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BARDIAN

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THE BARDIAN

Volume 21, No. 4

Z-443 ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., NOVEMBER 10, 1941.

Eight Pages

Night Shades

by OLIVER PITCHER

Blackness
dragging me, turning me, snatching
me,
and dashing me about.
Nothing felt.
Only suction drawing me
like the big magnet at the Works.

Part I. Across the Light Shaft

Now there's a light.
It's up there. It's against my eyes.
Against my eyes.....against my eyes.
My eyes? My eyes?
(Open them.
Yes.
Open them. Go ahead.)

Ha! Ha!
Jesus Christ! It was just a fool dream.
(Dandruff in my nails.
My back makes a snap when I stretch.
The floor's kind of chilly.

That's the light that woke me up!
Damn it! How the hell am I gonna sleep
when the neighbors
turn on lights this time of the morning!
Chair! Cigarettes in my coat pocket.
Light it.
Guess I'll look out the window)

What a town! Harlem-town!
The sky.....is dark.
So are the folks.
The sky is black.....yeah.
(take old man Kent 'cross the shaft
over there.)

Cluttered-up room.
Him and his wife and two small children
sleep in the other room. It's a rhapsody
in snores.
And there's the big boy, about twenty,—
(he must have turned that damed
light on!—)
in this room, on a sad looking davenport.
He's wringin'-and-twistin': he can't sleep.
Between the water bugs and roaches and
bed bugs,
he don't know where to start.
Now he's sitting on the edge of his bed
with his head
bent over kinda tired and disgusted-like.
He scratches his head.
He's sighing now.
He's a fine looking colored kid.
Now he glances at a.....
(can't make it out so good. I can
see it now.)
kinda rackety lookin' piano over there in
the corner.
He's standin' up now, scratching his head
kinda groggy.

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The Bardian

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Editorial

India—vast—mysterious.
(Music heard—dorian scale.)

As we approach the main street of Bom-
bay, we find the typical Oriental bazaar.
Here one may purchase many charming
curio, such as: pedrails, mulgas, nula-nul-
las, and sistrums.

India—vast—mysterious.

The main hotel of Calcutta is the center
of many a social function. It is here that
the traveler starts his journey. To the east
nestled in the Himlayas, is the well known
town that we are all so well acquainted
with. Seen here are the maidens of the vil-
lage walking over the cobble-stone square
to the fountain to get water for their hub-
ble-bubbles. It is here that we may see
the culture of some hundred and twenty
million different creeds brought together
under the rule of the British Empire.

England—vast—mysterious.
(Music by Vaughan Williams.)

As we travel on, we come to the quaint
town of Manchester. It is here that we see
the maidens of the village walking over the
cobble-stone square to the local pub. It is
here that the traveler first notices the
peasants playing "Barley-break" in the
grass. It is here too that the old chapel
bells call the villagers from their home,
where they are playing "Flip the farthing,"
to celebrate "Guy Fawkes' Day". One must
not be surprized if asked by a native: "Will
you, won't you; won't you, will you?" for
it is the oldest game is all Merry England,
and all may play.

To the west, nestled in the wood, lies
Stonehenge—vast—mysterious. It is here
that one may take the train back to Lon-

(Continued on page 5)

Thus Spake Sedgewick

With deference to Charles and apologies
to Thomas

GRAY'S ELEGY WRITTEN IN A
COUNTRY COLLEGE

GRAY'S ELEGY WRITTEN IN THE
COLLEGE CHURCHYARD

(Thoughts of popsie awaiting the dawn
after the first night of reelry known as
Prom Weekend)

The perfume tolls the smell of Saturday,
The lowly herd winds slowly from Po-kee.
The Bardman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to Leighton and to
me.

Save that, from Fainbairn's ivy mantled
tower,
The groping owl does to the moon com-
plain.
For Terry wanders near his secret bower;
Molests his ancient solitary reign.

Now comes the glimmering landscape on
the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness reeks
Save where La Femme bewails her lurid
plight,
And swears she's had enough to last for
weeks.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furroughs oft the stubborn glebe
has broke.
How jocund did they drive their team
afield,
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke.

