

Bard College  
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# BARDIAN

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# the Bardian

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## Mrs. Roosevelt to keynote Civil Liberties Drive here at Bard, October 9th

Concerned over the current threat to civil liberties, some Bard students have undertaken to launch "Operation Freethought" this fall semester.

Tuesday, October 9th at 8 p. m., Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt will discuss: "What does the Threat to Our Civil Liberties Mean to Students?" The meeting will be held in the Gymnasium. Also scheduled is a debate on Academic Freedom between President Case and President Harold Taylor of Sarah Lawrence College.

"Operation Freethought" was conceived this summer at the National Convention of the Students for Democratic Action, the leading liberal non-partisan student organization. SDA chapters from coast to coast are pledged to participate simultaneously in this effort to uphold the American Bill of Rights at a time when its foes exploit the prevailing apathy and ignorance.

In keeping with its general policy and purpose, the Bard SDA chapter has accepted the Bardian and the Social Studies Club as co-sponsors of the Roosevelt speech. Other campus organizations are invited to be co-sponsors on the same basis.



## Who's New In Bard's International Education?

A new group of International Students has come to Bard this year. They augment the group of foreign students who have been unable to tear themselves away from the college after their first year here. Most of the newcomers have been given scholarships or grants provided from two main sources.

First, there is the group which has come to the United States under the auspices of the Department of State and the International Bureau of Education or, as in the case of Yui Tsutsui from Japan, the Army. The college is supplementing the grants to these students in order to recover the full cost of their tuition. Mr. Tsutsui, who comes from Tokyo and already holds a degree in Law from the university there, has come to America because he appreciates the supreme position held by the United States in world affairs today. He is particularly interested in studying democratic procedures in America. He likes to travel because he believes that only by visiting a country can one hope to appreciate the character of a nation and learn its language. Twenty-two year old Yui's major here is economics.

Then there is Hugo Schmidt, also twenty-two years old who comes from Vienna. He has been studying journalism at Vienna University and he will return there to take his degree when he has finished his studies at Bard. Literature and economics form his chief interest here and he hopes to make a career in journalism as a literary critic, of English and American literature in particular.

Paul Vietz has come here from the American sector of Berlin. He is very grateful to the Department of State for the opportunity they have given him to study here at Bard. Next year he hopes to take up medicine at the Free University of Berlin. The friendly atmosphere of America has made a great impression on him. He especially likes the teaching system at Bard. In Europe, instructors do not normally call you by your first name and he likes this change from the German method. Horst Herke, another German from Mainz, expected in October, arrived last week.

## Case Defines: "The Liberal"

"... The great tragedy of the liberal—indeed of society is that the liberal today has consistently rendered himself unfit for leadership through his own astigmatism..." This statement, made by President Case in the annual Academic Convocational Address, has brought about much discussion and thought among the members of the faculty and student body.

President Case went on to say that the liberal, even though poignantly realizing the shortcomings of our society, has only adopted a fatalistic philosophy towards these shortcomings instead of fighting them in a realistic manner. President Case realizes, however, that the lot of a liberal is not a very easy one. Right now, the liberal is suspect, that is to say that he is the victim of ignorance of recognition. There is much confusion as to what a liberal is. According to President Case, a liberal "... is marked by his commitment to the principles that animated the authors of the Declaration of Independence: to the concept of justice asserted by

self-evident truths that all men are created equal; to the belief that the nature of man is so fashioned that no one—either individually or in concert by social action can properly strip him of such rights as life itself, liberty or the pursuit of happiness..."

It is on this principle that Bard College is founded, for the educational objectives do express its liberal position. "... Bard rejects the purely instrumental education that fits men and women to make a living, but not to live... Here the individual is respected. His development as a person... is our concern." Furthermore, President Case points out that "... the arrangement we are achieving here of working together has been a revelation to me of how responsive to each other the various elements of a society may be and of how responsibility can be shared without being diminished or diluted..." President Case goes on to say that Bard not only upholds a liberal form of education but also defends it.

Last year, Bard faculty and trustees prepared and issued publicly a statement on academic freedom. This a step in the right direction. "This should give you fresh confidence in your college." This is what we must uphold. Liberalism has taken a slump in this country—our country was founded by liberals—it is now being run by "Babbitts." Today's liberal is hounded by the Tafts and McCarthys who with their lies and misconstrutions are eventually basing our living standard on radios, television and auto-

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## A Touch of Venus ...

At a little past 12:00, noon, life at Bard College is fairly peaceful. If the day is warm, students may be found sunning themselves on the campus grounds, or perhaps indulging in a mid-day snack at the coffee shop. At this time, however, one particular individual may be found sauntering casually towards his domicile, followed by several assorted glances. The reason for these glances may be because they possess foreknowledge of his purpose, which would give cause to pause, or because of the unique growth on his chin.

Steve Smith, undaunted, smiles and walks on towards his destination, the delightfully colored North Barracks. Once there, he disappears inside for a moment and then reappears with a mounted contrivance which immediately causes passersby to stop and watch. This also causes amateur painters, sporting red and white paint spots, to lay down their brushes and gather 'round. Then, after a careful lighting, seemingly directly at the sun, he allows the spectators to look through his telescope, which the contrivance proves to be, to get a glimpse of the Morning Star! It is, however, appearing just after noon, when it is best seen, and not a star at all but the planet Venus.

Steve has been an amateur astronomer ever since he was presented with a toy telescope at the age of 6. Since then, he has become more and more interested in the subject, buying some telescopes and making a few of his own. He recently bought a 16mm telescope which he brought from France.

Steve studies the stars about two days out of the week, spending two or three hours on it each day. He uses a device shaped like a medieval crossbow for sighting and employs needles on the telescope in such a manner that when their shadows cross in a certain way, Steve knows, or at least hopes, that the desired celestial object will be centered in the telescope's lens. The telescope itself is a black affair mounted on a tripod, with pieces of cardboard from a Nabisco box placed in various positions for both shading and sighting purposes.

The place where the telescope is kept is cluttered with other equally interesting objects such as the keyboard from an old piano and the remains of a radio and phonograph with attached earphones so that when in use they will not disturb Steve's roommates. On the wall is a picture which appeared in one of the February, 1948, issues of "Life," showing Steve and a miniature Planetarium he built.

When he is not showing Venus to interested viewers, Steve makes his presence known in other ways. He has, for instance, an astronomy show which he hopes to put on over the Bard radio, and on the main bulletin board can be seen an indicator which shows at which hours Steve's telescope may be used by the members of the Bard community. The indicator, however, has a spot on the dial marked "None" at which times Steve may be found watching stars of another nature with the screen of one of the local movie-houses replacing the sky.

It can be assured, though, that at twilight with promise of a dark, cloudless night, out with the stars will come Steve ... and his telescope.

## Halley Exposes

[exclusive to the Bardian]

Rudolph Halley, Liberal candidate for President of the City Council of New York believes that Tammany Hall "takes orders" from the leading racketeers of the city. In an exclusive interview with the BARDIAN last week the famed Chief Counsel of the Kefauver Crime Committee told his interviewer that the protection and alliance of the Democratic organization is largely responsible for the success of syndicated crime in the New York area.

