

THE BARDIAN

Volume 22, No. 7

Z-443 ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., NOV. 19, 1942

Twelve Pages

New Prunes in Old Juice

by TONY PETRINA

The presentation of "Margin for Error" by Clare Booth went over fairly well with the Bard audience. That's what discourages me in making any critical remarks about it—I'll have to try to make intelligent, sound criticisms—which is impossible.

My first profound analysis was that "Margin for Error" was enjoyed solely for its performances—the play must be given no credit. In fact, I can't see why the damn thing was every picked for a Bard group: it ain't got nothing. Two years ago "Margin for Error" was a hit on Broadway, largely because it was one of the first satirical portrayals of the Nazis. Clare Booth pictured them not as the "supermen" but as little warped creatures, actually very amusing in their cynical, materialistic, anti-semitic behavior. Hers was a new approach then, but it isn't so new any more—especially with the new song "In the Fuehrer's Face" having preceded the Bard presentation.

The lines just didn't seem to have any punch. They were the lines of a play which has a limited age. And all the face lifting, use of rouge and mascara, can't help such a play.

Consider the parts of Denny and Sophie: to have given Dave Stevens and Nancy McKeown these parts was injustice—no, murder! Dave Stevens as Denny, the young reporter in love with the Consul's wife, was given only the chore of being handsome which obviously required little acting skill, and of enunciating lines which even Charley McCarthy couldn't make entertaining. That also goes for Nancy McKeown as Sophie. Her efforts were visible—too visible often—but Clare Booth must have been day-dreaming of her Washington hey-day when the job of drawing Sophie came around.

The most satisfactory characters were, of course, the consul, the baron, and Finklestein. The consul, very exactly played by Paul Schwartz, was a very believable Nazi, at least he was a good stereotype of a Nazi. But here also is a handicap for any actor: acting the part of a wooden image whom we've created in our minds by the help of propoganda is harder than acting a human being, however queer a human he may be. That's why the Baron, the loyal German who is disclosed in the end to have Jewish blood, was a better part. No matter how much he expounds his belief in Nazism, we feel along with Sophie that he is a human being. Al Sapinsley, again, convinces us with his usual sensitiveness and understanding of the part he has taken.

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Masks, Picasso, And Cubism

by THEODORE N. COOK

Each time I walked through Orient Gallery while Mr. Seabrook's African masks were on display, I felt a sensation as though Pablo Picasso was glaring down at me, and not just those savage false-faces. For it was masks like these, back in 1906, that pulled Picasso away from his paintings of melancholy harlequins and other desperately frugal scenes of his Blue Period, and contributed greatly to what came to be called "Cubism".

It all happened like this. A year before, in 1905, while Picasso was deeply engrossed in his soliloquy with harlequins, revolutionary events were taking place in Paris. A group of young painters had their first show at the Autumn Salon, in which they presented works with heavy distorted outlines and bold flat patterns of arbitrary color. It so shocked most of the spectators, who only a short while ago had barely managed to digest the paintings of Van Gogh and Gauguin, that these young artists came to be called "les fauves", the wild beasts. The emphatic declaration of aesthetic experience, and that art must be independent of nature, was an important factor in the background of "Cubism".

Picasso was not a member of this group at the time, but through his close friend, Henri Matisse, who was the leader of the crowd, Picasso caught the spirit by association. At the same time there appeared in Paris, as the result of scientific expeditions, ceremonial masks from the Ivory Coast, and Henri Matisse, along with many others, collected them as curios. Since Picasso was on the search for "different" subject matter, these exotic objects apparently appealed to him, and by 1906 they began to appear in his paintings. This marked the beginning of his "Negro" period, in which, during its greatest extreme, he painted dancers as though they were stunted, squat African idols, depicting them with bold angular lines and giving each figure a flat mask for a face. These works surpassed in their barbaric intensity even the most vehement inventions of the "fauves."

By 1908, however, the fever pitch of his paintings subsided, and soon he was painting soberly impressive studies of heads which, although they were clearly based on masks, were rendered in a simple three dimensional sculptural manner. These pictures, in their simplicity of form, gradually led to further impersonalizing of

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The Painter as Writer

by HAROLD LUBELL

One day, while discussing the "understanding" of art with a friend, Pablo Picasso made the following remark: "Gertrude Stein joyfully announced to me the other day that she had at last understood what my picture of the three musicians was meant to be. It was a still life!" Gertrude Stein, apparently, was confused; Ted Cook is not. In the past year he has grown in wisdom and understanding with every new painting he has made and with every page of his Senior Project.

