Seminar System Appeals To International Bardians

In looking around the campus we found several students being centered by our language majors. Investigation revealed that these particular students were foreign pupils, most of whom are here on scholarships awarded by the Institute of International Education.

One of the students, Eddie Honda of Tokyo, received his B.A. at Tohoku University where he majored in Aesthetic Philosophy. At Bard he is a drama major and is taking courses in Acting and Directing, Shakespeare, Stagecraft, and a course in Sociology that deals with the American community. Eddie has always been interested in the American theatre and hopes some day to direct American plays in Japan. He has had some language difficulty because in Japan she doesn't teach English in grammar rather than conversation.

Deitrich Sperring is also here on a one-year scholarship. When asked what he liked best about Bard, he replied without a moment's hesitation, that it was the fact that we were Co-ed. Deitrich is studying let at Goettingen University in Germany. He has little experience in Social Sciences and is taking many interesting courses dealing with such subjects as the United Nations. This summer, Deitrich spent an enjoyable four weeks living with an American family and acquired a second pair of parents and four new brothers.

"The English seems to have better study habits, but the Americans have more fun," says Marley Stureck from Seven Oaks Kent, in England. As a French major, she believes that her study of this language will open the door to many job opportunities after graduation. In Britain, she attended Walthamstow Hall, a secondary school. As her scholarship is for only one year she will continue her studies at St. Andrews University in Scotland next year. Besides her courses, Marietta has found time to work in the post office and to baby-sit. She likes the various extra-curricular activities and especially enjoys the week-end dances.

Ramon Garcia hails from Managua, Nicaragua, a town popularized by the song of the same name. He has ambitions to become a doctor and therefore is a Natural Sciences major. His father always wanted him and his brother, Salvador, who is studying in Red Hook, to get an American education. The elder Garcia gained his liking for the American system during his college days at the University of California. Yoshika Tsukun, an English literature major, received B.A. from Aoyama Gakuin in Tokyo. She is here to study the American viewpoint of English literature. She finds that college life at Bard differs greatly from the school she previously attended in Japan. As an example, she points out that in Japan the teachers are treated with much more formality. Aoyama Gakuin has put out a newspaper in English which they hope to trade.

Representing the above countries are: Chung Sun Yoo, Korea; Eddie Honda, Japan; Marie Gulocard, France; Ramon Garcia, Nicaragua; Marietta Stureck, England; Jettie Lieftinck, Holland; Yoshika Tsukun, Japan. Pix by Fletcher leading to Off Campus Jobs Offered

This semester, Bard students have access to the facilities of a new college-sponsored Student Employment Center of which Mrs. Minnie W. Kobli is coordinator. All students seeking part-time work should consult Mrs. Kobli in her office above the Admissions Office in Aspinwall. Her hours are Monday, 1:30-4:30, Wednesday and Thursday, 2:00-5:00, and Friday, 9:30-4:30. Field period jobs are not included in the service of this office.

Switchboard, dining room work and library work are independent of the new organization. Baby sitting, clerical work and farm work are among the jobs on and off campus that may be procured through the office.

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MSA Institutes New Orientation Center

The connection between spans of the war and the end of communism may not be immediately obvious to the casual reader, but to those men and women working with the M.S.A. on the Bard Orientation Program, it is quite significant. The college is the scene of a program of mutual understanding and good will, which is becoming a vital part of one of today's most important undertakings, the Mutual Security Agency.

This agency, from its Washington headquarters, has launched a number of projects designed to insure the security of the freedom-loving countries of the world. By raising their standards of living through improved production methods, and the initiation of long-range defense programs, M.S.A. is working to eliminate the Communist threat. It is the weak and the poor countries that fall prey to Communism. The impoverished ones, through internal conversion; the weak, through strong-arm tactics. M.S.A. aims to "defeat subversion from within and against aggression from without."

The Agency branch connected with Bard works to acquaint foreign trade unionists and labor leaders with our methods of improved productivity and management. Groups of key laborers from various countries spend from six to eight weeks in America touring plants to observe machinery and methods, talking to American labor leaders, and in general, taking stock of the Trade Union movement. Comprehensive reports are submitted upon their return to their countries. The plan is successful if what they have seen is put into practice.

The idea of Bard as an orientation center was in great part due to the success of an earlier visit of a new trade union group, which had Dr. Adolph Sturmsenthal as Program Director.

The Center's official opening date was July 15. Members of the staff are: Director: Mr. John J. Glynn, formerly Co-ordinator of Labor Programs in the Labor Management Institute, University of Connecticut. Administrative assistants: Mrs. Vera Wiggins, program; and Miss Gene Barnett, finance. Secretaries: Mrs. Julia O'Neill and Mrs. Muriel Devre.