Mr. Halley further commented that the social work of the Tammany group, which has won them wide popularity with the poorer voters, is all part of "a fix" designed to assure smooth sailing and plenty of "suckers" for its friends, the gangsters.

The insecurity of world affairs, Queens District Attorney Charles P. Sullivan's running mate told this reporter, has made today's youth an easy prey for the corruption of dope peddlers, who, he added, are "worse than murderers."

The "No Boss" party candidate said that the narcotics trade is only one manifestation of the destructive influence of politically supported rackets. He commented that only through a complete political clean-up can criminal leaders be suppressed. He and his running mate, the candidate smiled, plan to shine a glaring searchlight on the "evils" of Tammany corruption.

Warning that "very few" of the recommendations of the Crime Investigation which he headed would be put into effect, Mr. Halley said that only through strong action on the part of honest, effective governmental crime fight-

ing organizations, can any progress be made toward the elimination of the taxing "thievery" of local racketeers.

### Everyone Loses

Mr. Halley further informed the Bardian reporter that every citizen of New York falls victim to the rackets. 10% of the average food and clothing costs of New Yorkers, he explained, can be directly traced to the profit-



ring of the Maritime and Dock unions which transport merchandise across the Hudson River. The criminal union leaders who cause this additional cost, the famed lawyer continued, are allied with gambling and narcotics racketeers and are among the criminals supported by Tammany Hall.



# The Bardian

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## Editorial . . .

The word "progressive" has been placed in an unhappy position lately. Everybody uses it. At one time there was a premium on the word "progressive." Today we find that Hop-a-long Casady as well as the Kefauver Committee are "progressive." Let's face it. It's fashionable these days to be progressive. We have developed a delightful cliché which can be debated over tea in the drawing room or cooked up in the Curriculum of the University of Chicago. Our most conservative institutions have become progressive . . . Witness: LIFE magazine and the Republican party.

We have decided not to become progressive since we don't know what the word means. Therefore we are not going to deal with titles other than experimental.

Bard is an experimental Community College. The president has delegated the powers of government to the residents of this community. Bard has badly needed some of the experiments made this semester. In instituting the Community Service Project and the Co-op Store a more fundamental experiment has been sabotaged. Community Government is, perhaps, the most fundamental experiment at Bard. We will quote a passage from our editorial concerning the Community Service Project "discussion" at the first Community Assembly.

"In evading correct democratic procedure, much avoidable ill feeling was created. This is deplorable. A straw poll does not constitute a referendum. The president of the college had a perfect right to take the favorable results of the straw poll for a mandate to go ahead and appoint a committee to formulate and recommend a workable program. Yet this program should have been put automatically to a referendum by secret ballot."

Similar action was taken regarding the Co-op Store. A committee was formed by council and was given complete, though temporary jurisdiction by President Case. The decisions of this committee were enacted into law before they were brought before the Community Assembly.

President Case misjudged the sentiment of the Community for when he moved to legalize his action by a vote, the Community refused to give a rubber stamp approval. The community might have favored his proposal had it been brought before them earlier in the term and had there been fewer authoritative statements made during the summer.

We do not approve the administration's "efficiency" in instituting the Community Service Project and the Co-op Store. This is not a problem or a question of "efficiency." We are confident that democratic procedure outweighs any short-run efficiency. If there is any experimenting to be done all of us should participate in the planning.

Without community sanction, action, regardless of how enlightened it may be, will make Bard a "common" college.

The recent Community Assembly Meetings indicate that although we have changed the name, we have not changed the character of these meetings. The Assembly should be a place for well thought out discussion of important issues. The meetings this term have suffered consistently from a lack of understanding and information.

The moderator of the Assembly should not have to contend with problems of this nature. His function is to guide discussion and facilitate legislation. These meetings should not be devoted to the airing of powerful but pointless emotional statements. Such actions prevent progress in Community Government.

Two

# Israel Today

By Grace Jan Waldman



Two Israeli soldiers resting from their duties. These are just two of a modern, well-equipped army formed to defend the new homeland.



Immigrant children in a Ma'abara. These people are principally from the Near-East countries of Iraq and Syria.

## Inter-Collegiate Press Roundup

Storrs, Conn.—(I.P.)—9/24/51—The Student Senate at the University of Connecticut has adopted a new financial policy for the coming year. The new policy calls for the Senate approval of student organization budgets for a semester in the latter part of the previous semester.

In the past, it was pointed out here, the budgets were approved during the same semester of which the funds were requested. Since time prohibited the approval of many of the proposed budgets before the semester was almost half over, many organizations were contracting debts which were not authorized. The new system also enables the Finance Committee and the Senate to determine whether the total appropriations authorized and the total income expected will balance before any expenditures are made, thereby permitting revisions which will insure operation under a balanced budget.

The new financial policy provides also for a merit system by which Assistant Central Treasurers are chosen. The new method is based upon a weighted point system which uses such criteria as accounting background, previous experience, typing ability, references, and need. The new system, frankly experimental, is designed to insure that section will be solely on the bases of merit.

Under the new policy, if the salaried business manager of a student organization overestimates his income in the budget he submits to the Senate, his salary will be reduced in the same proportion as the income was overestimated. This is largely a remedial measure to prevent large estimates of income, which have the effect of making large budgets more acceptable to the Senate, but which become over expenditures in the future.

Wilmington, O.—(I.P.)—9/24/51—A small Ohio college here has provided an answer for critics of college student draft deferment policies which have been called unfair to young men from families of limited means, because a qualified boy may be deferred only if he can "afford" the expense of a college education.

While the nation has been debating the issue, Wilmington College has been busy setting up a new kind of work-study program which will enable students to earn virtually all of their college expenses. The plan was inaugurated on an experimental basis last fall with

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It would be wise for the sophisticated members of an intricate, mechanized civilization, infected by economic and political anxiety, to turn a collective eye on the faces above left. These are the faces of free men . . . free from the enormous egg-beater which has managed to mangle the nerves of the rest of the world. Fear, bitterness, and hate are marked on the minds of many of us who have lost faith in ourselves and our fellow men. But look for these marks on their faces, and find only courage, pride, and self-confidence. This is a generation that built a country with sanity, imagination, and no little amount of muscular strength . . . men and women who relied on the human heart and spirit, rather than on the success or failure of the machine.

The pioneer spirit is at work in Israel, the country which has figured so prominently in the news for the past three years. Through fever pitched debate and sheer force she has gained her independence. And just three years ago she won her fight against the overwhelming odds and the desert that were reluctant to give her birth. The architectural blueprints for a new nation were then composed, and the architects were builders, dreamers, and fighters, as well.

The Israelites are a proud people, and they have a right to be. They have built a healthy, prosperous land out of a desert. They have outstripped the world in basing their democratic institutions on the ideals of social justice. They have been exposed to the grinding heel of the world, yet have preserved a kind, carefree sense of humor.

The native children derive their name from the sabra, fruit of the cactus—thorny outside, but sweet within. It was the sabra who defied the British, and who helped defeat seven Arab and Egyptian armies. Physically he stands head and shoulders above his father, with blond hair and sun-dark skin. The sabra is outspoken, daring, afraid of nothing, and often disconcertingly frank. He is at ease with anyone, for he knows no class-distinction; he is sure of himself, and complacent in mind and spirit. He can look the rest of the world straight in the eye and wonder, with a tinge of humor and naivete, what the confusion is all about.