And he has chosen as his Project probably the most difficult task of all, that of translating art into words. He is out to write art criticism which is neither dogmatic nor inane. To be sure, an art critic who knows what he is talking about is hard to find, but Bard, on the other hand, has everything.

Cook's project is a series of some eight essays on El Greco and Paul Cezanne, and the relation of these men to modern art. His choice of these artists was not an accident. El Greco, for example, although he lived over three hundred years ago, has greatly influenced the great Mexican painter Orozco, who has incorporated in his work El Greco's use of strong design and expressive distortion. Even Benton (Cook's pet aversion) obviously draws his form from El Greco. Cezanne, on the other hand, says Cook, was the source of the art of two modern masters who have likewise influenced many others, Picasso and Matisse. Since there are no books on the subject and most consideration of the two men has been rather vague, Cook decided to write about it himself in a realistic manner.

His approach is that of one painter examining the works of other painters, and he is writing the results of his explorations in concrete, comprehensive terms. People continually ask him why he is not painting the usual mural, instead of writing about art. His answer is this: "A mural would only have been a recapitulation of what I had already learned. There's plenty of time for that after I get out of the Army." With so little time left for his art education, the problem was one of selecting the most vital problems for his study. The subjects of the essays grew out of this search. And for the convenience of posterity, he is including numerous reproductions to go along with the articles. (Credit line: Photos by David Brooks).

The subjects range all the way from a comparison of the technique of Pisanello and El Greco to how Cezanne was the start of Cubism. Cook, referring to actual paintings, and visible objects within the paintings, points out significant differences as well as similarities between Cezanne and the Impressionists, so that you finish the

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Our Good Neighbors

by DONN O'MEARA

One wouldn't need to read the advertisement inside the dustcover of "By Pan American Highway Through South America" to know that Mr. Lanks, the author, wrote or writes for National Geographic. The book, interesting as it is in many parts, has a distinctly National Geographic flavour all through it in its manner of narration and even in the subject matter of its very fine photographic illustrations of which, I might add, there are eighty or so.

Notwithstanding this, Lank's book is important and interesting in that, dry as it is in spots, it does picture a very varied and picturesque journey through South America, starting at La Guaira and Caracas, in Venezuela and going over the North and down the West coast, 'up the East coast, finally ending at Rio de Janeiro.

The feature of greatest interest to us is that this journey was made entirely by automobile along the Pan-American highway, stopping to see everything of interest. Here perhaps we will find that what interests Mr. (and Mrs.) Lanks doesn't hold much for us. Picturesque, ruined old shrines, reeking with history, attract some people very much and merely bore others. In this respect I thought that a great deal of space was wasted in description of dull places done in a detail so minute as to approach boredom. Too much description is apt to be dull anyway and Lanks' is very painstaking and full of such detailed reports of unimportant or uninteresting things.

The book is good enough and interesting enough however, to serve a very good purpose: that of arousing interest in Americans about the countries to the South. I think one can safely say that it does this. In my case at least. In fact to such an extent that it makes one anxious as Hell to get out and steal a new set of tires and take the trip oneself. I think it very possible that it will have a good deal to do with South American travel after this war when people can get those tires and satisfy the desires the book stirs up.

What ought to be even better than the book, though, are the movies which were taken by Lanks of the trip and which we're going to be able to see some time next semester. Mr. Frauenfelder informs me that he has definitely contracted for them and that we ought to get them in February, and it seems to me from the stills in the book that when they do come they ought to be well worth seeing.

Until that happens though, you might try reading the book. I'm not saying that you'll like all of it, but large parts are certain to interest you and what the Hell, you can always look at the pictures.

The Crisis of Western Civilization

by PETER JOSTEN

The world today is confronted with several doctrines, each one in itself, a complete ideology, and each, in most cases, directly opposed to the other. We live in a confused time; old ideas are questioned and becoming difficult in their fundamental way of operation. New ideas have challenged the old and we are now passing through the period in which these various forces fight and hurl themselves against one another in a mighty effort for supremacy.