The M.S.A. has also assigned two labor advisors to the project: Carl Lindner, representative of the A. F. of L., and Edward Lowenberg, of the C. I. O.

One main reason for the choice of Bard as an orientation center is the outstanding faculty and staff. The week's orientation, M.S.A. officials reasoned, is highly valuable, both as a chance for new blood before the exhausting field trip and as an introduction to America and its society in terms of faith, ideals and culture. The Bard program provides the opportunity for a visitor to obtain a proper perspective of American life, and meet the American as an individual (Continued on Page Eight)

Off Campus Jobs Offered

The Student Employment Center, initiated by Council, is an experiment on the Bard campus, and its success rests on the response of the student body.

The Bard Music Department welcomes Strubbel Lawrence, a young soprano, who will perform at Bard Hall on October 14 at 8:30. Miss Lawrence recently graduated from Vassar College, and the soprano solo in Brahms's Requiem while still an undergraduate there.
Students and faculty have been quite generally aware of the new five-course program for the lower college that was ushered in at the beginning of this fall. Despite a few moments of frenzy, the program seems to be operating well at the mechanical level at least. Whether it and its concomitant change from a conference course in the lower college to a brief course in general academic counseling will attain their full objectives cannot be assessed for some time. Some complications are discernible in handling early promotions to the upper college, but these difficulties should not persist beyond the present period of transition.

What about the Common Course that was also scheduled for introduction this fall? The Bard community knows, of course, that the course is Professor Bluester and the college faculty. I hope that by what, if anything, is being done about it. I should like to report briefly on these points.

The reason why the Common Course—or the “Common Cause,” as every geographical error made it in a memorandum I received—has not yet made its appearance is that the difficulties in finding the right man to direct it were very great. And when, at last, we discovered the right man, we found him unavailable for the position. It was at this point that, with faculty advice, a fortunate decision was made. That decision was to devote the entire first semester to a systematic preparation for the introduction of the course in the second semester.

Some of you have already met Professor Heinrich Bluester, the newly-appointed director of the Common Course. Professor Bluester, a wide and varied experience without as well as within the academic world, is now spending two days a week on our campus. At this stage, he is working quietly and steadily with the faculty, expanding views, trying to anticipate and iron out difficulties, and above all developing in his own mind and in theirs a full and challenging conception of the significant experiment we are soon to undertake. Perhaps it is our job to consult students for a similar interchange and development. Before the end of the semester he hopes to conduct a community meeting or series of meetings, in which a number of distinguished outsiders will participate, to announce and consider the final form of the Common Course.

I shall not attempt any further description of the Common Course. It is now, quite properly, no longer my brain-child but the growing child of Professor Bluester and the college faculty. I hope that by the end of the semester every member of the community will accept a share of parental, or at least avuncular, responsibility. For I am confident that, by using this semester as a period of preparation in which every one may participate, the Common Course will be the most exciting and significant contribution Bard has made in many years both to the education of its own students and to the enrichment of all American higher education.

**Letter To The Editor**

by Rose Baer

The Social Studies Division has instituted a new policy this semester that is indicative, I think, of a dangerous trend toward a more traditional system of education. The policy is twofold, the first part consisting of a tentative four year course program on file for every student in the division: the second, that social studies majors carry a required amount of courses in other divisions.

The tentative four year course program may be extremely helpful in terms of planning an education with long term objectives in mind. It may well eliminate a great deal of the purposes “academic dilletantism” hitherto very popular with Bard students. The emphasis on a formalized and task-teaching program is excellent, but the formalities are superfluous under the present advisory system. They detract considerably from the informality of the Bard program and provide the means of planning for the required courses which are the most dangerous part of the trend.

These recently set requirements are not only completely contradictory to the principles of progressive education that Bard supposedly upholds, but conflict sections of the Social Studies Division’s new policy. It would probably be very difficult for a student, interested in specializing in a particular field, to plan a four year program to his maximum benefit when hampered by courses in which he has little or no interest (and many Bardians do come here to specialize.) How much would a student benefit from a course, no matter how intellectually stimulating, if he has been coerced into taking it?

The idea of required courses, in itself distasteful, becomes more so when it suddenly appears at a school like Bard that has never heard of such an idea. Many a student who came here to escape the traditional college curriculum. Though still in a somewhat laissez-faire form it may spread, and that would be extremely unfortunate for all of us here.

**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

**EDITIORIAL**

Time for A Change—Lax Leadership Symptomatic

Upholding an old tradition and casting itself in the useful role of professional gadfly, the BARDIAN will again direct its attention to the perennial problems of Community Government. We do not choose to revive the magic epithet of apathy which has been worn threadbare by many eloquent tongues, but we feel that some remedy is needed for a situation that is far from healthy.

