

Bard College
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BARDIAN

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THE BARDIAN

Volume 22, No. 8

Z-443 ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., DEC. 21, 1942

Twelve Pages

Community Chest

The Community Chest Fund has set as its goal, this year, the amount of \$350. There was \$21.50 left over from last year.

When collected, this amount will be distributed as follows:

Northern Dutchess Health Center	\$50.00
School Nurse of Red Hook	50.00
School Nurse of Tivoli	25.00
Maternal Welfare League	10.00
Girl and Boy Scouts	20.00
Red Hook Nursing Association	75.00
Red Cross	100.00
U. S. O.	41.50
	<hr/>
	\$371.50

The Community Chest got started late this year. It will last from Dec. 15-Dec. 23. Please do not wait to be solicited—give now. There is a box in the store for your contribution. It does not matter how little you give as long as you give something.

Stanley B. Smith, Chairman
Warren Howe
Dan Ransohoff
Mike Rapak
Dick Siegel
James Storer
Mrs. Gray
Mrs. Qualey.

Dean's Letter

My dear Friends:

We are saying good-bye to you next week under extraordinary circumstances. For some of you, perhaps more than we know, it is not just "So long, till the end of the Winter Field Period." You have been kept in painful uncertainty for several months by the rumors and counter-rumors and the slow birth of new legislation in Congress and new orders in the governmental departments. From what I hear from fellows in the service, it appears that you have had only a foretaste of the uncertainty that hangs over a soldier's life. To keep up your studies under such a cloud has not been easy. We are all having to learn to take one move at a time. The present move may be the end of your college work for a time. It is thus "commencement" for more than the graduating class. You deserve a word from "the College," which means, for official purposes, me. I should like to make it a very personal word, if I can, as befits the spirit of Bard.

We look to have you back with us on February 8th. The College will be here, the faculty and your rooms and books. While we too are uncertain under what conditions we may have to work next term and thereafter, we are pressing every energy to provide for Bard College students the best possible education they can take. But the War has only just begun to hit us hard and to make us adapt ourselves to serious changes. By the time you return things probably will not be exactly the same. Both we and you will have to accept the changes and make the best of them.

There are two aims before us all: to put the College to work for the training of men to fight this War, and to

keep the real college alive to receive again those who leave us. We do not expect to be "taken over" by the Army or Navy. We hope instead to *give* all we can spare to serve the military forces. To be given our share of training to do will make it possible for us to preserve the College. It will be the job of the remaining students to carry on the Bard program. Bard students have risen to crises before now, under even less favorable conditions. They will rise to this one.

To those who will return in February, therefore, we say good-bye and wish a profitable Field Period. We still consider you our first interest in life. This is your college and you can make it more truly yours by your work now and when you return.

To those who may not return we promise to keep things going until you can come back. We hope you will not be gone long. This is not the end of your education. It is at most an extended "Field Period," and the results of it upon the direction and quality of further academic education will be similarly useful to you and to us. If by some chance you should not come back, we shall assume cheerfully that you have seen other ways of educating yourself, and that there is nothing more for us to do. We have tried to teach you to educate yourselves with less and less need of teachers. If you have learned that in any measure, you have got from Bard what it most desires to give.

You students cannot know how much affection we all have for you and how much our lives are bound up with your struggles and your achievements. We may be your severest critics but we are also your very good friends. We wish you the best of success in whatever you are called to do.

Sincerely yours,

C. H. Gray.

Sir Alvin And The Green Night

by ANDREW EKLUND

This is intended to be a review of Alvin Sapinsley's Senior Project, which consisted of two plays, "Sir Brian Had a Battleaxe," and "The Three Strangers," a one-act dramatization of a short story by Thomas Hardy.

These two projects present quite different problems, and were probably chosen for that reason. "The Three Strangers" is a famous and well-executed short story, which presented Mr. Sapinsley with two difficulties. One was the problem of all dramatizations, that of changing the medium of the work without altering its plot, characters or tone. The other was writing dialogue which would be proper to the situation and time. In both of these, he has succeeded very well. "The Three Strangers" is carefully written, is faithful to the speech of the times, and seems to be competent technically and easilyactable. However, it would not be fair to say that the task of dramatization was a difficult one, since Thomas Hardy provided the author with most of the essentials of a good play; a clever situation, a well-knit plot, and a large amount of the dialogue. Let us say, therefore, that the collaboration was a successful one.

"Sir Brian Had A Battleaxe," which was produced during the weekend of December 18th, 19th, and 20th is a play which cannot be characterized in a sentence. It is admittedly not wholly successful, and large sections of it are sketchily and hurriedly done. But it contains enough conviction, enough interesting character study, and enough good dialogue to be genuinely promising.

The story is of five people, friends at college, who meet for a weekend at the mountain-top home of one of their number. Among them is an unsuccessful poet, a successful novelist, a bitter and despotic professor, the professor's wife, and the owner of the house, a man who is running away from his past. These people are about to leave at the end of the weekend when they find themselves cut off from the world, and in a situation in which they believe that they are the only people left on earth. The professor becomes a self-styled tyrant, who rules with the aid of the only revolver. The others band together to rid themselves of him, and are about to accomplish his death, when they find that the world has become as before. The escapist sees the error of his ways, and the others go on pretty much as before.

