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BARDIAN

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THE BARDIAN

Volume 23, No. 3

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Sixteen Pages

Political Realities of South America

by JORGE ORTIZ AGUIAR

Even when the Revolution for our Independence was won and the Spanish domination banished from the Western Hemisphere, we had something left which so weighted our political life that its pattern has not yet been completely destroyed. The Spaniards left to us a heritage of bad government, a feeling of political failure, very hard to overpower. I firmly believe that our actual struggle toward democracy is the continuation of the former revolutionary fight.

With this visible handicap in our political structure, we began to govern ourselves. During the last century our political thought had its climax in the person of Simon Bolivar, the Venezuelan *mantuano* (liberal), but he died, a symbol, retired and forgotten. Until a very recent date, the political history of South America has not had any outstanding personality.

The 20th century brought some liberal waves of action and the twenties an apparent improvement in the political panorama. But very soon, under the pretext of the economical crisis and the world-wide depression, a new decline of this liberal conduct of the government came all over the countries: democratic regimes were falling, one after another, in appalling succession.

The democrats were frightened and hopeless. The misunderstanding was too deep and the situation could not be clarified to the eyes of the people—it could not be pointed out what they were losing. The thirties opened a chapter of disappointing realities which is not closed yet.

A very careful explanation of the political situation of each country actually would take much more time and space than I am allowed. On the other hand, I am not able enough to do it. This explanation will be, then, a brief one with only the most important facts.

Peru. I wanted to begin with this country as an example of irregular political life. Peruvians are the most able politicians in South America; in Peru was born the most democratic party of the continent, the Aprismo; Peruvian, too, is Raul Haya de la Torre, Aprista's leader. On the other hand, the Peruvian government is one of the most autocratic ever known in Latin America; Peru is the country which has suffered the longest time from all sorts of dictatorships. After the twelve year govern-

ment of Leguia, came the short and terrible administration of Sanchez Cerro. The Benavidez period followed. Immediately after it, Dr. Prado's presidency. All of them had a very definite totalitarian slant. So, they outlawed the Aprismo, persecuted its leaders and sometimes even executed them. Although fraudulent elections were not enough to prevent Haya's elevation to the Presidency of the Republic, he was imprisoned and kept in jail for 14 months, while new elections were held and won, of course, by the government candidate. Last year in a fight between Apristas and policemen, who wanted to take them prisoners, twenty important people were assassinated.

But the democratic movement is strong and can be expected, with the help of some foreign country if possible, to establish a government under Aprista's principles.

Brazil. One of the biggest countries in the Western Hemisphere and also one of the richest, Brazil has not been lucky with her governments. Her people had nothing to vote about during the 13 years of the Vargas administration. Getulio Vargas is, in many extents, very much like Mussolini. Brazil has improved her industrial techniques, has begun to exploit her natural resources and has built big public works. She is now fighting this war with the Allies. She has also banished politician or intellectuals who used to speak about free vote or free speech or any other kind of civic freedom. The labor leader Carlos Prestes was imprisoned at the same time that the communist party was outlawed, 7 years ago. He has not yet been brought to trial.

After the Brazilian declaration of war, a group of exiles asked for an amnesty which would permit them to come back and help in the war effort of their country. It was graciously allowed by Vargas. But when the greatest Brazilian novelist, Jorge Amado, stepped out of the plane, he was taken by the police and put in jail, and as far as I know, he is still there, in spite of the President's promise of freedom.

Bolivia and Paraguay. I don't know if I can count upon a general knowledge of the causes and consequences of the Chaco War between these two unfortunate countries. During four years they fought for the possession of one of the most desolate regions of our continent.

I believe this war will remain in the memory of men as one of the most shameful enterprises of foreign capital ever done. Thousands on thousands of men died of starvation and thirst. Two nations, which should have helped each other to overcome their terrible geographic

situation, spent four years and the blood of their most able men fighting for some acres of oil fields, which afterwards never were exploited. After this, it is enough that they are alive: we certainly can not blame them for their political situation. Revolutions, mysterious deaths of presidents, banishments, had not helped the Bolivians and Paraguayans to find themselves after this terrible experience.

Chile, Colombia and Uruguay. I would like every reader to forget that I include in this section my own country. I am speaking without prejudices, from a strictly continental point of view.

Three countries are involved in this section: three countries with completely different structures, with geographies totally opposite, from the flatness of Uruguay to the narrowness of Chile and the jungles and mountains of Colombia; from the Uruguayan economy, based on the agricultural and wheat products, to the Chilean mines and the Colombian plantations. But these countries have something in common which makes them alike; a wish for freedom and a gallantry of striving for democracy.

Chile has been, since the elections of 1938, the most advanced outpost of Democracy in South America. A coalition of political parties, including the Communist, vanquished the conservative coalition which had held the power for a long time before. From this moment on, the government has tried very hard to change the precarious social settlements and has succeeded to a great extent in spite of the conservative opposition in congress which very often can stop its freedom of action.

Colombia also has succeeded in her fight against the right wing and even if the government is not as advanced as the Chilean, her political life is a clean one, with perfect elections and liberal men as heads of governments.

Uruguay, the Switzerland of America, as she was called in Europe, had for ten years a different type of government (the executive was divided in two parts, the president and his ministers, and the administrative board). She had a very outstanding political life until 1933. The depression touched her too, perhaps harder than other sister republics, since her whole life is based on foreign trade. The economic bankruptcy was followed by a *coup d'etat* which threw away the work of generations. Uruguay, for a period of ten years, was governed by conservatives, with some totalitarian tendencies. During those ten years, the opposition parties were kept out of the government. Very recently, November 1942, the first Democratic elections were held and the opposition won the Presidency and the majority of the congress, giving a new epoch of popular government.

Argentina. I left Argentina, intentionally, for the last, because too much has been said about her, and I don't want to repeat the concepts of others. I'll do only a short review of facts. During the period from 1916 until 1930, Argentina had a liberal government. In 1930 a *coup d'etat*, headed by the general, made the president, resign. Ever since, the government has been badly managed in conservatives' hands. In 1938, Dr. Ortiz was elected President. His first two years were brilliant, but in 1940, very badly ill, he had to retire and his successor, Dr. Castillo, assumed the power. He is an old conservative gentleman with very marked pro-Axis feelings. For the already near election, his candidate is Dr. Robustiano Pacion Costas, actual President of the Senate and for a long time known as a Nazi. (An indication of Dr. Castillo's political ideas: his son is the president of the Spanish Falange in Argentina.)

The people of Argentina have not a good civic education. This lack interferes always with their political achievements.

Two more countries, *Ecuador* and *Venezuela*, as far as parties are concerned, live a very similar life. Conservatives have taken over the government during long periods, making impossible or very difficult any improvements in the regimes.

So far, the impression that comes out of this statement is pretty disappointing. But if this is the present of these countries, what is their future? Is there some possibility of political improvement of their present status?

As I am very pessimistic in the aspect that our continent presents today, I'll be much more optimistic referring to our future. I quite believe in the future of those countries.

There is a new generation coming now, a new generation acquainted with the problems of the world. This youth has not been contaminated, and the terrible crisis from which the world is suffering so much will teach them now to build strong foundations.

