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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 faculty of International Education.

One of the students, Eddie Horii of Tokyo, received his B.A. at Tohoku University where he

Representing the above countries are: Chung Sun Yoo, Korea; Eddie Horii, Japan; Marie Gutierrez, France; Ramon Garcia, Nicaragua; Yoshika Tsuboi, Japan; Marletta Struyck, England; Deilrich Sperling, Germany; Yoshika Tsuboi, Japan; Frances Sill, England; Jeffrey Sill, England; Pietro Tesauro, Japan.

msa institutes New Orientation Center

The connection between spaghetti and the war against 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 increase the security of the freedom-loving countries of the world. By raising their standards of living through improved production methods, and the stimulation 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 aggression from without." The Agency branch connected with Bard works to acquaint foreign trade unions 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 German trade union group, which had Dr. Adolph Sturmschul as Program Director.

The Center's initial opening date was July 73. Members of the staff are: Director, Mr. John J. O'Mara; Co-ordinator of Labor Programs in the Labor Management Institute, University of Connecticut, Administrative assistants: Mrs. Vera Wiggins, program; and Miss Gene Barnett, finance. Secretary: Mrs. Julia Nell, and Mrs. Marian DeCrey. M.S.A. has also assisted two labor advisors to the project: Carl Lindner, representative of the A. F. of L., and Edward Lenner, 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 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 on American life, and meet the American man.

Off Campus Jobs Offered

This semester, Bard students have access to the facilities of a new college-sponsored Student Employment Center of which Mrs. Muriel T. Robins is coordinator. All students seeking part-time work should consult Mrs. Robins in her office above the Admissions Office in Astorwall. 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 commons work and library work are independent of the new organization. Baby sitting, clerical work and odd jobs are among the jobs on and off campus that may be procured through the office.

The Bard Music Department welcomes Stradella Lawrence, a young soprano, who will perform at Bard Hall on October 14 at 8:30.

Miss Lawrence, recently graduated from Vassar College, plans the program solo in Brahms' Requiem while still an undergraduate there.

The Bardian
Official Publication of Bard College Community
Annandale-on-Hudson, New York
October 3, 1952
Vol. 20, No. 1
Students and faculty have been quite generally aware of the new five-course program for the lower college that was ushered in 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 series of several general conference courses will attain its full objectives cannot be assessed for some time. Some complications are discernible in handling early promulgations to the upper college, but these difficulties should not persist beyond the present period, or the final form of the Common Course.

What about the Common Course that was also scheduled for introduction this fall? The Bard community knows, of course, that the course is not being offered, and the students may not know why or what anything is, is being done about it. I should like to report briefly on these points.

The reason why the Common Course—or the "Common Course," as a half-grammarian error made it in a memorandum I received—has not yet made its appearance is that the difficulties in finding the right place to direct it were very great. And when, at last, we discovered what we thought, we thought the course was for the spring semester. 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 Bluhmer, the newly-appointed director of the Common Course. Professor Bluhmer, a member of the Académie des Sciences and a man of 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 members of the faculty, exchanging views trying to anticipate and iron out difficulties, and above all in his own mind and in theirs a full and challenging conception of the significant experiment we are soon to undertake. Presently he will begin to consult students for a week or two, 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 consult with those who will form 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 Bluhmer, 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 this semester as a period of preparation in which every year participate, the Common Course will be the most excellent 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.

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 dilettantish" typology popular with Bard students. The emphasis on a four-year, plus year, plus year, program is excellent, but the formalities are superficial under the present advisory system. They detract considerably from the informality of the Bard program and provide the illusion that we have found 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 in those supposedly upheld, but contradict sections of the Social Studies Division's new policy. It would probably be very difficult for a student interested in specialization to, in particular field, to plan a four-year program to which every one must be applied. He may have quite a different view of his maximum benefit when compared 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 interestingly bringing, if he has no interest in it?

The idea of required courses, in itself dictatorial, becomes more so when it suddenly appears in a week like Bard, among students who came in to escape the traditional college curriculum. Though still in a somewhat innocuous form it may spread, and that would be extremely unfortunate for all of us here.

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 the other divisions.

