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A Farewell to Bard

by ROBERT B. REDLICH

It seems customary to end a college carrier at Bard with a few parting remarks. Usually this is done in form of an address by the president of the senior class at the last college dinner. But John Shapiro and I got in a fight, because neither of us wanted to be president of the class of 1942½. So there is going to be no speech, but some remarks just the same.

We are leaving Bard to enter the army as privates at a time when the shadow of war is falling upon all activities of civilian life. When we entered college in September, 1939, war had just been declared in Europe; little did we realize then, that it was going to touch us personally three years later. Three years of war spent in Bard—it appears almost incongruous. Changes have taken place, great changes. There was a time when anybody voicing sympathies for the Allies was looked upon as a war monger and then came the day when Shapiro announced that everybody ought to join the Marines right away and fight. I remember heated arguments over cash and carry, the draft—though from a theoretical point of view—lend-lease, and finally America's entry into the war.

Bard was somewhat removed from it all, yet close connections existed at the same time. We got an education in terms of a world at war, a world where there are not jobs but the armed forces and no destination but to kill the enemy. The task of our educators has been a very difficult one. Yet I venture to say that they have succeeded. We are leaving with the conviction of having arrived at worthwhile values and of having been prepared for a life we hope to lead someday.

This is not intended to sound morbid, but it is hard to separate one's mind completely from world events. Bard itself changed a great deal during these three years. We got new members of the faculty, all of an excellent caliber and a new type of student, a serious, hard working individual, who is perhaps not as interesting and man-of-the-world as we used to have, but who is a great asset to the scholastic standards. More and more "progressive" ideas have been tried out and adopted, many successful, I think.

It is doubtless too early for me to criticize educational ideas. Yet I may be permitted to voice some criticism of more special character, which might be worth thinking over. As far as Bard's educational program is concerned, it failed in one respect, namely to make gentlemen out of boys. We are taught the responsibilities of community life, but it is assumed that every one knows how to behave for himself. That is untrue. How that can be remedied, I don't know. The new students come here young and unsure of themeslves. They grow up fast and furiously and before long they are past the stage where they can be formed or molded. Perhaps the atmosphere—the lack of college spirit as people call it—has something to do with it. But I personally don't think so.

As far as student government is concerned, it is trying for the right goal. Unfortunately, it is at present not yet alive and real in the minds of the majority, but still confined to the interest of very few. Those boys deserve all credit; but there is this fear in some people's minds that the government might lose contact with the rest of the student body. It has recently been discussed that there was not enough college spirit at Bard. That is not true. There is plenty of spirit in every idividual's mind and public demonstration will not alter that one way or another. If the student government does not get the interest it deserves it is only because the members of our community are not enough aware of its authority, which is necessary to maintain good relations anywhere. It appears to me to be more of a task for the different advisers than for any student committee.

I finally come to the problem of student employment. That has not been solved by any means. The jobs are given away in advance and every student has the feeling of having a fixed contract with the college, because the college almost owes it to him to give him that money. This comes viciously to the surface during meal hours. A meal in Bard is one of the most unpleasant affairs and I finally have a chance to express my feelings about that after having suffered for three years. It is a race between you and the waiter and heaven help you if you lose that race often, because you have to go hungry or thirsty. The waiters are convinced of doing you a favor for waiting at all, forgetting that you pay for your meal more than they get paid for serving it to you. Although restrictions as far as ties and coats for dinner are concerned have been relaxed, only very few boys look real pretty in shorts, especially when they are self-made.

Seriously speaking, life in Bard has been most enjoyable to me from every point of view. I wish to say that in public, because I criticized this place harshly in my freshman year, not realizing that the trouble lay with me rather than with the college. And it has an excellent chance of becoming one of the foremost colleges in the country, if—every student is convinced of that fact.

Regional Cities

PLAN FOR FUTURE BUILDING

by DAN RANSOHOFF

The post-war period is a time to which a great many individuals look forward as a period of pilfering and exploitation; other more energetic persons look to it as a chance to do things that have never been done before. They see it as a period where the machine age can be utilized to its best advantage, as a time when education will be within the reach of all, as a period when a utopia of some sort will be developed. No matter what one's actual ethical attitude, it will be necessary to reconstruct, replan and redecorate cities; in America as well as in Europe. There is little chance of American cities being destroyed to the extent of European cities, however it will be at that time that America will have a great many persons to put to work and building American cities will be one of the best up-to-date work projects. There it little doubt that American cities will lead the field to better city planning for better living. In Europe a building stands for five hundred years, whereas in this country a building twenty years old in a new settlement completely out of date. In this country it is practical to replace that building, in Europe it is not; for the same reason it is not worth reclaiming glass in this country. It is cheaper to replace bottles than to use old ones. It is cheaper to have a new building on Fifth Avenue than to keep up an old one. It is cheaper to have people live in new housing projects than to have them live in slums. Naturally, this is true only for the community as a whole. One man collects rents from slums while society pays for the crime, disease, the fire hazard. It would be less expensive for the community to pay for the housing project which is an addition to the city, whereas paying for slums is just throwing good money after bad. Thus, when the war is over, I am sure America will rebuild her cities while the rest of the world is rebuilding. To repeat the three reasons above: Many men from war production will need employment, the present cities will be out of date, and the last and most important is that if this country is to develop toward the utopia that we all hope to work for, it will be necessary to have new planning of the American cities.

Even though the average citizen it not aware of it, there are regional planning commissions in nearly every large town. In cooperation with these organizations there are organizations in Washington which are gaining more power daily. The organizations intend to plan cities scientifically in the place of having them spread like flooding water. Naturally among these the Federal Housing Administration is the strongest. But the Urban Land Institute and the National Planning Association have made a great many experiments which will be copied by the cities built in the next twenty years.

We know that the physical structure of our cities is obsolete, and that our cities have not kept up with the advanced technology of the age, it is time that the public learnt about this, just as it is important for them to learn about good light, exercise and the like. The public should be aware that the American cities have not kept up with their rapid and extensive growth, to the planner they are for horse-and-buggy days, even though they are the most advanced cities in the world. I shouldn't keep mentioning that they are the most advanced cities in the world, because it is possible to make them better and as long as we are going to improve on them it would be wise to do so in scientific fashion.