The first criticism of the play and one which perhaps becomes apparent in the summary, is that the theme is indeterminate. This is not to say that all plays must have one central idea which dominates all others, but in "Sir Brian," it would appear that the author who puts a group of people into such a situation should do it for a purpose. Destiny does not indulge in such devices as

green lights and floating bottles for no reason. It appeared for a time that the theme of the play would be the struggle of freemen against tyranny, but this did not come out as the central idea. Again, there was the theme of escape, in the person of Allen Robbins, but that degenerated later into an "I see the light" kind of thing. This oscillation and indeterminacy of theme made for a negative feeling on the part of the audience as to the point of the play.

This vagueness was added to by the fact that Mr. Sapinsley did not seem quite sure whether his characters were symbols reacting as symbols, or whether they were ordinary people, thrust into a situation and reacting according to their separate characters. Bob Brian, for example, was almost purely symbolic, while Tim Prentice, the novelist, was a realistic, clearly-defined personality.

The greatest difficulty with "Sir Brian" was the unsatisfactory denouement. There again, there was no resolution, no governing idea. It was not necessary to solve all the problems introduced in the preceding two acts; even a resolution of irresolution might have been accomplished, provided that lack of resolution was brought out strongly enough. But the fact of five people, thrown into such a situation, and emerging almost completely unchanged, is psychologically, but certainly not dramatically correct. The job of play construction is an immensely difficult one, and the author has not done it well.

The elements which make for the play's success are fortunately quite numerous. The author has provided a number of ideas, many of them sound, and has presented them with conviction, a laudable and not-too-common occurrence. The idea of complete isolation and the device for its execution is clever and original. There is a considerable amount of witty dialogue, and good characterization, although only one person, Tim Prentice, is presented in really sustained terms.

The production was, on the whole, good. Paul Morrison has once more proved that he is a competent director, and he has staged it well. Miss Peggy Meredith as Grace Brian gave a generally sympathetic and believable performance, and Wayne Miller as Bob Brian, performed well, although with less character transformation than might have been desired. Tony Hecht as Allen Robbins was very good, on the whole, in a rather pointless role. Ian Thompson as Ben Thompson, did a spotty job; at times quite excellent, and at others rather affected and artificial. Bucky Henderson, who had the best role, did the best job with it. He was funny and believable.

The setting by Richard Burns was not up to his standard. As a composition, it did not really hang together, and it gave the feeling of a kind of labyrinth, with doors and passages disappearing off at angles into nowhere. This estimation, by the way, is set according to the standard of his previous sets, and if the designer had

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An Allegory

by HOWARD MEUNIER

Her tea was getting cold, but Lucy Starkweather did not dare to touch her cup. Motionless, she sat glaring at her husband; using all her will to restrain herself. He was stirring his tea. Now he stirred slowly, then faster and faster; then stop. She was frantic, trying to follow the movement of the spoon. Sometimes he would stir slowly and then suddenly spin wildly. She tried to anticipate what he would do, but before she could decide what he was going to do, he did something else. Her arms were sore where her nails pressed as she tried to sit still. Her face was aching, and the insides of her cheeks were chewed. Her whole body felt as though it would burst; yet she sat there, staring at his spoon. Inside her a voice shrieked, "You fool! My God will you stop! I can't bear it! Stop! My God!" She found herself talking to herself and to her husband at the same time. Words were crashing through her brain.

"When is he going to stop stirring that tea? Can't he do anything but sit there? Why doesn't he say something? Oh, I can't stand the sight of his greasy face. I can't stand his sneering lips. I hate his filthy hair and his little, squinting eyes. Look at how he eats: one spoon in one hand, the fork in the other. Doesn't he ever put his fork down? Is he going to stab someone? Look at the slime dripping down his chin. I can hear everything he eats. Look at that! Look at him put that whole fig in his mouth. Figs. Every night he has to have figs. Every morning he has to have grapefruit. He must have his egg on the left. The water must be warm, but the tea must not be too hot. He must have his meals on time. He has such a delicate stomach. He must do this and he must do that. He must, he must, he must! I hate him. I hate his stinking soul. Does he think he is the only one in the world? Doesn't he think I might want something too? What about what I want for a change? I'm here, you fool. Look at me. Your wife. I'm only three feet away from you. I'm here across the table. But I hate you. I couldn't stand you near me. Oh, why do I go on suffering this way? What do I want with him? What is he to me? Oh, God, why can't I be free? What is this horrible chain that keeps me at his feet? Why can't I get away from him? Why don't I smash him with this cup? Why don't I crush him and kill him?"

