Bard College
Student Newspaper Archive
(1895-1999)

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GUILD MUSICIANS ARRIVE

Today and tomorrow Bard witnesses the third annual festival of The Intercollegiate Music Guild. This is a young organization conceived several years ago for the purpose of facilitating an exchange of ideas, concert resources, and to promote active audiences. The well-known American composers, Adolph Busch, Benjamin John, Columbia, Sarah Lawrence, and Vassar. They have since been joined by Smith, Williams, St. Lawrence, and the New Jersey College for Women. Many more serve the goal, shown on the front of the guild and among the new ones likely to participate in the 50th-anniversary division of the festival will be Adele, Adolph, Mr. Hulkey, Harvard, Wellesley and Amherst are also involved.

The response has been so great that it has become necessary to split into individual groups of several hundred, backed by the participation of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, given a special musical treatment, is supposed to have a radical and psychosomatic air about it; it is enjoyed by the fortunate "artistic" minority that see their age as the done deal. But not for the applied. Dis- troy's abstract music was as great for his Symphony, the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" of the lady's, an attempt to show that the music itself holds a magical power, as does the nature of the object of its interest. The music, as it were, makes the magic happen, which is good not only for the effect of the music itself, but also for the effect on the eyes. Changes in rhythm and tone quality in music are often part of the continuous aural experience, but they can be dis- paired in a single impression. I think that Disney has managed to show that this technique can be used to create a whole new level of artistic experience.

The Walt Disney World "Rite of Spring" and "Pastoral Symphony," the music was deeper than the visual impression, and the effect endured. The biolog- ical evolution—dinosaurs, ictyosaurs, and brontosauruses—painted in the "Rite of Spring" were fascinating, but I don't think the music could have been found for the world's largest part of the "Pastoral" instead, with none of the spring and autumn goodness and the energy of the music.

Mousterbucky's "Night on Bald Moun- tain" was a rather bold treatment. Here, in my opinion, Disney was bigger than the music. Schiller's "Ave Maria," the conclusion and climax of "Pastoral," is more like an ant-climactic let-down. I think it is a mistake for Disney to show landscapes, for their own sake, as he did in "Ave Maria" and the choral music of the "Symphony," because too much of the detail is too much when the detail is taken out of them.

Duchess's "Dance of the Hours" is a classical ballet, and a good one. The choreo- graphic score follows the music itself, which we consider traditional (according to Balanchine), but in the best traditions. The only change, technique, is the added use of illusion, an amazing effect. The dancers are alluring, aristocratic, elegiac, imaginative. This strict ballet is the best caricature I have ever seen, and is the reason for our jazz-dance.

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THE BARDIAN

Volume 32

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NSPA NEWS SERVICE

Activities at Bard—Y. N. Y. Dec. 6, 1940

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CHANGE?

The question has occurred recently, "Should we change The Bardian into a magazine?" This is a problem not only in the hands of the editors, but of the student body. It feels that a magazine is a better medium of expression for this very reason; they ought to take steps in that direction. But before doing so we should ask:

We should make a careful evaluation and analysis of the present function of the magazine, and weigh its efficiency in comparison to a magazine. If the magazine seems favorable we must face some mechanical and practical issues which have to do with cost, dates of publication, etc.

Looking at this year's Bardian we find that:

1. It has become a critical journal instead of a newspaper. Its form suggests the immediacy of a newspaper but its content is one of opinion, of subjectivity rather than objective survey. It does a great many things that the magazine could do with more brevity. On the other hand, much of the editorial work is for the benefit of all the students, in the direction of good advertising or pre-mediated.

Perhaps the most vital problem confronting the proposed magazine is "what shall we do?" What is there to write? What is the area of real interest? It would be dull indeed to pursue pages of navel-gazing. Whether Bard can regularly produce a volume of high-grade stuff which must correspond with much that is rendered in The Bardian is an unknown quantity. In other words, the magazine must be fed by dedicated and dependable writers and must not have to spend any money on advertising.