I have met many young people from South America. So have you. Maybe you found in them, as I did, a strange feeling, a strange strongness of opinion, a firm belief in the clear ways of freedom. It is then, from this characteristic strength of our companions down South, from their interest and knowledge of politics, from their belief in democratic doctrines, from the spirit of sacrifice manifest in the student strikes all over the continent, that we can be hopeful in the realization of Bolivar's will:

"We have in the stream of our blood the feeling of freedom; the example given us by our jungles, our rivers and mountains, cannot be in vain. The American peoples were born to be free and to exercise the right of the government of the people by the people."

Notes For A Purge

by NATHAN FITSJOW

Mordecai Fiske, a prominent young alchemist who was recently imprisoned for trying to reduce his wife to synthetic rubber, arose from the floor of his cell yesterday to comment on the degeneracy of contemporary society. "Zaftick," he said, and returned to his copy of *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. We were present at the occasion, and took down his opinion word for word. Then we started home, mournfully mulling over this shattering pronunciamiento, silently sulking over its gruesome implications concerning the human specie. As we turned the corner, Eklund, who was in a more than usually sinister mood, gave us an old copy of THE BARDIAN, and this only tended to confirm, in twelve tiresome pages, what Fiske had put in a pithy word. What a vile Paper! What a horrible world! What detestable people! (Secretly we were pleased to see that everything fitted into place so well. Everything in the issue [Volume 23, No. 2] is thoroughly hateful.)

We should like to dwell for a moment on one of the particularly foul features of the paper, entitled "Elegy in a Connelly Ballroom." We approach this topic, pen unsheathed and dripping with the ink of past encounters with similar pseudos. (Come out from behind those initials, Mark.) And as for the column itself, we will not mince verbs. It stinks. Amazingly enough, the thesis expounded in this collection of coddled crap amounts to nothing more than this—there's nobody left worth hating. Now this means either extraordinary laziness and lack of discrimination on the part of the author, which is unforgivable, or an infantile state of naivete, which must be rectified immediately.

So we have a function. We shall address ourselves to the task of indicating a few of the more prominent fallacies in Mr. Stroock's blindly biased account of Bard's inhabitants. It should be noted beforehand that Mr. Stroock is himself something of a fathead. Born about twenty years ago, his thinking process still bears traces of the fuddled foetus stage of intellectual development. He still believes in Santa Claus, the N.R.A., and "ice-cream-after-death." Last winter he donated a pint of his blood to the New York water shortage, and he has participated in various movements and drives of a similar sentimental nature.

But first we would have at Mr. Stroock with a few questions. Mr. Stroock, we fain would know if you really mean all this tripe. How came you by your pigheaded notions? Those inane remarks on the jolly-decent-fellow philosophy resemble nothing so much as the stunted insight of a cloistered amoeba. To sit around, blatantly bewailing the dearth of hateful people, proves, beyond

the last vestige of a doubt, that you cannot even see as far as the end of your own nose. Remember Socrates—"Know Thyself." Personally we think you're despicable, and we hate to see you miss out on a bad thing.

But we are not content with merely proving to Mr. Stroock that he is the living contradiction of his own theory. We shall move on to equally fruitful fields of putrifying personality. Take, for example, Mr. Hecht, who sullied the pages of the same BARDIAN with the most unutterably rotten trash that it has ever been our agony to see rendered into print. Mr. Hecht suffers from a prevalent type of semantic idiocy. The chief manifestation of this dismal quirk is his decadent delight in wallowing in his own words. This is an extreme case of what is popularly known as "grammatical self-adoration" and it recalls to our mind some of the worst excesses of the Roman orators during the decline of the Empire. It has been shown that in the late stages of this psychosis the patient affects long hair, bleary eyes, and a pipe, and walks around, mouthing his syllables as if they were made of Wrigley's Spearmint. Mr. Hecht's mental malformations are congenital. We have discovered that his mother was an "Unintelligible" and his father was an "Irresponsible," and he has cleverly combined worst features of both into what we shall choose to call an "Insufferable." We feel, with considerable emotional conviction that Mr. Hecht should be drawn and quartered.

To continue in a similar vein, let us consider briefly Mr. Stuart Martin. It was originally the idea of this bloated behemoth to reestablish the "Hate Column" in THE BARDIAN. Ever since his earliest days, people have been remarking on his thorough-going indefatigable vulgarity which he brings to bear in even the most delicate situations. Mr. Martin was in the habit of running these people over in his new car, or simply scaring them to death by leering at them for a while. Now, during the dynasty of our colleague Sedgwick, Mr. Martin made vehement and demonstrative objections to the "hate column." In fact, he left Sedgwick a completely nervous wreck, and our friend had to retire into the sympathetic care of the army in order to recover his psychological equilibrium. Yet, Mr. Martin, we repeat, was the one who requested Mr. Stroock to write the above-mentioned column. Now, we are not sticklers for consistency or intellect, especially when dealing with morons, but does not this reek of something far more deeply interfused?

Now, we think it worthwhile to scratch the surface of that mine of fraternal banality, Kappa Gamma Chi. To begin with, the Kaps are repulsive by definition. Being strikingly unpleasant is a necessary condition of membership. Fortunately for the community, the Kaps are very stingy with their insipid conversations, and when they do talk, it is almost always to one another, or to themselves. However, the breach between them and the intelli-

gent people is not yet great enough. We have not yet been able to persuade the Kaps to start their own college down in the little yellow house—even though we have offered to help with the plans. We suggested that Dana Blanchard give a music course called "From Palestrina to Stanley Smith in Two Ghastly Semesters." Donald Houghton could teach "Electronics for the Masses," and Bernie Ogust, who has been consistently ignored by the E.R.C. on the grounds that he's too repulsive, could be Dean.

This is a project that deserves the wholehearted support and cooperation of the community council. The council, by the way, is another little club that would bear investigation. We have heard that it is a hotbed of feebleness and inertia. But we will take this up in another issue.

Inter-American Interlude

by PAUL SCHWARTZ

Looking back on it now, the musical portion of the Inter-American Conference was a delirious success. While it was going on I felt very much like the manager of a surprise trip who has lost his time table. What with one performer keeping his program a military secret until the last moment, and an unscheduled lecturer wangling a place on the panel, I never knew what to expect next. But apparently the spontaneity of the affair was one of the reasons for its success. By the way, the Management of Buildings and Grounds rose grandly to the occasion. Mr. Blohm, always an advocate of the Good-Neighbor Policy, had a platform put in Bard Hall, which raised piano and performers several inches. This improved both the visibility and acoustics of the place.

The lecture-concert on Saturday night, shared by the two composer-pianists, Senor Rene Amengual of Chile, and Senor Joaquin Nin-Culmell of Cuba was informative in an informal way. Entirely different in training and experience, they gave equally contrasting performances. Senor Amengual, who studied piano and composition in Chile, presented a kind of musical topography of that country. He first read a short paper on the musical history of Chile describing her musical culture as old, but derivative. The influence of folk on art music is slight and only recently coming to the fore. European art music is still determining the Chilean style, especially the French and not as one might expect, the Spanish school. The musical part of Senor Amengual's program disclosed Chile's dependence on European models unmistakably. Enrique Soro's *Andante Appassionato* is supposedly inspired by Chopin; to me it sounded more like an imitation of a Chopin imitator. Humberto Allende's *Dos Tonadas de Character Chileno* utilize the

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After December 7th

by TOM HAYASHI

In Sacramento, Sundays during the winter were always to be looked forward to; there was so much we could enjoy. Among other things, we would attend the Baptist church in the morning, and in the afternoon we would watch basketball games in the Young People's Hall, which was located directly across the street from my home. The Japanese-American Young People are great lovers of basketball games and attend them with high spirit. The visiting teams would always play under the handicap of being without very much audience support. Frequently, while listening to the radio or conversing with friends, I could tell which team had made the goal by the cheers from across the street.