The thunder in her mind raged on. She did not want to suffer such pain and agony. Something inside her held her in its grip. She tried to think of other things. There were her household duties; letters she had to write; people she had to see. But the figure of her husband rose before her even in her mind, and she could not resist its fierce attraction. Suddenly he spoke. "Why are you staring at me, Lucy? Am I so irresistible?" As

he said this, he laughed, showing the half chewed food in his mouth. "Shut your God damn trap," the voice in Lucy screamed, but she said, "No. I didn't notice I was staring. Why do you ask?" She knew he did not like to have her ask him why.

There was no reason why he asked, except that he had to say something. While he was sitting there eating and reading the paper, he knew that she was looking at him. He could not stand having her sit there, saying nothing, staring at him; and all the while he fought to keep from saying anything. When he could not bear it any longer, he asked her the question. He did not know what he would do if she answered, but he had to speak. They had been married for several years; yet neither one knew how to speak to the other. When people do not know each other well, they cannot say the things they wish to say. They say superficial things, or silly things, or they tell jokes. Anything almost will help to put them at ease, but it is not ease. The Starkweathers started out on the jolly plane of not knowing one another. They married without knowing one another, and had lived ever since in a semi-darkness. They had become bored, and finally hostile. As they lost what little friendliness they started with, it became impossible even to be civil. Nothing which the other did was right, and there grew up between them a state of constant criticism. They did not quarrel much. Instead, it was a silent torture, each one casting evil, hating eyes on the other; each one endlessly searching for a flaw. Although they barely said a word about it, each knew that he was always watched.

When George Starkweather asked his wife why she was staring at him, he looked into her eyes. She looked into his when she answered him, and the burning, intense hatred each had for the other might have reduced both to ashes. But the eyes that looked at each other saw something they had never seen before: they saw bewilderment and wonder. They saw the real people behind the eyes. This is not to say that when eyes meet something which is hidden will be revealed. They might have looked and might have seen nothing but the flaming hate. Behind that fire though was a human being, deep in the heart of the cave; and that is what they saw. For an instant, each saw the soul of the other. From that moment their existence was on a new plane. Suddenly having discovered something in each other, they might have a basis for at least a neutral life. Both felt this tremendous release, and neither dared to speak.

Trembling, and speaking almost inaudibly, Lucy said, "I must be tired. I guess I was sitting here without a thought." These were words, without meaning, but words with a pleasant sound and no sting. She smiled, which made her face seem almost happy, and he gazed at her, not knowing what to say. "I'm tired myself, a little," he finally said, startled at the sound of his voice and

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Four Poems

by DONN O'MEARA

I

I protest

Mediocre poets,
Musicians, scientists, painters

Who devote their lives

To doing one thing badly
And calling anyone with guts to spread out
a dilettante

I ignore

so-called Clever people who are serious once a guy
Did the cleverest thing of all time
When he christened an inkspot
La Sainte Vierge

Don't let anyone

Ever tell you that sometimes
Really clever people are serious

That's not true

We Believe . . .

by BERNARD OGUST

It is a pretty gloomy picture of the future of collegiate education in America that is painted by President Charles Seymour of Yale in his annual report to the alumni. Overwhelming the Axis will not, he fears, be sufficient to preserve some of the values of the heritage for which we are fighting. His argument runs that as it is by material things we shall be winning the war, so, when the war is well won, the criteria of reconstruction are in danger of being materialistic and utilitarian. His particular anxiety, as a college president, is lest these criteria be applied overwhelmingly to education. He says:

"However glaring the failures of our colleges and universities in the past, they have given protection to the things of the mind and the spirit, and they have refused to bow the knee to a materialistic culture. That position they must not surrender."

And that position they need not surrender. What if our institutions of higher learning are to be for the duration and some little time thereafter utilized to a great degree by the Government for the training of men in the army and navy and for specialists to work for the Government? That will pass. It is up to the colleges themselves as to what happens to them in post-war America, and to be leaders in things of the spirit.

Dr. Seymour may be on firm ground in thinking a

II

Mr. Nobody?
We can fix that:
Hocus Pocus Filibus,
BROTHER Nobody.
Assume the angle

And only thirty bucks a term

Sweedlee dum bum

III

Er, tell me
Mac
Why you keep on your mantel
That smooth white pebble
Those polished shells

... They're beautiful
after hesitation

Hmmmmmm
Then tell me
Why on your wall
Those buckeye pictures
Of Scottish castles
And withered wildlife

... But they're Art!

IV

Well be-Jesus says I
And be-Jesus says he
And he made as if to hit me,
Your Honor
So I let him have it

materialistic reaction will follow the war. Certainly, in retrospect, nobody would pick out the 1920's as the country's most idealistic decade. There were false values and disappointing criteria then, while government marked time, rested on its laurels (?). But would Dr. Seymour say that between 1918 and 1942 some new and truer values had not come into American consciousness? And have the colleges, broadly speaking, been faithless to their trust?

It is, as Dr. Seymour says, by material things—planes, tanks, guns, ships—that we shall be winning the war. However, the indomitable spirit that produces these material things and the spirit of the men who use them in fighting for the American way of life cannot be overlooked.