Of the many plans for city reconstruction, the regional city is one of the easiest to understand and apply. Its purpose is to have the large areas planned before the first building is erected, and to grow efficiently. A city generally has its birthplace on the crossing of rivers, roads or any other form of transportation. A house on the corner develops into the general store and then the whole area around the intersection is the village. The town grows out around the main highways and the center becomes thicker. By the time that the city has about 10,000 persons the intersection begins to decay and forms slums. This not only makes the most traversed part of the city a slum, but it also slows traffic through the city. As the city gets larger real estate men sell land which has been divided up like a gridiron. The houses are parallel and very close to one another. The small commercial centers are confused with the schools and the offices, the factories are located where the smoke will blow into the city, the transportation in the city is poorly planned, the woodland and fields are discarded completely and every house is on a through street. Short cuts grow into main streets and go nowhere, houses are poorly planned and lose value, residential sections are not zoned and protected, the boy from downtown never sees a tree. The city becomes crowded, the center decays more and more, the value of the property rises and even the government can not afford to buy it and make it over. By this time persons have adapted themselves to the dark slums and don't give a damn. These people have little chance of being an asset to any city.

The regional city is quite the opposite of this. It has been planned to avoid every element that is detrimental in the large city. First a site is selected where there are plenty of natural resources and transportation facilities to support a normal city. Then it is divided into areas about three miles in diameter and each area has about three miles to ten miles in between. In accord with the prevailing winds, water power, and transportation facilities the communities are arranged. The large industrial area, the small industrial area, the regional governmental and financial area, the educational area, the amusement

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A Senior Project

by JUNIUS ADAMS

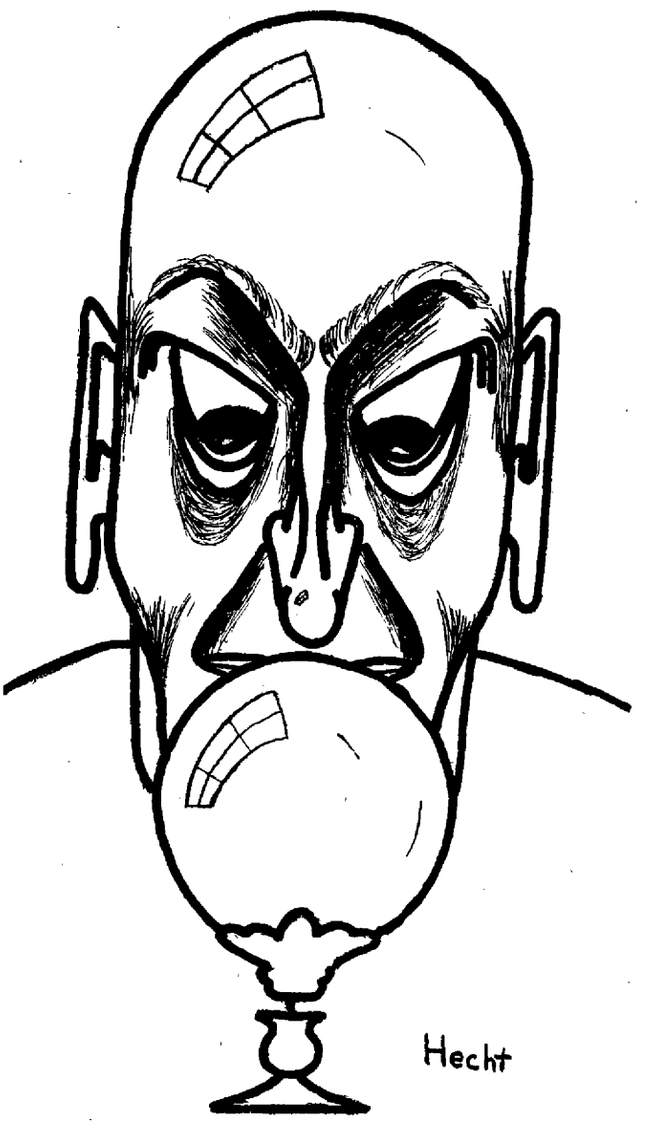
For his Senior Project, Fritz Steinway, the Bard scientist, is going to experiment with that part of a radio which has been the least improved by previous research, the "baffle-board." The baffle-board, as you know, is the board onto which is mounted the loud-speaker of any radio.

Beside the fact that it is part of the cabinet, there is a specific reason for the baffle-board's being where it is. This reason is that the sound waves going out from the loud-speaker towards the listener and those going out from it away from the listener tend to neutralize each other. In the laboratory it is possible, by getting one sound wave, of the same frequency as another sound wave, to lag a half wave length behind the other sound wave, to blot out a sound completely. Because of this prenomenon, your radio has a baffle-board, put there in an attempt to baffle the backward sound waves in their attempt to collide with the frontward sound waves.

In order really to baffle these wayward sound waves, radio manufacturers have taken to surrounding the loud-speaker with tremendous expanses of cabinet, so that the backward sound wave has to take such a long detour to get around to the frontward sound wave that its opportunity for mischief-making is gone. One enterprising fellow has even constructed a "labyrinth" which forces the backward sound wave to turn around and become a frontward sound wave.

But the fact in which Fritz is interested is that when you screw the loud-speaker onto a baffle-board you make the board an integral part of the loud-speaker. The board will vibrate with the speaker and give off the same sound waves as the speaker. If the board is too big for the speaker, it will muffle the vibrations. If it is of the wrong kind of wood, it will be insensitive to special kinds of vibrations. The baffle-board, therefore, is just as important in an amplifying system as any other part of the system. "A chain," Fritz sagely remarks, "is no stronger than its weakest link, and the weakest link in any amplifying system is the baffle-board. You build a radio set, using the best tubes, condensers, speaker, etc. You get it so that it should be capable of almost perfect reproduction, and then you phone down to the lumber company and ask them to send you the biggest piece of ply-wood they have. You take the ply-wood, cut a hole on the middle, and tack it on your set, without even thinking about the effect it will have."

Fritz has set out to find the perfect baffle-board. He doesn't say that he will. He just says that he is going to find out as much about baffle-boards as he can. His method will be the study of the vibrations on the surface of a board. He is going to take a board and attach a



gadget to the middle of it which can vibrate at any frequency. Then, with an electrical detector, he will chart the amplitude of the vibration of a certain frequency at various points on the surface of the board. He expects to find spots at which the vibrations are very strong and other spots at which they are practically non-existent. These spots will form some sort of a definite pattern. After he has found the pattern for one frequency, he will change to another and start all over again. Eventually he hopes to be able to find out in what shape it is best to have a baffle-board, what shape will give the optimum vibration at every frequency. When he has discovered this, he is going to build a baffle-board, using the best kind of wood for the purpose that he can think of off-hand, the sounding board wood from a Steinway piano.