Walking home from church one Sunday, a friend and I were exchanging views about the morning sermon. The discussion didn't have any particular significance, but it continued after we had reached home, so we remained outside and enjoyed the sunshine. I saw a few Japanese boys now and then going into the gymnasium as they usually do on Sundays. Then a friend of mine, who invariably greeted me with sarcastic humor, came running toward the hall. I hailed him, and in turn he said: "Hey, Pearl Harbor was bombed and they think it's the Japanese!"

Disdainfully, I laughed at him for his very poor choice of humor and was sorry I ever had attracted his attention. But he didn't bother to convince me; he said that if I didn't believe him, go listen to the radio, and with that he rushed into the gymnasium.

Not wanting to believe him, we talked about the absurdity of such a claim. How was it possible? It would sound more logical if Hong Kong had been bombed. We went in to listen to the radio with the foolish feeling that we had been ribbed.

Pearl Harbor *was* bombed, and simultaneously, the Japanese section of the city was silenced. The fear that many of us had had was realized, the day we had hoped would never come was here. A war had broken out between two nations that want no part of us. One disclaims us because of our education and culture, the other because of our physical appearance; now, this rift would become even greater.

At church that evening the executive secretary of the Sacramento Church Council asked us not to hesitate to call on the council for help. The council's president sent us a message assuring us that the council would do everything in its power to discourage any discriminatory movement. After the service, we gathered at the minister's home and talked about what would happen in the future.

All of it was distasteful and even the most loquacious of us were quiet. Without the usual gaiety we ended the evening silently with a prayer.

A proclamation stating that all Japanese, regardless of citizenship, must be evacuated from Sacramento, came out around the twentieth of April, 1942, and the deadline for evacuation, as I remember it, was May 18, 1942.

When the exacuation proclamation was made in Sacramento, the Japanese from such cities as San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Monterrey, the extreme coastal areas, had already evacuated from their homes. Reports of the experiences that the evacuees had undergone spread through our neighborhood with extreme rapidity. Some were grossly exaggerated and in many cases caused unnecessary worry and distrust of all officials. However, a few of the distrusts were justified, for there were cases where people, impersonating officers of the law, entered and ransacked homes, keeping the owners confined in their living-rooms.

While the above experiences may have been frequent in the extreme coastal areas, such was not the case in Sacramento. We were well cautioned by the newspapers to make certain to demand a warrant from whoever came in the name of the law.

We had some thirty days to prepare for evacuation after the proclamation. Those who were affected by the proclamation were not allowed to travel more than five miles from their homes. If their work was more than five miles from their home, they were expected to stay on the road leading directly to it at all times. We were not permitted to be out after 8 p. m. or before 6 a. m. Anyone caught violating this curfew rule was subject to imprisonment and heavy fine.

To remain indoors after 8 p. m. was very annoying at first, but later on, when our friends came over frequently to spend the night with us, it became something to look forward to. Our non-Japanese friends were always sure to find us in after eight, so the visits were much more numerous than before. With much practise, our circle became quite proficient at the game of bridge.

The realities of the exacuation cannot be thought of in terms of the games we played; it was certainly not a matter to be taken lightly and superficially, nor can it be thought of in terms of the other extreme, where a father in his moment of despair had killed his three children, wife, and himself rather than face the dark future. Evacuation meant destruction to me, a direct part of the war. Hatred, discrimination, and fraud had played their parts mercilessly; though friendship, sympathy, and love still existed, they seemed obscured by what was happening.

A week before the actual exacuation all evacuees were asked to register at the Sacramento Municipal Auditorium,

where the number 24766 was assigned to our family.

Mother was the hardest hit of all of us, and much of this was not understood by her. Until we were placed in the camp, she had secretly feared that she would be separated from her children, who were American citizens. When she saw that this was not going to happen, she brightened up and was the happiest of the family.

The evacuation program was divided into three stages: assembly center, relocation center, and resettlement. The purpose of the assembly center was to assemble the people from one region before sending them to a relocation center. A relocation center was on a more permanent scale; at least, it was intended for the duration of the war. It was so named because it is said that the nature of this latter camp is to resettle the exacuees throughout the United States. This resettlement program has not met with too great a success, although a few have been relocated in jobs in other parts of the country, and some, like myself, have been placed in schools and colleges.

The assembly center, located about ten miles north of Sacramento, had been built in a period of thirty days or so and housed 5,000 people. The camp was divided into nine blocks, each block having a mess hall whose capacity was approximately 200. When the dinner bell rang, 500 of us lined up single file and waited until the door was opened. But the group I was in decided not to wait in the sun and we waited in the shade until the line shortened. The regular meal ran out before we came in, so we were fed canned hash and rice, which later became a very common diet. Most of the milk was gone, and what was left was reserved for the children so we had to be content with tea. We had learned our lesson; thereafter we stayed in line.

They told us that we were getting food that cost the government 45 cents a day for each of us; perhaps that sum was spent, but if it was, the cooks certainly made a pitiful mess out of it. Later, the cooks improved and the food became fairly edible. Thousands of dollars were spent by the Wartime Civilian Control Staff on raisins and dried pork, but a lot of it went to waste because it was served oftener than we could eat it.

Five of us, mother, sister, two younger brothers, and I lived in an apartment, as they called it, a room 20' by 25', the walls of which, separating it from the next apartment, did not extend all the way up. The floor looked like the side of a barn, filled with knot holes, and the boards were spaced about $\frac{1}{2}$ " apart. When it rained we shifted the positions of our beds to avoid the leaks. We had ten leaks, and other apartments had about the same number; I know of none that was water-tight.

In spite of the many discomforts the landscape surrounding the barbed wire fences was picturesque; the few oak trees provided many of us with shade and a place for making new friends.

The War Relocation Authority had accomplished the first phase of its project, and it now began the second. The Tule Lake Relocation Camp is in California, near the Oregon-California border. The camp is about a square mile in area, built on a flat plain which formerly was swamp but was reclaimed a few years ago by the Federal Government for a different purpose.

The living conditions were definitely better than those at the assembly center: sturdier barracks, complete walls, almost leakless roofs, and flush toilets—this last improvement was especially welcome.

Jobs were plentiful in this camp: farmers farmed, lawyers gave legal advice, doctors and dentists worked in the hospital, teachers, dancers, social workers, all had their places in this new community of 15,000 people. No one was compelled to work, but any one desiring wages, board and room was told that he must work for it. The professional men received \$19.00 a month, skilled workers, \$16.00, and unskilled workers, \$12.00. There were approximately 200 who received the professional man's pay, and the majority of the others who worked received \$16.00.

I remained here until February 5th, 1943, when I left for Bard College. This was made possible by the Student Relocation Council, which made arrangements with Bard after I received my clearance from the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the War Department.