Already, in this war, some of the best available minds are being directed to ascertaining how to care in business, industry and postwar education for millions of men who will come out of the armed services both in the United States and in the world at large. The war has, it is true, dealt severe blows to higher education, through siphoning

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An Experiment in The Psychology of Music

by HOWARD BABB

Does music have the power to evoke similar emotional responses in each of a group of individuals? This question is of the utmost importance to both the musician and to the psychologist. To the musician because the success of a composition depends upon the unanimity of its effect upon other people. To the psychologist because by this means alone can a structure be created on which a psychology of music can be based. If a piece of music does arouse people in a like fashion, then this composition has been true, accurate, and worthwhile (exception to this rule must, of course, be made on grounds of taste, novelty, and other individual differences). But whether or not the composition may be called successful, a study of the emotions stimulated in different persons is interesting to the experimenter either as regards music psychology or personality psychology.

Comparatively few experiments have been made, to date, to determine the answer to this problem. Those experiments that have been completed attacked the question by dividing it into two distinct parts: (a) can a musical composition be specifically *representative*, can it suggest the same experience to all who listen to the piece, and (b) can a composition be specifically *expressive*, can it arouse the same emotions in each listener.

More recent experiments have attempted to show a relationship between the structure of the music and its effect upon listeners. K. Hevner claims that "music produces only general mood effects," and further that tempo, modality, and pitch are respectively the effective factor in creating these moods.

But none of these experiments has as yet reached an unassailable truth. It seems to me that a firmer foundation in original experiments is necessary before the more advanced problems are discussed. A fuller knowledge of the primary abilities of music, a fuller explanation of its emotional content must be achieved. The importance of this viewpoint is best revealed in "Music and Meaning": "music expresses qualities of emotion and thought, not thoughts or emotions themselves; it embodies processes of feeling and thinking rather than their substance." We are actually dealing with complete abstracts; we are not yet ready to delve into the field of physical structures, for we have not yet solved the question of the emotional factor involved.

The experiment that I conducted was really not much more than a rehashing of the previous experiments on the representative and expressive effects of music. But at least it serves to strengthen the hypothesis that not much

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The Psychology of The Dirty Joke

by NORMAN JAY SIEGEL

According to modern psychologists, the telling or hearing of a joke enables the sub-conscious to do two things: One is to express resentment against restrictions imposed by one's environment in a "social" (as differing from a "asocial") way, and partially to circumvent them. This is borne out by the popular expression used to justify or apologize for such sentiments: 'It's only a joke.' This may be exemplified by the following: A married man is ordinarily prohibited by social convention from expressing dissatisfaction with the loss of personal freedom entailed by marriage, but he can express the same thing with impunity by telling the old joke about the schoolboy who defined life with many wives as *polygamous*, with two wives as *bigamous*, and with one wife, as *monotonous*. By displacement of the authorship of such sentiments from himself to a fictitious schoolboy and emphasizing his stupidity, thus turning the main emphasis from himself, he avoids the censure that would be his if he should come right out with the statement that life with one wife is monotonous. Thus he says it in a completely acceptable way.

The other is to gratify one or more of our basic urges, such as the urge for superiority, which manifests itself in a joke or anecdote or scene in which some important personage is made to appear ridiculous. Examples of this were common in the old "slap-stick" movies, which almost always included an incident wherein a pail of flour falls on the head of some over-pompous personage. The relief which we get thus vicariously is liberated as laughter. Another such urge is that for self-protection, which leads to jokes aimed at one's self, whose aim is the forestalling of criticism by others.

To these may be added a third type of joke, that having no purpose but social amusement, in which enjoyment is obtained through the feeling of surprise evoked by the joke's being completely logical up to the end, at which it takes a sudden illogical twist. This is, of course, a form of expression of resentment against the restrictions of formal logic, but its main purpose is to be amusing. For example: A Greek and Jew were discussing the relative merits of their ancestors. The Greek mentions the fact that recent excavations around the walls of Athens disclosed a large amount of copper wire. Therefore the Greeks knew about and used telegraphy. "That's nothing," says the Jew, "excavations around the walls of Jerusalem have not yet revealed any wire at all. Therefore the Jews used wireless telegraphy." The complete illogicality of this last statement is a surprise to us, and

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Editorial

One of the most hopeful aspects of this nation's war morale for anyone who is looking forward to a "just and lasting peace" is the lack of animosity against the German people. During the last war, we are told, the Germans were known as the Huns: German culture was burned in the market place, and boo-ed in the theatre. A German, even an American of German descent, was not altogether safe.

As far as I know this unpleasant and unhelpful way of thinking has not existed to any great extent so far in this war. Certainly there have been no expressions of it here at Bard. The reason for that may be that this is an unusually cosmopolitan college: I don't think so. I think people in general are more than ever aware that it is not a nation which makes war, but a government, a machine. And in Germany, that machine is so well-defined, and its leader is so easily caricatured, that it can bear the brunt of the censure which it so richly deserves.

It is moreover highly important that the distinction between the Nazi machine and the German people be always kept in mind. If the Nazi machine breaks down when the final defeat comes, it would be a great injustice to punish the German people for what the Nazis did. The obvious question is: how valid is the distinction? To what extent will the German people be able to return to a normal way of life and thought. This is one of the most important questions in psychological reconstruction, and must be looked at.