Fritz does not know what his experiments will demonstrate, or whether he will be able to complete them, but when he does complete them, I hope I can be there to hear the results.

—And Quietly Fold Their Tents

by Mark Stroock

Have you ever moved out of a house or apartment in which you spent an important part of your life?

You sit and watch the movers take the place apart, piece by piece; and even though it's just going to another place, for some not-so-strange reason a pang of sorrow hits you and you begin to think,—of the dining-room, with its family arguments about salad-dressing and the wise-cracks you made to your sister when the phone would ring at supper and "he" would be on the other end. And later, when she returned to the family table as a married woman, how she kidded you when you rose from the table without chocolate pudding so you could phone "her."

You remember the first time you went to high-school from this house and how you came home, that first day, and asked your mother how to "divide by casting out nines," and she laughed and told you it sounded like a knitting stitch and right then and there your emotions boiled up and actual tears rolled down your face.

And how the family and guests laughed when you put on your first football suit and paraded into the parlor. And how they all were amused by your grotesque shoulders.

You remember the first time you got drunk and told an elderly uncle who had been annoying you for years with, "My, but you're a big lad now," to "go to hell." And woke up the next morning with a family feud dangling about your miserable head.

Then that snowy December night when you first kissed her and walked home at four-thirty in the snow singing, and how the first one you told about her was your dog who, even at four-thirty, was waiting up for you.

You remember all the records you collected and the times you were sick and that God awful time when for no good reason you vomited all night long without calling anyone and what a hero you felt like the next day because you had stuck out the torture alone.

There are millions of things you remember, happy, sad, and in-between, and as you sit there in what was the parlor, you feel like a lost soul. Even though you're only moving to another house and "she" loves you, you still feel rotten about walking out on an old friend.

The movers finish taking your past into their trucks and the family gathers to eat a last meal, standing up at an old table that's to be left behind. Then you think of the table—no—how can you leave it behind—why, lots of important things happened at that table. You learned to cut rye bread on an angle and lots of stuff like that—why, it's like leaving an old friend to the mercy of anything that may come along, a junk man or a—a—a, well anybody could take it. But after all wasn't that what you were doing to the whole place? Leaving it to "anybody" who would rent it. The house looked so much bigger and emptier. The walls echoed and even the dog looked weird. He was really lost without all the old landmarks of furniture and life to guide him. But he'd be just as happy after a week or so in the new house.

The family was quiet—thank God no one made any wise-cracks, trying to be helpful and gay.

No one seemed to say much. Your father looked at the food, rose and said,

"Christ, I can't eat this lousy food."

Your mother tried to smooth down his rising nervousness with,

"Now, dear, in a little while we'll be down at our new house and we can all go out and get a good dinner."

'I'll be damned if I want to go out after all this."

"Anyway I'm glad to get out this place—I never liked it."

You looked at him, hurt by his remark, but your mother's face was blank. She must have known all along —all she did though was to say,

"Yes, I know."

The food you were eating symbolized the feeling of the moment—old potato salad and Coca-cola and some ham sandwiches—makeshift as hell and you all ate standing up except your grandmother who sat on the only remaining chair. That chair was another decrepit item that was to be left behind.

Your grandmother had that wise look—she'd done it before and really she was glad to leave this house—it had never been really a happy home for her as she'd moved

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Sonnet

by Tony Hecht

Stained by the tannic juice of what they said,
Tinged by the green lawn's wealthy leisure, and
Scared by the movie-monster's faultless hand,
Twisting my mental thumbs until they bled —
I've watched the welding of these ghosts which led,
Still lead me, God knows where. Sired in the sand-
Holes of a dozen beaches, here I stand,
The victor and the victim of what's dead.

Like garden threads to guide by sapless nerves,
These shadows form a trellis of my mind,
Responsible already for the stance,
A tendency to wince at certain words,
Weak diary thoughts, . . . Watching my eyes go blind,
I see my vision shattered in advance.

The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife

—A PROBLEM FOR THE STAGE

by RANDELL HENDERSON

"The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," by Anatole France, is familiar to the theatre public both here and abroad. It has been produced by schools, colleges, summer camps, and Granville Barker. As a matter of fact it is just about time that the Bard Theatre did something about it. Therefore, when word got around that we were casting this famous French farce no one was amazed, particularly excited, knocked off his feet, or what you will—it seemed as though they expected it all the time. When students heard that we were going to use men in the feminine parts they mumbled something about Princeton Tiangle Shows. When told that it was written by Anatole France their answer was, "Why not write one of your own?" This was the first problem as far as the production was concerned—we had to build up interest in the play.

Before a director can get complete cooperation from his cast he must find a goal that both he and his actors are working for. He must make it clear to them just what he wants to get out of the play, and of course discuss with them their plans as actors. The first thing to do then is to put the play in a particular category—melodrama, comedy, tragedy, drama, or farce. There isn't much chance of going wrong here; *"The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"* is indubitably a light satirical farce. Actors have a nasty habit of asking questions, so the next step is to find out what the play is about. Naturally, you say that a play is about several things and the only way to discover these is to read it. True, but there are a few basic elements that are more predominant than others and those are the ones that interest us. The play says that people are never content even when given what they crave for most. It ridicules the medical profession, the servant problem, and the fashions of the age. It is treated very whimsically and the humor is light and charming in its style. Next we try to find the rhythm of the play, and very often the entire production is tinted by this so-called rhythm. I see *"The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"* as a carnival. In its mood, sets, costumes and air it reminds one of a country fair. Furthermore, it has music which adds more to the frolicsome rhythm of its progression.

After a good deal of research I realized how important the staging had to be. Every detail of the movements of characters had to be planned more carefully than is usual in a dramatic production, so that any and every time the spectator looks for it he will find a well-

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Play Review

THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE

by ANDREW EKLUND

The production of plays which might be called farce is mainly limited these days to shows directed by George Abbott and to college theatrical presentations. This in a sense is regrettable, since farce, if successful, is very funny and much more than just "stuffin's," to be inserted between more serious presentations.

The criteria of successful farce are, as I see them, few in number, and extremely difficult in application. They are, first of all, a conviction on the part of the actors, which is in turn imparted to the audience, that the play is fun to act, and consequently fun to watch. The actors must be very much alive, and must do their pieces with spontaneity and gusto. On the negative side, it is imperative that the actors not subordinate character to comedy in such a way that the role becomes simply a vehicle for mugging and horseplay. This is no more permissable in farce than it is in any other type of comedy. Anther necessity is that the situations, upon which farce is based, be properly built up and accented.