Interest in Community Government is at an all-time low. Take the case of the Communications Board, a standing committee of the Council which is supposed to act as a check on the two major media of communications, namely the BARDIAN and WXBC. After postponing the election of this important committee for an entire week because of lack of volunteers, Council chose three "public" members out of four applicants. That choice of WXBC, another was the Managing Editor of the BARDIAN, while the fourth was WXBC’s former Technical Director. Three of them were elected. In addition, the BARDIAN and WXBC have one ex officio member each. Certainly we deplore the small number of volunteers, but we are really concerned over Council’s whimsical attitude in electing a committee which points up Community Government as a farce.

We could also take the case of the Budget Committee which was abolished by Council under the pretext of an alleged constitutional amendment that was slipped into the record in a clearly unconstitutional manner last year. After Council had dabbled in a memorable budgetary mess for three full sessions, one of which lasted for four hours and reverberated with personal insults flung back and forth, the Judicial Committee finally felt fit to rule on the constitutionality of a law which was never discussed by the Community and which put an end to a committee that had functioned most successfully the previous year.

These two cases are symptomatic of the lax and incoherent leadership exercised by Council. We do not necessarily agree with this characterization, but we must sadly report that several students have likened this year’s Council to the poker club of memories past. Why has the executive body of our Community faded in such low esteem?

Decorum and sometimes serious purpose of entirety lacking. Our members of Council would do well to brush up on Robert’s Rules of Order, to save their jokes for the coffee shop and to give vent to their personal grievances in the clear midnight air. Furthermore, a mere dignified meeting place like Albee Social is to be preferred to the shabby cubbyhole on top of Aspinwall. The few curious Freshmen who courageously climbed the blacked-out stairs have not returned, and only a few old students with axes to grind still attempt the ascent into Valhalla. It should also be noted that the attendance of Council members has on the whole been far from satisfactory.

Worse of all, an aura of confused delusions has grown up. We should be a fighting and imaginative body. Several Council members have frankly admitted their feeling of futility. “What’s the use of acting decisively on any important matter, if the past has proved that the Administration reserves the right to over-rule Community Government at its discretion?”

We have started (Continued on Page Three)
EDITORIAL
(Continued from Page Two)

This semester with a sense of resignation and content in devoting our attention to minor administrative detail like allotting the budget in a twisted, the psychology would say that Council's frustration was expressed in its ill-tempered and emotionally-charged handling of the budget situation.

It should be said in defense of Council that the group includes some of the people who are new to Community Government. They are still in the process of learning and can be counted on to grow more mature, and expectantly they labor under the handicap of a largely uninformed and disinterested Community. Yet Council has done little to arouse campus interest since it was formed last year. The Freshman class is generally alert and community-minded, but a golden opportunity was lost at the first Legislative Assembly meeting supposedly held to advise our new students to Community Government. To put it mildly, it was a paltry show that caused与 many Freshman life and chartered students who recalled what a vigorous and fighting Community Government was like. A searching and critical spirit is needed when a sentiment of latent conflicts is the essence of the democratic way of life. Disinterested and acquiescent leadership inevitably lead to authoritarianism and a deceptive facade.

If any action is endorsed with symbolic meaning, it would be Council's recent from Aspinwall and recapiture of Albee Social. Last semester it sounded retreat to Valhalla after heeding the "imaginative" advice of the Freshman class for better or worse, it represents the entire Community and own its first obligation. We urge Council to hold its part meeting in the Albee and hope the Community will honor our representatives with a good attendance.

Group Meetings Highlight Busy Summer Session

After an academic year at Bard which is admittedly hectic and involving a sense of transience and inactivity to permeate the campus. On the contrary, July and August was highlighted by a successful summer session, in addition to the arrival of many interesting students who held their meetings here.

One of the groups, The Institute of Social Process, a unique and active organization for twenty years, held a two-week session on campus during the earlier part of July. This group of 140 people, representing a cross-section of all of our students, originated and formally met at Wellesley College. The sessions were held in the "semester was, "Issues That Transcend the Election," Roger Baldwin, President of the International League for the Rights of Man (an affiliate of the U.N.) was one of the many speakers of national prominence. Charles Neaf received a scholarship from the S.D.A. for the purpose of attending this conference. The group was enthusiastic about Bard and expressed a desire to return next year.

Emil Hauser, who has been recently appointed to Adams from music for the year, conducted the String Ensemble Workshop in its second year. The workshop consisted of about 15 students all of whom were accomplished musicians. Concerts were presented every week. Tommy Lillian and George Wellington, both members of the ensemble that they gained valuable experience in performance. In the last week's workshop, Tommy observed that this group added vocal techniques of ensemble playing which was a feeling of satisfaction and a job well done.