It is impossible to know (without opportunity for observation or without a knowledge of psychology) just how deep into the minds of German youth the Nazi mode of thought has gone. There can be no doubt, I think, that those people who reached maturity before 1930 and have, therefore, some conception of what freedom of

thought and action are like will be less of a problem; it may be that the revolution to overthrow Hitler will have to come from them. But with the young Germans, ranging from the ages of 30 to 0, who have known nothing but Hitlerism since they became full grown, the problem will be much greater.

Those who have handled the problem of educating German youth to National Socialist ways of thought have known what they were doing. When I was in Germany in 1933-34, the Jungvolk was little more than a glorified form of the Boy Scouts. All the boys under 14, I think, belonged to this group. As far as I can remember (I was only ten years old at the time) the main purpose of the group was to take hikes, play group games like "Capture the Flag," and occasionally march in formation. Undoubtedly there was a certain amount of bellywash about the Fuehrer that the Jungvolk was made to repeat, and it must have meant as little to those boys as the Allegiance to the American Flag does here until one gets old enough to stop and think about what the words mean. The process of indoctrination takes place at such an early age (as in Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World") that the boy is gradually and without consideration moulded to the "proper" way of thinking. The Hitler Jugend for older boys is more serious and more concerned with developing faith to the Fuehrer. When the young German has the honor of being graduated into the S.A., that faith is one of the most important pre-requisites for admission. (For a full discussion of these educational methods, see Hans Ziemler's "Education for Death." His discussion is hysterical, but gives the picture.)

That is the problem. There is no way of knowing how much of an external force will be necessary to cause the mass spiritual revolution which will be required if these young people are to fit into a normal way of life again. It is practically impossible to see where the solution lies. The only one which comes to mind is a practical impossibility. That is, by sending groups of British and American young people (and others of all kinds) to Germany, to show them that we are not "degenerate," and that there can be a better, freer way of life than that which they know. This is one of the most realistic and exciting problems of post-war reconstruction.

WE BELIEVE

of students and younger faculty members, and as to the former, will do so increasingly under the 18 and 19 year-old draft. And after the war there will be many difficult problems of readjustment, but I believe that our educational leaders will continue to advocate the "things of the mind and of the spirit." If for some years after the war the colleges are still training men for fighting, they will, nevertheless, be training others in the liberal arts for fuller participation in and enjoyment of life.

Brazil: Our Good Neighbor

by WILLIAM FRAUENFELDER

It is a hopeful sign of our day as compared with a year ago, that more people seem to realize that Spanish is not the national language of Brazil; that Brazil is larger than the U. S.; that Brazil embraces practically half of South America; that nearly half of all South Americans are Brazilians; that the Republic of Brazil is our most important ally in the Western Hemisphere. To be sure, this smattering of knowledge,—mental driftwood, if you wish—is not enough to build any good-will bridges across the gulf of ignorance and indifference which still separates us from our neighbors south of Key West, but it is symptomatic of a trend that has been assiduously nurtured and fostered by the Good Neighbor policy.

A more significant aspect of that trend we can observe in our schools. Up to last year the study of Portuguese was generally unheard of. To-day, some fifty colleges and universities are giving at least elementary instruction with emphasis on Brazilian usage and the culture and civilization of that country. Portuguese courses offered by the various language schools and the Linguaphone set are enjoying a quiet boom. The U. S. Naval Reserve Accredited College Program lists Portuguese among six foreign languages recommended for study. :

Be not deceived, however, by any "Portuguese—Quick!—In Twelve Easy Lessons" offer! We are dealing here with a problem child, you must know. For Portuguese, like Spanish, has a split personality. There is the Portuguese of the European motherland, providing the standard in the Lisbonese dialect, and there is the *portugues brasileiro*, moulded by the idiom of the heterogeneous mass of the common people and markedly influenced by Africanisms and native Indian dialects. The differences between the two, while not fundamental, are important and far more considerable than those between Castilian and Latin-American Spanish. For example, the Brazilian edition of what would correspond to the Portuguese Webster contains more than 10,000 expressions that would be completely puzzling to the good citizens of Lisbon.

Once the linguistic barrier has been crashed, the road is open for a genuine approach to an understanding of this particular good neighbor of ours: what he feels and thinks, how he lives and what sort of 'brave new world' he has shaped for himself, about all of which authentic information is sadly lacking in English. Take Brazilian literature. It is especially rich in the modern novel which is vigorous and hard-hitting. Yet only a few have hurdled the boundaries of their native idiom to find their way in translation to the U. S. Some years ago, Ferreira de

From Bard Hall

by HAROLD LUBELL

The Bard Hall concerts have been reviewed by all sorts of people, but so far not by a participant. For two obvious reasons this has been so: the performer does not hear himself the same way those out in front do, and he is liable to be prejudiced one way or another. However we at Bard are tradition-breakers and care not for what is done and what isn't.

