. The flight down wasn't bad, although George got a little sick, and we waited fairly interesting day drifting through the clouds. (The weather was very slick and only looking. I shouldn't think what would have happened if I had fallen in.) Everyone we met was in a huge one or another. One woman took our picture and developed it in the water right in the bottom of her camc and some people came by and surrounded us with Mexican folk songs. It turned out to be perfect, and you knew they weren't sincere, as they were after the American Dollar, just like everybody else is down here. We had a boy on the last boat who pushed along with a pole and he kept trying to talk to George who knows a little Spanish. Finally, he gave up and came to George found out that he believed himself to be underpaid and had decided that we looked like understanding people. I shook my head at George, but he had already taken an American dime out of his pocket. The boy said Muchas Gracias several times, and you could tell he was pleased. On the way back to the city we saw some native flowers at such ridiculously low prices that I simply couldn't resist. For just a few cents, I was able to get a corsage of gardenias and even a real, live orchid!

Last Friday we went to the Pyramids. They really are something to look at. We saw the ruins of the city where there were simple fabulous mounds on top of which victims were actually sacrificed and a sign across the street, but the crowds usually come on Saturday. We would have to, but I was afraid that if I waited till then we wouldn't have time to fit it in. So we passed a fairly interesting day drifting through the clouds. (The weather was very slick and only looking. I shouldn't think what would have happened if I had fallen in.) Everyone we met was in a huge one or another. One woman took our picture and developed it in the water right in the bottom of her camc and some people came by and surrounded us with Mexican folk songs. It turned out to be perfect, and you knew they weren't sincere, as they were after the American Dollar, just like everybody else is down here. We had a boy on the last boat who pushed along with a pole and he kept trying to talk to George who knows a little Spanish. Finally, he gave up and came to George found out that he believed himself to be underpaid and had decided that we looked like understanding people. I shook my head at George, but he had already taken an American dime out of his pocket. The boy said Muchas Gracias several times, and you could tell he was pleased. On the way back to the city we saw some native flowers at such ridiculously low prices that I simply couldn't resist. For just a few cents, I was able to get a corsage of gardenias and even a real, live orchid!

Saturday we decided to go shopping. George haggled with the driver of the Libre, as usual, before he would let me get in. I think he got some pleasure from trying to argue the fare down at Juarez avenue, across from the Palace of Beautiful Arts, which is simply lovely. Did you know that every building is slowly sinking into the ground because of a buried fire hydrant? We bought a creepy feeling just thinking about it, especially when I'm inside the hotel or someplace where I can actually feel myself being trapped alive. We decided to walk by the sidewalk vendors to see if there was anything worth buying. I wouldn't mind walking in Mexico, as the air is so nice, but it was very well and there are so many beggars of all ages in simply dirty clothes. We ignore as many as we can, but some have to pay to go by. Finally we found some simply adorable silver earrings and necklace set. Naturally, neither George nor myself let on that we wanted it. He told us his price and we immediately walked off. After waiting for fifteen minutes he still wouldn't sell at our price and we wouldn't buy at his, even though he had lowered it quite a bit. We raised our price just a teeny bit, but he still wouldn't. He began telling us, in English, a long story about how he had a wife and two babies to feed, so we pretended we weren't interested any more and began to walk off. Then, of course, he called us back and sold us what we wanted, even though he looked like it was breaking his heart. George found out afterwards that we had still paid too much for it. Can you imagine? It doesn't mean much, though, when you change pesos to American dollars I really paid a fabulously cheap price.

Now for the best part of all. Sunday was an election day, which comes every four years. One of the candidates was supposed to be a sure thing, but the other was rumored to be stirring up some. So, probably because they thought things might get dangerous, everyone didn't have to vote was warned to stay off the streets. We read and played gin-rummy the whole day and Monday we found out that not a thing had happened. I was so shocked, naturally we thought that nothing was going to happen, but how wrong we were!

Monday night George and I went to see a movie at the Cine Reforma. When we came out of the theater there seemed to be a lot of excitement going on. When we realized that about a hundred mounted police were riding down the Paseo de la Reforma with drawn swords, away from the city and directly towards us! We decided that we had to get further off on the other side of the street, so we walked over and then turned to watch. As they passed by I noticed that they were all wearing helmets almost like Miner's hats, and seemed very serious about the whole thing. I thought it was about time to go home, but George just kept walking nearer and nearer to the commotion, so all I could do was follow him.