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EDITOR
DONALD WATT

ASSISTANT EDITOR
PETER JOSTEN

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Book Review

ONE BRAVER THING—BY CYRIL HARRIS

by DONNIE WATT

It is a privilege for any student to see one of his professors at work. The usual college professor is known to his students only by his words and actions in class and —here at Bard—by his game of baseball. It is a privilege and good exercise for the mind of the student to be able to see how the professor applies what he teaches, how his theories work out in black and white: to judge the degree of his succes. Particularly it is good to be made aware that one does not stop changing and improving in one's work when one leaves college. And the first thing which must be said about "One Braver Thing" is that Mr. Harris is a much better writer than he was in "Trumpets at Dawn." This novel indicates clearly that when Mr. Harris releases himself from the bonds of the historical novel, he will be an important writer.

"One Braver Thing" is the story of a loyal Tory family and their experience after the thirteen colonies had successfully carried out their revolution. It turns the American textbook ideas inside out and shows the seams of our Revolution, which we are prone to think of as the glorious fulfillment of the ideal of freedom. The book reminds its reader that where one group of people gains something, another group must lose, and that losing is a painful process. It dispels the textbook notion that the Royalists were the forefathers of our present-day villains, the capitalists. The family around which the plot centers is just like the other families of Revolutionary America except that the father has stronger convictions of the importance of loyalty to the ruling government, of the falsity of active revolutionary methods. By virtue of these convictions, not by virtue of any difference in social status or lack of faith in the ideal of freedom is he a Tory. It is good to have such false conceptions overthrown.

When a reviewer undertakes to deal with a historical novel, there are two distinct aspects to be considered. The novel must be judged as literature and as history. About the excellence of Mr. Harris' historical research there can be no doubt. In this as in his two previous published novels it is evident that great care has been taken to get the actual details of the setting correct. *Portmantle* and *pewter spoons* and such words are part of his active working vocabulary. And it is plain that he has read old records and descriptions of the town of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, as it was late in the 18th century before writing about it. Thoroughness in this respect is apparent everywhere.

Any novel is, however, primarily a work of literature, and as such more open to opinion. There are several criticisms which can be made of "One Braver Thing" as a literary work. Above, I said that when Mr. Harris frees himself from the historical novel he will be a much better writer. This is true of any historical novelist of talent. The first job of the historical novelist is to make convincing to the reader the illusion of a life that went on in another time and place, and which, therefore, he can never actually know as he knows his own. His job is to create the illusion of life within a prescribed pattern while the simple novelist can draw from his own experience to fill out a pattern of his own choosing. Restriction is often a good thing, but not when it makes an *end* out of something which in great novels is secondary and is used as a means to a greater end.

Mr. Harris is at his very best when he is not tied down by a scene which must be, by virtue of its subject, dated; when he is dealing with the kind of life which is the same in all times. The chapter in which Miles, one of the sons of the central family, goes fishing with Windy, an old New England "character," is one of the best of all these. Very often, however, even from such universal incidents as that, one emerges dissatisfied. One somehow has the feeling that he too often fails to use an incident to its fullest extent, to high-light it sufficiently, so that it stand out above the level of mere narration. Any novel is essentially a series of incidents, and a writer gains nothing by increasing the number of incidents at the expense of careful, detailed delineation of a few scenes. In a painting the subject is generally in the foreground, and to color the background so that it detracts from the subject is to defeat the purpose of the painting. Occasionally, I think, Mr. Harris is guilty of doing this. The incident of the tub of butter stolen during the long sea voyage from New York to Nova Scotia, where the refugees of the story fled, needed as a denoument a discovery on the part of the captain of how the passengers had got back at him: this never came, and the incident remained incomplete. And this is an example of what I believe is Mr. Harris' occasional failure

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Social Science Club Report

by PETER JOSTEN

It has been the policy this summer of the Social Science Club (formerly the Economics Club) to organize itself for the Fall and Spring Terms. The first meeting dealt with the subjects which were felt would be of the most interest to the greatest number and after discussion it was decided to have various members present attitudes, theories, and histories of events since the last war, with a view to determining those things that should be done or will be done after this war.

The first meeting was devoted to the subject, "What was wrong with the Treaty of Versailles?" And in answer to that question it was necessary to put forth another question, "What was the object of the Treaty?" On the one hand there was the attempt to create an idealistic peace: the mild peace of President Wilson; and directly opposed was the scheme of Clemenceau to impose a hard peace.

For Wilson, there was to be self-determination for all people, freedom of the seas, no indemnities, in short, a peace based on the ideals of good will, good faith, and the brotherhood of man. The promise was that there would be no more war. But to Clemenceau the peace was to be one of the utmost severity. It was to be designed to give the utmost in compensation and future security and it was based on the premise that there would be more war.

And so it was here that the basic split developed that led to a disastrous treaty. The primary mistake was that it was neither too hard nor too soft. If harsh it should have been thus to the ultimate. Industries should have been destroyed, territory torn away, constant policing and a system of strong alliances against Germany should have been developed. And if soft there should have been no distinction between victor or vanquished. There should be no indemnities. There should be mutual reconstruction, financial aid to all.—But, instead, what was there but a mixture of the two. The compromise bred only a hybrid peace partly of Wilson, partly of Clemenceau. And there lay the trouble, for the peace itself was hard enough to breed vengeance, but the peace also was designed to create an idealistic world. The treaty demanded enforcement; enforcement was not to be a policy of the peace, though, and so nothing could have been more disastrous. They had used salt instead of sugar and they expected to make a cake. The complete inability to see the peace settlement as a long range policy was fatal, and everything went wrong because of this. Reparations were wrong. Indemnities were wrong, inflation, a weak league, a Hitler, a second World War, all these were wrong because neither the peace nor the post-war world had been designed to fit one another. There was no rhyme and no reason and this was true because the entire problem of the peacemaking and its future functioning was completely misunderstood by all. The result could only be complete disaster.

What's Right?

by RICHARD CONWAY

You know, there have been a good deal of pamphlets coming out of General Hershey's office in Washington, offering occupational deferment to numerous persons, mostly college graduates. Now the thing to do is to take advantage of this opportunity to finish your college training. Your college professors will tell you that you're doing the right thing, your fellow students will tell you that you're doing the right thing, and your family will tell you that you're doing the right thing, but what about the fellow who is not particularly sensible, and who has no particular attachment to you nor understanding of you, and who is not eligible for deferment himself, and therefore not in the position where he'd feel better if you accepted deferment. What about him?