The combination of Handel, Schwartz and Haydn last Sunday night was an interesting one, with the connection between them not as farfetched as it might seem. Centuries apart though the pieces were, there was a unity in the program which went beyond the fact that they were played during the same evening. The music had a unity of design which may have been intended by the program-planners (the Bard Hall brain trust). No one could be more classical than Handel and Haydn or more contemporary than Paul Schwartz, and yet the music chosen Sunday met on common ground in certain elements of style.

The form of the Handel violin sonata is unquestionably classical but the opening theme, if not strictly up-to-date, is one of which a Romantic composer would be proud. Similarly, slow movements of Haydn quartets continually amaze me with their spine-chilling harmonies, chord progressions it seems impossible could have been thought of in the eighteenth century. Even the Trio of the Minuetto

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Castro's *Jungle, A Tale of the Amazon Rubber Tappers* made a slight stir on our book market; but, by and large, the knowledge of our reading public concerning Brazilian literature does not extend beyond Mr. Haldeman-Julius' Little Blue Book 733, *Brazilian Short Stories*.

The language or book approach to a foreign country and culture is an invaluable and indispensable aid in building up reservoirs of good will among people. But the really effective procedure for laying low the barriers of ignorance, indifference, prejudice and misconception that separate nation from nation and neighbor from neighbor is the exchange of young people, of students, men of affairs, artists, scientists, teachers, journalists, not on an individual basis, but en masse, wholesale. We are at it now. On a moderate scale still, that is further hampered by the War, the Institute of International Education and government and private agencies are doing a great job, at this time particularly in conjunction with the Latin-American republics. Personally, I am looking forward to the day when for the Field and Reading Period the whole college will be bundled into one of Kaiser's transport planes and for the duration shipped to —Brazil or any other point South, East or West.

FROM BARD HALL

is of such an exciting stamp as to be wondered at in an "old master." The form and treatment of the pieces is "classical," but after hearing Bach that sounds like Brahms, Handel that smacks of Schumann and Haydn that reminds one of Dante Fiorillo I am becoming convinced that there is no strictly "classical" harmony.

On the other hand, Paul Schwartz's Old Church Songs are based on pre-classical themes, treated in the Schwartz manner. The settings, soprano-violoncello and soprano-clarinet-piano, are unusual, but the framework as set in the Church melodies is traditional. Traditional, however, means neither trite nor hackneyed; full range was left for a composer who wanted to do anything with them. The songs retain the ancient religious mood but at the same time are unmistakably Schwartz and contemporary. The composer succeeds in imposing his own personality on the piece and retaining it throughout. Technically they are competently done pieces, with many satisfying and subtle undertones. For instance in "Maria in the Garden," the allegretto song for soprano, viola and piano, the refrain: "Deus, Dominus miserere nobis!" comes in five times, yet each time with a new inflexion in the

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MUSIC

more than prevailing mood can be transmitted to a listener by music, with any great degree of validity at least.

In the experiment, which took an hour to perform, I used six subjects, none of whom were well-versed in musical knowledge—at any rate with the compositions which I played for them. Each subject was given a blank piece of paper and a check list of adjectives. After each musical selection that was performed, the subjects were requested to write down (a) what they believed the music was supposed to represent and (b) what predominant emotion that music aroused in each of them. They then were instructed to turn to the checklist and to find therein an adjective which might describe the expressive (emotional) function of the music, the predominant mood aroused in them. The checklist contained the adjectives: brilliant, gay, fantastic, sorrowful, dreamy, joyful, grotesque, mournful, sentimental, boring, triumphant, delicate, gentle, annoying, and peaceful.

There were several different controls exercised over the experimental procedure. First, all compositions were orchestral (with the exception of the Bali dance) therefore the differences in the volume of sound were so slight as to cast no shadow on the validity of the experiment. A full orchestra is capable of giving much more expansive coloring than a single instrument, and has a much greater stimulatory power; thus the subjects, unfamiliar with music, experienced most intensely the impact of the music on their own sensitivity. Second, the experiment was repeated, the subject performing exactly the same tasks but the order of the records being completely changed.

supporting instruments which continues to carry through the mood.

"O Jesus, Sweet Child," the lively song for soprano, clarinet and piano is the most simple and traditional in style of the four songs. It is superficially traditional, but peeping out from the simplicity is still Paul Schwartz. The songs are not revolutionary, but subdued, subtle, and worth hearing again.

As for the performances, the soprano-violoncello-piano group was slightly lacking (probably in rehearsing) but the rest of the concert and Elizabeth Giacobbe, the soprano, were fine. Guido Brand did justice to Herrmann's Stradivarius in the Handel Sonata; "A tone like melted butter" is corny but describes it perfectly. In the cantalena and in the lively movements both Mr. Brand and the violin were all there. Kate Wolff did a good supporting job on the piano, especially in the fugue movement where the give and take of the parts was carried out excellently by both piano and violin.