Let not the thoughts of Monday Mock
their toil,
Bard's homely boys, their destiny obscure,
Nor Bierstedt hear with a disdainful smile
The short and wretched alibis they pour.

One boast of heraldry, one burst of power,
And oh that beauty, all that Redlich spent.
Awaits alike the inevitable hour,
The paths to Vassar lead but to lament.

Perhaps on this sequestered road is laid
A broken heart once pregnant with desire,
Hands that with pen on paper might have
strayed,
Had they not wandered blindly through
the fire.

Full many a gem of purest rays serene,
(Continued on page 4)

Looking Around

by WILLIAM CARPENTER

The reader of our daily news publications in these times is exposed to more misstatements of fact and half truths than perhaps any generation of readers heretofore. Not only the press, but radio, the movies, and current literature as well are shaping our viewpoints and opinions. More and more frequently we read in the papers about American ships that are being attacked and destroyed, and of American lives that are being lost. And all these reports are probably true, insofar as the facts are concerned. But for reasons not unnecessary, a great deal of bias is brought into these reports. The word "rattlesnake" is coming more and more into usage as applied to sea raiders. And there will be other words and phrases of a similar nature. There will be lies intermingled with the truth, and to distinguish these lies from the truth will be an all but impossible task.

We have watched the world we were brought up to regard as civilized, deceived into bondage, or brought by force to that state. It is a confusing thing to have to see happen. No wonder we are as muddled as we are. Some say that Hitler is hastening the inevitable, others that he represents the worst form of reaction, a reversion to the barbarous state of Tamarlane and Ghengis Kahn. Each is partly right and partly wrong. Because we live where we do, and think as we do, it is only natural that we see ourselves in the right, and the Germans in the wrong. We must, if we are to survive as Americans.

But regardless of who is right and who is wrong, can either side be called entirely blameless, or entirely at fault? Any government involved in such a struggle as that of today, must for its own salvation "be in the right." We have to accept this. To convince its people of this though, a government has to use trickery, deceit, and distortions of the truth, which we call propaganda. When a conflict is over, the people recognize this propaganda as such. They see that they have been fooled, and become bitter or scornful as a consequence. This is what is called the post war period of disillusion. The "truth" men have died for in the past looks suspiciously phony in the cool light of retrospect. How safe did the men who died in the last World War make the world for Democracy?

Our generation is less naive, or so we would like to think. We who go to college are supposed to be enlightened. And we may be. It is unfortunate, but a truism nonetheless, that most of the people are easily duped. We all have been to a certain extent already. But someone has to remain stable through all this upheaval. There have to be those who see with their sense of reason, rather than with their emotions. All the propaganda that ever was or will be, appeals to the emotions, and not to one's saner side. We must

Brighten The Cosmos Where You Are

Mrs. Cynthia Robinson Skinner
And her sisters, Rapunzel and Maude
Are giving a marvelous dinner
In behalf of the wounded abroad.

They've invited Society's betters,
And a few of Society's worse.
(And some will go home in a stupor,
And some will go home in a hearse.)

But their motives are quite beyond measure
And their souls show no sign of a stain.
They will dine, for their Conscience's pleasure,
On caviar, grouse, and champagne.

From the depth of their hearts and
their purses
They will bring forth the rustle of bills
For new hospital units and nurses,
And a couple of hangover pills.

Chorus:

O, hurrah for Good of Humanity—
It brings out the best in us all.
It's not such a cinch
To fork up some dough
When Mankind's in a pinch
In a land you don't know,
For a general cause
On an alien shore—
But we've done it—By God,
And we'll do it some more.

Excuse the untimely profanity,
But it's all for the Good of Humanity.
T. H.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 1)

don. Don't be surprised if somebody asks you, "will you, won't you; won't you, will you?" for one can't see very well through the fog.

(Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance.")