Well, I know one fellow who left for the Army the other days who feels just about the way you would except him to feel. "All you college guys get it easy," he says. "We guys that ain't got the dough got to do all the fightin' while you guys get deferred, not on account of ya' got more brains than us, but because ya' got the dough. An' they call that democracy."

What can I say? There isn't much anyone can say in a situation like that. That fellow is perfectly right, and is entitled to his kick. But what is the purpose of the Government in issuing these deferments? According to what it says in the folders, they're going to need trained men of every type to put the country back together again after the War is over. I explain this to him. Sure, he sees it. Well then, how are we going to have a trained group at the end of the war if we draft them? He doesn't know that. He just knows that he's getting the wrong end of the deal. It's sort of embarassing to stand there and listen to him say that. You kind of wonder if you're doing the right thing in applying for a deferment. Just because you're fortunate enough, why should you get off? And then when he goes and points out that there are lots of guys in the college that don't do a lick of work that are getting deferred, well, you'd like to say that doesn't apply to you, but you don't dare. So you walk away feeling as if you owe the fellow something. It's an awfully uncomfortable feeling, so you walk fast, looking for somebody who'll tell you you're doing the right thing.

From Bard Hall

by STANLEY B. SMITH

The third and final concert of the summer session by the Henry Hadley Trio was definitely an achievement for this college due to the fact that it was entirely made up of modern music. It is a rare occasion to have such a program with a really fine group like this trio to perform.

The trio by Harold Morris was probably the most difficult music on the program to understand. The counterpoint and the original style were unusual and interesting. Apart from the third movement which was too repetitious as far as the rhythmical patterns were concerned, this piece was an example of the great range and possibility of such a combination of instruments. The most obvious fault of this composer was that the low bass notes of the cello often were covered up by the piano playing in the same range.

The Trio by Dr. Schwartz was musically the highlight of the program. The slow Fantasia and Sonata movements were rich in melody, reinforced with good rhythm. The Intermezzo which commenced with a stirring march, had more appeal than the other movements. Throughout this trio, one could not help noticing the expert proportionment of the fast and slow passages. No movement lagged; nor was anything 'put over on us' by the composer! He spoke our language and we were with him all the way, undoubtedly the reason why this composition was so warmly received.

The Romanza and Gay Dances by Charles Haubiel were weak conclusions to an otherwise well-spent evening. The gap between the first trios and this music was so obvious, one wondered if the same group could be performing. Why such a concert had to be vulgarized by a modern composer who represented a poor continuation of an outmoded Schubert style, remains an unanswered question. We would have much preferred to hear Percy Granger's Country Dances.

Concerts at Bard College are an occasion. At these concerts, we want to be able not only to hear good performing but also compositions by first class composers.

The means for this is perhaps accomplished for a while by an external dictate, but in the end with the audience's technique of appreciating real music. This concert was an achievement because it aimed to gain this end. Some who do not like to broaden their musical scope perhaps did not come, or if they did come went away disappointed. It was difficult to appreciate the music heard to the fullest extent on first hearing, but many desire to hear more compositions like these heard at this concert, in order to more completely understand the style of contemporary composers. Let's hope we get them.

An Old Blues Tune

by MARVIN LAGUNOFF

Charley was a small man with a wide mouth and sleepy eyes. Every band man in Kansas City knew Charley. He could always be seen going from joint to joint with his battered case. He carried a horn in that case, a silver, dented trumpet. His horn was his life. He would play in any joint which would give him a meal, money for cigarettes and a night's lodging. Once in a while he would take a regular place in a small band, but it wouldn't last. Charley was peculiar that way. He couldn't stay put. He had to go from joint to joint like that. Something inside him wouldn't let him be.

Charley left Kansas City. Nobody knew exactly why he left, though the rumor was that he had got into trouble with some truck driver. Charley had hit him on the head with a broken bottle. But no one was definite. It was always like that with Charley, everything indefinite.

He came to New York, that city with buildings that seem to reach into the clouds. They made him feel little, as if he didn't belong. But he got used to them. He wanted to take out his horn and play to those huge skyscrapers. But he knew that no one would understand. How could they? He was the only one who really understood his horn and what came out.

Where could he play? It was no good leaving his horn in the case like this. It had to be played all the time. It kept the notes fresh that way. Charley felt like crying. Christ! where in all hell could a guy find a spot? The city confused him. In Kansas City it was different, always someplace to go, friends, guys he knew and could talk to. But this place, buildings everywhere, streets going in all directions.

He stopped a large, fat man who seemed to be in a hurry. "Say, Bud, I'm sort of lost here. Could you show me where . . . "

The large, fat man interrupted Charley. This guy had a nerve. Here he had an appointment with that broad at Joe's grill, and this little shrimp had the nerve to stop him and ask him directions. He was a half hour late now. "Go peddle your stuff someplace else."

Charley stood in the middle of the block feeling alone and angry. He missed the black boys who always helped him when he was down.

"Say, Bud, where can I find a place where they have a black boy band?"

The boy looked at Charley curiously. People always looked at Charley that way. There was something childish about him. He looked as if he never had enough to eat. When he spoke to some one he always looked down at the ground, sometimes an ant, maybe the crack on the sidewalk, or nothing at all.

"Try Harlem. But it ain't no good for a white man to fool around with those niggers."

Charley was puzzled. "What are you getting at, Bud?"

"Christ! Do you want to get mugged?"

"Mugged?"

"You ain't from this town, I can see that. Cut out the hayseed and get wise, Jack. That place ain't safe for a white skin. Go down to the village."

Charley didn't like what he said about niggers. Christ! hadn't Jim Leonard helped him when he was dead gone broke? He bunked with Jim for a week. Charley didn't know what to say. The village? Where was that?

The boy seeing his confusion came to his rescue. "Look hayseed, take a subway, Eighth Avenue, and get off at West Fourth Street. Any dive there has a black band."

Charley stammered his thanks. Remembering Jim Leonard, he decided he didn't like this boy, and he got away as soon as he could, leaving the boy scratching his head and laughing. West Fourth, he got off the train. Never heard so much noise in his life. He was glad to get out into the air again. He crossed West Fourth and walked down the block. He saw some lights flashing down one of the side streets. When he came nearer he noticed they spelled out, *The Village Henhouse*. He went inside and he was hit in the face by a cloud of stale smoke. This was more like it. Charley began to feel at home. The three piece black band was playing a blues song. It was a strange blues song, nothing like Charley had ever heard before. Its tune was Kansas City, but the improvisation was something he never had heard played in Kansas City. It was good, the music coming out of a piano, bass fiddle and a drum. They were damned good, and Charley knew that he had found a good place. He took out his trumpet from the battered case. "We're goin' to go to town, honey." He always talked to his trumpet. He didn't know why, but not knowing why wasn't very unusual for Charley. He just did and said things.