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**Letter To The Editor**

by Ross Baskett

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EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page Two)

Look At My Hand
by Wendell Ackerman

It is no longer a question in my mind. I have decided to do it just to see how 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 cry together and laugh together. Ha, the only thing they don’t do is, they don’t have the time to do it. They don’t have the time. They don’t have the time.

My head is 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. When anyone asks me, I know what I’ll say. I’ll say yes, when—when—head stop jumping so that I can think. This coming Tuesday? No, mostly of the young people will be in school on Wednesday. Oh, why can’t I think? I must decide on a day. I must decide now. Think brain, stop jumping 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. No one will know of my plan, absolutely not.

Saturday, why does the word Saturday continuously run through my mind? It’s on the tip of my tongue. Why is this this Saturday will be the most important day of my life. It’s on the tip of my tongue. I must execute my plan. On glorious, glorious Saturday! But wait, by my watch, time draws near. It’s 11:30 p.m. And what day is this?—Ah yes it’s a Saturday. And what will I do on Saturday? How will I do it? I know what I’m going to do and when I’m going to do it as well as I know that I have five fingers on each hand. Fingers...hand; what a sensation I get when I glance at my hand. My heart jumps and throbs with excitement whenever I open and close my hand, my right hand. When I hold it open, the long, slender fingers seem to reach out to me. I must not allow them to reach out to me. I’m going to do it. I’m going to try to make this hand do something. I’m going to make this hand do something. It’s strength. The fingers curl into a knot and strain with tension. I must not allow my hand to show its strength. The fingers curl into a knot and strain with tension. I must not allow my hand to show its strength. The fingers curl into a knot and strain with tension. I must not allow my hand to show its strength.

The hand, the fingers, the whole body is ready. The fingers curl into a knot and strain with tension. I must not allow my hand to show its strength. The fingers curl into a knot and strain with tension. I must not allow my hand to show its strength. The fingers curl into a knot and strain with tension. I must not allow my hand to show its strength. The fingers curl into a knot and strain with tension. I must not allow my hand to show its strength. The fingers curl into a knot and strain with tension. I must not allow my hand to show its strength.
Look At My Hand (Continued from Page Four)

stores. Some are running; others are walking. Taxi's carry them in groups from one block to the next, from one basement to the next.

I forget what arm my watch is on. Where is it? Where is it? All right. My watch shows that I have seven minutes left, only seven short minutes.

I 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 as I stand there. In fact, a very few minutes all eyes will be directed my way. Excitement 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 ignore the 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 hand, my right hand, as I do. About two feet from the wall I stop and look around to see if the great crowd is still shuttering 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 mauled hand. As I pull the hand from the wall, my blood smeared knuckles make a sucking noise which is pleasant to my ear. I hold the distorted hand up to get a good look at it. It has altered 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 last three fingers. Blood drips from each of them and forms a triangle of three pools on the sidewalk. The thumb is broken halfway and the nail barely hangs by a thread of flesh.

I am facing the wall as I examine the blood-smeared 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. I swing around quickly and lift the bloody hand as high as I can. I wave it back and forth for all to see. "Here, everyone look at my broken hand. Come, please come and look at my smashed hand. You, old man, and you, lady, don't be scared, don't run away. Look, look I beg 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 shrinks 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 actually 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 spoke seems to get them even more excited, and they run all the faster. Of course, I know that this is just what they'd do. I knew that when I held my hand up before that they would try to get away from the gory 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 scampering feet and horrified voices no longer fills my ears. For the first time I begin to feel pain. The pain throb 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 stillness 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那些 blood curls and that dainty blue dress. And look at that lolly-pop she holds firmly in her tiny hand. Say, she looks like a determined little one.

But look at her. Just look at her. She calmly stands there and looks at my broken hand without moving a 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's 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 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 now? Run home."

The unfearing attempt of the little girl makes me feel much better. The old man is like all the rest. But the little girl lifts my spirit 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 looked back just then, I'm sure she did. Maybe she's going home to see her mother. Yes, I'm sure that's exactly what she's going to do. Nothing will stop that dear little child.

The pain in my hand is almost unbearable now. The bone in my forearm feels like a hot steel rod. The flesh and much of the blood on my hand has begun to dry. But I don't mind the sight or 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.