It seemed that two weeks isn't enough time to evolve a desirable publication of this sort. It would be more feasible to publish it once a month or every two months when there is a greater supply of copy to pick from. Another suggestion is that there be a magazine at the end of the year, when all the students have satisfied or submitted to the Bardians during 1940-41. This would handle any surplus of valuable literature lurking around. These are some aspects of the situation. We welcome a response.

LOOKING AROUND

It is strange how swiftly and easily a normally efficient human animal can adapt itself to a new routine. Patterns of existence which were rigidly defined become soft. The surface colors change almost in a moment. It took, however, repeated visits only to become habituated to the routine here at Bard. And it was a sensual, intelligent, dear routine. Eating, drinking, playing games (but not too many), walks on country roads or over country fields, talking about life, love, and literature, the discovery of new people, accepting them, perhaps rejecting them, an occasional concert or lecture, looking at numbers, going to bed at any old time. These were, after all, the simple and pleasant occupations of a normal male. And I was grateful to Bard for making them possible. After six years of a college life, not necessarily urban, existence here was something human.

The next three weeks, perhaps something happened. I had been told that a Prom was coming. The week was filled with anticipation. I knew that such affairs were customary and, peculiarly enough, were even regarded by some people as desirable. And my fraternity house years had instilled in me the moral maxims and customs of such an institution. It was an unimportant matter, it did not concern me at least as I seemed until 10:15 Friday evening, I had been doses, sober, suspended, and to a giddy youth, had boiled up the wound of another who had cut himself shaving, had fever, and general headache, and then settled myself for the evening routine. To my consternation I found there was nothing to do. There was nobody to talk to, every book was dull, the radio impossible. One could only go to bed. To my horror I did.

The next day was worse. The feeling of self-impotence that I was one of the few up for breakfast did not last long. As the day went on, I seemed to be a large number of women and men, all kinds of classes, all kinds of causes, all kinds of causes, all kinds of causes, and they went to a very pleasant cocktail party in the afternoon. That was better, but a great quantity of men came there naturally, but that didn't make any difference, nobody except me.

CORRESPONDENCE

bureaucracy. Quieter girls are very agreeable people, and some of them are great cooks. The various college secretaries and officers are as efficient and helpful as any in the country. Let us start first by trying to keep an eye on the floor-guards. If College is a college for social life, and as such, I feel that even an uninviting snow can be beautiful. One of the things that I enjoy about poetry. There is time for a casual glass of applejack. One can put together even a social life. And there are not many women here.

Lawrence Leibman.

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hoped to keep everyone in the "pick" moment, accomplishing the main activity. No one was to anticipate or begin to make a comment on the cutting edge of significance and grading of this unit.

The occasion seems to have presented itself with a measure of successful completion and discussion with the "immortal Bard" in thinking on the question, or the good and democratic elements in each individual's soul. I agree and recognize the youth in itself, I find it very difficult to regard woman as beings. They are an inferior species, the Yankees of the world. They disturbed the pleasant order of my life. Slowly out of the stress and strain of that week end came a slogan: "Let us send them back to the kitchen where God first put them." I have a rather attractive suggestion; let the sixth satiric of your college be appointed for reading in Sun to the Chapel instead of the nightly serenade. Let us not ask for a monastic existence. Bard, Quality wives are very agreeable people, and some of them are great cooks. The various college secretaries and officers are as efficient and helpful as any in the country. Let us start first by trying to keep an eye on the floor-guards. If College is a college for social life, and as such, I feel that even an uninviting snow can be beautiful. One of the things that I enjoy about poetry. There is time for a casual glass of applejack. One can put together even a social life. And there are not many women here.