Letter to the Editor

COMPANY C

705TH MILITARY POLICE BATTALION

Togus, Maine,
Sunday, May 9, 1943.

Board of Trustees
Bard College
Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

A week ago I visited Bard and was very dismayed to learn that you had voted to close the college in September unless an Army or Navy unit can be located there.

I am no financier, and I have no understanding of the intricacies of business, but I do know that as a student at the college I found it to be the closest thing to Utopia that exists in higher education in this country. I also know that if there is only one chance in a thousand of making the college survive during these difficult times, that chance should be taken unhesitatingly.

Having worked for two years on the Bard Publicity

Department, I am aware of the fact that the college's reputation was only just beginning to get round. This fact was brought out to me clearly when I was stationed in Michigan and found several fellows in my barracks who had heard of Bard and who were more than curious about it. They were all vitally interested in the entire educational program and had nothing but good words for the college.

This is considerably different from the Spring of 1939, when I was seeking admission to the college. At that time I was advised by all who had heard of Bard to go some other place, that Bard was financially unstable. There were other uncomplimentary remarks, but that one was predominant. Should the college close now, even though it were due entirely to the war, people would refer back to the earlier crisis, forgetting that there had been prosperous years in between.

Bad is remembered when Good is long forgotten. The fact that Bard had closed would not soon be forgotten. If and when the college reopened, it would be at a tremendous disadvantage as far as public opinion would be concerned. A college is not like a factory; it cannot put a "Closed for the Duration" sign in the window of the front office and expect that when the war is over it can be replaced by a "Business as Usual" sign.

From talking with various members of the faculty, I know that if and when the college reopened, some of them would not return. This would be practically catastrophic, for the men who suffered with the college in childbirth, who paced the floor with it in infancy when it was ill, who guided it through the awkward stage of adolescence, who nurtured it and developed it, are the character of the college. They made it what it is, and to start in again without these men would be to start a different college.

Bard is small and Bard is young. It must be recognized as such. More than that, however, it must be recognized as a precocious child that requires special treatment for its ultimate survival. It is up to you, gentlemen, to prescribe the remedy, the treatment that will make it as strong and healthy as it must be to live up to its potentialities. The "cure" that you prescribe won't work, and I think that as educators as well as businessmen you must realize this.

Perhaps it is useless to hope that you will reconsider your decision. Nevertheless, I cannot help but feel that you gentlemen realize the irreparable damage that will be done the college in particular and higher education in general if Bard were to be closed, even temporarily.

Very sincerely,

CORPORAL PHILIP GORDON,
Class of 1943.

From Tunísia

by TONY HECHT

My dear. I must tell you once again
How I prize your pages of eloquence;
But an ague crawls in the path of your pen,
More than a tremulous nuance.

The letters all are thin and cramped
And your verbs are slight and out of breath;
The "h's" and "l's" of your telling hand
Are rigid with a sense of death.

My darling, for all your dancing news,
I hear the quiet clocks of fear
Tick in the gayest words you use.
Your fingers wonder, "Do I dare

Interrogate the laws of chance?"
Your slim, time-bearing wrist maintains
A cultivated reticence.
But here, the civilizing pains,

The timid hates, the skillful tact,
The costly moderations wilt;
The heat has severed my every act
From all I've ever known and felt.

The quick and military pulse
Wants impulse of another kind;
The chorus of the blood stream fills
The veins and tunnels of the mind:

"I do desire your lively waist
To be caught in the crook of my fighting arm,
And to find my palm adroitly placed
Against your firm domestic skin.

"Wear your applied and scarlet pout,
Borrow some imitation pearls,
Come in a tight and tattered dress,
And wait among the other girls.

"Wait on my vigorous commands,
And rub my limbs with scented oil,
And wait for me on neutral sands,
For I must leave you in a while.

"The tribal throbbing in my neck
Tells of a rival for my love;
My anxious and instinctive hands
Embrace the barrel of a gun."

From Bard Hall

by HOWARD MEUNIER

The final concert of the Spring Session got off to a magnificent start with Morton Leventhal's playing of Bach's Violin Concerto in A minor. Unfortunately he played only the first movement, which was far too little. Harold Lubell made up somewhat for the disappointment of not hearing more of Leventhal by his playing of Saint-Saens' Violoncello Concerto in A minor. This is perfect music for the cello. It is old-fashioned and romantic and completely obvious, but it gave Lubell a chance to show us all the gorgeous, luscious tones of his instrument. It was a thoroughly sensuous performance, providing a feast of glorious sound.

After the orgy of the first part of the program, the first performance of Stanley Smith's Suite for Violin and Viola seemed very chaste. It was an excellent contrast to the previous compositions. The vigorous prelude was followed by a strangely halting sarabande. The minuet and gavotte were a little too much alike in character, but the final gigue had a distinctive freedom and gaiety. It must have been a pleasure to the composer to hear his work performed so admirably, although Leventhal had a tendency to dominate Stwertka much of the time. Next came another first performance for Stanley Smith, his Sonata for Cello and Piano.

After a lively first movement, came a slow movement which was given an especially beautifully modulated performance by Lubell. The broad, expansive tones of the cello were revealed in a pleasant melody which gained in intensity and power, building up an effective climax. It ended with an extremely interesting final movement.

Some startling opening chords began the surprise of the evening, Paul Schwartz's Little Suite for Strings and Piano. Using four violins, a viola, a cello, and the piano, the Little Suite was the biggest piece on the program. Guido Brand, Arnold Davis, and Benson Snyder were the additional violinists. A fascinating, lusty melody and a rugged rhythm lumbered through the music like prehistoric monsters playing in a prehistoric forest. Even though it was based on incidental music to a farce, there was a tension and weird quality about the music independent of any programmatic connotations. It held the interest till the last note.

Following such a bold composition, Beethoven's Romanza seemed a little tame, especially with Arnold Davis' overcautious playing. The concert ended with a spirited performance of the Concerto in B minor for Four Violins by Vivaldi. It was an inspired evening—a fitting ending to the concert season.

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Review of the Play

by ANDREW EKLUND

A Fantasy is one of the most difficult kinds of plays to write, and one of the most difficult kinds of plays to produce. The requirements for a successful fantasy are few in number, but the delinquency concerning these few has caused many authors to fail in their attempts. A play, for example, which is unsuccessful fantasy because it cannot maintain these standards, is "Heavenly Express" by Albert Bein, produced on May seventh and eighth by The Bard Theater.

The primary purpose and requirement of a fantasy is to achieve a mood, and maintain it. The alternative way of saying this is that a level of unreality should be maintained. There is nothing more jarring than a fantasy which does not maintain its mood, which jumps from level to level like a mountain goat. Another necessary condition for the success of this kind of play is that it be light. A heavy-handed fantasy is completely deadly. Equally important is that a fantasy be conceived in terms which are fresh and unbackneyed, and contain characters and images which have at least a partially poetic quality.

"Heavenly Express," as has been mentioned before, is an unsuccessful play. A long list could be made of its faults. Most important are these: it has no resolution of any of its problems, and resolution is necessary for any three-act play; it fails to mention a mood, because it fails, except at certain moments, to create a mood; its characters and images, for the most part are conceived and developed in a trite and banal way. To expand this last point, it would seem that most of the fantasy is concerned with the image of the heavenly express, which may be genuine and actually part of the hobo mythology, but which is very bad poetry. Mr. Bein often thought he was being fantastic, when he was merely being ridiculous.