And so, at the close of day, we take our leave. "Farewell, England—Gem of the Atlantic" or better still, "Adrien" and we set our sails for home.

try to see the issues we are going to face for what they are, not for what we are told they are. And to do this, we will have to be skeptical—to doubt, to look beyond the printed words and the spoken ones. There have always been those who doubt. There has always been a need for them. More often than not they have been those who think. The people who bring about changes are not those who blindly follow, but the doubters. And to be one of these requires courage—guts. We shall be asked to sacrifice. We will sacrifice, but let's do it with our eyes open!

Looking Between

by LAWRENCE LEIGHTON

I approach my subject delicately and with those misgivings that are usually termed "certain". A year ago I unfortunately wrote a column on the fall prom which I did not attend. (Incidentally, why do we not revive the amiable word "promenade"? It invites people to walk out, which is certainly pleasanter than dancing.) That particular article won for me the undeserved reputation of being a misogynist, a reputation which harmed me during the year.

Now here is another prom which I am not going to attend. A year ago I swore that rather than endure another such situation I would leave campus. When a few weeks ago, I became aware that the usual and apparently annual nonsense was about to take place I began to ponder about what could be done.

I could go to New York to get my hair cut. I need it as badly as Jimmy Westbrook did a week ago. But that would be expensive. I could put a pack on my back and spend the weekend hiking to far-distant places such as Hudson, Red Hook, or Ward Manor. But I had seen all those places before, and besides there were easier ways of getting there. I could go south. There was not time enough.

Then my conscience intervened. Why escape, it said, why evade the issue? Aviators who crash are immediately sent up again. The prom a year ago may have been an unhappy event, why not take this one in your stride?

I always listen to my conscience. It has an interesting literary quality, usually, though not in the preceding paragraph, sounding like a Joycean soliloquy. I began to wonder what, if I remained here, I could do. There didn't seem to be much. I had been invited to only one cocktail party (my advisees had been boasting of three invitations) and that one was not definite. I needed a function, a use.

So I spent the time of the last College Meeting trying to find myself a function. I am sorry that I missed Stumpp's surrealist geography, but I knew the right answer to the question they were debating anyway. Two functions presented themselves.

The first was that I should offer myself as a substitute for any friend who, after meeting his blind date, discovered a dead grandmother. Or perhaps I could help out friends who, for reasons, were incapacitated. I rejected this function. I might have too many friends. I have coped with one woman, occasionally two, but I have never fancied myself presiding over a harem.

The second was that I might constitute myself protective custody over Tony Petrina. I rejected this idea without second thought.

Then I had to think hard. After all,
(Continued on page 4)

THE ARTS & SCIENCES

MUSIC NOTES

by HAROLD LUBELL

The Bacons gave the Bard Hall faithfuls a good concert last Monday night. The cello-piano combination of the visiting musicians from Converse College made for enough variety in the program to keep it interesting and the playing was accomplished enough to do a fair amount of justice to the music.

Analee Camp, who plays the violincello in the husband and wife team, is not of the Piatagorsky-Fuermann stamp. Nevertheless she is an expert on her instrument, possessing considerable technical dexterity which gives her complete control over what she is playing. Her left hand is usually efficient and strong and her bow arm smooth and competent. Yet the quality of her tone lacks the bigness of a great musician's. The balance between her tone and the way the music ought to sound is not always perfect, usually because the former is too small.

The major work on the program was the Handel G minor sonata for cello and piano which was originally written as a concerto for orchestra. There is a certain dryness about it that suits Miss Camp's sharp, clean style even in the first movement, a melodic Grave. Here, although her tone again missed that perfect balance, the instrumentalist's bow control and somewhat over-tense vibrato brought the music to vibrant life. The other movements were crisp and on the whole exact. Without doubt, the Handel sonata was the high spot of the evening.

Miss Camp's first encore, a Sarabande from a Corelli sonata, was in much the same vein as the Handel and just as effectively done. However, the other short pieces, especially the Glazounov transcription of a Chopin Etude (opus 25, no. 7), were marred by excessive glissandi, sliding from one note to another. There are times when the bit of lushness added by this particular practice is entirely permissible, but not when it is consistently overdone as it was Monday night. Chopin was a pianist and on a piano one either jumps or runs up a scale, neither of which sounds like a glissando.