To most of its pioneers, the thing of greatest beauty in Israel lies in kibbutz, or collective farm. These colonies are based on the most Christian ideals in the world—the ideals of brotherhood and equality. Yet the kibbutz is not the basis of Israel economy. Israel is a capitalistic country with cooperative experimentation.

An interesting part of my visit was spent working in these various kibbutzim. Daily we would rise at about 5 a. m., eat breakfast together in the communal dining hall, work in groups together in the fields until about 5 p. m., then meet again for an austerity-planned dinner of egg-plant in various different forms, some kind of sour cream, and tea. Afterwards there would be an exhausting program of folk-singing and dancing, or lectures and committee meetings, then a swim (sometimes in the Mediterranean), a soapless shower, and a well-earned sleep.

The kibbutzim are unusually hospitable to strangers. Anyone in need of a meal and a good night's sleep is welcome anytime. On my arrival at one of these colonies, a young ex-Brooklynite approached me at the dinner table. "You'd better not stay at this kibbutz," he said. "I came here for dinner myself, once, as a tourist. That was four years ago!" This man had been a carpenter in Brooklyn, and had always dreamed about the sea. He had started a carpentry shop in the kibbutz, and was now in the process of building a seaport on the exact site of an ancient seaport built by the biblical King Herod.

On the less pleasant side, I visited a ma'abara, or immigrants camp, which houses some of the 100,000 refugees who are being absorbed into the nation's bloodstream. These settlements are temporary refugees until proper housing and medical care is found for these people. On first sight, it looked as if this could not be very different from a concentration camp. Enclosed by barbed wire, there stood row upon row of ragged canvas and aluminum tents. One tent accommodated at least 15 people. These people were extremely colorful, dark Syrians and Iraqians, and others bent from endless ghettoed years. They were dressed, on the whole, in pajamas, and their manners were primitive. I watched a crowd queue up for loaves of bread, and after hours of waiting, a fight gradually occurred for the remaining few loaves. There was a little girl who stood unnoticed behind one of the shabby tents, who had stolen a loaf for her brother. While he was eating it, she shielded him with her skirts.

The institution at which I stayed was situated near the border

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Ida Simon was so upset by the fuss her husband was making that the gingerbread in the oven burned almost through. When she worked the knife around the edge of the tin and flopped the charred shrunken lump onto a plate it was all she could do to keep from kicking at the stove. A man his age, she mumbled, making such a to-do at lunch time, as if she didn't have enough trouble. He rushed past the door again on his way from the cellar to the nursery, empty paint pots banging together as they swung at his sides. When she heard him stomping down again she made a racket with the dishes, determined, in spite of her curiosity, not to ask him what he was up to. She forced a little laugh when she decided he was only making a fool of himself. But she could not stifle her concern when she heard him tumble against the teakwood screen in the hall, paint pots clanging around him. She gave an anxious cry, and as soon as he had started upstairs again she ran into the living room and nervously examined her antique odds and ends, half-hoping to find something damaged so that she could argue with him to stop his nonsense. She rushed away a few flakes of dried paint that had got caught in the fancywork of a Chinese vase.

"Harriett's coming over this afternoon, Ida," Alex called from the nursery. "Is that the reason for all this commotion?" "No, she wants to talk to you about something." "Is she bringing David?" "She said she was." He hurried past. "I don't want that woman in my house, Alex," Ida declared, "I don't care if she's your sister." "Don't get all upset. There's no need for it." "For heaven's sake, stop running all over the house and tell me . . ." "She says it's important." "I can just imagine." "We're not going to start off on Harriett again, Ida. We've had it all out before." "You can see Harriett any time you want," she shouted above the rattle of the paint cans, "But does it have to be in my house? And with that poor . . ." "Careful Ida."

She dropped her hands to her sides in disgust. No matter how she pleaded with him to see her side he would not understand, she was sure of that. Her own arguing would only upset her and for days she would be provoked with herself for weakening towards the end and becoming sentimental, reminding him that she was very sensitive. She dusted the things in the living room while Alex went on moving the paint cans. She reassured herself that her feelings about Harriett were justified. She calmed her aggravation when Alex, done with his moving, snatched his coat from the tall stand and left the house without a word.

Restless in this sudden quiet, she sighed and paced about the room, thoughtfully running her hands over vases, chair-backs and the old unused chafing dish. The room was stocked with old things that had no relation to one another; things she had found in the cellars and attics of shuttered houses or tucked away in the corners of second-hand shops. It was her show-room. She never allowed anyone to sit in the cane-bottom chair, or finger the worn carvings on the teakwood screen. Muddy shoes had not walked on that carpet. The glass panes of an old French bric-a-brac cabinet were kept shining, spotless as the crystal and China figures behind them which, like everything in the room, delighted her because they needed the care she gave them out of her sense of duty and affection. The finish on the top had been pimpled by a cup of tea her sister-in-law had once spilled. Ida considered it and the one obvious defect in the room. "That woman was just born trouble," she said as she ran her fingers over the spot. She flicked the dust rag at the rim of the huge morning-glory speaker that hung on a small chain above the Victrola.

Her steps were loud enough to carry through the house. The winter had been long, running over into spring and carrying with it strange undecided days that came in fits of hot and cold, of rain that warped doors and sprung floorboards until they flapped when you stepped on them. She pounded one of these back in place with her heel. She began wondering what Alex had been up to and she started up the stairs slowly, and soon, with her imagination working, quickened her step. "Acts like a child, I swear. A man in his forties carrying on such stunts as this." She pushed open the nursery door. Convinced as she had been of what she would find, she was still astonished when she looked about the tiny room. Paint cans were stacked in the corners. The crib was upside down and the stroller up on end near the window. Even old rags stiff with paint had been left lying over a neat, undusted pile of small clothes, some still tied with faded ribbons. She could not find an excuse for his carelessness. It made her think how much Alex had changed since the early days. He had been so thoughtful. Why, she asked herself, why couldn't people stay, forever, as they were when you first loved them, keeping those particular things about them that had made you love so suddenly?

# The Homebody

## a Short Story by William Walker

In the beginning nothing had happened to change his ways or hers. They had been practical and sincere. They had built their own house. Alex had established himself as a house-painter. They had got on very well. Then Harriett had had her baby. They said it almost killed Harriett's father. She was then thirty and had never been especially noticed until it happened. She never told who the father was.

When Ida and Alex saw Harriett in the hospital she gently folded the covers back to show the baby. Ida, almost afraid to get too close, felt the warmth spreading through her and she had to tell Harriett over and over how happy she was for her. She begged Alex to notice the small hands and the plump legs, how lightly the eyes closed, how the tiny lips quivered and how beautifully he kept reaching out until he found Harriett, making a small sound as he breathed, as though he had never left her body. Ida asked all sorts of questions about the birth. Alex stood quietly by the window, listening as Ida's voice faded softly and then trembled excitedly again when Harriett let her hold the baby. She put her cheek against him and rocked him gently, so close she could breathe in the child's breath.

"I've named him Daved," Harriett said. She asked for the baby and laid him on her breast, nursing him as they watched. Ida had not realized that he would have to have a name.