There are other things, among them the fact that the last two acts are taken up with a reiteration of what was said in the first.

Taking into consideration the great obstacles which such a play as "Heavenly Express" presents to adequate production, it can be said that The Bard Theater has done a good job. The play as produced was cut tremendously, and not always for the good, but these cuts were apparently made for good reasons, and probably justified.

The acting as a whole was competent, although not one of the actors managed to give a full and complete characterization. This fact can be attributed largely to the defects of conception on the part of the author, but it would seem that more could have been expected from some of the performers. Howard Babb, in the role of the Overland Kid, was in many ways excellent, and despite certain distressing mannerisms, he managed to convey most of the youthful quality of the part. Emily Harris, as "Granny" Graham, played effectively, although a greater amount of fire and saltiness might have more closely approximated such a character. Bernie Baker, as Rocky Mountain Red managed in his usual way to remake the character to suit his own talents, and as usual, managed to display his talents to advantage. Ian Thompson did an effective bit, as did Tony Petrina. Peter Zeisler struggled manfully with an unfortunate part and did as well as could be expected.

The setting by Paul Morrison was obviously the work of a competent designer, and the interior set was really excellent; functional, in the spirit of the situation and period; and altogether, completely satisfactory.

There were a few distracting aspects of the production, in particular a rather peculiar record of a number of people humming, which was played interminably during the course of the play. Another was the way in which the lights were brought up for a while and then dimmed, for no reason which had anything to do with the sun. This sort of thing is all right in moderation, but when exaggerated as it was here, one gets the impression of a conscious striving for effect. The Bard Theater has always had a penchant for extreme light changes and strange sound effects. (I remember in particular the sound effects for "Thunder Rock," which was produced here two years ago. The person who ran them was a weird little fellow who kept putting the pick-up on the wrong side of the record, and thus making the sound effects come out backwards.)

We have a debt to Horton Foote, who took "Heavenly Express," an extremely deficient play, and made it into a competent production.

Attitudes Toward Motion Pictures

by PETER ZEISLER

Much has and is being written about tastes and attitudes of various groups and individuals in relation to the movies. I have endeavored, in a small way, to find out what we here at Bard think about the movies, and what we like about them. Because of the small student body here and my own lack of experience in the field, this report can not be considered final or complete. Its only purpose is to show a general trend of student ideas here at Bard about the movies. This I believe it does, and by comparing my results with others done at different colleges throughout the country, I believe that in general it agrees with these other reports.

My findings are based on approximately 65 questionnaires. More than this number were returned to me, but some had to be discarded because of obviously untruthful answers. If there was any doubt in my mind about the sincerity of the answer given on any one question, I discarded it, so that every result I have used I am practically certain was an intelligent and sincere answer on the part of subject.

Probably the most interesting results from the students' point of view was the choosing of favorite actors and actresses and movies. Ronald Colman and Greer Garson were the most popular. Second place went to Cary Grant and Bette Davis, and third place was given to Paul Muni and Ginger Rogers. It is interesting to note that while many of these are Academy Award winners, there was no mention of such truly great foreign actors as Sacha Guitry, Jean Gabin, etc., even though their films have had wide distribution in this country. It seemed slightly surprising to find some one like Cary Grant in first place and an actor of technically much greater talent such as Paul Muni in third place. This is true, to a certain extent, because the students were largely influenced by films they had seen at the time this survey was taken. This is particularly brought out in the motion pictures that were most popular. "In Which We Serve" and "The Magnificent Ambersons" were the first choice with "Wuthering Heights" and "Mrs. Miniver" next. The second place choices were divided between "The Lady Eve," "Citizen Kane," "Gone With The Wind" and "Rebecca." The third choice answers were too widely varied to have one stand out, but the trend was definitely toward comedy. As I pointed out, the students were influenced by films they had seen recently—"Mrs. Miniver" had been playing in New York up until two weeks before this questionnaire was distributed, "In Which We Serve" was playing on Broadway

at the time, and "The Magnificent Ambersons" had been shown here at college only a few weeks before. Further, Ronald Colman and Greer Garson—judged as the two favorite stars, had just opened in "Random Harvest" in New York at the time. In connection with the actor and actresses it is interesting to note that Victor Mature, Don Ameche and Gene Autry were the most disliked actors, while Jeanette MacDonald, Dorothy Lamour and Gene Tierney were the most disliked actresses.

A few of the questions went contrary to other polls, one of them being the number of times the students go to the movies a week. The largest group was that which went only once a week, though other polls have found that college students (including both when they are and are not at college) go to the movies at least twice a week. Only 24% of the students here went that often. Another unusual result was the amount of influence Hollywood publicity plays upon the students. Only 25% maintained that it had no influence whatsoever, while 60% said they were influenced slightly and 15% were largely influenced by the publicity. That 15% seems unusually high. College students as a whole, naturally rank very high on nation-wide intelligence surveys, and it seems peculiar that they should pay so much attention to movie publicity which is among the most obvious and sensationalistic to be found in this country. Though almost every student here goes to the movies at least once a month (except the 7% who say they never go), legitimate plays ranked higher in popularity than the movies for both their first and second choice. Radio and sports rated very low in comparison with the movies and plays. Sports usually rank higher with college boys (from the standpoint of observation—not participation), and this low score may be due to the absence of varsity teams and also the lack of stress placed upon athletics here at Bard.

To crystallize the findings of this survey, it may be interesting to find the "median" of habits and attitudes of Bard College students. This typical person goes to the movies once a week because he wants to be entertained. He is only slightly influenced by the publicity relating to the movie, but if he had the opportunity, would rather go to a play than a movie. He goes with one or two friends and would most like to see Ronald Colman and Greer Garson. He would least like to see Victor Mature or Jeanette MacDonald. The picture he would choose would be "The Magnificent Ambersons," while the type of picture he most likes to see are those dealing with a sociological or psychological subject, a comedy, or a study of personality. He pays most attention to the acting, and it is what he likes most in a picture. He shows little emotion at movies and discusses and thinks about the movie only slightly after having seen it. He likes women better than men on the screen and has definite opinions about what he likes and dis-

likes in the movies and what he thinks could be done to improve them.

On the whole, as is shown in this brief survey, Bard College students' tastes in movies are not much different than those of any other male undergraduate collegiate body. Considering the unique place the arts have at Bard, as compared with other colleges, it would appear that our critical and artistic taste leaves a good deal to be desired. Perhaps the fault is as much Hollywood's as it is ours. In any case, a more thoughtful critical taste could be developed here concerning the most popular and one of the most powerful art forms in our civilization.

The Scientific Method Applies Itself

by BENSON SNYDER

All the world and everything in it has its own particular and individual formula. The derivation of any formula is a simple task if we only use the scientific method. Since the scientific method has been underrated and the value that this knowledge of a formula will give disparaged by too many, we felt it imperative to present at this time the following unique and practical application of the method and show, more clearly, how through its use a formula is figured out.