Ernst Bacon is a composer, conductor and pianist. For lack of an orchestra only the first and last of his accomplishments were demonstrated in Bard Hall. In addition to accompanying his wife, which he did with great finesse and ease, Bacon performed some piano works by Mozart, Bach, Chopin and Brahms. In all except the Bach he took too much out of the piano, failing to realize that the instrument was too loud in such a small auditorium as Bard Hall. Bacon's technical equipment

DRAMA

by DONALD WATT, JR.

As its first major production of the year, the Bard Theatre last week presented an original play, "Yankee Pine" by Barbara Corcoran. The production as a whole was certainly a success if one can judge from the long applause after the last curtain. For the first time in at least two years, the college hired a well-known actress from the city to take the major part in the play, and I know that I will not soon forget Katherine Emery as she appeared at the opening of second scene of the first act, laughing out of the window at her nephew trying to make a farmer on horse-back out of snow.

The play is centered about Shay's rebellion, soon after the Revolution. The theme of the play—that the underdog can't lose if he will fight—is one that has a general contemporary significance, if not a particular significance in war-time. The play itself is no work of genius, but it furnished a very actable base for the many variations which were played on it in the course of the production. If Miss Corcoran gave as much attention to the creation of all

is extremely adequate but he detracted from it by his injudicious dynamics. The Bach-Busoni Chaconne stood the volume much better since it is more majestic in style. It is a powerful piece, due to some extent to the pianist Busoni, the type that volume helps build up, even if a bit of subtlety is missing now and then.

Bacon has one annoying habit, that of never finishing his last note. It is very possible that he lets up too soon in order not to appear pompous, but the old violinist's trick of moving his bow even after he has finished playing is much more exhilarating to the audience.

Two of Bacon's cello works were played by his wife, one a Suite, "Welcome," as the composer explained, to a newborn babe, and the other a transcription of his song to the words of Emily Dickinson's "Yellow River." Both are impressionist pieces which retain enough of classical harmonies and melody to make them comprehensible on the first hearing. From the two examples heard, it would seem that Bacon is a rather decent modern composer.

All in all Monday night's entertainment was quite successful. It is to be hoped that other Monday nights will be at least as good. But of course the next recital, an all-Bethoven Chamber music program (by Bard musicians) on November 17, will be the best we've had yet.

her characters as she does to those of Harriman and particularly Amanda Conant, her play would be considerably improved. Amanda, as written, is a very unusual and interesting character, but a great deal of this originality was acted out of it. Miss Emery was certainly very attractive and gained everyone's sympathy. Too much so. There was often a great incongruity between the rather cool lines she was speaking, and the emotion she was playing. She was playing a Broadway heroine, which Amanada was not.

Apart from Miss Emery, all the bouquets go to Mary Moore. She was the life of the stage all the time she was there. The character whom she portrayed undergoes a change equal to that of Amanda, and Miss Moore carried it off more convincingly as far as I am concerned, because she was not afraid to play a superficial part down to the last letter, making her realization of reality the most powerful thing in the play.

Jack Lydman as Harriman Conant was the least convincing of all in the cast. I do not think he really felt the good and evil in Conant strongly enough so that he forgot who it was that was playing the part. I never did.

Francis Whitcomb did a very lively job of the shy and vigorous Mannasseh Jones. He has a natural ease and power on the stage which are a pleasure to watch. I don't know who it was that directed him to that limp which was more like a succession of falls than anything else, but it seemed quite unnecessarily realistic. Westbrook supplied the comedy with the humorous character part he had, and the impression of age that he gave was amazing.

Al Sapinsley, who is the best actor in college, did a fine job on the part which he was given only a week or so before production. Wes Philipson did a thoroughly suave and realistic Lawson, with just the right touch of villainy and sympathy to make him a good main prop for the play. As for Frank Overton, there was too great a similarity in his creations of Sam Fiske and Captain Joshua of "Thunder Rock" for any applause to be whole-hearted, but his stage personality carries over his performances. The director did a very fine job with the problem of the child; in his scenes with Amanda, Frank Hotaling let himself go and was a definite contribution to the play.