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

Charley lashed out and nearly blew the roof off. He forgot everything but that little blues melody that formed a base for his improvisation. He fingered his trumpet with a fondness that came from years of association. He knew his trumpet. He had picked her up in a pawn shop ten years ago, and he had never left her since. He could play his soul on that trumpet. He was showing them now. Just blues. He knew how to play them. They were part of him.

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

The boys in the band stopped playing. Take off, they yelled to Charley. They didn't have to tell him that. He reached for a high note and found it, and it came out clear and penetrating. It reached out into the street, and up the block. A crowd gathered. They never heard anything like this before. Higher and higher, each note a song in itself. The black boys clapping their hands and beating time with their feet. The bass man backing him up with soft, easy rhythm. Ease up, go forward, now easy, high, high, high. Reach for that note. He's got it. He can't go much higher.

Charley took a breath. Out it came. It was as Jim Leonard said. "Man, dat just can't be done." They didn't clap when Charley finished. They were too astonished. They just sat around gaping and not saying anything. Charley smiled happily. The boys in the band came over and shook hands with him. The manager came over and told him to have a drink on the house. Rye and soda. Charlie grinned at the blonde making eyes at him.

"You play a hot trumpet."

Charley grinned. "Thanks."

"Buy me a drink. I'm thirsty."

"I'm broke. Flat busted."

"You play a good trumpet. Let me buy you a drink."

"Thanks."

The blonde ordered two ryes and sodas. "Here's to love."

"Yeah."

They drank.

"My name's Gertie. What's yours?"

"Charley."

"Where'd you learn to play like that? It was something."

"I just learned. By listenin' mostly."

"I had a kid brother that played. He was good too. He used to practice all the time. All the time he would play and he played damned good."

"Yeah?"

"He used to play like you never heard a trumpet played in any town. Got mixed up with a babe. He's on the road someplace."

"I'm always on the road. It's good on the road, just playin' when you feel like it."

"That's what he said. But he didn't really mean it. He wanted a regular job with an outfit. But he got mixed up with this babe."

"I'd like another drink."

"Hey, what do you think I am, a mint?"

Charley got up to leave.

"Wait, don't go. If it wasn't for the way you play I'd tell you to go to hell, but I can't. Rye and soda?"

Charley nodded.

"Play something else will you?"

"What do you want?"

"Just blues, any kind of blues."

"Sure."

Charley picked up his trumpet. He began to play, and the place became quiet. Even a garrulous woman who sat in the corner kept quiet. The boys in the band chimed in, but they let Charley take it on the solo. Gertie kept muttering to herself, he's terrific, he's terrific. And Charley played not caring what came out of the horn. But what came out the boys in the band understood. Just brushes on the snare to back him up. Just counter-harmony on the piano to add to the chord arrangement. Didn't make sense to a lot of people, but Charley, he knew what was meant, and he played what was meant.

The small colored drummer shook his head. After they had finished, "Yo never learned that yoself. Yo got dat someplace. That's Jim Leonard stuff."

"He's my pal."

"Hey boys, he knows Jim. For Christ sakes!"

"Bunked with him when I was down and out."

"He knows his stuff, dat Jim does," said the piano player.

Charley grinned happily. He liked this talk. These were good boys, and they could play. He would stay here a while.

"O.K. if I hang around awhile?"

"Brother, you is welcome from now to judgement day."

"Thanks."

The blonde called from the bar. "Hey Charliey, another drink?"

"Sure."

It was always like this. People buying drinks for him, and he just sat there listening to them praise him. He didn't say much. All he had to say he said with his trumpet. That was the only language he knew. He didn't want to know anything else. He just wanted to play and drink.

"Do you dance?"

"Sure."

They went out on the dance floor. She wasn't so bad, this babe. Not more than twenty-five. She was a good egg buying him all those drinks. She could get guys to buy her the drinks, but she didn't. She liked his playing. They danced. He liked dancing with her. She was a little taller than he, but he didn't mind that so much.

"You're a good dancer," he said grinning sheepishly.

"Is that all?"

"We'll come to that later. O.K.?"

"Sure, why not? It won't make much difference."

"I'm broke."

"It's for free."

"Thanks."

"Forget it."

"I haven't been with a woman since I left Kansas City."

"How long was that?"

"About six months."

"That ain't so long."

"I like women."

"I don't like men."

"Women are like my music. They make me feel good inside. Not all of them, but some do. Some I feel like throwing up afterwards."

"You'll like me."

"Yeah."

They sat down. Charley liked this kid. She seemed different from the others. They had been hard, and they were out to get a guy good. Play them for suckers, take their dough, and then out on their ass. But she wasn't like that. She was built good, too.

"How long you going to be here?"

"I don't know. I just go from joint to joint whenever I feel like it. Played with Jim Leonard a while in Kansas City."

"Who's he?"

"A black boy. He played a terrific piano. Good guy." He kept looking at her.

"You're a funny guy."

"Yeah."

"You weren't fresh like the rest. You just talked to me with your horn."

"She always talks for me. Sometimes I think I ought to keep my mouth shut and just play all the time."

"Play once more before we go."

"Sure. Listen to me talkin'."

He motioned to the boys. Somthing special for the blonde. They smiled because they understood. They weren't being funny; they liked Charley. *Lighthouse Blues,* remember that? They nodded. Jim Leonard, he composed it.

They played. Charley was talking to the blonde. What difference did it make what he said. She understood that he was talking to her. He kept on going higher. He trilled a chorus. Steady beat. Higher and higher. This time for Gertie, swell kid. The boys in the band looked at each other. He couldn't go much higher. But he went up. He'll break, they thought. Every person in the place held their breaths. Higher and higher. He looked as if he would break. It wasn't blues anymore. It had ceased to be anything that existed in this world. It was part of outer space. It belonged with Bix and the others who had left their souls on their trumpets. One more note. Impossible to reach. "Stop! Charley, you can't do it," she cried. Up and up to the impossible. Forbidden heights. He couldn't do it. Chord. Piano . . . Bass . . . Drum . . . Trumpet . . . together, last note. He had made it. He had reached the top. He had gone beyond Bix.

Charley put his trumpet in his battered case. They were cheering for more. He looked at Gertie. She was a swell kid. "I did my talkin'. So long." He walked out the door. It was dark out, and he disappeared beyond the lights.