The spot we finally ended up was across the avenue from the American Embassy (paid for by us taxpayers) and near the Hotel Nacional. There were quite a number of Americans in the crowd outside the hotel, and we found out that there had already been some fighting across from the park in the center of town. We were told that at that time the city we were a bomb had been dropped, so it was immediately at the headquarters of the two parties. The side street right around the corner from us was completely blanked by the smoke and people occasionally spoken to by a man with a microphone standing on the back of a small truck. On the Paseo, Army cars and buses of troops were constantly rushing by, or else stopping by the crowd, which usually made angry noises when any of the police or soldiers got too near. George said we should stay for at least a little while to see what was going to happen. I didn't like the way things were going, but I certainly wasn't going to tell him that.

Some men from Texas went right into the crowd to see what was happening. When he came back we asked him, but he said that nobody spoke English. I don't know whether he was brave or just plain dumb. A trolley car tried to turn the corner and go down the side street, but the crowd wouldn't let it so it had to back up. The crowd began to make more and more ugly sounds, and then they all began chanting: "Viva" somebody-or-other. (I think it was Garcia), "Viva Garcia!" Suddenly, just as they had gotten to a pitch, the shouting stopped completely, and as it did so, everybody's attention was drawn to the fact that three popping noises had just come off across the street. I looked at George, but he smiled down at me and said: "They're nothing but fireworks, honey." (Good old, stupid George.) Then, from right next to the Embassy, came this shattering explosion! Before I knew it, the whole group that I had been standing in was making for the hotel and into it as fast as they could, and me with them. A lot of them were laughing, for no reason I can think of, but nobody stepped running! Inside the hotel was a big plate glass window through which we could see the now completely deserted street. Over it hung a layer of screen and, just visible in the place of the street lamps, which seemed to be slowly spreading. Then I, along with several others involuntarily snapped, for we had just seen this man stagger out of the haze, looking like he was going to collapse any second. A couple of men (Mexicans, from what I could tell) put handkerchiefs over their noses and ran out to help him, lifting him into the hotel. He coughed a lot for several minutes, and then actually began to throw up! I became quite disgusted, and told George that I was. After a while the mist cleared away and, after several people had first tested the air ahead of us, we left the hotel. (They had by this time done something with the sick Mexican.) Outside, we could still smell the tear-gas, which is what had been released by the bomb! George wanted to see what was doing in town, but the Hotel was nearby and I made him come straight home with me. I mean, after all, excitement is nice but there should be a limit. The next day we found out that 129 people had been hurt and 6 actually killed! Can you imagine? And we were there!

Yesterday I went to pick up Dorothy. (You know, cousin Dorothy on my Mother's side.) While we were waiting for George to get a Libre, I told her all about the things we had been doing, and I naturally told her about the Revolution we had been in. One of the Mexicans that had been talking climbed down suddenly stopped and said in perfect English: "Now they're calling it a revolution." He turned and looked right at me and said: "Americanos!" (Just like that, "Americanos!"), just like that. "Americanos!" With a large, dispersed crowd and the voice.

Well, I have to cut this letter short because I hear George calling me for some tour or other. But listen, dear, you simply must visit Mexico. The place is simply fascinating and it's an absolute wonderful time.

Love and everything,

[Signature]

Ms. Postmark,
Poem
by Mike Zuckerman

a little while and tomorrow
we'll lose these shining hours of love
into the cold, matriculating practicality
of "the last time," and
having tapped to core
only love's potentiality
will drift into the separated darkness;
you in the golden-ruddy glow
of David's Star, I
in the blazing-blue of Bethlehem's.
a little while and tomorrow
having watched you,
proud-fonned-lady,
turn upon my breast a little girl
with tossled head nudged close
departing affectionate kisses
from adoring lips,
thus all womanhood
becomes within the holding-close
that follows brazen love.
a little while and we shall
be practical tomorrow
little loved one;
we shall pattern a good friendship
in the thousand
blazing noons to come.
we shall walk apart,
together
through the coarse-grained-sands.
we shall touch together,
apart
through the drifting sands.
and when the storms thin out,
the grains grow few,
the blazing thousand noons
grow dusky
none shall know
excepting God, and
he won't tell:
although
perhaps he'll weep . . . perhaps . . .
ofrushing crowds that drift
their silt, their doggerelled
opinions into the shifting gears of love!
no one will lift our gaze,
like hostages so much in love
they face double-barrelled death
smiling bravely, tearfully
through the last threads snapping.