As for similar productions in the future, I think I would be more interested in seeing a good play acted by students of the college than an uncertain play acted by hired actors.

THUS SPAKE SEDGEWICK

(Continued from page 1)

The dark,, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
"Consider the daisies," born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the South Hall air.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
I sit and think, "explain this, Dr. Gray,"
Why is this sequestered vale of life
Marked by the noisy tenor of their way?

The Epitaph

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty strokes his teeth
away,
Wondering how long he can go on."

In all seriousness however there seems to be a problem at hand. It appears that Bard at Play has received no echoing response from the outside world. This may be the fault of Bard or the outside world, but, in any event, a change is necessary. As is the case with all young and growing institutions, we are on the spot. Our actions are no different from those of larger and better known institutions, but because we are what we are our actions must be better than those of older and more fashionable hind ends of wisdom. (Boston papers please copy.) Sedgewick says, no better way to bring this about than by making this weekend a dignified and slightly hysterical success, and if the elusive *Femme* (Fr.) can only forget for five minutes what her Junior adviser—who could never possibly get a date at Bard anyway—told her, she will probably have a good time and will not regret giving up that invite to the Yale game, which she didn't get.

In order to further the pleasantries of the coming week end, we offer for the uninitiated male or female a brief but fatal tour of that veritable winter wonderland, John Bard's College-in-the-Pines, of which the following points of interest should prove most instructive to those visitors seeking after a gala stay:

HOFFMAN MEMORIAL LIBRARY. One main establishment and three out-buildings. Situated four miles from the Red Hook Hotel. Comfortable seats somewhat obscured by books. Breakfast served from 9 to 12.

BARD HALL. Razed by termites in 1866. Once the subject of much superstition because on foggy nights it looked like a treble cleff. It now houses two tired Steinways and a conductor. Noise emanating from there attributed to erratic plumbing. Visiting, ten seconds.

BARD COLLEGE BOOKSTORE. Coca Cola, Hershey bars, kleenex, milkshakes, enlistments for the R. A. F. and one unread copy of the *Columbia Spectator*. Word, "Bookstore" used traditionally. Books for Bookstore can be purchased in Red Hook and other nearby cultural centers.

LUDLOW-WILLINCK, H-m-.

THE THEATRE. Built in 1837 by Harvey Fite as a foundation for the Art Studio. Here can be seen wood, field, stream and wild life in abundance. Small experimental theatre reputed to seat 150 people. Drama seminars—instruction in opening and closing curtains. Just off balcony—large room used to cage visiting lecturers before the "innocent Christians are thrown to the lions." This room, constructed casually one bleak December evening, houses Mr. Grossi, considered by experts to be one of the few surviving mummies of the latter Pharos. On exhibition mornings from 3 to 3:16.

ERWIN SMITH'S. Who's Erwin Smith?

THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEKEND. We believe it was John Stuart Mill who said: "The most accurate test of the progress of civilization is the progress of the power of cooperation." Sedgewick says so too.

Nightwood

A Novel Reviewed

by DONALD WATT, JR.

Nightwood by Djuna Barnes was published in 1938 and such men as T. S. Eliot immediately recognized it as original and important in the field of the novel. In spite of this, the book has collected dust for more than four pears on the shelves of bookshops, read occasionally by the very, very elite, who all recognized it unusual and much greater than the average best seller. Gradually this recognition has seeped down to the uninitiated until now we are beginning to hear about it. (Which raises the problem that there are a great many people who want better writing, whether or not they know it, than they are getting from the commercial publishing houses, but how are they going to find out about these better things which the elite discovers and snobbishly keeps to itself.)