Poem

by Michael Zuckerman

The baleful stare of the moon
twists over my head,
casting bewildering beams
across my sight:

Loneliness
walks a shadowy sentinel's pace
Past the rock-door of my heart.

Three Scurrilous Epigrams

1. One of my best friends
   has recently attained Nirvāṇa;
   I shall miss him.
2. Budan is all she shows to
   those who worship her the most;
   her lover is as vague and
   painless as the Holy Ghost.
3. At seventeen, she was perplexed,
as eighteen, over-sensitive,
nineteen, over-serious,
twenty, over-sexed.

—Alex Gross

The Cripple Boy

by Dianne Musser

The drops of rain had stopped and so
As usual Dick, my boy, was sent to hike
The field an' fetch the oaks. I watched him go,
His crooked body jumplin' funny-like.
As thornsh I'd never seen the sight before.
It made a querness come acrost my heart—
It looked as he's a piece of flesh no more,
A bobbin' scrap of tangled life, apart
From all the grass, the fallen rain, the tree.
I stood an' goose bumps rose here on my arm,
I thinkin' too, "Nor, he's a part of me."
Long, long, I stood and still, till somethin' warm
Began to come. I thought, 'the grass, him lame,
The rain, an' me— we's mostly all the same.'
What Makes The Birds Sing?

by Andrew Wing

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?"

I could see that the sun was slowly going down as I glanced up at him. Joe was looking earnestly at me as I threw a weed into a wire basket where Joan, my son, was making supper, about the birds, except that they steal the seeds from my garden." Joe looked at me in an odd way: he held his hands clasped behind his back as he stood, and I could see from the garden, "You know Dave, I have been watching the birds a lot lately." He stroked his clean-shaven chin and eased out into a tree that was on the other side of the lawn.

"You have heard from Ben Walters," I said cheerfully, trying to change the subject. He heard my words but did not answer a question in replying.

"Ben Walters," Joe said, stroking his chin, "he lives in Vermont now, I seem to remember that there are very lovely birds in Vermont." I was thinking out loud. He turned with a sudden quick movement and walked slowly over to a tree on the other side of the lawn. He stopped, looked serenely up, and listened. He seemed pleased, and I noticed that he was scratching his head. I was sitting, pair of work gloves on my hand.

"Firstly, Dave, did you ever wonder what makes the birds sing so beautifully?" In the morning they go let with a chorus, then in the evening a quiet, content song. It's wonderful." Joe came on in and had a drink. I was quickly. Joe stared at me, lifting his eyebrows and smiling gently.

"No thanks, I would rather stay out here till it gets dark and the birds go to sleep." Joe often came over to my house to have a drink with my wife and me. I couldn't understand his mood that night. I wished the damned birds would stop their infernal chirping so that Joe would come inside and have a drink. He appeared to need it at the moment. I have some Scotch that I brought back from my trip to Scotland today." Joe loved Scotch, but tonight he shook his head, turned, and wandered away again. I shrugged my shoulders and walked quickly inside the house.

I put the gardening tools away in a little room off the kitchen, then took the dogs with me. She said nothing to me as she got the evening meal ready to put on the table. "It seems a little early to put supper on the table," I said, scratching my head. She didn't seem to notice as she hurried about the kitchen, "Isn't it a little early," I repeated. She glanced up at me. "Dave, I want to go and find the children," Joe said, "They are quick to the point of the car to the nice Scotch that I just bought. I paced around the room nervously. From the front window I could still see Joe standing looking up at the tree with his hands folded behind his back, listening intently. He did not move. I took a drink of the Scotch, but I could not enjoy it as I hoped that I would.

Dinner ready," my wife called to me.

I walked into the dining room with an appearance of ease. "Thank you, dear, it looks very good tonight, it smells even better." We sat down and I began to serve the meal.

"It isn't very good tonight," she said. "I wasn't in the mood for cooking somehow." "It looks fine to me and tastes even better." Actually it wasn't as good a dinner as she usually made.

"No, ma'am," she said, out of the clear blue sky, "What do you think makes the birds sing?"