What are these forces that we struggle for and against? Why this Capitalism, Marxism, Nazism? What peculiar relation do they hold to one another? Why this bewildering and despair of the old and utter acceptance of the new? It is the concept of Economic Man that is at stake. Capitalism and Marxism are two of its children, and Nazism, a revolt against Economic Man is the creation of a new opposing scheme,—Heroic Man. There is distress and trouble in the world today for none of these systems have brought what man above all must have. Namely, Freedom and Equality. Capitalism has failed because it could not prevent classes nor give equality. We have already recognized its failure. But why have Marxism and Nazism failed? On what rock do they break up? Let us look at Marxism first.

Class is the only thing that matters in Marxism. The individual is nothing; he is a member of a class, only this and nothing more, and the good of the class above all must be promoted. The object of Communism is to create a classless society. To create a stateless system and the entire structure is built on the beliefs of Freedom and Equality. But Marxism fails, because partly by its own admission, even its theory, its creed is false.

The State, according to Marx is, "the instrument with which the ruling class has established and perpetuates its domination." Lenin writes that it is the "organ of oppression of one class by another." "The very existence of the state proves that class antagonisms are irreconcilable." If "Class antagonisms" are eliminated by the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat and the destruction of the bourgeoisie," then the State "simply withers away." These several statements are enough for us to work with. According to plan and theory, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat now holds sway. There are no freedoms permitted under this dictatorship and indeed as to a proletariat dictatorship this assumption is subject to doubt. Rather it would appear that the dictatorship was first a dictatorship of the party over the proletariat, and as the system matured it has become the dictatorship of a small group over the party. That bureaucracy reigns

in Russia today is far from an idle dream and that a small group of bureaucrats hold it in their complete power to interpret the Marxist pattern is straight fact. The Dictatorship of the Proletariat, according to the all-embracing theory, is supposed to be in power now. Therefore, whatever it is, to the Marxist it can be nothing but what it is supposed to be. There can be no doubt. Marx had ordained this to be a proletariat dictatorship and one will find it stated in typical irrational reasoning that that is what it is. That this small group of bureaucrats retain power using all and every means of Czarist despotism with greatly improved technical skills in execution lacks no scarcity of proof, and instead of social and economic equality, classes marked by greater inequality are growing up. High above all towers the classes of government officials with the leaders above all. Marx wrote that the State was used by the ruling class to perpetuate itself. Although typical of Marxist illogicalness this was only to be so of non-proletariat, sadly enough it happens to be true of all, and so we find this so-called Dictatorship of the Proletariat fast moving in the opposite direction from that laid out for it. To the interested observer it would appear that Marxism hangs on a delicate play of the dialectic in regard to the concept of freedom which comes close to and actually abandons freedom altogether. The practical direction of Communist activity can be witnessed in Russia. It is undoubtedly true that vast strides have been made in industrial expansion, mechanization, and agricultural development with a highly increased productivity, but we are not interested in this. We are only interested in Marxist theory. Can it stand the pressure brought to bear against it? The answer would seem to be negative. And there are reasons for this. They are so because of the narrow sectarian philosophy of Marxist theory. They spring directly from the Dialectic Materialism of Marx and Engels and specifically from the first law: the law of Interpenetration, or that of the unity and strife of opposites. According to this law we class Marxism on the one hand, everything else on the other. Marxism is good—all else is bad. The proletariat are essentially a good people—all others are automatically bad. Marxist beliefs are true—others are false, and this interpretation continues for every question. The class struggle, for example, is considered basic to the dynamics of history; any other theory is automatically impossible. If one ever listens to a Marxist one will hear nothing but stock phrases, all undoubtedly straight from *Das Kapital*. For instance, it is most common to hear talk of the bourgeoisie and the struggling proletariat although a few more adjectives will usually be thrown in to give flavor. No illustration of what we are attacking, however, could be better for the Marxist automatically divides all men into two classes. Ob-

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Shortstory

by DONN O'MEARA

The El roared overhead and he walked down the street with a dollar in his pocket. Now how many guys are there walking down the streets of Chicago with a dollar in their pockets. Tomorrow stuff. Moe owes a fin and allowance due. Today: a dollar and no place to go what to do. By God, that's a poem in action, that's a novel and a short story. With a dollar in his pocket and no place to go nothing to worry. How will it; big or small.

How do you think?

Well, he walked down there with headful of comfortable thoughts just so. Not about having, but spending: about himself and her, Chicago, what he could do. With a Dollar! With a Million Dollars! I have a million dollars. I will have something to show for it. Goes small I think eighty five cents left a nickel for the El and a dime the bus out.