Students from eighteen different countries were selected by the Department of State and the Board of Foreign Scholars, etc. as recipients of a U.S. Government grant for the purpose of studying in this country. Bard, one of the few colleges chosen, welcomed forty-seven students for a six-week Orientation Program. The International Board, according to this year's arrangement, put out by the foreign students pointed three vital objectives with which, the good gram concerned itself in dealing with orientation: first, to help the students overcome some difficulties of oral English; second, an adjustment to, and understanding of, American society and culture; and third, familiarizing the students with American procedures and efficient study. Each student was given intensive tests and interviewed separately. According to his expressiveness, range of vocabulary, fluency, the degree of accent and intelligibility of the student, was placed in one of the four groups depending upon his skills. These groups were conducted on an informal basis with emphasis placed upon the oral approach. This was achieved through panels, and student discussions of impressions and experiences received here in America. The Newcomen did, however, delve into American literature. At the conclusion not to be overestimated was the introduction of students into neighboring homes, schools, business, government agencies, news papers and radio stations. Certainly, this program directed by Prof. Fraunfield and assisted by an excellent staff helped instill in them self-confidence and a well-rooted idea of life in the United States.

Dr. David Williams was Director of Education and Research for the A.D.A. which held its pro

(Continued on Page Eight)

1952 Bandwagon
by Charles Naef

Adlai Or Ike

On November 4th the voters will choose the chief executive and the party which is going to lead this country during the coming four years. A clear and dispassionate appraisal of the candidates and the issues they represent will help guide the people make an intelligent choice.

THE CASE FOR THE GOR

The Republican campaign slogan, "It's time for a change," poses certain intrinsic merit. Our "changing" government is the one upon the two-party principle. The Democratic Party has held the reigns of our country for twenty years. Thomas Jefferson himself, the first Democratic President, went so far as to say that the preservation of our democratic institutions requires a revolution at least every twenty years. After twenty years Trumanism the nation is in desperate need of fresh and courageous leadership. We urge the people to vote for the new administration a fresh leadership to meet our needs and to continue our strong position.

General Eisenhower emerged from the Republican Convention as the winning proponent of "fair play" and of active and responsible role of America in world affairs. The integrity of the General and the distinguished Americans who put him into nomination is beyond suspicion. A popular hero of well-earned merit, he can command the confidence of his fellow Americans and win the respect of all people of good will.

Governor Stevenson might be an honorable man, but he is perpetuating the same old political philosophy that has failed so effectively with inflation and the world crisis. General Eisenhower has proved his competence in foreign affairs while acting as Commander-in-Chief of NATO in Europe. While admitting with candid humility his ignorance on many domestic issues, he has publicly proclaimed that he will rely on the advice of the nation's most prominent experts. Furthermore, since America is facing the greatest military threat in its history it is necessary to entrust the fate of this nation to an experienced military leader.

But, let's not amused Eisenhower and Senator Nixon have clearly recognized the Communists during as well as abroad. Senator McCarthy's renomination by a staggering majority proves that the American people are committed to Communist infiltration in government. While most Americans do not agree with McCarthy's techniques, Senator McCarthy and Nixon are more than a symptom of the issue squarely before the American people.

I have outlined a few of the Republican arguments designed to win the support of the independent voter. What reasons can be advanced in favor of Governor Stevenson?

VOTERS SWITCH ALLEGIANCE

During the last few weeks many independent and Republican voters have switched their allegiance from to Adlai because Stevenson turned out to be what Eisenhower promised to become. On millions of TV screens it appeared as if Eisenhower and his liberal backers had captured the Republican Party and subdued the old guard. Yet every day makes it clearer that Ike has become the unwilling tool of the far left wing. Many Republicans who have not been active in the party have frankly admitted that they did not vote for a principle but for the independent candidate. They feel that the Independent can platform which reads like a Taft speech and which was so loaded successfully by such men as and Morehouse, the first Senator to urge the General to run for the Presidency.

Recently Senator announced that he would not support the Republican ticket. Paul Hoffman, who is practically removed himself from the top party councils in Chicago, has stated that for the first time in party history it is the time to vote for a candidate who is a liberal crusader. He wrote that an Eisenhower victory would put the Tafts, Jenners and McCarthys in Control of Congress. Judging from the present course of his campaign, the "experts" on whom he expects to rely will be mostly old guard Republicans headed by Taft who is slated to be the chairman of the Re publican Policy Committee.

Governor Stevenson with his brilliant anti-corruption, civil rights, labor, and foreign policy platform has convinced the Democratic machine politicians by his emphasis independence and unconventional approach to party politics. For the first time in party history, he picked an independent amateur for the post of Democratic Party Chairman. His staff consists of college professors, businessmen, civic leaders and labor people, none of whom are as the Illinois record of appointing experts regardless of party affiliation foretells the kind of government which will be elected.