Nightwood treats a small group of people, Americans, Austrians and French, in post-war Paris. This group—that is, the social group which it represents—might be described as the first step below the international and very racy literary circle of the Paris 30's. The members of this literary circle led a terrific life, drinking, gambling, taking dope, and generally wasting themselves away. Most of them were sexual perverts of one form or another. The characters of *Nightwood* are similar in their perversions without having the virtue of being writers. All but one of the characters are perverts, and the one that isn't, is not far from it. One would have a right to question the validity of such exotic and unusual material if one felt that Miss Barnes was using it merely for its own sake. But she is using it to draw some moral conclusion, and the material is thereby justified. Having read the book only once—and it is not an easy book to understand—I am in no position

to be sure of what her moral conclusions are. The author projects herself into the characters she is describing, and refrains from judging them, so completely, that one has only the turn of the story and the changes in the characters to judge by. And as the author is not plain or outspoken at any time in the novel it is practically impossible to know what she is actually driving at.

All this indefiniteness may not sound very attractive. The indefiniteness goes only as far as the theme of the book, and this is true of even the simplest novels. The rest of the elements of this novel are very striking and clear, once one has adjusted to the new level of vision (which is what the author's innovations in style practically amount to).

The style of *Nightwood* is its most outstanding feature. Compared to this style, such innovations as Hemingway's seem but small. Miss Barnes has incorporated the influences of some of the new elements in modern poetry, diluting down to prose and adding her own intensely developed and original sensibility, making a comprehensible and accurately descriptive vehicle for her ideas, as well as something that is a pleasure to read for its own sake.

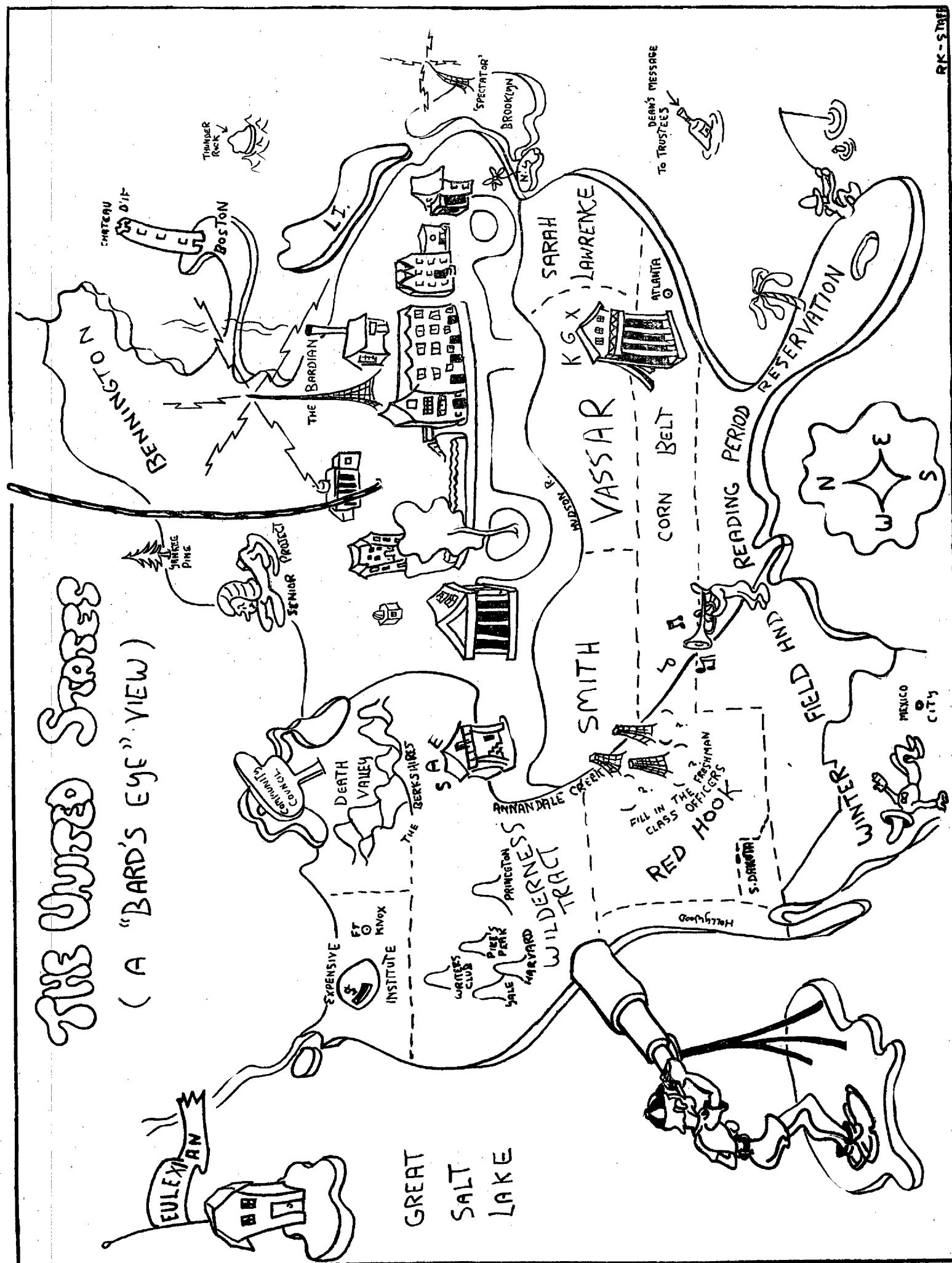
As to her characterizations, they live, but is is the more limited life of symbols—not the incongruous and realistic true-to-life characters of Chehov. Each character while living and talking seems to stand for something quite beyond itself. Miss Barnes is one of those who believes that art is not life so why not make it something greater than life, rather than trying to imitate life, which is impossible. As a part of this technique, the author leaves out things which are beside the point and places the whole emphasis of the characteristics that are important to her. This aspect of symbolism is one of the reasons that the reader feels that there is some broad moral significance beneath the book, apart from the portrayal of characters in a particular era.