Eighty five cents in the afternoon. Plenty a man can do with eighty five cents; ought to be in the afternoon. I'm going down look around. Yes, yes, what I mean to say. Young lone. What does a young lone man think of in the noisy town of Chicago where everyone rides the Els? Consider the 85c.

Shoes guns
why'd you do that to poor me
a girl

a piece. Here he is Jesus think of it look at you. Going on eighteen and not yet. What's the matter. Boy, when; i can see their faces. I wonder . . . with this buck here . . . ? Something doesn't like itself about going and paying that way in some d'rt

Human beings aren't so bad but they don't have very big souls most of them. It isn't that they're blahhh, it's just that their souls ain't big.

Whatsamatter, Stupid?

Young are pretty big. Children that is. They think that unpleasing should be neglected and unspent dollars gone. He was older now. Prudent, better sense, more mature, less happy, smaller. Oh, like most, I suppose. He walked and a window crossed him from which a woman psssst . . . he passed on, innate cleanliness. He came to a saloon and wanted a beer. Wanted something in hand to show, too, like he said only, when was it? no more frittering. What does a young man think of on a hot day in Chicago with the price of a beer and nothing in mind wanting?

The saloons here are cool, fragrant, dim. Quiet place for a quiet beer. He walks in and looks at the juke box. Negroes here. Watch out! Look around now and forget your thirst. Break a dollar at the (?) and suddenly starts juke box. Big white teeth and eyeballs look and suddenly he knows that away from his, he's no account. He is isn't the white policeman there? Runs out.

He follows himself down the street on noiseless feet. A noise and every corner with a face like his, a woman and a fountain. Gets louder. I'LL have something to show; hides himself in a hardware store, all for sale, he didn't want: cold tools and implements. Everything to hold his hand and nothing he wants pleases him. Hungry, thirsty, yearning, bleak, everything stinks. Go out and get tattooed, that's it.

Rushed out again. Where was Chicago? Nothing here, everything here, all people. Louder noise. Imagine, I ask you, the din in his ears. The screams of eggs broken on the white glaring bare hot rocks of the Galapagos. Eggs with blood red yolks, broken on the dazzling rocks.

What torments torture needles through my soul? he gave in simply this is.

To a store screaming behind him. In front a pile of yellow pears five cents apiece, it said. Asked to him to the man

pick me a nice one.

He bought for five cents and ate that pear. Standing there on the pavement letting it drip. There was (considering the eighty five cents) a boy saved money for carfare and unwilling bought a pear with a nickel of money and ate that pear raw. Blood raw with the plant blood dripping off his dry lips onto his shirt.

That man, that guy man; that you man went on buying with to show nothing but memory of pears and screams no more. That small man bought a pear for a nickel. He bought a pear with five cents and spent the rest having his lousy shirt washed. Where the pear so he could go about. The pear had dripped. And I wish to speak simply when I say that that great man bought as he wanted fruit pears all as much; threw away his dirty shirt and went about unwashed. The only difference being that that great man exactly so before this was written, before any of this occurred, did just that. Here we stop.

In my pocket the true conception of a great soul lies. A great soul in mine and a dollar. I have a great soul: you haven't. I say this.

Don't feel, all souls can be of all (whose (?)). Yours.

THE PAINTER AS WRITER

essay by knowing a good deal about both that you never thought of before. In a comparison of El Greco's "Toledo" and Cezanne's "Gardanne", he brings even religion into the discussion, and shows how this element influences painting. These are just samples of what goes on within the Project.

When I asked him if he had any one point that he particularly hoped to stress in the Project his only answer was: "I'm not propagandizing for any special 'approach' to art. I just want to show that art can be written about without the writer's first climbing up on a cloud."

On Record Collecting

by WALKER HART

There are three things to remember when one is beginning a recorded music library. First buy the music you personally like, not what you feel you should like. For the most part you are going to do most of the listening to your own records and it is ever so much more important to buy something which you like at the time than to buy something you think you should have on your shelves.

When buying records listen to as many versions of the same work as possible. Just because a big name orchestra and conductor records something doesn't necessarily mean that it is the definitive version—or even the best version. However, if one conductor's interpretation seems better to you than another's, then acquire the one which pleases you and completely disregard the critics. Of course there is a limit to how far it is wise to go in the face of the critics, for they for the most part do know their business. It doesn't really matter in the end whether Beecham does Brahms better than Stokowski. Personally I prefer Beecham but there are obviously those who buy the Stokowski version.