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

1952 Bandwagon: Adlai or Ike

Pro Stevenson

Pro Eisenhower

by Charles Naef

by Russell Hergesheimer

Today nobody can predict with certainty whether Governor Adlai Stevenson will succeed in swaying the majority of the American people away from the popular figure of General Eisenhower. The Republican nominee started the otherwise tight race in the advantageous role of national hero and independent ‘moral crusader.’

Adlai Stevenson has had to enter the campaign without any of these glittering attributes. The average voter cannot associate his name with the high-flying slogans that have become a part of the campaign. The issue, to the citizen must judge him on the basis of the record of past administration policies he endorses, his performance as Governor of Illinois and the closely-reasoned programs and ideas he proposes in his masterly speeches.

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

On October 18 about 100 members of Columbia’s University faculty and staff inserted a full-page advertisement in the New York Times, giving the reasons for their support of Adlai Stevenson: “We believe that his record, his character, and his campaign give promise of a great presidency. He has mastered the issues with courage, candor and eloquence. He has appealed not to unreasonable sentiment but to the sober judgment of the electorate. The high level of his campaign is a landmark in the history of American politics.

“He does not dwell on ‘fearful post-mortem’s’ but addresses himself to the problems before us. We are impressed by his intelligence, humanity, dignity.”

Their elaborate statement continues by examining his affirma tions to communism and McCarthyism, his clearly stated domestic policy, his experience as a civilian administrator and his successful fight against corruption. Then the declaration concludes by setting General Eisenhower’s predilection for relief against Adlai Stevenson’s unfaltering position of strength.

General Eisenhower: “On the basis of his public state ments, some of us once thought that our beliefs and principles were in large measure shared by General Eisenhower. Even as late as July we hoped that we might witness a campaign between two candidates who would address the issues at the highest levels of political responsibility. Instead, his great crusade has degenerated into approval the activities of only one candidate. General Eisenhower has been[80]inconsiderable moneys, has borrowed Democratic planks on a few, and has been, in our opinion, wrongly on the most crucial questions before us.

He has been wrong in waving foreign policy pronuncements, wrong on tidelands oil, wrong on civil rights, surrendering to Taft, wrong in absorbing Nixon, wrong in embracing Jenner, wrong in the McCarthy. We deplore too the attempt in the Republican campaign to exploit the loss of American lives in Korea—which is a national sorrow—as an issue of partisan politics.

Governor Stevenson: “Governor Stevenson has not hesitated to take issue with his Democratic predecessors and has differed with other powerful Democrats. General Eisenhower has declared his support of all Republican candidates, ‘his great crusade’ has degenerated into nothing more than a drive to replace Democrats with Republicans, not just bad Democrats with good Republicans but any Democrat with any Republican, good, bad, or intolerable.

“We do not announce our views in the spirit of those firmly com mitted to one of the two great parties. We believe in the wisdom of the citizens who pick and choose among the candidates of both parties. We believe in the two-party system, but we do not think it can be threatened by electing a great candidate and rejecting a lesser one. We believe that it might have been a service to the country to rehabilitate the Republican party as an agency of nationwide constructive leader ship. We regret that General Eisenhower, by leaning indiscriminately on its most undesirable elements, has thrown away a magnificent opportunity to do so.

“We feel that this is too critical an hour in our country’s history to entrust our destinies and our children’s destinies to a soldier who has served his country well in war but has not mastered the art of civilian statecraft. There is no time for anything less than the wisest, steadiest, and most re sponsible leadership we can find. Therefore we will vote for Adlai Stevenson.”