Brand Livingstone did a good job on the clarinet and the Bard College String Quartet gave one of its best performances in some time in the Haydn Sunrise Quartet. I admit there were some rough places, such as in the last movement, but there were also spots where we sounded like a real quartet. It might help though if the younger members got rid of the scared look.

Thus, if the results of trial A and trial B agree, the experiment may be considered reliable. Third, only a part of each composition mentioned was played, thus excluding the possibility of any conflicting effects in the same piece of music; also, any of the subjects who immediately recognized the music were told to report that fact and not attempt any commentary on the effect of the composition on himself. Therefore no answers were given which were previously known to be correct. The fact that the subjects knew little about music and were thus most susceptible to its emotional or representative content without experiencing any of its distracting details is itself a control over the experiment. That the checklist was supplemented by free description aided in giving a full picture of each subject's response to the piece of music played. A further control was exercised in that none of the subjects actually knew what the experiment was designed to prove or to disprove; because of this fact they could not intentionally invalidate the experiment. Lastly, the music was itself very representative and simply constructed; almost all of it was strictly from the impressionist school of composers; it was emotionally straightforward.

Two factors, however, did operate, I cannot tell how harmfully, against the genuine worth of the experiment: my own inexperience as an experimenter and the fact that the checklists were used almost simultaneously with free description rather than having all the free description

first and all the checklist activity last. As I say, how much these things may have influenced the results of the experiment is unknowable.

Before I give and briefly discuss the actual results of the experiment, I think that I should say something about each of the compositions that I used, something as to their character and as to what they were designed to represent by the composer. Bruckner's "*Fourth Symphony*"—its second movement is an exalted funeral march in spirit and in execution. "*Bali Dance*"—is a native ceremonial wedding dance; it appears to be extremely light and somewhat sensual. "*Nights in the Garden of Spain*"—the second portion represents a person standing alone in a Moorish garden, looking at the night and the beauty about him, then hearing the strains of a faraway dance float over the wall.

The musical selections were first played in the above order. On the second trial, however, the order was: *Bruckner, Bali Dance, "Nights in the Garden of Spain."*

I will now give some typical reactions to each musical selection, and attempt to give an idea of the percentage of correct judgments, both representative and expressive, for each selection. By this means, the emotional effect of music on a typical group of listeners will become apparent.

The second movement of Bruckner's "Symphony No. 4": Typical reactions to the beginning of the second movement were, "aftermath of death, ruins of a great city," "moving clouds," "dirge-like, people walking slowly home from a burial," "funeral procession," "death," "entering a room after someone had died." All but one of twelve responses inferred a death; here the representative function of the music was acutely and accurately perceived. "Mournful," "peaceful," and "sorrowful" were the only three adjectives used on the checklist to describe the emotional content of the music. There was, then, a universal agreement as to death, but whether this death caused one to feel "mournful" or "peaceful" was totally a matter of individual psychology. The representative and the expressive were clearly recognized by all subjects in this composition.

The ceremonial "Bali Dance": This selection was, of course, immediately perceived to be oriental. It was described as "the prelude to an oriental play," "native dance music," "oriental ceremonial music," "it had an oriental air, maybe a Chinese wedding song." No one realized that the music was native to Bali. Only five of the twelve reports named a dance. Four of the checklist responses characterized the music as "gay," two claimed it to be "grotesque," the rest termed it "boring" or "annoying." This response is to be expected, however, for oriental music is naturally appreciated almost solely by orientals themselves. The excessive repetitive characteristic of the music makes it boring to us. Nothing, actually, can be expected more than that the music be termed "oriental."

"Nights in the Gardens of Spain" by De Falla: "Peasants dancing—in thought only" is the single response to the music which named the presence of a dance. Other typical responses were "people and scene, with emphasis on scene," "wind—strong, yet simple forces moving," "restful solitude," "haunting dream." Although only one person recognized the "far off dance" as such, almost all of the subjects felt that elemental nature was being pictorialized, *i.e.*, they had a sense of moving life in nature. Only one person (or two of twelve responses) thought this music "moving." Every one of the other ten responses was of peace with a dreamlike quality about it. These other five people recognized that feeling which De Falla attempted to convey by music of a quiet phantom solitude.

From these comments on the various compositions played, it is evident that the expressive is much more easily recognized than the representative in music. It is important to note, however, that the representative effects of this experiment are somewhat higher than those of Rowney's experiment (conducted in much the same way, seeking the same results). It seems to me that her mistake lay in using piano rather than orchestral music, for obviously orchestral music is much fuller, much more evocative of mood than simple piano music. This fact may account in part for the differences in results. Contributory to this difference, too, may be the actual compositions used. The selections in my experiment were, as I have said, almost all impressionistic, *i.e.*, created primarily to represent a moderately well defined mood.

It is interesting to note that there were only two cases where judgments in trial A differed substantially with judgments in trial B. This fact completely guarantees the validity of the experiment, and, too, reflects well on the integrity of the subjects who took part in the experiment.