No matter how much the music of a certain composer appeals to you, you will appreciate his music the more if you have something with which to compare him. A well balanced collection will give far more pleasure than a collection which is limited to one or two composers or even to one period. Above all don't feel that because a composer is little known that he is of little value. Try to hear as much music as possible and then try to draw conclusions. Let everyone be his own critic. Nor is it necessary to accept everything written by a composer as good. No man can be consistently good.

Let your taste and common sense be your guide and you can't go wrong.

Competition for Composers

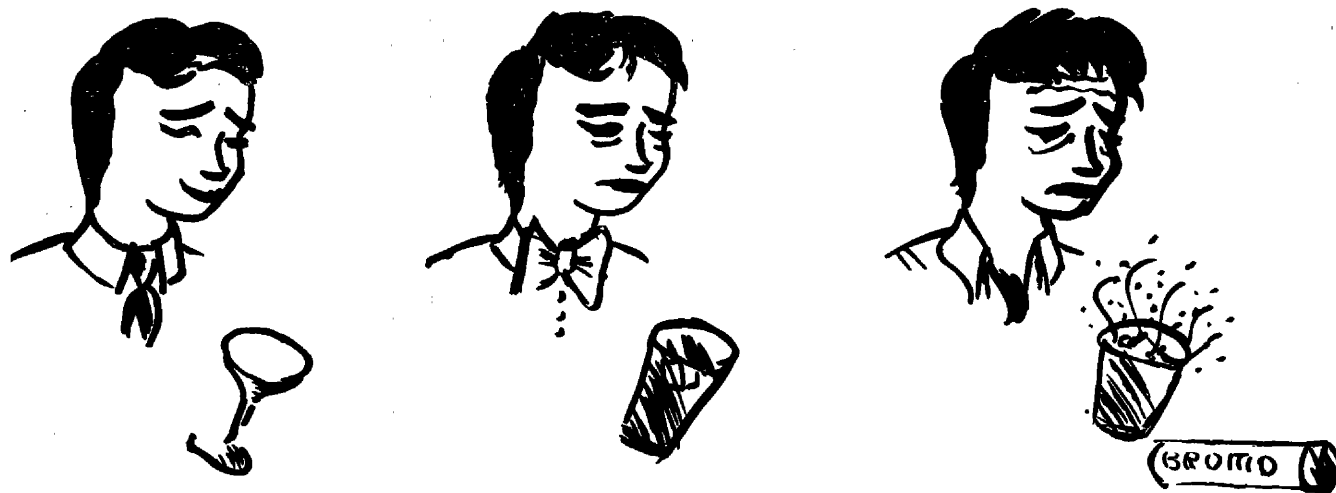
The movement to decentralize culture has grown considerably in recent years, coming out in summer theatres and local symphony orchestras all over the country. In Dutchess County this movement has been established in the Dutchess County Philharmonic Orchestra. Not long ago the board of directors of the orchestra had a novel idea which will bring the project even closer to native ground. At their final concert of the coming season, the orchestra will play a composition by a local composer. This composition will be chosen by means of a contest open to all residents of this county.

Compositions entered in the contest must be scored for the standard symphony orchestra, and should not exceed twenty minutes in length. Works calling for unusual instruments, choral groups or extended solo performance cannot be considered.

George C. Hagstrom, conductor of the orchestra, will serve as chairman of the committee of judges. The other members of the committee have not yet been chosen, but they will be musicians and composers well-known in the musical world. Their names will not be announced until the winner has been chosen.

Manuscripts should be submitted before Jan. 15, 1943, to Homer Pearson, Vassar College, chairman of the music committee in charge of the contest. Manuscripts should not carry the name of the composer, but should be accompanied by a letter containing his name and address.

The dates for this season's three concerts are Monday, December 14; Monday, February 8; and Monday, April 5. At one of these concerts, Harold Lubell will play a cello concerto with the orchestra.



Prom Weekend

Peccadillo

by HOWARD BABB

The affectionate touch of her tanned hand made his leg quiver. Cool tapered fingers contrasted excitingly with the searing seats of the Ford. The fact that she was almost touching the birthmark on his leg embarrassed him a little, but since she paid no attention to the yellow blot, he soon forgot it completely. And he thrilled to the pressure of her body against his.