"He's always hungry," Harriett laughed. Ida thought she was beautiful. "Come into the hall a minute, Ida," Alex said taking her arm. She motioned him to be quiet.

"We'll be right back," she whispered and tip-toed out after him. "I don't think he heard me." Slowly she brought the door shut, standing near it for a moment to be certain that Harriet had not been disturbed.

# Literary Supplement

"Ida, why don't we adopt him," Alex said, getting it all out at once. "I've been thinking about it and I'm sure it would work out."

"But Alex, he's Harriett's baby," She flushed and twisted her hands together. "You said yourself he was beautiful."

"No, I mean do you think she would think of it?" "It wouldn't surprise me if she's been thinking of it all along. There's been enough trouble for her. She must be worried. She can't support him herself, that's for sure. And the nursery's all ready, Ida. Think of it, we could probably take him in a month or so. There wouldn't have to be any talk. We can make all the arrangements." He circled an arm about her and drew her away from the door. "Just think, Ida. Wouldn't it be perfect? And I can re-paint the nursery. It needs it after all this time. Whatever color you say."

"I wouldn't keep him from Harriett. It wouldn't be right. She could see him whenever she wished." He drew her hands apart and turned them lightly in his. "We could mention it now. I know Harriett and she'd talk sensibly about it. We could just suggest it."

"But Alex, he wouldn't really be our own." She turned from him. He was confusing her with his sudden enthusiasm.

She pictured the baby in the nursery she had fixed. She felt the same flurry of joy that had come with painting the walls, tying blue bows on the curtains and pasting tiny paper flowers on the windowpanes. She imagined herself caring for him, sleeping lightly, waiting for his cry so that she might go in and rock him to sleep again. A play-pen could be put near the garden in summer so he would be near as she worked the earth in her hands and gave him petals to play with. She would not leave him for a moment. Her pride would be greatest when people stopped to admire him, and she would thank them. Yet, she thought of herself explaining to them that he was not really her own. She would not be able to bear their awkward apologies and sympathies. But she would have to tell them, it would not be right otherwise. Before long everyone would know. Harriett would mention it to someone. Harriett, she thought, would probably be rather proud that she had found such a perfect home for her baby. It would not make too much difference to Alex if people were to find out. She felt sure that he would be content just in having a child and she became more suspicious of his anxiety to adopt the baby. She wondered if he was becoming impatient after only three years of marriage. Ida had no doubts; after all, Harriett was thirty, six years her elder. There certainly was enough time. Without hesitating she turned and glared at Alex defiantly.

"No, it wouldn't be right," she said, "I wouldn't think of taking Harriett's baby. Whatever gave you the idea anyway? Can't you see how wrong it would be?" She looked up at the wall clock. "I think we'd better go."

"All right, Ida," he said quietly, "If you say so." All the way back she thought of Harriett and the trouble she had caused. With little effort she convinced herself that what Harriett had done was cheap and inexcusable. If she could help it, Ida promised herself, that woman would never enter her house again.

When she got home she went up to the nursery and worked furiously to sweep it and put the dainty things in order. "I think you'd better paint it the same color it is now, Alex," she called, "It's such a lovely shade of rose. I'll clear the room whenever you want to start."

\* \* \*

"Now look at this room," she sighed, "He's made a catch-all out of it." She eased the crib down to keep it from scraping the most recent coat of paint on the wall. Again the soft rose color was fading almost to brown. After locking the door she slid the key into her pocket.

She went directly to the kitchen, dumped the gingerbread in with the trash and wiped up the mess it had made. She took a small mirror from the shelf and stood it on the table before her. Sometimes she had sat for an hour gazing at her image and fingering the lines that made webbed patterns on her face. She was thirty-two. She was called a 'handsome' woman. She accepted the fact that she looked almost forty. There was that masculine look about her that comes from heavy work, raw water and worries. Her hair was done up in a twist. Clothes never flattered the plumpness of her body, but she had never claimed that they should. She set the mirror back, covering it with a knitted tea-cosy, careful to tuck the edges around the glass so that her secret habit would not be discovered.

When Harriett arrived Ida was sewing a drape hem back in place. She cautioned herself to be calm.

"How nice you look, Ida," said Harriett. She primped a bit, pulled at her dress until it was smooth, and poked loose hair back behind her ears. Her voice was clear and she spoke effortlessly, but with enough speed to suggest that you had better listen because she would not say it again. Ida had never known her to say anything of interest. She was convinced that Harriett was very stupid. She could not understand why Alex catered to her so. Just being his sister did not excuse her for the things she had done, but Alex seemed to overlook such things. Harriett was dangerous, Ida thought, and even Alex should admit it as everyone else did. David gripped his mother's hand, looking about the room, his eyelids fluttering when he saw the strange candle-sticks and vases. He had a sad mouth. It barely opened when he spoke. At intervals he hid his face in his mother's skirt. Ida turned away. The two women chattered about the bad March weather and how much worse it always seemed in Vermont.

"Don't touch, David, don't touch," droned Harriett. The boy finished winding up the Victrola and then, setting the needle back in place, left it alone. Ida watched him. It must have been Harriett's growing disinterest in bringing him up that made him so pitiful. Her silly rattling voice agitated Ida's contempt for her.

"Why don't you go up and play in the nursery, David," Harriett said sternly. She turned to Ida. "Funny I never thought of that before. He's been getting so strange lately. Gives me goose pimples. But it's just a phase I imagine. Run along now, Ida won't mind."

"No," she said, stiffening in her chair, "I wouldn't mind, but it's— it's locked, you see." She paused to control herself. She put her hand in the pocket and gripped the key. "I lost the key. We can't open it." She avoided David's great invading eyes. Harriett rose immediately.

"I'd like some tea, then," she said. They went to the kitchen. Standing near Ida at the stove, Harriett put her head close and elbowed her. "Make some for David, too. It'll keep him busy. I don't want him hurting any of your nice things. Besides, I want to talk to you about something."

"I intended to make him some." "Ida, I was wondering if you and Alex would like to adopt David," she said simply, "It's hard to talk about it." She looked sad for a moment. "But Alex told

Continued on Page 4



# 'Individualism'

## an essay by Ruth Minsky

What the individual in America is, is a very difficult thing to define, especially for one who is striving for individuality himself. In a sense I have attempted to avoid categorizing individuals into a class. They cannot be spoken about as a group, when each of the individuals we are dealing with is trying desperately to disassociate himself from a group. For purposes of illustration I will take myself as an example of the group-ridden individual. I will speak for that group.

We have been influenced tremendously by the European thought of the past one-hundred-fifty years. We thought that this influence came only from the thinking of the past twenty years or so, but we are rapidly finding out that it goes much further back than this. Our fathers' told us of this, but we refused to believe them; we are now forced to accept the facts. As a result we find it necessary to search history to find out what makes us think the way we do. The results of this search are at the same time disturbing and encouraging, for we are concerned with the same questions as were intellectuals over one hundred years ago. It is encouraging if we consider that men have thought these thoughts, and as pessimistic as they may have been, the world has survived. It is disturbing if we think of it as a trend which is continually increasing in tempo, and that it might reach its breaking point during this generation.