She had a bemused expression on her pretty young face. I was startled and could not answer. Thinking quickly, I put all my glass of water, splitting it all over the white, linen tablecloth. She jumped up, got a rag, and wiped the water up. "Thank you," I said, "that was clumsy of me." "That's all right," she said, "but I am quite anxious to get through early tonight." The birds are way toona that I cannot practically eat them quickly. The melodious sounds of the birds flowed through the open window. She was standing quietly near the tree that Joe had been under some minutes before. Her arms were folded; she looked peaceful and in a mood of complete bliss. It seemed strange to me that a woman as active as Joan is, always running around doing something or other, could remain so still, doing nothing more than listening to the songs of the birds.

It was almost dark. The dim light of a new moon lighted the lawn. The last calls of the birds had been heard some moments ago. They joined, and Joe and my wife and I turned to the music. Ralph, my eldest, was standing in the middle of the room. "I walked to the living room, poured myself Scotch and sat down facing the fireplace. She was standing quietly near the tree that Joe had been under some minutes before. Her arms were folded; she looked peaceful and in a mood of complete bliss. It seemed strange to me that a woman as active as Joan is, always running around doing something or other, could remain so still, doing nothing more than listening to the songs of the birds.

"I bet that this one has a beautiful song. Just look at these colors," and Joe glanced at me. "I wonder if there are any around here," he continued. "I don't think so," Joe said, "They are too naive. She looked at me then at Joe for a moment and put her delicate hand on the colored picture of the bird. "Sitt down, Joe," she said, "It's all I can understand." She turned the page, glanced at the picture, and looked up at Joe. "The bird in the lake that was on the lawn, tonight that Joe had been under some minutes before. Her arms were folded; she looked peaceful and in a mood of complete bliss. It seemed strange to me that a woman as active as Joan is, always running around doing something or other, could remain so still, doing nothing more than listening to the songs of the birds.

"He is a real bird," Joe said. "It's all I can understand." She turned the page, glanced at the picture, and looked up at Joe. "Yes, the bird that was on the lawn, tonight that Joe had been under some minutes before. Her arms were folded; she looked peaceful and in a mood of complete bliss. It seemed strange to me that a woman as active as Joan is, always running around doing something or other, could remain so still, doing nothing more than listening to the songs of the birds.

"That is all right," she said, "but I am quite anxious to get through early tonight." The birds are way too close that I cannot practically eat them quickly. The melodious sounds of the birds flowed through the open window. She was standing quietly near the tree that Joe had been under some minutes before. Her arms were folded; she looked peaceful and in a mood of complete bliss. It seemed strange to me that a woman as active as Joan is, always running around doing something or other, could remain so still, doing nothing more than listening to the songs of the birds.

Witnes:

A Critical Analysis by Irving Dworketsky

In his opening speech on September 2, President Case approached the issues he wished to discuss from his position of liberal viewpoint. What is his position? All he tells us is "that among the unmistakable marks of liberalism is 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 hav-

The first, the idea of what a liberal or liberalism is. It may be a fact that all liberals possess a feeling for fair play, and it is also possible that all liberals are ten-

diplomats. The suspension begins to arise that his conception of rationalism is not wholly accurate. Primarily, and most important, it is a sys-

tem of thought which claims that all things are explicable and that logical analysis should be the most determining factor in any conclusion. One of his aims is the elimination of precisely the sort of idea which Mr. Case professes. The suspension is fully confirmed upon hearing that he would confess himself as a "strict rationalist" because he "doubts that the intuition of the poet, the mystical insight of the saint—yes, and the inspired en-

thusiasm of the lover are also valid approaches to knowledge, to truth and to the human mind" and, if he also claims superior to anything available to the scientific rationalist. Rationalism, when it states that all phenomena may be logically perceived, does not at the same time advance the conclusion that the universe is merely a series of logical propositions. The scientist regards with admiration and respect the insights gain-

ed by paths to the truth other than his own. Nevertheless, he recognizes that for the acquisition of knowledge reason tempered by experience provides him with the most accurate guide.