Our general topic THE LOVE LIFE OF THE ABIDINGO BIRD though perhaps a bit removed from anything within our ken, will offer a most suitable test for the method of approach. Before beginning with this particular phase of the Abidingo existence, it would be wise to say a few words in general concerning this fascinating creature. The Abidingo is an extremely remarkable bird, found chiefly in Central America and leading a most advanced and intellectual life. Essentially a social bird, he lives in organized groups. We come now to a more particular discussion of the problem.

In its affairs of the heart, both male and female Abidingo are inclined toward hypocrisy. This is manifested in the custom, incidentally having a very strong social pressure attached, of picking out one bird and sticking to the same long after any deeper feeling of sense of companionship vanished. Seldom, indeed, is it when one Abidingo will leave another after they have

once started out on the road of life together. Years of study have been spent trying to find out an intelligent answer but as yet there has been no success. However, love is a simple mathematical equation, and the difficulty in solving the above enigma is very reasonable. What is needed is more facts. We must understand the Abidingo attitude to comprehend his customs. After a series of very ingenious examinations and experiments we found that Abidingo love is very often concerned with the senses. However, being an essentially sensitive bird, the male and the female have realized the shallowness of a completely physical relationship, even among birds, and to suit their conscience they have invented a myth, a beautiful mirage called Romance, concerned with the violent passion of one Abidingo intellect for another kindred intellect, inseparable and eternal. You see, they think the senses, sensual pleasures, to be impermanent, short lived, transient and dying when the body dies. Unfortunately holding such a view the Abidingo without some defense feels the futility of it all rather acutely. Be that as it may, Abidingos have been telling each other this story for so many centuries that by now they almost believe it and that is what concerns us most.

Already the logic of our formula is clear, and we are about to derive it in mathematical terms. In spite of all the obvious happiness that self-deception gives to the Abidingo, it tends to be an evil over a finite period of time. Confusion comes from such a concept. And confusion to birds is bad. The seeds of decline of this feathered civilization are seen in such an attitude. The regression of the bird culture is an infinite series, expressed in poetic terms it runs as follows: confusion² + unhappiness to the fourth power times the square root of dejection all over a constant, and here the infinite series finds a limit: Love⁻¹ over the square root of five which may be written

$$\frac{C^2 + U^4 (\sqrt{D})}{K} = \frac{L^{-1}}{\sqrt{5}}$$

So simple really.

It is interesting to note in closing that many years ago one Abidingo tried to figure out what love is, in what sense it exists. Poor fellow, he went mad, and for the last three years of his life just flew around in circles, small circles, only taking out time to eat. This was a horrible example to all others, who had any similar wonderings on the subject. It seems that the Abidingo mind just wasn't made for figuring out such profound problems, and all sensible Abidingos realized this, and didn't worry about the matter. But then, the Abidingos lack the scientific method, so we really can't blame them.

A Zionist Utopia

by WALTER J. KRIVINE

The subject of this paper is evolved out of a general study of Utopian thought and method. A brief but thought-provoking treatment of this topic by Lewis Mumford stimulated further reading, and one day, while pondering over this whole problem, a startling realization dawned on my mind—that there actually exists a Utopia. Men live in this Utopia, they toil and create, they sustain blighted crops and rich harvest in their subjection to the caprices of Mother Nature, and in their constant vigilance for the predatory foe, they hold a rifle illicitly procured. A striking contrast to the visions conjured up in the minds of such dreamers as Sir Thomas More, Samuel Butler and William Morris,—those utopias were doomed to bitter nonfulfillment. Perhaps, as Mr. Mumford points out, the realized dreams of the modern world have been (and can only be) those that have arisen by common consent, as social myths and “collective utopias” and not the ideals which have been fashioned by the imagination of individuals.

This utopia is Palestine,—to three faiths the Holy Land, to the Jew not only the Holy Land but the Promised Land. A little territory, no larger than the state of New Hampshire, lying at the crossroads of Europe, Asia and Africa, a haven for a persecuted people. A people, who from the days of Pharaoh have been hounded, tormented, harassed, ostracized in a dozen European countries. In Spain it was the Inquisition; in Russia there were pogroms; in Nazi Germany it is the concentration camp; in Poland and Roumania political and economic oppression. And so it goes on, in some countries more unobtrusively, pernicious, nevertheless. Even in those communities where Jews had been socially accepted and were undergoing a process of gradual assimilation, the yearning for Zion survives undiminished.

As nationalism penetrated to Eastern Europe in the post-war years, the longing of Jewry for emancipation began to assume the form of a nationalist movement. A group of intellectuals headed by Theodore Herzl, an Austrian Jew, formed the nucleus of a new organization known as Zionism, and their goal was the creation of a legally assured home for the Jewish people in Palestine. Beginning in the late 90's, a small but steady stream of harassed Jewry from Galician ghettos trickled into the Holy Land,—a Holy Land then under the domination of the Caliph of the Ottoman Empire. They were greeted by a few indifferent indolent nomadic Arabs and the prospects of creating a place of refuge in that barren looking desert seemed indeed grim. No, it was not the ‘land of milk and honey’ which the early pioneers had

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Exhibit of Comic Strip Art

by ROLLIN MARQUIS III

The recent exhibition in Orient on the comic-strip, scarcely demands a critical review, and at any rate, I am hardly qualified to make one. The substance of the exhibit is simply a partial representation of an American institution, while its value is more nearly a matter of personal opinion as to the comic-strip's position as an art.

Rather, I should say, the show does demand a further word as to its purpose. Toward the comic-strip there generally seem to exist two equally inadequate attitudes: On the one hand are those “matured” persons who regard it as infantile, corny, and perhaps, even, deleterious; on the other hand, the group, young or old, intellectual or simple-minded, who regard it purely as an “escape.” Certainly neither side considers the comic-strip's power, potentialities, or art, and in presenting these aspects to the Bardian lies the *raison d'être* of this exhibition.

Admittedly, the comic-strip is often the type of hack work, trite, if not inaccurate in conception and execution. Admittedly, also, “escape” is necessary, and the comics can furnish it, though they sometimes encourage this outlet to be turned into pernicious habit.

However, few consider its role as both mirror and influencer of its enormous public; few realize its amazing capacity for lucid exposition of facts and ideas; few recognize its paternity of the popular animated cartoon. Likewise, its modern evolution toward a simpler, clearer style of plot and drawing, and its explorations in the field of the cartoonovel have received too little attention from both critics and devotees.

If the Bardian is a progressive fellow, it's time he took serious notice of this representative of American culture, and Orient exhibits his opportunity.

* * * *

We are reprinting, by special request, the song *An Old Blues Tune* from the short story of the same name by Marvin Lagunoff.

Never seen the sun,
Never seen the moon,
Got nothing in my pockets
But an old blues tune.

Now I'm on my way,
May be home soon,
With nothing in my pockets
But an old blues tune.

Past and Future

by HARMON E. WYNNE

The purpose of this experiment in psychology was not so much to get any outstanding results but more to see by actual experimentation the techniques, problems, and the work that confronts the psychologist when preparing a test which deals with a psychological problem. In this case I wanted to see if a person's childhood had any bearing on his future. That is, I wanted to find out whether he wanted the same sort of a future as his childhood or whether he wanted a different future from his childhood.

With the problem to be studied well in mind, a set of questions was made up in two parts. The first set of questions was designed to find out about the subject's home life, his parents, and himself, while the second set of questions was to determine the kind of future he thought he wanted to have. Although the questions were in two parts, childhood and future, they were closely related. That is, for almost every question dealing with the childhood there was a corresponding question about the future.