Four of them sat there in the car, his brother Hugh, his brother's wife, Nan, and she. They were all older than he by a number of years. But as Hugh's favorite brother, he had been accepted as a member of his brother's group, and he had insinuated her into the group on this occasion, unmindful of the amused glances of Hugh and Nan.

The August sun blinded them. Heat waves danced over the asphalt of the beach road.

Glancing into the blackened mirror he saw Hugh and Nan, their heads together, whispering and laughing, glancing at him. Although the open car made it impossible to hear what they were saying, he knew that they were talking about him and the girl who leaned against him. The very fact that they thought themselves unnoticed, that they would never try to embarrass him in front of her, made their semi-scorn hurt. He remembered Hugh's words of the previous evening, "What goes on between you two anyway? Mum says you're thick as thieves." And his outwardly unconcerned, "Aw, nothing. I'm just trying to keep her happy while she's here." His unconvincing "I hope she leaves soon so I can start to play some real tennis." Hugh's brotherly wise, "Yeah, I bet."

But what he liked about her more than anything else was that she placed him on a plane with herself. She wasn't supercilious about age as older brothers and sisters always are. She treated him as an equal when they were with his family, which often embarrassed him, as well as when they were alone, which gratified him deeply. For it is always flattering, especially to a self-conscious boy of seventeen, to be treated as a lover by an older woman.

Her cool hand rested on his bare leg, and of a sudden he was ashamed of his whitish nakedness, revolted against the warmth of her tanned leg against his. And some subconscious process whose existence he hardly realized, an outgrowth of the typical egotism of youth caused the words to pass through his mind, "What time I've made with her. Can't wait to tell Paul and Hank." Then again typical of the chameleonic characteristic of infatuated youth, shame swept over him that he should think of her in such commonplace terms, linked with such commonplace people. She turned to him and smiled a little, wondering at his silence. Her mind gripped his

leg for a moment. But he still felt bitter, transferring his anger at himself into annoyance at her affection.

* * * *

He had known her since he was six—he six and she twenty-one. He often thought back to the first time that he had ever met her, and to the scores of times that he had seen her since. For their parents were the closest of friends, and the families often got together on Sunday afternoons in winter, or for weekends in the spring and summer. But always, until a few weeks before, he had felt distant from her, separated by years which he could not merely ignore. His brothers, all older than he, had constantly monopolized her brusquely, telling him to sit with the folks, he was only in the way. Even then, though, whenever she happened to notice him, she had been very kind. Once she had turned to him and said, "Don't pay any attention to those brothers of yours. Come on over and sit down here." But the warning looks of his brothers had sent him to sit with his mother, to play the child prodigy for the old people. Soon he had heard a laugh from the next room, and had realized that he was already forgotten. He had tried to figure out for weeks afterwards whether she had really meant what she said, or had just used it as a sort of come-on to whet the interest of his brothers. But he never knew.

Their friendship went on like this for several years; but he scarcely thought of her unless the two families were together. He had enough of the impressionism of youth, however, to feel oddly empty, with a graduation-like sentimentality, when she married and went away. He even remembered wondering if, that first night after the wedding, she thought of him at all, if his face even once passed through her mind, no matter how fleetingly. Then he realized how girlish, how maudlin the idea was, and he refused to think of her again.

After that night he heard of her from time to time, for his parents continued to see her family constantly. He learned that she had honeymooned in Bermuda, come back to New York, and finally settled in Pennsylvania. He later found out that she was modelling in New York and doing a little painting on the side. Then, two years later, he discovered that she was divorced. He was shocked for a time, for he couldn't conceive of her making anyone else unhappy, or of her husband wanting to make or at any rate making her unhappy.

When he heard from her family that she was coming back after a Florida divorce, he felt excited. He was anxious to see her, not that he admitted being or even thinking that he was in love with her. But he wanted an opportunity to browse in the warmth of her affectionate nature.

In the time that had passed since he had seen her, his own family had broken up to a certain extent—two of his brothers were living away from home. He himself had grown older and thus naturally separated from

extremes of family influence. Quite consciously, although he tried to repress the thought, he realized that he would have the chance to impress her with his manner and masculinity. After all, he was big for fifteen, and he had "been around" for his age. At last, he believed, the two of them could be friends without any interference from differing ages, close families, or big brothers. The idea occurred to him that others might think it strange for them to be together, but he thoughtlessly dismissed those others with a shake of his head, a "Well, they just can't understand," never doubting her desire to be with him.