The only thing for a reviewer to do is to urge everyone interested in the future of the novel to read this. I can guarantee that you will be rewarded for your trouble. We can be thankful that people who write novels like this one are born to write the language that we speak.

LOOKING BETWEEN

(Continued from page 2)

I said to myself, there must be something that I can do that none of these guests can do. Immediately a light appeared on the horizon. No woman anywhere at any time had ever in any way said anything of any importance except perhaps three words, "Yes," "No," or "Maybe." Therefore Bard students would be famishing after four hours for an interesting exchange of ideas. (See the Bard catalog.) Therefore I had a use. I hereby extend this invitation to all Bard students: when, during this weekend, you become bored come up to the top floor of Fairbairn. Serious conversation will be served.



NIGHT SHADES

(Continued from page 1)

(Great Day! it's September Morn in brown.)

Now September Morn is stretching.
He's tiptoeing over to the door to the other room.
He shuts it quietly but the door still squeaks.
Now he goes over to the—piano. S. M. is seated.

(He kills a roach on the bench.)

He's playing now.

(Soft-like.)

Good Lawd! Hear that music!
It ain't no blues or swing or stomp,
but just LISTEN to it!

(Oh yes! It's the symphony that *he* wrote.)

He's called—what's it?—"Ebony Nocturne". Yeah.

(Oh, Lawd. He hit a bad key. Now he's playing it up higher.)
Big time publisher downtown heard it and wants it.

(Managed to get that out of him: sure ain't the talkin'est boy.)

(Ain't never seen the kid and you his name: Ashley Kent. Huh! Now who'd ever think that was a colored kid?)

Ummmmph! Hear that song and the way that kid plays it.)

(Hell! I can just picture it now: tomorrow he's gonna put on his one good suit—the one he got from Barney's

the time old man Kent hit the numbers.

(Hmmm. 307. I'll play that tomorrow.)

---he's gonna take it to the publisher personally.

The publisher's fat bloaty face is gonna turn a funny green then he's gonna say
he--- 'changed his mind', or 'sorry, brother, you came too late'.)

('Too late. Too late.' Ha! That's the goddamdest
funniest two words I ever heard. Don't I know! That's the same 'dential words them eight lard ass seat-warmers give me when I 'plied at them defense projects!)