The questionnaire was given to different subjects who were asked to answer the questions frankly and who were told that they did not have to sign their names to the papers and could return them through the campus mail so that their identity would remain unknown.

The first question asked was to see which of the subject's family the subject liked best. Sixty-six and two-thirds percent of the subjects put down that they liked their mother best. The other percentage being distributed among father, brother, and sister. For second choice or for the person which the subject like next best, thirty-three and one-third percent put down father.

A question was asked to see if the subject's parents were alike or different in character and in actions. Twenty percent of the subjects answered that their parents were alike and sixty-six and two thirds percent answered that they were different, the rest did not know. A question in the second part of the questionnaire which corresponded to the above was whether the subject wanted a wife who was like or different from the subject. Eighty percent of the answers were for a wife who would be like the subject and only 7 percent for a wife who would be different, the remaining did not know.

These figures show that a greater majority want a future, with respect to a wife, which is different from their childhood.

The subjects were asked whether their father or mother has the most say at home. Thirty-three and one-third percent said that mother has the most say. Twenty-

one percent said that their father had the most say. The rest said that it was equal. Corresponding to this question which shows that mother seems to have slightly more to say that father were a couple of questions about the subject's would-be wife. He was asked if he wanted a self-willed wife or not and whether she should be active or passive. Ninety-four percent said that they wanted a self-willed wife and only six percent said that they did not want a self-willed wife. Eighty percent wanted an active wife, thirteen percent wanted a passive wife, and the rest did not know.

From the above figures we see that there was a tendency for the mother to be slightly dominant and also that the wife should at least have as much say as the subject, if not more. In this case the majority of the subjects want a future which is like their childhood.

When asked if they had had a quiet childhood or one marked by many changes, sixty-six percent of the subjects said that they had had a quiet one and thirty-three and one-third said that they had had a changing one. When asked if they wanted a quiet future or a changing one fifty-four percent favored a quiet future, while forty-six percent favored a changing future. However, out of these answers, sixty percent of the subjects wanted a different future from their childhood, while forty percent wanted the same sort of a future as their childhood.

The subjects were also asked if they wanted to get married. Only one of the subjects did not want to get married.

All of the subjects (100%) wanted to have children. In taking the case of the one subject that did not want to get married, but still wanted children, it was found that he liked his father best and that he preferred male children.

Sixty percent of the subjects wanted both male and female children and forty percent preferred to have male children.

The average number of children that the subjects wanted was 2.63 or almost three. This is very close to the number of children that were in the subjects' families, which was 2.3.

From the above data it can clearly be seen that some definite results have been obtained from the questionnaire. Also an important fact which came out of the results was that there was no definite trend towards a future that was completely different or completely the same as the childhood of the subject. But instead, in some cases the majority of the subjects wanted a different future from their childhood and in other cases, depending upon the phase of like, a majority wanted a future which was the same as their childhood.

God—A Progressive Educator

by STANLEY SMITH

When the Reverend Stephen Bayne, Chaplain of Columbia University, delivered his sermon on progressive education last summer, everyone expected it to be blasphemous in the extreme.

That he had anticipated "a bitter denunciation of all modern and progressive education," shows his point of view. Considering that the largest time in a clergyman's career is taken up with teaching, it is indeed surprising that should be his attitude on this sort of education. The terms "progressive" or "modern" education are very vague and are continuously becoming less definite due to the ever increasing development of progressive education. Therefore, perhaps Mr. Bayne had a different aspect of progressive education to denounce than that with which I plan to deal.

One of the most important sides to this type of education is that the student is permitted to choose for himself the line of study or work, to which he feels he is best suited. The part of the teacher becomes one of a guide not a dictator. This tends to divorce education from becoming a formal parcel of the world's "100 best books" which any person can have to eat at certain colleges. Whether the student can digest this education is another subject altogether. From this, several enlightening falsehoods can be easily deducted: First, that everyone should be educated in the same way regardless of their personal interests, by being compelled to read the same books in order to receive an "education." Second: This is another way of saying that everyone thinks alike.

In progressive education, the student is at liberty to gain his own ends with proper guidance. For many this is difficult because they are not sure what they want to achieve in college. They would rather that their whole line of study was outlined in a concise pattern to which they could easily adapt themselves. Such a process as this is practiced at larger universities where the formal method must be adopted due to the size of the student body. Such seats of learning have been criticized by the comparison that they resemble assembly lines in a factory. Students in such a place have been for a large part, dependent on their professors, and upon graduation are thrown into a world where they must, perhaps for the first real time, think for themselves.

At Bard, from the start a student is "on his own," in the sense that a large percentage of his college work time is spent outside of the class room. A student is allowed to choose his course of study, however under the constant help and advice not only from his professor but also all

the professors in the department to which he belongs. These are very well known facts expressed, I'm sure, too simply and incompletely.

Nevertheless, there is a further comparison which is more closely allied with life and the Christian's idea of God.

A Christian's idea of God is comparable to the role a professor plays in a progressive college; a guide not a dictator. This God gives men their choice as far as what they shall do with their lives and what the quality of their lives shall be. No two people think exactly the same, or draw the same conclusions, on all subjects. The same is true in a religion. No one religion is suitable for everybody. Furthermore no one group of ecclesiastics can get up and dictate what all men shall believe. (Here I must defend the position of the church to the extent that certain churches wisely leave the matter of belief on a very broad scale so that people who have the fundamental belief in the more necessary Christian doctrines, can worship in the same church. If religion was a completely individual affair, there would be no churches and the whole stimulus for believing would tend to be lessened or would become in the final analysis non-existent.)

As in progressive education, a person in leading his life is free to choose what he shall do with it. If in college, he wastes his time, he is not long a member of the group who want to devote their time seriously to their studies. In life there is no power quite so automatic. What is important, is that man is free to choose what he wants to believe. He isn't necessarily compelled to believe in the Christian God, or in any "higher power" whatsoever. It is left to him entirely how he shapes his life. The Christian believes that his God is existent because of his power to guide him along this very line. That is why I believe that the Christian God is a progressive educator.

ZIONIST UTOPIA

envisioned on their trek across Europe. In many respects it was worse than the ghettos they had so eagerly forsaken. Some faltered, but the true Halutzim (pioneers) stuck to their guns, working feverishly in their isolated rural settlements, draining swamps, crudely irrigating the sandy wastes with little more than a fervid resolution to keep them going. Before the World War, a political ideal never really existed; the prospects of a national home seemed remote, unattainable. This "back to Zion" movement was spiritual, colonization was the byword, and the new healthy communities that sprang up constituted a microcosm of the Jewish people, designed to be a bond of union to Jewry in the Diaspora.