"Give me a rye and soda, Jim. Double shot." She buried her face in her arms.

REGIONAL CITIES

area, and residential areas for each, make up this city. Remember that between each area is about three miles of woodland or farm area, as well as many more miles of park. Between all these areas runs a townless highway similar to the upper part of the Eastern States Parkway. In that all the offices are together, all the large factories are together, all the colleges and advanced schools are together, and all the other similar activities are together, there will be a much more efficient development.

The residences for each of these communities are as important as the communities themselves. They are built on the hills away from the water power and on the safe side of prevailing winds. They are constructed in neighborhoods which are about a mile in diameter. Each neighborhood supports one grade school and every three neighborhoods support one high school and a small commercial center. The three neighborhoods make up a residential community and there are as many residential communities around an important center as are necessary to carry on the business there. Thus the regional city consists of a group of communities which, in aggregate, should be large enough to support economically the essential equipment of a modern city. Each community in addition to a residential function will serve one or more specialized functions which are required by the rest of the group. The character of the community is permanently established by the surrounding protective area of natural green. The open spaces between the communities are kept open for farm land and recreational areas. Because of the large unit of scale, the regional city is free for the use of automobile and aeroplane, and therefore the residents of one community will be as close to one another as persons in the present suburbs are now to "downtowns."

This regional city will not hover around a stale core. As a complete unit it will have everything that is required of a large city and at the same time it will not have the detriments. It will never have any of its populace suffer from lack of sunlight, commit crimes because of the lack of recreation, grow narrow because of the lack of open space; every person will have a chance for what I would call an ideal life. Not only because of free education and free thinking, but also because he will have a free chance of having physical freedom and room for individuality. He will be able to practice what he learns.

The present formless cities have a community life which has been practically lost in the confusion of jumbled existences. Communities should be just large enough so that there is social intercourse to satisfy every individual, but at the same time should be small enough to permit neighborliness and participation of all the members in the common concern. It is easier for a large community to make possible the rich and varied lives, and at the same time make financing easier, but these cities grow so large that only one tenth of the populace participates. The actual grouping of the lots and the building of the houses is a study in itself. In most of the cases, the lots are divided by the planning commission and the houses are built with the collaboration of the individual and the architect. For the most part they would be built on dead end streets called "cul de sacs." The idea is that the house would face the woods, and that the street side would just for service entrances and garages. Between the houses in the back would be paths and gardens, the gridiron plan would be discarded completely. Now with this open living, comfort would be raised with the efficiency. Through-traffic, parking, and even street recreation would be discarded with the gridiron plan. The pedestrians are able to walk in the paths between the individual lots, and persons would enjoy being where they were instead of having to go elsewhere. Thus each individual house is a pleasure in itself, if its occupants are an integral part of the community as well as individuals who have a sincere interest in their own good living in this planned utopia.

The openness of the city makes for more individual repose and freedom. The schools and factories of the community are just over the townless highway or through the woods. One of the great problems which would arise would be to teach the persons to enjoy and appreciate, and not to take advantage of what they would have. There should be enough education to complete this atmosphere and make the community efficient. It might be said that this would erase all individuality from the populace, but it would really give chance for more, because each person would have more time, energy and space to do with his life what he wishes. In the present city, everyone is so crowded that one must be much like his neighbor. There is much unnecessary time wasted and the closeness kills all energy. In the new city all these trivialities would be brought to a minimum and the individual could spend the remainder of his time on education music, sports, love and the like.

For those who don't believe it, the Regional City is not far away. Regional planning commissioners as well as politicians realize its importance. In a plan such as this the taxpayers' money will go toward building better cities for the future, instead of homes built by real estate men and racketeers.

DID YOU KNOW THAT?

Labor Day was first celebrated as a legal holiday in Oregon in the year 1887. The idea was put under way by the Knights of Labor who held parades on the first Monday in September in 1882, 1883, and 1884. Colorado, New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts soon followed Oregon in declaring that day a legal state holiday, and by 1928, all states except Wyoming had done so. In Europe, the corresponding holiday is held on May first.

PLAY REVIEW

These standards are, I believe, the one which should be applied in the evaluation of "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" which was given by Bucky Henderson and the Bard Theatre last weekend.

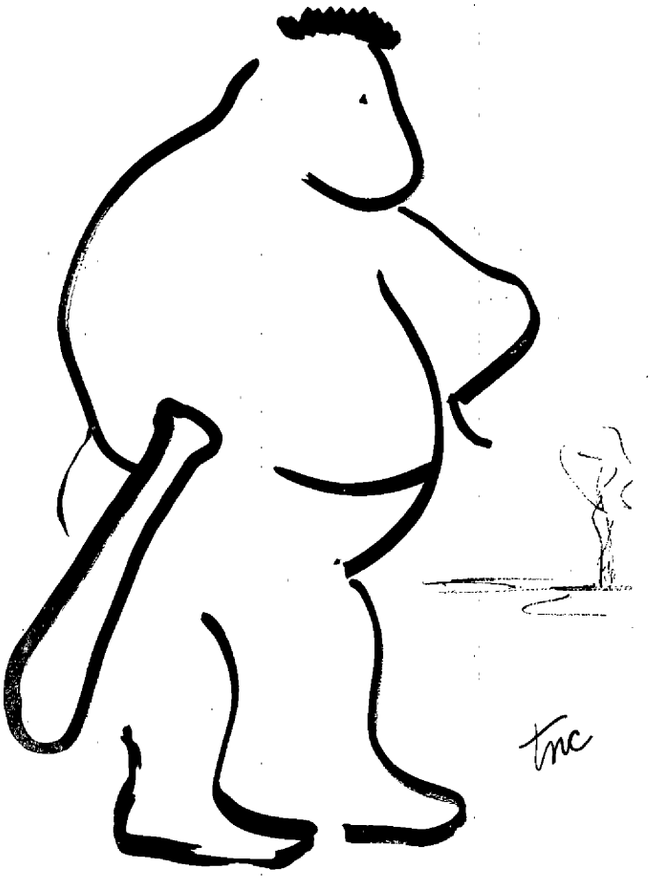
The play, as was recorded in the program, was written by Anatole France from a brief story told by one of the characters in "Gargantua and Pantagruel" by Francois Rabelais. The fact was that France was influenced more by the treatment by Moliere of the same idea in the third act of "Le Medecin Malgre Lui," and who in turn was influenced by the Italian theatre.

This somewhat nebulous connection apparently gave Bucky Henderson, the director, the idea of doing the play in the "improvisational manner" of the Cemedia dell Arte companies.