The "It's time for a change" argument has validity as a not franked Adlai. However, it is Adlai, and so Ike, who holds forth...
It is no longer a question in my mind. I have decided to do it just so people will react. Yes, yes that's my reason for doing it. I just want to see how people will react. But I already know what they'll do, that's what distresses me. I already know what they'll do. People are all the same: They run at the same pace and walk at the same pace. They croak together and laugh together. Ha, the only thing they don't do in unison is die! Sometimes I wish they would act truly to form in dying also but I must leave this thoughtful thinking for another time.

My head's in a whirl. I devised my plan several months ago and now that I have finally decided to put it into effect, I'm paralyzed. I'm coming Tuesday? No, most of the young people will be in school on Tuesday. But what about Wednesday? No, no, no, the children will also be in school on Wednesday. Oh, why can't I think! I must decide on a day. I must decide now. Think brain that stop spinning and think. Saturday, how about Saturday? Ah, yes Saturday will be the day I'll do it. This coming Saturday. I mustn't let my parents know a thing. Now it is morning. I know what I'm going to do on Saturday. I must decide at what time of the day I'll act. Sometime in the morning? No, most people are sleeping late on Saturday morning. That is to say all people sleep late on Saturday morning. I'll do it in the afternoon. In the late part of the afternoon. But why must I do it then, why in the late part of the afternoon? Ah, I know why. The streets will be filled with the most shoppers because it will have gotten cooler by then. As evening draws on, the excessive heat will no longer discourage people from shopping. I must have a big crowd of people near me to see me when I act. But I must have an exact time at which to act. When shall I act? What time shall I act? Confused brain, me. I got it. I'll do it at 5:30 p.m. Yes, at this time, at five thirty I'll do it.

Ah ha, everything is now decided. Tomorrow afternoon, Saturday afternoon, at 5:30 p.m. I'll do exactly what I've planned. Saturday afternoon at 5:30 p.m., I'll make people get very excited. That's what I want; I want people to get very excited. I know they will get excited, but maybe they—they might... My brain must go to sleep so that it will be well rested for its most important task. My eyes are heavy. I must get some sleep. Yes, I must . . . Saturday . . . 5:30 . . . people . . . sit . . .

"Dear, aren't you even going to touch your breakfast? It's your favorite dish. Ever since you were a little boy you have liked pancakes and syrup. Are you sure you don't want any dinner? I'm sure you don't want any dinner. I'm sure you don't want any dinner. I have planned to do with some of the students from college. What was it? What was it? Ah, I know why. The streets will be filled with the most shoppers because it will have gotten cooler by then. As evening draws on, the excessive heat will no longer discourage people from shopping. I must have a big crowd of people near me to see me when I act. But I must have an exact time at which to act. When shall I act? What time shall I act? Confused brain, me. I got it. I'll do it at 5:30 p.m. Yes, at this time, at five thirty I'll do it.

"Yes, that's right, it's five p.m. Come on down for your dinner." "I don't want any dinner. I'm going out. Do you understand? As soon as I get out I'm going out. Don't tell me what you have prepared, I don't want any."

Now where are my shoes? Where are my shoes? I must get my shoes. Yes, I must get my shoes. My shoes... My shoes—my shoes! I must get my shoes.

"Well, son, there's no need to worry. Nothing will distract me. But I must decide at what time of day I'll act. Sometime in the morning? No, most people are sleeping late on Saturday morning. That is to say all people sleep late on Saturday morning. I'll do it in the afternoon. In the late part of the afternoon. But why must I do it then, why in the late part of the afternoon? Ah, I know why. The streets will be filled with the most shoppers because it will have gotten cooler by then. As evening draws on, the excessive heat will no longer discourage people from shopping. I must have a big crowd of people near me to see me when I act. But I must have an exact time at which to act. When shall I act? What time shall I act? Confused brain, me. I got it. I'll do it at 5:30 p.m. Yes, at this time, at five thirty I'll do it.

"But I—"

"Never mind, let's speak no more of the matter. Now son, how would you like to take the new car out for a drive?"

"Wha—what, what did you say father?"

"I said, how would you like to take the new car out for a drive? Can't you hear me? What's wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong with me, nothing, understand? And I don't want to drive in your big, shiny automobile. I bought that thing, we've been eating nothing but the cheapest food, I don't want that steel leech. I hate it. I hate it.

"All right son, there's no need to get excited. I just wish you would let me worry about the financial affairs of this family."