(Now he's playing heavy and strong! It's heaving like a mighty wave! And he's in deep and he's feeling every note of it! It's shouting like a million black voices. Screaming!)

Oh-oh: standing in the open doorway is Pop, a fat brother in a union suit.

"Joe, cut it! Rent and electric's high enough!"

Hmm. No answer.

"Joe! The neighbors!"

"What do I care! They're makin' a gain! They're listening to a million dollar symphony

Played on an out-of-tune piano!
Good music's good no matter when you hear it!"

"JOE!"

Hee hee. Pop ain't really mad. He can't get real mad.

Not when *his* kid's playin'.

Joe stopped.

Pop is going back into his room with the snoring symphony

---mumbling, making with his lips.

(Joe's over by the davenport now, he's getting in, pulling that red cotton blanket over him.

He's snuggling up now. There's a smile all smeared across his pan.....tonight.

He's feeling alright now: everything's solid with the world even if bed bugs and roaches do bite.)

He put out the light.

Goodnight, Ash.....

Part 2, Pay Night.

Guess I can go to sleep now.

Oh-oh. Wait-a-minute. What's this coming out of there?

Oh. It's some porter getting off from work, kind of a young guy.

Just look at him grin: I can see his teeth from here.

Lawd!

(This is Wednesday. He got his five dollars and sixty cents in tips.

This is pay night. Lawd!

Well just look at him now: struttin' up the avenue.

Head rared back, just-a-fannin'.

Man, there ain't a care.

"Mr. Stein sure was a swell boss tonight: let me off early.

(Continued on page 7)

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NIGHT SHADES

(Continued from page 6)

My. My.
Aw shoot! He wants me early tomorrow
and Friday."

(Struttin' up the avenue.)

"Guess I'll peek in at Aunt Claree."

What's the matter with that boy, goin'
this time of night!

to see anybody

(He's goin' up a couple steps.

It's an apartment—can just see it—
livin' there.)

but ain't no dark folks—

That boy crazy?

He's openin' the door, the *front door*.
He's walkin' in.

Oh. I can see now.

There's a fat sister on all fours.

Man, it's a study in black.

sweat,

and suds.

He's sayin' something to her.

He's laughin'.

She's lookin' up at him.

"Boy, mah knees are hard from scrubbin'
and prayin'!"

They both laugh.

(Might as well.)

There he goes. Struttin' 'cross the street
now, hands

drove down in his pockets.

He got five dollars and sixty cents: he's big
King Midas now!

"Two dollars for Ma to pay on the rent,
fifty cents for the Apollo.

Laurel Watson is there: mmmm.

Bet it will be a good show: solid and
groovey.

Now. What'll that leave me?

Two fifty from five sixty.

Lemme see.

That leaves me three ten.

Well-l-l---maybe I'll give two fifty to Ma
this week

.....if the boys at the pool room don't
catch me—or the cute babe with the soft
hips up on the block.

That means I'll be workin' a whole week
for two dollars.

(Good Lawd!)



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New York

Well, I gotta roof over my head.

(Course it's half fallin' through, you can
lay

on your back and count stars;

the slats and plaster shows, but the land-
lord

says it's a roof. He calls it a house.)"

What's he doin'—goin' that-away?

Oh. I know why.

He's goin' that long way home

so's he can just look at the other folk's
houses.

He's doin' that now.

Now he's lookin' up.....in the sky.

Oh it's just a mess

of grey and blue and bright red.

Now he's stopped.

Now he's lookin' all around him.

He's lookin' at the houses, houses livable....
other folks' houses.

He looks up into the big sky.

It sure is high up alright!

And so wide too.

He feels so little. So-o little.

Now he's walkin' fast.

Now he's runnin'.

What's he runnin' from? Why?

I'M ASKIN' YOU!

Ho hum. Ho-o-o-o hu-u-u-u-ummmm.

(Wish I had a cloud. I'd fluff it up
and go to sleep.)

I'm going to bed. I'm damn sleepy.

Ho hum.

And besides.....

I've seen enough if this.

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