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Letter to the Editor:

Boh man or bard? Bohstricks, anglicized, danglers, sionglasses, sionglasses, Bohstricks, Bohstricks, and chamberas ad adshower. Carry thou coals to Newcastle in pointing to the difficulties of the situation (Continued on page 4)

THE BARDIAN, DECEMBER 6, 1940

Page 3

The Vanderbilt Bede

The Vanderbilt Bade, feeling rather dilly that the terrific pace at which the college is going, as a result of recent crisis, gives it the impression that the steps to progress is much too great, has decided to back up the old idea of a book for the members of the little city. It appears that the faculty has decided to promote itself a bore that it actually being unpleasant and incongruous in place of boring. There have been complaints, Watch it, Frionnuls, or you will get close. Band-ermata, go on to the bags, (mail)

In regard to Mr. Anderson's policy with the mail. At least one of them is an idea. Mr. Freeborn, who has been there, says you don't need him. What about the complaints, you are pleased with this institution, you deprive the Bade for being very pleasant, or you are pleased. This is not logical. Not true. As we have said, we are only smug, or, the Bade: "There are so few in this institution, Mr. Anderson, taking care of the things that you need, but I can understand a lot of them.

For the question of emotion is raised by Mr. Freeborn. In discussing emotion, we were discussing emotion with the boy. It is a bad thing, Freeborn, a bad thing, Mr. Freeborn, when emotion, when converted, when directed, we hold a brief of no small size.

Are you buttered, Mr. Freeborn. As we have said, we are only capable of having the community catch us up on this.

Next, please.

Next, please.

Next, please.

Next, please.

Next, please.

Next, please.
THE EYE AND THE EAR

MUSIC
by Mildred C. Walker

On Monday evening, November 25, Miss Lys Bert, soprano, was heard in Bard Hall. The first of our four guest artists in the current season, Miss Bert is a young, attractive singer with the pleasing personality which is such a necessity to aspirants of her profession. While not possessing a large voice, Miss Bert has one of lyric quality, well trained, with a great deal of flexibility. Presenting a varied program, covering a wide range of song literature, she sang some of the lesser-known works of past and present day composers. Happiest in the first two groups of songs, which consisted primarily of beautiful German lieder, the artist created delightful song pictures with her clarity of tone, her phrasing and excellent diction. Outstanding among these songs were Schumann's "Späthling," Richard Strauss' "Morgen" and "Ständchen," and a composition by Dr. Paul Schwartz, "Willems in the Wind." Settings of two Greek songs by Ravel were others that were well done in the first part of the program.

In the second half of the concert, artists from several operas, and one from Haydn's Creation were offered. Outside of occasional passages in the coy nature of the inquisition, Miss Bert interpreted these songs faithfully and artistically. Particularly pleasing was the art of Miss Cohn, from Mozart's Marriage of Figaro.

Dr. Schwartz supplied splendid accompaniments for the singer, and contributed a group of piano solos. He and Mr. Brand were responsible for the performance of the Sonata in G Minor by Schubert.

All signs point to the Intercollegiate Music Festival to be held at Bard the weekend of December 11 and 12. It should be a most successful event judging from the interest it has aroused, and by the efficient preparations of the Guild's president, Theodore Strongin. While the number of Bard student composers appearing on the program is small, we are hoping for more interest in this field. Other groups are doing splendid creative work in the arts of painting, sculpture, drama and writing. Certainly, the Music Department is capable of turning out, with a little effort more contributions to our musical programs.

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MUSIC

by Wayne Horvitz

On the week-end of the fourteenth and the nineteenth of this month the Bard Theatre has arranged one of the most interesting innovations in Bard Theatre history. Felix Sorrel will present a Modern Dance Recital in the college theatre. On Saturday evening, December 14, there will be a private performance for the college community, and on Sunday a public performance at which admission will be charged to the public.

Miss Sorrel is not unknown to the college community, having recently staged the dances for the musical production, "Exit Laughing," presented at the college.

Her recent work as a figure in the dance world, however, being confined chiefly to choreography rather than dancing, may be known to some of us, and it is that which makes her appearance in the Bard Theatre of special interest.

Three years ago Miss Sorrel gave up her work as a recital artist to stage the dancing for a variety of recent theatrical productions. Among the performances were the choreography which she did the choreography in "Everywhere I Roam" Jeremiah, "Two Bouquets," "Flies and Needles," and the recent Gilbert and Sullivan company which appeared in New York only this past fall.

For accompanist Miss Sorrel brings a pianist, Herbert Kingley, and a guitarist, Wallace House. The former is the accompanist for Jimmy Savo's one man revue, "Mums The Word," which opened on Broadway last week.