For what he considers to be the best description of his points of view, Mr. Case is pleased to call himself "an ethical Christian." To be more specific, he is a Mani-

can heretic. At first the only thing that appears to separate him from the orthodox is that if he had so proclaimed himself five hundred years ago, he undoubtedly would have been burned at the stake. It 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 ineradicable; the struggle that has been going on from time immemorial is essentially a state-

mate. Once again, we must clarify our terms. We say that those indi-

viduals or classes whose victory in any given epoch results in en-

hancing the creative capacities of mankind, and in thus making pos-

sible the enrichment of life for more and more people, are not only good, but true as well. As one who rables over how do we 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 and argu-

mentation. At one point, when he says that "man must and will determine ... the course of history," he is off on the border-line of atheism. Why do we then refuse to cross it? Is it because logic is to him
Witness: A Confession
(Continued from Page Six)

nothing but a "useful limitation to the knowledge"? We do not know the answer. We can say, though, that in accepting religion, he has rejected science, as 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 part 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 gross opposition. Where the eye of faith sees an act of God, scientific analysis reveals a process which is understandable, directly or indirectly, in terms of natural processes.

All thinkers who abandon or circumvent 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 such. Now, so at all, says Mr. Case in effect, and I can prove it. Upon, inquiring how this amazing feat of judgery may be performed, we are told that if a picture, 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 terryserous 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 German poet in a somewhat different context: "Now history has really no re-
MSA
(Continued from Page One)

individual who respects him. It is important that these people both like and trust us.

When possible, the first item on the agenda is a lecture by President Case presenting an evaluation of what the United States hopes for from the program, and showing the relation of the American to its society. Other regular participants are such members of the Social Studies division faculty as Dr. Felix Hirsh, Dr. Gerold De Gre, Dr. Robert Kobilka, Miss Laura Jacobs, Mrs. Dorothy Bourne, Dr. Fred Crane and Dr. Heinz Berksman. From this beginning, every detail on down to the laundry and the secretarial work is carefully planned and supervised to help build a friendly atmosphere between guests and staff. There are no leave-takings and the many appreciation letters from former students indicate the success of this planning.

In the future, the staff hopes for either longer visits of the teams, or perhaps a second visit before their return to their countries.

The first three teams, who visited Bard during the Summer session, were composed of leaders of Italian labor organizations. They discovered the Wholesale Inn, and were immensely at home with Swamp, dinners, wine and the bocce court in the rear of the inn.

At the time of this last two Holy Days, there were also one from Denmark's powerful labor group. This stayed only two days, however.

The next group arrived after the start of the fall semester. The six young trade unionists, four from Germany, Margaret Pender, Germaine Dahn, Germaine Verwaal, and Heinrich Sheer; Max Dutilex from France and from Norway, John Arno, were unusually well oriented in regard to the academic, and especially the social life at Bard.

To date, the last group was one of three figures in the German cooperation movement, headed by Paul Peter, GenerS Manager of large producers' co-op in West Germany.

Another Italian group met here October 1st whose primary interest, as was their predecessor's, is collective bargaining procedures and techniques. As the staff gains in experience and knowledge of the needs of the labor teams, further experiments and improvements will be initiated to increase the range and efficiency of this vital program.

Summer Session
(Continued from Page Three)

gram activities at the Facilitote Mansion. This political workshop was briefing 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, program, faculty and campus of our school.

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1952 Bandwagon
(Continued on Page Three)

the promise for a change to the better. Eisenhower would have little choice but to substitute the GOP old guard for Truman's cronies. His election would only strengthen the bipartisan GOP-Democratic coalition which in the past has scuttled anti-inflationary controls and handicapped an intelligent and far-sighted foreign policy. Instead of bringing about a fair loyalty program to deal effectively with Communist subversion, his success at the polls would indirectly sanction McCarthyism in view of Ike's endorsement of the Wisconsin Senator. Above all, the voter should note the contrast between a man who offers glib solutions, like a 9% tax cut or a policy of liberation in Europe, and a man who takes great pains to explain in great detail his qualified position on the Taft-Hartley Act to an impatient labor audience.

(R) Today's column attempted to present the Eisenhower position as fairly and effectively as possible. Then it went on to point out the essential fallacies and dangers inherent in the Eisenhower argument. Because of space limitations, a detailed discussion of Stevenson's main view and his views, must be deferred to the next column.)

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