Just what this "improvisational manner" constituted is a matter of some doubt, and when the explanation is given as the recreation "of the spirit of the situation rather than the letter of the script," as the program states it is even more confusing, since the script was almost precisely adhered to, and the main change, as far as I can see, was in the tone or spirit of the situations. Ignoring the program note which probably should not have been mentioned, since I believe you should never hold a man to the program notes, a brief examination of the changes made from the original translated version would be in order.

As I have said, there were almost no changes as far as lines were concerned. Most of the changes in the Henderson version were brought about by the broadening of the comedy, mainly by means of pantomime. This fact, per se, is neither good nor bad; the finished product is to be judged by the success of the attempt. The Bard Theatre's production, as I have intimated, was uneven, and its main faults lay first in its only partial capture of the farcical spirit, and second and closely allied, in its inconsistent and uneven level of comedy.

"The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" was acted rather inconsistently, the main trouble being that the actors often went out of character in order to be funny. This is particularly true of Ian Thompson in the role of Catherine, Norman Oberferst as Madamoiselle de la Gerardinere, and to a certain extent of Paul Morrison and Bernard Baker. Ian Thompson, for example, was completely impossible to believe in his role. Granted that he had certain sex barriers to overcome and granted that he was often funny, it is still true that he should have not made his portrayal so closely akin to those of the Mask and Wig. In some of his scenes, the play lost any semblance of reality, and a certain reality is a thing to be preserved in even this wildest of farces. Paul Morrison had a more properly burlesqueable part and he was funny in it, although he went too far.



The actors whom I found most satisfactory were Bernard Baker, Tony Petrina and Bernard Ogust. In two very minor roles, Tony Petrina and Bernard Ogust caught the spirit and atmosphere of the play very well. Bernard Baker did too, and he and his conception of Leonard Botal, with the exception of a few spots, was believable and very funny.

Having been so harsh with the production, which I enjoyed, I will give some of the reasons why I enjoyed it.

First, and perhaps most important it was greatly enhanced by some wholly delightful incidental music by Paul Schwartz. The entrance music for the Doctor and the Blind Man's Song, were practically perfect. I regret that I cannot say as much for the orchestra. It was not bad, but it showed obvious signs of hurried and insufficient rehearsal.

The set was gay, and with the exception of the undoubtedly consciously anachonistic globe of the world in which I saw no point, was exactly in keeping with the play. It is always astonishing what Richard Burns can do with the small stage with which he has to work, must be very satisfying to the theatre to have consistently good sets.

After looking back over what I have written, the impression given seems to be that the play was badly done. This is not true. I laughed my head off at parts of it, and, taken all in all, it was a success. It did have a lot of

gaiety and life. Bucky Henderson did well with it. The trouble was that somewhere it got out of hand, and in the name of "improvisational spirit" became somewhat disunified and spotty.

BOOK REVIEW

to carry through, or to use fully, the incidents that he mentions in some detail in the course of the story.

A mind which is in a hurry to get on with the story in the novel will call a fault the habit that Mr. Harris has (and which his students will recognize as characteristic of his teaching) of stopping the story to moralize on his theme in a short passage. I think that it is a fault to sacrifice the plot to the theme in such a story where the theme is evident anyway. But I think readers who like to read a part of a story and then stop with the writer and draw a lesson from it would find this good.

One must sympathize with Mr. Harris for the title which the advertising section of the publishing business has forced on him. He proposed several much better titles to them, but for various reasons, mostly bad, they have given the novel to the public with a sentimental, meaningless handle. We hope it sells the better for it.

I enjoyed "One Braver Thing" very much in places, and will wait anxiously until we can really see Mr. Harris' full talent in a novel which deals with the life he himself knows.

THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE

composed picture on the stage. Business and timing must be meticulously carried out and to get these mechanics of the production each rehearsal must be carefully planned. It is safe to say that after these elements are projected into the play it will have a certain style of its own and that, above everything else, is what we are after.

Why did I choose this play as part of a Senior Project? Because it offered several interesting problems. The production had to have a treatment that is definitely associated with the French Renaissance even though it was not written in that period. Research on set, music, and direction was a vital factor in the preparation of the play. As the director some of my problems have been outlined above. Dick Burns, who designed the show, had his headaches too. He did not try to be authentic in the detail of the set or costumes but attempted to get the quality of a medieval carnival. *"The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"* is the type of play which could easily have been performed by a medieval company of actors. The designer, aware of this fact, has attempted to use a setting which, by the use of an inner proscenium and a painted backdrop, is frankly theatrical. Plus this he had to use the essential factors which consisted of a flight of stairs with a balcony, six exits, a book case, several important props, and fifteen actors. This was quite a problem for a stage that is limited as that of the Bard Theatre.

The music in *"The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"* is very important. Why did we change it? We felt that we wanted as much of the production as original as possible. After doing a good deal of research in the style of music of the time and using knowledge of his own, Paul Schwartz has composed a score that is light, simple and typical of the era it depicts. Although it is "incidental" music it adds a quality to the production which it definitely needs.

I can safely say that *"The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife,"* although it has been done many times, has never been treated in this fashion and I hope that you enjoyed it.

AND QUIETLY FOLD THEIR TENTS

there after her husband had died. But would she be any happier in the new house. Well, anyway he wouldn't have seen the new house, wouldn't have eaten in it or laughed at his grandson on Christmas morning in it. There'd be just that many less memories to forget. But wasn't that all she had left now? Memories? Losing them was like losing old friends. Now she didn't want to leave—she felt badly, too.

And your sister—the most important thing to her about the house was that she'd gotten married from it. She remembered bursting in at two in the morning with the ring and babbling out the story to her mother. The voices came back, into this very room where they had made coffee that night.

"Mother, I hope you don't think I'm leaving you?"

"No, dear, it's just your life really beginning for you. You're not leaving the family, you're just expanding it."

And then she had waited to tell her brother when he came in at four after his first visit to the World's Fair—then the presents, the notes—the ceremony—the future life . . . the place was a milestone to her. Maybe she'd feel like her grandmother someday—but not right now.

And the mother and father . . . a lot had happened to them in the house, prosperity—1929—joys and sorrows . . . it was really hard leaving, but they still had at least twenty-five years or so together so it was just a milestone to them too.

And now the family finishes eating—winds up its little left-overs . . . "There's that crooked window-handle I never fixed . . . no sense in fixing it now"—"and here's a recipe I've been looking for, for months . . . now how did it get in there?" . . "For Christ sake let's get out of here and leave it to the bats."

We go—and the house tosses a gray goodbye to us.