It was somewhat odd, however, to realize that the person whose emotional and representative responses to the music were most accurate knew the least about music—and was, I should judge, the least imaginative person in the room. In thirteen of fourteen cases he got at least a part of the representative function of the music, and in nine of those fourteen cases he got the complete picture. His responses to the expressive function of music were equally amazing. For in twelve of the fourteen attempts, that emotion which he claimed was aroused in him, was also the intention of the composer and an integral part of the emotional overtones belonging to the composition that was played.

Evidently, the statement is true that music has much more of the ability to present a prevailing sensation, a dominant mood, than to define a clear picture. The results of my experiment prove (substantiating Rowney's work) that music can arouse essentially the same emotion in a group of people. The results, cited above, show a far greater than chance expectancy to corroborate this fact.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE DIRTY JOKE

consequently appears funny. There is, however, no demonstrable aggressive point to the joke, and it is almost completely harmless.

These, then, are the functions of wit in general: expression of resentment against restrictions, gratification of the 'Urges,' and social amusement.

The sexual, or 'dirty,' joke differs in some respects from other forms of humor, since the reproductive urge is more often brought into conflict with the social *mores* than most other urges. Therefore sexual jokes will show a greater emphasis on vicarious enjoyment and relief of repressions through visual and auditory images, which may be considered its main functions. This vicarious gratification is obtained in a number of ways, in different jokes. The most common of these is the "traveling salesman" type of joke, which is, I trust, sufficiently familiar as not to need an example. Here one conjures up a mental picture, often in great detail, and from thinking about it one derives a certain satisfaction. This element is present in all sexual jokes, to a varying degree.

But the other urges are also gratified by the telling of certain types of jokes, unconsciously, of course. For example, the superiority urge—the desire to be more important than others—is gratified in the following joke by comparison between one's self and the protagonist of the joke: (CENSORED).

Another way in which one's sense of importance is gratified is in telling an especially lewd joke, usually in some detail, which stimulates its hearers sexually by suggestion, as it were. This puts the teller of the joke in the role of a master over servants, almost, which is naturally flattering to the teller's sense of importance. Among adolescents this type of joke enables the teller to boast of his sexual knowledge, and thus of his 'virility,' as among adolescents the tendency is to measure 'virility' in terms of amount of sexual knowledge.

There is in the sexual joke a form corresponding closely to that called in the preceding section—the joke for social amusement. Here the teller uses the topic of sex as a means to an end—greater interest in the story, and thus greater enjoyment. Such a joke is the following: In 1917, some American soldiers were being given instructions preparatory to being sent to France. Among them, was miscellaneous information that would be useful, including the French expression for prostitute—'fille de joie.' When this was announced, a rookie asked: "But then what are 'whores de combat'?" This joke has little aggressive intent, and is told often purely for social amusement.

The psychological basis for jokes of the first two types is found in Freud's statement that one of the most common manifestations of the libido is the desire to see the sexual exposed. This leads young children, certain types of perverts, and other uninhibited persons to exhibitionism, and among adults to such perversions as voyeurism,

or peeping. Through the telling of "dirty stories and jokes one is enabled to gratify that desire in a way that is least liable to repression. Here we see that the remark "It's only a joke" is misleading, as a joke is no mere empty combination of words, but a vital part of the subconscious mind's workings.

As the intellectual and cultural level of the group in which the joke is told rises, with a corresponding rise in the number of inhibitions of its members, the sexual joke must become more and more subtle, to escape open conflict with the proprieties. This is when the teller and hearers are sober; alcohol removes or deadens inhibitions, and permits the urges fuller expression. Among those who are thoroughly drunk, any sexy remark appears humorous, as they have practically no inhibitions left active. A sober man's inhibitions would cause him to react with shock and disgust to many of the remarks at which drunks often laugh heartily.

The foregoing has hinted at some points of value of the sexual joke to the human organism, which it were well to collect and consider at this point: first, a cathartic action, sublimating the sexual urge, whose logical outlet would be in violence, so that it is expressed in a way more acceptable to society; second, a form of gratification for other urges, notable that for superiority, whose abnormal outlet would be in sadism, and the purging of these suppressed desires when they become so strong as to demand expression. There is yet another point of value, as yet only partially recognized: the use of witticisms as an index of one's psychological condition. Tridon (*op. cit.*) states that the excessive telling of obscene jokes may be considered evidence of sexual perversion, which may well be understood from the foregoing.

Jokes in general, and sexual jokes in particular, are not mere empty combinations of words, of interest only because they amuse us, but of definite psychological import.

SIR ALVIN AND THE GREEN NIGHT

been anyone but the very talented Mr. Burns, this criticism would not have been nearly so severe.

It is perhaps necessary to say here that the function of the critic is to evaluate and it is often very difficult to write at as great length concerning the good points, as it is to pick apart the not-so-good. This remark stems from the fact that the above seems to give the impression that "Sir Brian Had A Battleaxe" is a mainly unsuccessful work. It can more properly be characterized as an interesting, provocative, and often witty first draft, which with work might become a competent, professional effort.

It is, of course, superfluous to say that Bard has been very lucky to have Alvin Sapinsley in the Drama Department, both in his capacity as playwright as an actor. We are very much in his debt.