"Four"
Look At My Hand  
(Continued from Page Four)  
 stores. Some are running; others are walking, but none are carrying them in groups from one block to the next, from one bargain to the next.  
 I forget what arm my watch is on. Where is it? Where is it? Ah, my watch; so that I have seven minutes left, only seven short minutes.  
 I think I’ll move in front of the telephone building. I don’t know why. There are just as many people marching back and forth in front of the other buildings. I place myself to the left of the main entrance and wait.  
 No one takes particular notice of me. I’m and there, and in a few minutes all eyes will direct my way.  
 Even as I mounts within me, like an electric shock, it starts in my toes and shoots all through my body. I think the explosion within me will rip my head off. My head spins ever faster as I glance at my watch. My mind will not focus the hands, but time doesn’t matter any more. One or two minutes don’t mean that much.  
 The time has come. Now is my time to act. I start towards the wall of the telephone building, flexing my right hand, as I do. About two feet from the wall I stop and look around to see if the crowd is still shutting back and forth. It is. I turn back and then, with all the energy my body can generate, I slam my clenched fist into the brick wall. Immediately blood covers the mangled hand. As I pull the hand from the wall, my blood smeared knuckles make a sudden noise as they rub against my ear. I hold the distorted hand up to get a good look at it. It is banded almost beyond recognition. The index finger hangs limp and sways back and forth when I move my arm. All the flesh is scraped off the backs of my three fingers. Blood drips from each of them and forms a triangle of three pools on the sidewalk. The thumb is broken halfway and its nail barely hangs by a thread of flesh.  
 I remain facing the wall as I examine the blood-smears mass, which is spotted here and there with splintered, white bone. The sight is not attractive, I admit. But I don’t turn away from it or try to cover it up. I just hold it up and with a clear head I watch the stream as it changes its course and flows toward my elbow where it recommences to drip.  
 Because my back has been turned toward the crowd all the time, no one really knows what I’ve done. But I want them all to see the disfigured hand. I want them all to see what I’ve done. I swing around quickly and lift the bloody hand as high as I can. I wave it in front of the crowd, and forth for all to see.  
 “Here, here, everyone look at my broken hand. Come, please come and look at my mangled hand. You, old man, and you, lady, please come closer. Don’t run away. Look, look, be you. Please look at my hand. Don’t be afraid.”  
 But my pleading proves of little value. People take one look at the crushed hand and shrink as if in agony. The crowd that has formed because of my shouting tries to disperse as quickly as possible. Everyone is pushing and shoving to get away from the bloody actuality which I hold before me. Those in the back of the crowd immediately scatter in all directions. They must think I am a maniac, but they don’t stay around long enough to find out. Two elderly ladies faint and a delivery boy runs to get some smelling salts.  
 “He’s crazy! I am going to get the cops!”, yells a man in a brown business suit.  
 “He belongs in a loony institution”, adds a ragged old man in overalls.  
 The crowd is quickly thinning out. I’ll try again.  
 “Don’t run away. Please stay. I want you all to get a good, long look at my hand. Here. I’ll hold it up higher so you can easily see it from where you are. But please don’t run away.”  
 My last speech seems to get them even more excited, and they run all the faster. Of course, I knew that this is just what they’d do., I knew that when I held my hand up before them they would do anything to get away from the fury fact. They scream and yell which does nothing except to evoke more screaming and yelling. My head drops in disgust for these weak individuals.  
 My chin remains on my chest until the disturbing sound of scarpering feet and horrified voices no longer fills my ears. For the first time I begin to feel pain. The pain throbs very slowly at the beginning, but it increases steadily. My hand begins to feel very heavy, as if someone has tied a large stone to it.  
 The weakness that has fallen over the area prompts me to raise my head slowly. I see several people walking very briskly, but they are walking away from me. Within a few short minutes, close to a hundred people have made their escape. No one remains to look at my wound. Everyone has left—but wait a minute. Who’s that over there? Why it’s a little girl. She’s a young thing. She couldn’t be more than four or five years old. She’s cute too, with those blond curls and that dainty, blue dress. And at look at that lolly-pop she holds firmly in her tiny hand. Say, she looks like a determined little tot.  
 But look at her. Just look at her. She calmly stands there and looks at my broken hand without moving an muscle. She doesn’t scream or run away. Her face doesn’t become distorted when she looks at the blood and broken bones. No, she’s not like the rest. She’s certainly not like the rest. But wait, what is she doing now? Why she’s running over to that old gentleman who’s sitting in front of that candy store.  
 “Hey mister, come on with me. Help me fix up that man that’s hurt himself. Come on mister, help me. That man’s got a big sore on his hand. We’ve got to fix him up.”  
 “Stay away from him little girl, he’s crazy. No one can fix him up. Just run home little girl, and don’t look back at him, because that guy will make you sick if you try to do.”  
 “Please help that hurt man, mister. Please . . .”  
 “Don’t bother me little girl. Leave that crazy man alone and run home. Do you understand me, run home.”  
 The unfeeling attempt of the little girl makes me feel much better. The old man is like all the rest. But the little girl lifts my spirits considerably. When she’s sure the old man will not help her, the little girl starts to run down the street as fast as her chubby legs will permit. There she goes around the corner. And say, I think she look-ed back just then, I’m sure she did. Maybe she’s going home to get her mother. Yes, I’m sure that’s exactly what she’s going to do. Nothing will stop that determined little girl.  
 The pain in my hand is almost unbearable now. The bone in my forearm doesn’t mean that steel rod. The flesh and much of the blood on my hand has begun to dry. But I don’t mind the sight of the pain. Every time I think of the little girl, the pain seems to leave me.  
 My plan was not a complete failure. That little girl has proven to me that my plan was not a complete failure.
Joe asked me as I knelt on the grass picking weeds out of my flower bed, "Dave, did you ever wonder what makes the birds sing?"