Just what are some of the thoughts that are so disturbing? To begin with we do not feel the presence of any divine inspiration or any consolation at all. We are forced to depend on our very existence for all the consolation we might need. We cling to the belief that we are capable of making the right decisions, and of making these decisions for everyone. We feel universal in ourselves. We have more faith in ourselves than we can have in any extra-human force. We are taken in, for example, by the existentialist philosophy. But we soon see that so are many others. This makes us part of a group; but we do not want to be part of a group, so we look at the philosophy critically and find what pertains to us, and make it our own. Our own and no one else's. We resent, in a way, some one saying that he understands our belief, because we do not think he can. He can understand his own belief, but not ours. We search our minds to find out what our own needs are, and we try to find ways of taking care of these needs. But we cling desperately to the individuality of this need.

Then we look at the world situation. War. War ever since we were old enough to think. True, it has never been on our soil, but we have somehow come to know what it means. We struggled to know what it meant because we could not understand it. There was no need to run away from it at first; it was far away. So we tried to understand it. Of course there is no understanding of it, there never can be. But we made the attempt; at least we tried to bring mass slaughter into our comprehension. We didn't want to, but it was just something that one doesn't think about the results of. We had no thoughts that if we were to worry about this now, we would never be able to forget it. We were young. We thought; and suddenly the wars came closer. We began to be afraid that our lives were worth no more than those of the six million Jews that died in Germany. We saw no reason for anything. We turned away from politics, because we knew too well what the right things to do were. We knew that we could not continue reading newspapers, and belonging to political action groups without, in the end, killing ourselves. So we kept away. We tried to escape. Eventually we learned that there was no escape. This was when our own loved ones were going into the Army. Some force beyond his, or our, control was taking him away. That he might die, for something over which he had no control. We suddenly came to the realization that this situation was ever

Straight stand the hands of time  
our moment of transition;  
and from the strong, silent,  
cement faced  
light glazed structures of civiliza-  
tion,  
our ants stream.  
fresh now in the natal period of  
expectation,  
pushing through the formidable  
symbols of the other life;  
leaving behind  
a world they do not feel,  
entering another  
which they cannot see.  
the cold delicacy of an autumn  
evening  
left unnoticed.  
nature retreats to the edge of  
sensitivity  
and we are unaware.  
Do we see the pale white diffuse  
our summer skies  
and trail clouds of frozen smoke—  
not until fallen leaves crack  
beneath our dull feet,  
and desolation stings chilled faces.  
we ask about life  
and do not look—  
to the conception of a moment,  
to the consummation of a year.  
we try to hold  
when we must be held.  
the mystery is deft

## Poems by Wallace Jackson

She will not be here to-  
morrow;  
tomorrow gone away.  
so go to check the careless  
wind—  
and the wind go blindly by;  
tomorrow she is gone  
Go find the night  
and make it hear . . .  
it gently slips away  
and you are left to flail the  
day;  
tomorrow she is gone  
Go halt the sun  
with streaming tear,  
and make it waste its  
warmth  
the sun will only burn again;  
tomorrow she is gone  
Go curse the blue  
that streams behind,  
collapse the air  
with gentle sigh,  
the void will fill again;  
tomorrow . . . let her go.

present, in all realms of life, and that death was an ever present possibility. There was no running away. We were forced to accept this and try to find a way of living with it. We had to, because we were beginning to love life. Love even the very idea of it. We wanted it. We were going to find a way of making as much of it as we could. We discovered that we had to act as if there was no such thing as war, or death. This is a goal, but it is not an easy one. We are still afraid, and we still grab at the moment. We don't worry about the future.

Our love of life is not destroyed, but made a difficult ideal. Although we love it, we cannot without awareness of what it seems actually to be. Human values mean nothing. We suddenly discover that we must justify our own existence. We must find a reason for life. Since we can have no faith in the world as it exists as a series of social institutions, we must go outside of the society. But how are we to create this world of our own, and still remain in equilibrium with our fellow beings? We must find a way. We know that there is no real escape. This search somehow leads us to one art form or another. We find ourselves labeled with the huge general term "artist." We find that in the arts we can feel that, by producing something that is 'good' or perhaps 'beautiful' we will be justifying ourselves in our own eyes.

But is not the precise nature of our need for art more than a justification? As an example, let us look at a composer's feelings toward composition.

He studies with one man; his whole outlook toward the field his whole approach has been shaped by the work done with this teacher. But when he begins thinking about what he is going to do, he feels that he could never compose without feeling the greatest guilt, unless he is able to produce something original. To be merely a disciple, and to simply expand his teacher's ideas would become an intolerable thought. Yet the more he studies, the more he becomes convinced that this man's method was far superior to anyone else's; that all other work being done was pointless and leading nowhere. But the composer would be thoroughly aware that his own view was entirely his teacher's. So he falls away from his work.

He had seen the field of composing as a place where there would be no danger of being a complete disciple. He knew, at least, that anything which he produced would be his own, and that no one could tell him any better than himself, just what was wrong with his work. When, and if, this belief returns, the composer no longer needs the teacher. He renounces the teacher and realizes that his strongest leanings, while being based on his training, are in a direction concretely different from the teacher's. He hits upon an idea that is original, or which he believes to be original, and at that moment feels that perhaps he could work in this field after all. But only does he have this feeling when there is something, if not useful at least original to work from.

So we have here a person who feels that he has produced something, has created something of himself. And what he has made of himself must be shown by something concrete, material, if only in the sense of a pianist who is a performing artist. He need not even perform; he has merely to have the knowledge that he is able to play the instrument. He feels that he is able to do something, something which he considers reasonable, in order to feel that he has given meaning to his existence. Passing over the growth of the need to do something, we recognize that the creative act is an essentially personal one. By the very fact that his creation is his own, he is no longer one of a large general group of people, but one set of slightly; having at least one achievement which is entirely his own.

In this way, the justification of art becomes the search for individuality. We were, in a way, afraid of changing. We felt a guilt about thinking that we were most perfect the way we were, but as we grew up we began to understand that we were actually fighting to preserve our own identities. But we recognize that we have made it necessary for a person to produce something in order to justify his existence. Have we made it impossible for the individual who

Continued on Page 5

## THE HOMEBODY-Cont.

me you had thought about it when David was born, and I was wondering if you felt the same now."

"When did he ever tell you that?"

"Oh, a week or so after I was out of the hospital. Are you still thinking of it, Ida? You see I'm out of money and I'm getting a job in New York. I couldn't take David, he's only eight. It would be too much. I'd worry about him here, but still I can't take him to the city. It's bad enough leaving him at all, but that's how it is. I feel terrible about it. It just can't be helped, I suppose. And I'm so regretful of that mess before, and to think I never realized what it would mean. All this planning and having people misunderstand. I guess I didn't know what I was doing."

Ida prodded an iron bar into the hot coals under the burner, stirring them so fast they threw up sparks. They increased her excitement. Harriett gathered cups and saucers and arranged them on the table. She looked girlish with the firelight reaching her face and shining it up a bit in the greyness of the room. Ida slammed the little door in the stove.

"Turn on the overhead, please, Harriett," she said.

"It is gloomy in here."

Ida took the kettle from the stove. "Do you want the cosy, Ida?"