The history of the 20 year New Deal and Fair Deal Democratic Administration is written in Red. Red is the color of the totals in the yearly Treasury reports; Red is the color of the blood split in war. Red also are the faces of the Democratic leaders because of the scandals that have been uncovered so far and the ones still to come. So disgusting is the graft in the Fair Deal Administra tion that staid Democrat Jim Farley stated, “Now is the time for the Democratic Party to stand up and acknowledge it has been guilty of grave errors. We have made mistakes have come from weakness and vanity in the party’s leadership.” At the same time, Jim Farley was saying this, President Truman was asserting that he knew of no mess in Washington and Governor Stevenson was reiterating this.

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

There has been no peace for the past twelve years. We have never been on a peace footing for during this time we have had the threat or actuality of war. The democrats have had to hang on and faced the scare of a military emergency, because they feared that peace will send our economy into a tailspin. For the Democrats, economic stability seems more important than the 1,449,000 war casualties of the past three Democratic Administrations. The peace plank of this unwritten platform has rotted with twelve years of war.

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

Granted there is more money, but it is a fifty cent dollar. Those who live on pensions have had their buying power cut in half. Two months of unemployment is as bad as a week of the depression.

When Truman said that the budget cutters are playing into the hands of the enemy, he failed to realize that the aim of Russas to destroy us by making this country spend itself into bankruptcy. When do the democrats intend to start balancing the budget? It is a part of their program.

The Prosperity plank of the Republican program to reduce taxes, stop inflation, to protect the farmer, and to destroy the moral decay and corruption which exists in the high levels of government. They will seek an honorable peace in Korea and create a foreign policy of preparedness which will do us honor and be understood by all. The Republicans will not have secret agencies to work out all great public problems hammered out in debates.

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

Seventeen
Henry IV
(Continued from Page One)

There is a certain tension building up between Henry and Belcredi (Ma­
tiled's lover), a tension which is much more profound than might appear in a casual analysis, and which is present in Henry's stab­
ing of Belcredi. There is a great deal of antithetic importance en­
tailed in this act, the comprehen­sion of which requires an under­
standing of what, then in the characters represent and how they may be explained in Pirandellian terms.

Henry IV, a man who finds peace and certainty in a liv­ing a life that is eight hundred years old, that has already happened and can never change. He be­
lieves reality to be something fixed and unchanging, as history or art, and represented by form, uphold­ing his beliefs even if he is called mad by "these hundred thousand others who are supposed to be mad!" He is also convinced that we each wear masks in order to appear to ourselves and to others as we wish to appear, not as who we are. He goes even further when he expresses the notion that his mask and mad­
ness are more real than the mask and so-called sanity of the others, for he is voluntary and con­
scious.

Diametrically opposed to form is life which Henry chooses to recognize in the person of Bel­
credi, the member of "the live world." While he appears in the eternal moment of history, Bel­
credi's existence is in the ever­changing, never-constant flux in which what is true and real to­day may be only illusion tomor­row and the killing of the mask is both involuntary and self-de­
ceiling.

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

Pirandello's concept of the world in terms of reality and illusion or, more generally, "being and seem­ing," is meant to make us ques­tion the truths we are sup­posed to accept. His contribution has been to others, of others and of life. In HENRY IV, as in other plays, he accomplishes this by a Piran­
dellian reversal of roles. Henry is a defeated man in the respect that what was primarily a phil­
osophical choice to remain mad, ultimately became necessity. But if we examine the initial impres­sion that Henry is insane and liv­ing in an essentially non-realistic world of his own invention, fight­
ing against those who wish to recall him to his old life, the con­
clusion assumes a different guise in light of Belcredi's explanation, "It comes to this, then, that it is we who are mad," and Henry emerges triumphant even more killing his adversary. Whether or not we agree with definitions of reality and illusion as fixed and transitoriness, we are bound to give some thought to the mean­ing of the play, and the slightest trace of a question is all that Pirandello requires.

1. He proves this by choosing the daugh­
ter Frieda who looks something like Mafalda did when Henry lost his sanity.

2. Distinction should be made between conventional and Pirandellian points of view. According to the former, Belcredi is reality and sanity, Henry, illusion and madness.

Letter To The Editor
(Continued from Page Two)

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Political Survey
(Continued from Page One)

the person might think would satisfy the interviewer.

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

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

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

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

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

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