Joe looked at me in an odd way; he held his hands clasped behind his back as he stood, as though he were in the midst of a garden. "You know Dave, I have been watching the birds a lot lately."

I looked at the one under it; surely need to know, and, in fact, that one can properly discuss from his proached liberalism. What is not quite so simple as that, for he believes "that evil is just as real and potent a force in the world as goodness and evil are inexorable," the struggle that has been going on from time immemorial is essentially a state of mind. Once again, we must clarify our terms. We say that those in individuals or classes whose victory in any given epoch results in enhancing the creative capacities of mankind, and in thus making possible the enrichment of life for more and more people, are not only good, but true as well. As to those who refuse to see how we do know that such things as health security and education are "good," one need not reply, for such individuals, and they are increasing in our society, require therapeutic treatment in large part because of their failure to understand.

Witness: A Confession Of Faith

In his opening speech on September 29th, President Case approached the issues he wished to discuss from his position of liberalism. What is his position? All he tells us is "that among the unmistakable marks of the liberal are a feeling for fair play and an instinctive sympathy for the underdog, and let the matter rest there." But to let the matter rest there would be to drop the issue without having the faintest idea of what a liberal or liberalism is. It may be a fact, as has been observed, that this attitude is an instinctive attitude. We can see it clearly in the case of the president. He has given us a definition that is not a definition which, when you are dealing with a word carrying as many connotations as liberal, is wrong. When I hear that Mr. Case "has a bias toward rationalism," the suspicion begins to arise that his conception of rationalism is not wholly accurate. Primarily, and most important, it is a system of thought which claims that all things are explicable and that logical analysis should be the final criterion in arriving at any conclusion. One of its aims is the elimination of precisely that which Mr. Case professes. The suspicion is fully confirmed upon hearing that he could not classify himself as a "strict rationalist" because he thinks that the intuition of the poet, the mystical insight of the saint—yes, and the inspired enthusiasm of the lover are also valid approaches to knowledge, to truth and certainly to an understanding of our world. And any proposal for the scientific rationalist, to the extent that it attempts to cover the universe is merely a series of logical propositions. The scientific rationalist regards with admiration and respect the insights gained by paths to the truth other than his own. Nevertheless, he recognizes that for the acquisition of valid knowledge reason tempered by experience provides him with the most accurate guide.

For what he considers to be the best description of his point of view, Mr. Case is pleased to call himself "an heretic Christian." To be more specific, he is a Manichee heretic. As a first, the only thing that appears to separate him from the orthodox is that he is no longer a Christian. He has said so proclaimed himself five hundred years ago, he undoubtedly would have been burned at the stake. It is not quite so simple as if he believed as just as real and potent a force in the world as goodness and evil are inexorable, the struggle that has been going on from time immemorial is essentially a state of mind. Once again, we must clarify our terms. We say that those in individuals or classes whose victory in any given epoch results in enhancing the creative capacities of mankind, and in thus making possible the enrichment of life for more and more people, are not only good, but true as well. As to those who refuse to see how we do know that such things as health security and education are "good," one need not reply, for such individuals, and they are increasing in our society, require therapeutic treatment in large part because of their failure to understand.

A Critical Analysis by Irving Ducretachy

At one point, when he says that "man must and will determine . . . the course of history," he is on the border-line of atheism. Why does he then refuse to cross it? Is it because logic is to him (Continued on Page Seven)
nothing but a "useful limitation to faith," we do not know the answer. We can say, though, that in accepting religion, he has rejected science, at least in certain areas of human cognition. We shall not now describe religion as the sum total of human prejudice and ignorance, but shall content ourselves with considering it as a system of practices and beliefs resting on the assumption that the world is subject to the control of a supernatural force or agency, which can be influenced by prayer or sacrifice and is apprehended by faith as opposed to knowledge. Science is a system of practices and beliefs resting on the assumption that the world is an objective process governed by natural laws, which man is able to control in proportion to his understanding of them. It is true that many scientists are religious, but even they park their Bibles at the laboratory door. Some of them have tried to reconcile the two points of view by arbitrarily restricting the scope of science. But they remain in strong opposition. Where the eye of faith sees an act of God, scientific analysis reveals a process which is explicable, directly or indirectly, in terms of natural processes.