The program promises to make for an interesting and original evening. Included on the program are a "Blues Suite" dance to music by Mr. Kingley composed of poems of Langston Hughes, the reknown Negro poet. In this number Mr. Kingley plays and sings while Miss Sorrel dances. Also included on this diversified program are a Mexican suite and a number in which she interprets in dance form these characters from "Hamlet," the King, Ophelia, and Claudio.

This program is the first performance of a recital which Miss Sorrel is preparing for New York and for touring in the near future.

THE FANTASIA

(Continued from page 1)

by T. Cook

Long-eared doves, shadecroppers, clipper ships, prairies—all those features that make American art unique are on exhibit in Orient Gallery in a collection of prints by the Associated American Artists. Only a few years ago these signatures and echinoids would have cost at least thirty dollars each. Under this program, however, they can be bought for five dollars. This has been a great blow to mobhish collectors who are interested in monoply, but it has made possible the consideration of art in terms of ownership by thousands of people with limited incomes. The artists have found it far more profitable to run off a large number of prints from the same plate than to restrict the number just for the sake of maintaining high prices which few could pay.

American is busy re-discovering itself. This is obvious in our novels and better movies, and it is just as plain in our prints. Except for a few traditional works which were included for contrast, the exhibition stresses this localization. Lawrence Smith's children, saltaking in front of New York City brownstone steps, Thomas Benton's Southern sharecroppers, and Joe Jones' Missouri wheat farmers live in widely separated worlds, yet they become a part of a greater whole without losing their identity.

There is only one disabling element in the show. That is the unceasing attempt, until Benton is being imitated far too obviously by artists who either are too lazy to develop their own style, or are being influenced without realizing it. At any rate, the figure in George Schiiber's "Southern Steel" looks like a Benton character superimposed on a Schiiber background, while there is more than a little of Benton in Lawrence Smith's "The Shatter." I hope all this is purely accidental, because Benton's work is too fine to be run under by imitators lacking his perception.

THE THEORY OF FRIENDS

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

"Truly, the Benefactors of Friends"

"facts" is a Silly Symphony with more satisfying music than an ordinary Silly Symphony, and a surreal and light atmosphere in the background. Disney had to experiment less because his past work had more direct value for it. This Silly Symphony has a quality common to all Disney's work and to the whole field. It was acted lath as the basis of success and the largest limitation, up to now. This quality is the "suspension of disbelief," which makes the Sorcerer's Apprentice a story. It is at the basis of all fantasy; fairies come to life, dinosaurs walk and eat, impossible and ridiculous situations become actual, the unusual is the usual—all in a very free atmosphere. The combination of this atmosphere with ordinary curiosity, laziness, off-beatness, timidity, and irritability characterizes this art or entertainment.

This same "suspension of disbelief" that the technique makes possible is also the limitation, or the difference between, this technique and straight movies. Their possibilities are in different directions. "Fantasia" can use abstract color and form but it cannot achieve the same reality that a photograph of a living person can. "Fantasia"'s effect is based not on the detail of a tree or a hand, nor on the distorted details of a distant cow pasturing on a moonlit field but on the senses with the impression of endless minute lines and shadows. In film photography a real life can sustain a better atmosphere, and so can use rhythm and color and movement. The film from weather or the wind can change the composition more for the better.