"No, no we don't need it," she answered quickly, glancing toward the shelf for an instant. She set the kettle on the table.

"Be careful, David, it's hot." He was picking at the cake crumbs that had got caught in the cracks of the table top. He ate them. Ida argued with an impulse to flick his hair into place as she bent over him to pour. The steam struck his face and whirled up to her with the soft odor of his hair and body. She put her free hand lightly on his neck and smoothed her fingers against him. The warmth of him spread through her and she wavered under the sensation that shook her as she breathed, daring to tell herself that she had only to say "yes" and he might be hers. Water suddenly spilled from the kettle, flowed out and washed against David's hands. He leapt up with a scream, jolting Ida back with so much fright that the kettle fell to the floor. Harriett was telling David to put his hand in his mouth and it wouldn't hurt. She sat opposite Ida, turning a spoon in her cup and peering curiously at the boy.

"A towel!" Ida cried, "For God's sake get him a towel!" She flipped one from the rack and, taking his hands, patted them with the cloth. He cried out miserably

each time she touched it to his hands.

"No need to get all upset, Ida," said Harriett, "They have accidents all the time. Used to it by now, I guess."

"How can you sit there like that," Ida screamed. She reeled slightly as a sudden loathing of the woman filled her and caught a breath in her throat before she could say any more. Harriett did not move. She felt herself condemned by Ida's eyes, beaten back by the expression of ridicule for bringing David into the world as she had. As her challenge Harriett leaned back in her chair and smiled cleverly knowing she did not have to come out and say that Ida longed to have a child in any way she could.

"I think we'd better go, David," she said. Ida stared at the floor, struggling helplessly to hide the fit of shaking that had taken her.

"Yes, you'd better go," she said bitterly, "Both of you."

Without a word Harriett took David's arm and left the house so quickly that David almost stumbled as she fairly dragged him down the front stoop.

When he came home Alex discovered two old paint cans that he had forgotten in the garage and he took them into the house. Ida sat in the living room, her sewing basket on her lap. With great care she sorted colored buttons and put them in envelopes. He paused in the hall, but as Ida did not look up he marched upstairs carrying the paint pots. With one key of his heavy watch-chain he unlocked the nursery door. He looked about the room in amazement. The paint cans were gone. The soft blue throw-rug, neatly cleaned, was on the floor. Crisp curtains were up and they billowed out when the breeze got under the cracks of the sill. A huge full bow had been tied to the window catch and the long streamer ends of it barely brushed the floor. Above a flimsy, freshly painted table hung two grape ivies, their graceful stems, held in place by thumb-tacks, curling across the wall, the newest leaves reaching out almost to the window frame. Downstairs Ida had started the Victrola, patiently tolerating the wheeze and scratch of the one cracked cylinder record that had come with the machine. Alex turned at the door before he left. Long bands of late afternoon sunlight came through the window and draped over the rug and it struck him that the room had been done over with the same permanence, the same deliberate brilliance of Ida's lofty hopes, and it saddened him so much he slammed the door and went quickly downstairs where she was doing her best to hum along in tune with the jolting record.

The End



Foreign Students

Cont.

She is interested mainly in perfecting her knowledge of English and already she has made progress.

Another member in this group Peter W. Price from England whose father is an official of the International Labour Organization. Peter's home is now in Geneva but for the greater part of his life he has lived in the outer suburbs of London where he has had all his schooling. While Bard his main studies will be the U.S.A., and he hopes to be able to get around to see as much of the States and meet as many Americans as possible while he is here. Unfortunately, he will have to leave Bard next year to go up to Oxford.

Meta Sark, from Wassenaar at the Hague, is the last of the invited Nations group. She speaks several languages and hopes to make a career in the United Nations. She has already worked for the I.R.O. where her father is employed. She feels that one year spent in America will be a wonderful experience for her besides providing invaluable training for her career. She is hoping to stay at Bard for a second year to take a degree. She majors in Government.

Apart from the students in these two groups we have twenty French girls who have come somewhat independently. Angelika Mayer, whose father was a well known art critic, wants to stay here for four years in order to take a degree. She is hoping eventually to settle in America, and from her experiences so far, she is sure she will like it here. She is twenty-one years old and has lived in Paris and at Nice. She holds no scholarship at the college.

Violette Pettit, a twenty-one year old girl from Caen, who has recently taken her Licence in France, is here for one year but hopes she may be able to stay longer. She came over to America the first place on an exchange sponsored by the International Friendship Experiment. Violette has only been here a few days but she is already enthusiastic about Bard.

All the foreign students who have come to Bard this year would like to thank everyone on Campus for the wonderful reception that has been accorded to them here. The friendship and helpfulness of the entire community have enabled them to become acclimated to their new environment in no time at all. None of them is looking forward to the time when he must say goodbye to Bard. They all sincerely wish that they could turn the kindness shown them. They can in any way help you if you would be only too pleased to do so; do not hesitate to ask them for any information as they will be glad to talk to you at any time. The new foreign students wish to contribute all they can do to the social and academic life at Bard so that they may become an integral part of the community.

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My Week by Tallulah the Turtle

Resting my short, stout body on the grass in front of Stone Row one day, I was startled by a splash of red and white polka dots and a strange-looking white hat. With great effort and quite a bit of indifference, I pulled my head out of my shell and perceived a human being. I did not know whether to address him as Mr. Picasso or Frank Buck but on closer inspection—I opened my eyes this time—I recognized the countenance of the editor-in-chief of the Bardian. The Hat stared at me intensely and in one of his eyes I saw mirrored a little glass bowl with coloured pebbles. Knowing this sign only too well, and determined to preserve my individuality and freedom, I started to retreat. I had only moved one of my four stubby legs when I felt a tap on my back. The Scarf wished to converse with me. I agreed to only if he would move his big heavy shoes a little further away from my head. You see, I am extremely touchy about these things. He then proceeded to admonish me for my lack of interest in the college and implied that I could outdo any of the other turtles on Campus by taking on some work. He asked me if I would like a job as a roving reporter for the Bardian. I pulled my head back into my shell to allow for meditation and began to talk to myself. (Dr. Coast warned me against this in his last analysis, for he knows that the only thing that would make me neurotic is work.) Anyway, I said to myself, "Tallulah, dah-ling, it means giving up Canasta . . . But what is more fun than watching human beings? . . . Besides, you love to doodle on the dirt which is a sure sign of journalistic ability!" Well, I had talked myself into it. I poked my head outside again, looked up at the sky and informed the Hat that I would accept the job if it counted as a credit toward my C.S.P. Everything was agreed on and I was handed my first assignment . . . the tennis matches.

The next morning, I rapidly crossed the road to the coffee shop. Three hours later I reached the door, cautiously crawled in and rested my weary body under a table, the only safe place from humans . . . at least in a coffee shop! It was 10:30 and the tennis matches were in full swing. What a racket! Like my fellow Bardians, I tried to pay attention to the score but my head ached so much from turning it from right to left that I am afraid my count is a little inaccurate. However, I did manage to keep track of one broken engagement, three bleached blondes, one love, two new pairs of steadies, several potential theatre-goers (car owners), and one pair of blue jeans from Saks Fifth Avenue.