With the advent of the World War, Palestine loomed large in strategic importance. Close to the gateway to

the Levant, the Suez Canal, the Allies were determined to wrest that valuable strip of territory from the Turks, and with the help of the fabulous T. E. Lawrence who won the Arabs over to the Allied camp, Allenby's campaign was successful. Both Jew and Arab fought by the side of the Allies, so morally the British, who had assumed the responsibility of administering mandated Palestine under the request of the League of Nations, were under a certain obligation in the form of compensation for the two groups. With a new influx of Jewish immigrants, and the strengthening of the political issue in the Zionist movement, the conflict between Jew and Arab became more acute. An ill-timed formal declaration delivered in 1917 by an official British spokesman, Lord Balfour, was to lead to much strife and bloodshed between Arab and Jew. Somewhat arbitrary in terminology, it was a proclamation which stated that His Majesty's government looked upon the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine with favor. To trace chronologically the events that led up to the state of guerrilla warfare that prevailed between Jewish colonists and Arab laborers before the outbreak of the present war, would entail an unnecessarily long and painful analysis of the very complex political and religious problems in the irrepressible Arab-Jewish conflict. It is, however, most necessary to keep in mind the gravity of the problem,—in a country the size of Palestine there are two major groups with diametrically opposite aims constantly clashing. The present emergency has led to a temporary truce, but heated passions will inevitably flame up again and fresh blood will be spilt unless the thorny problem is adequately solved. The British government is in the unenviable position of having to placate both Jew and Arab; if it fails then the ire of the Moslem world and world Jewry will descend with a deafening roar.

Immigrants from industrial countries in central and southern Europe form the bulk of the Jewish population in Palestine. To these people a farm was as unusual a sight as a subway would be to a Texan cow-puncher. Armed with only grim determination, these intrepid pioneers cleared swamps at the risk of malaria, tilled an unproductive soil, sweated in blistering heat and shivered under the cold night winds. The terror of a 'khamsin' (sand storm) was well known to them. An Arab sniper was a commoner sight. Yet with all the hardships and privations these early colonists suffered, they succeeded in constructing within their little community (Kvutzoh) a nearly perfect society.

In this type of cooperative colony, practically everything is organized on a collective basis. Everyone works in the fields and orchards, which are the common property of the settlement. No physically fit adult is exempt from

this farm work. To an outsider, the extremes of the kvutzoh system would appear outrageous,—almost barbaric. For example, every child born on the settlement is taken away from its mother after its second birthday and is cared for by a group of trained women who supervise its education, health, sports and general upbringing. This is so that no hours are wasted and the able mother may devote her full time to the improvement of the plot of land assigned her. The mother can see her child in the morning (before leaving for the nursery) and in the evening, but if she should overstep her time quota with the, she is liable to severe reprimanding and in extreme cases a manual imposition.

There is an executive council that takes care of all business transactions, sees that no individual profiteering takes place, distributes a flat wage rate for all, and sees that there is an equitable distribution of food products, equipment and supplies among the inhabitants of the community. The council is democratically elected, of course, and other committees are formed to stimulate the cultural life of the community, keep up a healthy rivalry with nearby kvutzot (pl.), further the intellectual interests of its members, and endeavor to create a harmonious social life when the daily stints are completed. This system works extremely efficiently. Few misdemeanors of a serious nature are ever committed. The members of the kvutzot take a deep pride in their work, and vie with each other in quality of their labors.

Such intense hatred sprang up between Arab and Jew in recent years that until the outbreak of the war, there was armed guerilla warfare between the two groups. When the Halutzim were tending the orange groves and vineyards, a young armed sentry would be posted to ward off marauding Arabs. Unfortunately, the British were unwilling to allow young farmers to carry firearms and the toll in lives was heavy until some were smuggled in.

The existence of nine hundred kvutzot is ample proof of the efficiency of this absolute cooperative society. The funds for the purchasing of the land on which this colonization is done, are procured by the Zionist movement largely through contributions.

The Jewish population in Palestine does not live exclusively by tilling the soil and raising crops. There is one large all-Jewish city, Tel-Aviv, with a population of about one hundred thousand. In structure, Tel-Aviv is supposed to be the fulfillment of a modern architect's dream. Sanitary facilities are modern, houses are large, well ventilated, and have spacious roofs for sun bathing in the summer, there are comprehensive libraries at the disposal of the public, and there are all the entertainment accommodations of a great metropolis. People lead a sane, healthy, harmonious life and Arabs are not allowed

INTER-AMERICAN INTERLUDE

within miles of the city. One of the most powerful labor unions in the world protects the worker, besides undertaking a wide variety of social functions in the interests of its members. Politics are non-existent in this so-called Histadruth. There are no spoils to be reaped by vested interests.

This paper has attempted to show briefly how a utopia is actually put into practice. From all available reports, the kvutzoh system works admirably. If a perfect society has ever been attained, this is it. Whether a more perfect society will emerge out of the chaos of the present conflagration remains to be seen. Until then, the Zionist may point with just pride to his fulfilled dream,—the hope and guiding star of an oppressed people.

folk idiom without giving it the radical and rather attractive treatment customary nowadays. By far the most pianistic piece on Senor Amengual's program was his own *Sonatina* in three movements. It is very deftly written, full of instrumental subtleties and stems from the impressionism somewhere around Ravel. Personally, I found

Senor Amengual's portion of the evening highly stimulating, as it showed the style of a single Latin-American nation in the making. It showed that Chile, located on the West coast of the continent and more isolated than all other South American countries, is busy creating a style of her own.

Senor Nin-Culmell, who studied music in Europe and is now teaching at Williams College, arranged his program along different lines. He undertook to compare music of the Spanish motherland with contemporary Latin-American music. *Variations* by the 16th century Spaniard Cabezon served as an example of early contrapuntal writing for keyboard instruments. Several "Sonatas" by the 18th century Catalonian Soler are amazingly folksy for a monk. I suspect that Soler was not so much influenced by the popular music of Spain as he was well read in the scores of Neapolitan school. Incidentally, the audience considered Soler the most exciting discovery of the evening. Among contemporary Latin-American works three "Prleudes" by the Mexican composer Chavez made the strongest impression through their poignancy of expression. Two "Dances" (*Pampeanito* and *Milonga*) by Gaito of Argentina are effective in an Albenizish way. Senor Nin-Culmell's own *Sonatina* in three movements is a colorful piece, which seems to owe much of its brilliance to the Italian school. Senor Nin-Culmell played with the kind of perfect pianism that never distracts from an equally perfect musicianship. Generally speaking, it

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was refreshing to note how little our neighbors to the South are ashamed of their cultural ancestry.

The unexpected climax of the evening came when two of the guests executed an improvised folk dance, backed up by rhythmical noises coming from the guests among the spectators. The audience seemed to enjoy the scheduled program as well as the impromptu entertainment immensely.

Much of the enthusiasm of Saturday night carried over into the Musical Get-Together on Sunday afternoon. The meeting began with a very well organized speech on contemporary North-American music by Miss Mathilde Zwilling of Bennington College.

After the more theoretical discourses the platform was again turned over to performers. Senorita Marjorie Sutton of Mexico sang a number of songs in the refined Night Club manner. Finally, Bard's eminent Jazzologist Fritz Steinway took over, and with his associates Dick Siegel (piano) and Dick Eells (percussion) he got down to business and into the groove. There were some delightfully instructive example of the three great B's in Jazz: Blues, Boogie-Woogie, and Barrel-House. The improvisa-

tional abandon of the performance caused the audience to clamor for numerous encores. The boys obliged until the guests had to go and pack.

All told, it was by far the most enjoyable experience of this kind since the Intercollegiate Music Festival two-and-a-half years ago. It was nice to see that people can have such a perfectly good time in Bard Hall.

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