For the whole of "Fantasia," the "suspension of disbelief" makes the commonplace make it great in being and promise. At the same time, toward the end, it would have been nice to see a face with wrinkles under the eyes and perhaps a hair or two streaking out of the mouth.
CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 2)
thy fellows, see thee not the beam for the mote, the tree for the wood, the cat for the canary, ad absurdum. Push thee at the public to rede muddleth dis-
discourses and observations on nothing admin-
iable is thine intent, insidious thy results, in
treating of thy chosen subject with inade-
quate prose you succeed in not clarifying
nothing. As of other newshawks, daily and
weekly, national and international, peddle
thy news of nothing, attempted sense of
numinous, and drive thee mad of boredom
thy dear readers, who naturally take um-
brage and speak only of beans to gutters.
These be the not the true signs of our Spring
or Content. Take heed, Bede, constitute a
conscious isle of banality, steep not in the
necadillos of pinheads, drive ye not forth
the backheads from the now isolate temple
de Pigo. Containeth in himself, man, the
seeds of his own destruction. Trample not
too hastily, nastily, impatiently, on these
seeds. Let flow the ugly as by their re-
pulsiveness thou mayest recognize the dia-
phonously beautiful of thine dubious intellec-
tual, physical, relative, fruition of naught.
There will come in time one who will ob-
serve the phenomenon of relativity. Thou
will be find Bede, isolate, relative to
naught. And in relative leave taking may I
admonish: Look thou to thine venerable predecessor. Comes the question: Nearest
thou, because he scribe in Latin, scribe in
bileburn and confound the affected order
of disorder? No! cry the affectations. Yes!
by all that is hairy! mouth I in discordant
union. Speak thou the truth as they see't it,
ignore thy asphodel evangile and thrust
thy baa just above the chamber door of the
public conscience, and seek success in
failure. And when reason beats on thy pad-
agogue, quoth to thrify the words of
Rousseau: "Je s'ignorer." (Apocephal.)
The Admireable Bee.

To The Editor:

I refer to the manner of that well-known column
of bile add definition—quoth Webster:
"Editor—one who edits." Add also, edities—
"To superviseopent or direct publication." Can
we resolve this with the publication of the
destructive motts of one Venerable Bee? What
is this college—a bough of maupets? Perhaps our
brilliant editorial staff can offer us an excuse for
this mental browbeating written under the guise of
wit and humor. Humor or bile? I pose this
question.

Representing all right-thinking people on
this campus, I expose you Bee (all eight of you)
for what thou art. Fifth columnist, unamerican,
undoubtedly for reformation.
Take any issue. The use of such
words as Putnik in the salient columns of
the Bardian. Are the uneducated aware of
the meaning of the word. Definition—Putnik
(from the Sanskrit)—"All hope lies in
Moscow." One of many examples. This
party soon will issue a Pink Paper exposing
the underlying activities in full of this
source of our peaceful existence, J. E.
Hoover and Washington papers please
notify. For Cleaning Our House,
W. H. Pres.
Pink Paper exposing Bede Comm.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The correspondence
printed in this issue of THE BARDIAN is un-
answered, in the order in which it appears, by
The Venerable Bee, whose invulnerable
we will not touch for.

THE VULNERABLE BEE

(Continued from page 2)

Thenceforth be called the BEEEAN. You
have our ultimatum.
In regard to the Music Festival. We
feel that here is indeed a thing.
Social note: We wish to inform the
assemble multitude—stop a little closer,
fella—that the college's number one wish-
per, who has been making a good-will tour
of the sticks, is back amongst us again just
in time for the wine that is to be poured
over the local ice this week end. Nice tim-
ing, Poppy. By the way, how many of them
are there?

Familial social note: The Venerable Bee,
taking a powdow. Glang. (No sequel, no
beauties dish in.)

CONTEMPORARY POETRY

(Continued from page 1)

a man to challenge and really educate its
supposedly alert and individualistic young,
but developing, students.
Our classics man came out of the ages
to talk upon a subject in which he is equally
well informed—Contemporary British
Poetry. But like so many books and papers upon contemporary poetry he could
not get away from talking upon both con-
temporary American and British poetry.
He made clear a fact which everyone who
has thought and read much must believe
true: that modern poetry cannot be taken
apart and analyzed. It cannot be put into
intelligent prose form, for it is not analytical
and clear thinking, it is thinking in im-
pressions. It is not the idea that makes a
poem good so much as it is the words which
the poet uses. Modern poetry must be read
and listened to as one often listens to
a symphony, getting from it merely impres-
sions, sometimes vague and sometimes vivid,
but when one thinks of the instrumentation
and analyzes the symphony all impression-
ism has gone, and the symphony holds little
for the listener but the enjoyment of a
perhaps great style and composer.

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