I was so tired after this experience that I decided to look for a place where I could find some peace and quiet before writing my story. I waited until someone opened the door, crawled through and wandered about aimlessly. At last I came to the Automat. Most of the little window-boxes being empty, I managed to creep in and occupy one. I had just closed my eyes when I heard a clicking sound like a lock being opened, and then a hand reached in. I tried to hide in the corner but whoever belonged to the hand was terribly thorough. I was discovered to the accompaniment of a scream and the Sarcastic One saying, "Well at least you have discovered a turtle. There is nothing but dirt in my box." The Sorrowful One moaned that there was even a shortage of that in her window box. I was placed on the counter by a pair of rough hands—I hope I did not get any warts!—nearly shoved off three times and sat on twice. This place was a positive madhouse. Everyone was impatient to get his mail. After a while I began to discern four distinct types of human beings in this place:

- 1. He who has one hand in the box the whole time the mail is being sorted out and is ready to grab ferociously at any letter that comes in the area.
  - 2. He who walks back and forth from the Post Office to the store at least ten times during the morning.
  - 3. He who extends his body over the counter so that he may see if the mail is all out yet. If not he asks if there is anything for him and thinks himself considerate in that he saves the clerks the trouble of putting the letters in the box.
  - 4. He who never receives any mail and runs around opening everyone else's box in the hope that his has been misplaced.
- I finally managed to get away from this metropolis and two days later I found myself back home on the grass.

It took me two days to recuperate but when I found myself a little stronger, I crept up to the Bardian office in order to write this story. You just cannot imagine what difficulty I had with capital letters, for instance. Since my legs are small, I first had to press down the shift-key, the lock, then run all over looking for the letter and then run back to unshift the shift-key . . . and all for a capital letter. I just should not have bothered with it. However I did want to impress my fellow reporters on the Bardian. My goodness I am falling down on the job—the keys are rather slippery—and before I leave out more capitals, or do something more drastic like splitting an infinitive, I had better drag my short, stout body back to the grass in front of Stone Row in the hope that I may rest undisturbed until my next assignment.

—H. K.

Individualism Cont.

not creative, to live? Perhaps we should go as far as we can, and once discovering our limitations, be able to adjust to them. Perhaps we should strive to attain our highest potentialities; and if we possibly can, quietly add something to the Group.

Suddenly we feel again a desperation about the world. We are afraid that we are not going to get our chance to live, and create at all. Our lives become frenzied, and we cling to the thought of life. We think, or realize that there is nothing to life but living. Is there really life or living in a state of balance, or is it merely a stagnation, a particle having no universe of its own? We are suddenly almost thankful to be aware of life. How much more can one live than to feel the world pressing down at every moment, with every breath. To feel something, be it painful or not, at least to feel. We do not react morbidly to this thought. We are preserved from that. We are optimistic; we have not lost our will to live, in fact it has been increased by our awareness of it. Our awareness has not produced in

Germany Still Center of Cold War Says Dr. Sturmthal

The Social Studies Club opened its program of activities for the term with a talk by Dr. Adolf Sturmthal on "Germany—1951." Dr. Sturmthal, who spent last summer in Germany as an advisor to the State Dept., began by pointing out that Germany today is the main focal point of the tension between the United States and Russia. Despite Korea, he said, Germany remains the center of the Cold War battlefield: because of her large population as compared with Italy, France, or England; because of her geographical position in the heart of Europe; because of her industrial potential and the mechanical and military talents of her people; and because the country is the actual borderline between Russian and Western power.

Fascism and Communism, according to Dr. Sturmthal, are not immediate problems in Germany, but rather long-range dangers. Veteran's organizations especially could become the rallying point for a new Nazism, which, however, would not be the same as the old Nazism in several respects. Communism has been temporarily crushed in Western Germany by vivid reports of refugees from Communist East Germany, and by the fact that living standards are much higher in the Western zones.

But because of the policies of the Bonn government, there is a tremendous inequality of wealth today; a chart of the standard of living would resemble an upward-pointed sword with a handle, rather than a pyramid. President Case, during the discussion following the talk, suggested that measures which inevitably produce such inequality might be deemed necessary in order to get sufficient centralization of capital to rebuild the country. Dr. Sturmthal, however, pointed out that laws designed for this purpose have been badly misused by individuals for their own profit.

The Christian Democratic Party under Konrad Adenauer runs the government today. Adenauer is an astute politician with much experience, and knows how to bargain for what he wants. He has been able to get along relatively well with the Occupation authorities, who today exercise very little of their former control over Western Germany. His opponent is Kurt Schumacher, a dynamic leader of the Social Democrats. Schumacher, who lost one arm and one leg in two World Wars, and who was imprisoned under Hitler, believes that the dynamic force of Communism can be stopped only by a rival dynamic force, by a program of enthusiasm for social reform. He is, however, a very stubborn man, and is disliked by German politicians and the Allied authorities alike. Dr. Felix Hirsch remarked that Adenauer seemed to have some vision in foreign policy, which Schumacher lacks. Dr. Sturmthal was uncertain about whether the policies of the Adenauer regime would prove sufficient to save the present foundations of West Germany once the boom ended, and suggested that perhaps Schumacher, in his emphasis on social reform and popular enthusiasm, may prove to be more on the right track than Adenauer, with his greater emphasis on collective security in a military sense with the Western Allies.

us any elements of over-doing life. We do not tend to run away with ourselves. We are, in a way, more sensible, and know better what we are doing than most of our fellows. We know that our salvation lies in what we are able to give to our society; how we can improve it. We are constructive. The others know only renunciation and negation.

Now that we can look back we see clearly the ways in which members of this Group have sought individuality. They manage to produce, variously hyper-sensitive, neurotic, and psychotic symptoms. They consciously produce symptoms, by observing what the "artist type" was like. They are able to copy a good part of the surface well enough, but they serve only to make the basic needs of the creative person obscure. They have destroyed themselves, at least unless they can regain their composure, and live in the world without fear of what is being thought of them. They pretend they are not bothered by the ideas of society; they tend to ignore them or renounce them, without considering that there might be something of truth in them. And they renounce this society, negate it, without suggesting anything positive in its place. So they are lost. They become lost individuals and lost generations.

I. P. Roundup

Cont.

approximately 100 students getting invaluable employment experience as well as income sufficient to cover their basic costs of tuition, room and board

Now that the idea has proven itself to both the college and the cooperating industries and business firms, it will be expanded this fall with openings for 200 more young men and women, according to President Samuel D. Marble. He points out that students in the program can complete degree requirements in four calendar years and graduate with their classes holding not only a college degree, but in addition the equivalent of two full years of work experience.