All thinkers who abandon or criticize their scientific outlook seek refuge in philosophical idealism or outright theological mysticism. Mr. Case begins his retreat from reason by directing our attention to the "fact"that man has given up the whole program of objective reality. In other words, we no longer recognize the existence of the real world. We have hitherto lived and acted on the premise that simple and solid objects, like tables, were just that. No, so at all, says Mr. Case in effect, and I can prove it. Upon inquiring how this astonishing feat of jugglery may be performed, we are told that if a person "with the aid of physics" should examine a half-tone print under a high-powered magnifying glass, there would come to his eye "a collection of little dots that totally efface the form of the picture." So, by some mysterious process, because a half-tone print is composed of many minute particles, nothing is as it seems, a table cannot be proved to be a table and the real world of matter is a total illusion! Note the grim irony in the attempt to turn science upon itself. After all this, it is refreshing, and relatively revealing, to follow the late Gertrude Stein in a somewhat different context:

"Now history has really no relation to the human mind at all because history is the state of confusion between anybody doing anything and anything happening. Confusion may have something to do with the human mind but has it? I would rather not know than know anything of the confusion between anyone doing anything and something happening. "So says the historian."

That is true. Some do, and some who are not historians do also. This philosophy, instead of enhancing life, denies it. Such is irrationalism's ultimate rationalism!

Finally, all the books and subjects which he might have discussed, why on earth did he choose Witness? Its author is one of the most unreliable men in the public eye today. He says the book has very nearly destroyed the faith he once had in Alger Hiss's innocence of treasonable activities. Leaving aside the issues raised by the actions of Mr. Hiss, it is still clear that Chambers has committed crimes and offenses enough to damn any man. Mr. Case characterizes the book as a "remarkable document." As much could be said for Mein Kampf. That does not render either of them as suitable for the text of a Convocation Address, which should be elevating in its nature and not drain the dregs.

President Clee is aware of the dangers inherent in the attack on learning, political and social reformation sweeping the country and being led by such men as Whitaker Chambers. He acknowledges, also, that religion is playing its part in the onslaught and serving as the last refuge for many scoundrels. Despite this, his position is unchanged. That is why his impassioned defense of academic freedom and the right to question was weakened in its effectiveness. It is the work of a man who unwisely has been walking his enemies' path, and now, we sincerely hope not too late, tries to turn back. It is obviously replete with good intentions, but we must remember that the road to perdition is paved with them.

**Witness: A Confession**

*(Continued from Page Six)*

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MSA (Continued from Page One)
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Foreign Students
(Continued from Page One)
with American and British Universities. Yoshikas, as their representatives, expressed their desire to send us this paper in return for the Bardian.

Chung Sun Yoo, better known as "Sunny," is from Seoul, Korea, and plans to study at Bard for two years. She attended Shook- nyung Women's College for three years and Briarcliff Junior College before coming to Bard. Sunny is a Sociology major and intends to do Social Work in Korea upon graduation. She finds that the courses in the United States involve much more outside reading than those in Korean schools where the courses are taught practically exclusively from the textbook. One explanation of this may be the fact that in Korea there is a forty-hour school week.

Marie Guiccardi comes to us from France. There she attended St. Marie Carmel where she received her B.A. Marie, an art major, hopes to go into some phase of commercial art. She is a descendant of Julieta Guiccardi to whom Beethoven dedicated his beautiful Moonlight Sonata. Marie refers to an old notion about the fact that Frenchmen are more appealing to women by stating her preference of American males. She remarked that a Frenchman never would consider doing such jobs as helping in the kitchen because he believes it is exclusively women's work.

Jettie Lief tinck is an art major from Holland. Bard is very much to her liking because of the great amount of individual attention each person receives. She finds that Bard truly functions like a community with the people in it working for a common cause. In Holland, this is usually not the case as no one lives at the University and a great deal of the student life is eliminated. Jettie finds that in her country they seem to delve much deeper into the subjects than they do here.

The students all agree that seminars have definite advantages over the lecture system. These foreign students applaud the attributes of friendliness, informality and the willingness to help, which they have found so apparent in the members of the Bard Community.

Summer Session (Continued from Page Three)
gram activities at the Zabriskie Mansion. This political workshop was briefed on the issues in the election and trained in campaign techniques. Bard was also a temporary home for the forty people attending the Annual Summer Training Institute of General Semantics.

Dr. Robinson pointed out several ways through which the college can benefit by these summer sessions. He feels that playing host to these liberal organizations constitutes the best type of institutional advertising for Bard, as the groups become better acquainted with the aims, programs, faculty and campus of our school.

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