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Five



## "The Liberal"

mobiles. As long as they remain, we are the best little country on God's good green earth. They forget however "... that you can't relinquish the real values of life and replace them with inventories of mechanical gadgets..." While these things are fine, they cannot rule our way of living. One must place life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; human dignity; individual worth above television sets and chromium and enamel Johns. One must remember that our common heritage is liberalism, the American idea is a liberal and liberating idea. It is opposed to the communist ideal in the sense "... that the brand of communism displayed in Russia, is not liberal but reactionary, not liberating but enslaving. For it makes men only instruments—instruments of a manalithic state. It denies their innate rights of liberty and pursuit of happiness—and often, in practice of life itself. Anyone who, in impatience or despair, denies the moral distinction between the two societies is blind indeed..." President Case appeals "... to let the liberal again see the great American Idea, the hope of the world. If he does, he will work even harder to purify the American Way of Life, and his work will be good because he will be no longer consumed by hopelessness and bitterness. He will no longer be the Tragic Liberal, but the Triumphant Liberal, and the tragedy of his unfitness for leadership will be translated into the rebirth of the great liberating idea of the "Novus Ordo Seclorum"—the classless society. In that society men and women will not be instruments of political or diplomatic policy or of productive capacity, but will be recognized as individuals possessed of the one great inalienable right—the right to attain the true stature of human beings. This is the opportunity and the responsibility of the liberal."

### Dr. Joel Shor Guidance Counselor

Dr. Joel Shor, visiting guidance counselor and psychologist, will hold regular office hours every Wednesday from noon to six o'clock on the third floor of Ludlow-Willink. Appointments can be arranged with Miss Barbara Kiernan or directly with Dr. Shor on Wednesday afternoons.

Dr. Shor wants it to be known that this semester he has more time at his disposal than last year. He encourages everybody to bring even seemingly trivial problems to his attention. His services are free of charge and form an integral part of the Bard program.

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Six

## Israel Today . . . Cont.

which separates Israel from Transjordan. Shots and screams were often heard at night. One afternoon I persuaded one of the Israeli guards to escort me to the border, that I might see the Arab village of Qualquilya. I nervously approached the border, standing in the shadow of my escort's gun, knowing that the fighting was due to start here in three to four hours. Three Arab guards beckoned to us from across the border and we crossed, carrying empty canteens, which were promptly filled. After shaking hands with the Arabs, which consisted of a forehead-heart-hand effect, I pointed to the border we had just crossed, which now lay several feet behind us. One of the Arabs noticed my bewilderment, and he said, "Do not worry, my friend. The border just moved. Now it is where you are standing." The Israeli guard explained his statement. "You see," he said, "it is daytime, and we are still friends. We do not become enemies until 5 o'clock at night."



Miss Waldman, a former Bardian, has recently returned from an extensive tour of Israel. Her article was written as a special to the Bardian.

## "History is Eclectic" Says Mr. Sheehan

"History is not the queen, but the mistress of all social sciences," declared Mr. Donald Sheehan during an interview with this reporter. The Historian has to take into consideration the economic, political, sociological and religious aspects of the era he is describing. History, he stated, lacks the strict methodology characterizing other social sciences. History is eclectic.

Mr. Sheehan will be at Bard for one semester as Visiting Instructor in History, partially relieving Mr. Crane who is finishing his doctoral thesis. It might be said that students taking his course, *Development of American Thought*, will understand history in terms of a most vivid third dimension. Economics, Literature and History provide the many facets of his background, since he has degrees in each of these fields.

As instructor at the School of General Studies of Columbia University, Mr. Sheehan recently edited a two volume work, *The Making of American History*. He describes this as an introduction to historical criticism which will teach students to be suspicious of what they read.

He feels that the method of education at Bard is the dream of an educator. Discussion demands reparation, however. This cannot be carried on successfully unless students come to class thoroughly prepared. Mr. Sheehan had had previous experience teaching seminars at Columbia.

Despite his interest in teaching, writing and editing is his preferred occupation. He is the editor of *This Is America*, a book to be published this fall. Another of his books will be forthcoming in 1952.

### Council Branches Out

This year's Community Council will be facing new objectives and obligations, under the direction of Arnon Gafny, chairman. Arnon hopes to broaden the limited legislative powers in effect last year by opening the Monday evening meetings to discuss vital community problems.

The Council, of course, will form the nucleus of discussion and the entire community will be requested to present ideas. The ultimate objective, according to Arnon, is to make the council a forum in which new plans will be presented in order to increase the welfare of the community.

The second major goal of the council is to bring organization and order to the various committees and clubs functioning at Bard. The first attempt at such an organization was made last Monday evening, when all committee and club chairmen were invited to discuss extra-curricular activities at Bard. The Calendar Committee will plan the majority of Bard activities for the entire semester. The Entertainment Meeting was called to continue the investigation of last year's Newman Committee and to attempt to develop a more varied program of activities for Bard.

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## "Freedom Dies From Disuse . . ."

Odell Shepard

Dr. Odell Shepard, writer, teacher, and former Pulitzer Prize winner for biography, is at Bard this Fall as Visiting Professor of English. His reasons for being with us for one semester are as interesting as the modern Emersonian himself. Dr. Shepard came to Bard not for academic reasons, but to associate with young people. "I could do all my reading and writing at home," he said.

Dr. Shepard, who was a member of the National Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union, was also impressed by Bard's statement concerning Academic Freedom. He feels that it represents the best solution to the different programs with which the Committee on Academic Freedom was confronted during the past six months.

"The good thing about Bard is that we practice Academic Freedom in our classrooms and so do not need theoretical definitions," he said. "It is just like health. We do not define it, but we use it. For ten years," he said, "I have been deeply interested in the program at Bard. I have been reading and hoping for such a program all my life. I consider myself always heretical towards educational orthodoxy," he continued. "I don't lie the great book course: Education does not come in compartments. I prefer the word 'experience' to the word education. The two terms overlap. Ever true education can, and should be called an experience."

Prior to his long and distinguished association at Trinity College, Hartford, Dr. Shepard taught at several institutions, including Harvard and Radcliffe.

"Looking back, thirty years of teaching seem to me a waste. I always wanted to be a writer," he said. "My son pushed me into creative writing and is largely responsible for most of my books. I am best to write out of imagination; too much detail destroys creative beauty. Creating is not reporting. To be a learned man is an occupational disease," he continued. "Knowing should be for the sake of doing, making and being, and not for the sake of knowing."

His book, "Jenkin's Ear," a Book of the Month selection in the United States, is to be published in London this year. An edition is being prepared in German and he also hopes to have it published in South America. At present he is engaged in writing a book about Emerson and other members of the Concord group.

Dr. Shepard has also been active in civic affairs. He served as lieutenant-governor of Connecticut in 1940-41. "I am primarily a writer, secondly a teacher, but I feel it is the obligation of those who enjoy special privileges to return into the commonwealth a part of what has been granted to him. I had the strength," he said, "Somewhat, interest, leisure, and so, when the request came, I was glad. He was brought up a Republican, but swung to supporting the Democrats during Wilson's time. 'I am beginning to think that the Democratic party has been in office long enough,' Dr. Shepard continued, "but I would not approve of General Eisenhower as President. Emotional hysteria is always involved when military men are chosen for President. Women, especially, are subject to this hysteria. When asked what he thought of Senator Benton's proposal to oust Senator McCarthy from office, he termed the move, 'a bit too rash. He feels that such a move would imperil all those who have the freedom to speak their minds. The chance that such a move would set an extremely bad precedent, in our country where freedom of speech is one of our most prized possessions, is too great."

Dr. Shepard is a man well worth meeting. It is a rare opportunity for all Bardians to come in contact with a stimulating, intellectual man who is well-versed in all fields and whose acquaintance should be considered as a necessary part of our education.



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