But the Sunday night of her supposed arrival, she did not appear. Her parents came of course, but no daughter. He opened the door for them, took their coats, then moved quickly into the dining room, for he didn't trust himself to ask where she was. When his mother came to greet them, he heard, "eloping with an Englishman." They showed his mother her letter, and his mother told him later it said something like, Dear Mother and Daddy, I'm so happy . . . " But he wasn't happy. All he could see was her eyes laughing with this Englishman, her feet dancing with him, her hands on his shoulders. And he ostracized her from his thoughts for not realizing that other people wanted to see her too.

The marriage never did take place, however, and soon she was with them again. All his anger was forgotten. But he couldn't help noticing how her face had changed, especially her eyes. There were now crowsfeet where there had been smooth skin. Her hair was piled on top of her head, making her look very mature. Her skin was still soft, but her flesh was now agedly soft also. Suddenly he realized that she was thirty

* * * *

"It's going to be a beautiful day on the beach," she said.

"Oh, yeah," he replied.

He heard Nan giggle, and looked in the mirror. Hugh was laughing with her, tickling her sides. Then, realizing that he was staring at them in the mirror, they both smirked, a little too wisely, he thought.

He felt fingers at his sides and looked down. Yes. She was trying to tickle him. And he was intensely annoyed that she should try to emulate with him the youngness, the handsomeness of the couple in the back seat. So he shouted, "Cut it out," thrust her hands away from him. Immediately he was angry at himself for placing so much significance in so small a matter. But he still couldn't bring himself to smile at her.

* * * *

She had come to their summer cottage about two weeks and one day before. Her family, who had brought her, hadn't stayed, and he was glad. She had been commissioned to do a mural of Rock Harbor in one of the nearby country estates. And she was to live with

them while she was working. He was excited at the thought of having her there. His mother, his father, himself. He was to entertain her.

That first night they went for a walk. Summer moon, clear stars, warm breeze. They drank frappes at the roadside stand and listened to the juke box playing "Green Eyes."

She suddenly smiled. "Let's walk on the beach. I bet it's lovely."

They left the lights of the stand and skidded, laughing, down the layers of rock onto the sand, cold white in the light of the moon. They sat down, abruptly silent. The night sucked every drop of sweetness from the depths to the very surface of his body. He thought, momentarily, of putting his arm around her. But when she began to talk of places where she had been, of people, especially men, that she had known, he was thankful for his lack of nerve. For the first time he realized the vast difference between them, and he was a little frightened for he had always considered himself as her equal. He was overawed by the apparently complete power of her charm over other people.

And when they got up to go home, when she slipped on the sand and, for a second, put her hand on his arm, his breath caught in his throat. He purposely walked very close to her on the way home, extremely conscious of the few times that their hands touched.

She looked fresh the next morning. With loose hair, light makeup, and a sharkskin slacks suit, she was more lovely than ever before. Her skin was warm and brown against the sleek whiteness of her clothes. She took his arm as they walked up to the state road to get a bus. When they got there she said, "Let's hitchhike. Who knows, I might be able to get us a ride." And she winked at him. Of course. The first car stopped at her smile. But since it was a coupe, he had to ride on the running board and she inside.

They got out about two miles down the road and started to walk through the tiny village to the house where she was to paint.

"You know, that man thought we were eloping. I told him he was crazy, but he wouldn't take no for an answer." She made a face at him. "Don't you think that's flattering?" The pressure of her fingers on his arm demanded an answer.

"Why, I don't know," he said, trying not to evidence his complete happiness.

Although he didn't know them, everyone they passed smiled and said hello. He discovered later that the village people had learned of the real artist that was coming to work in their midst. He felt very proud to walk with her, and he realized that he was showing off by the very way that he walked. It made him smile down his nose a little to have all the people, especially

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VOL. 22

No. 7

The Bardian

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., November 19, 1942

Published by the members of Bard College, progressive residential school of Columbia University.

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Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year, \$1.25 per semester.



Opera Comes to Bard

by HOWARD BABB

The outstanding musical event of the last two years at Bard College was the visit of the Chatham Square Music School. Possibly the reason for its success was the comparative novelty of hearing operatic works performed right next to us, but I am inclined to think rather that it was the music and the singers themselves that were responsible for the pleasantness of the concert.

It is only to be regretted that the college could offer no better spot for the performances than the theatre, for the acoustics of the theatre are not suited to singing. That part of the presentation of "La Boheme," for example, where Rodolfo and Mimi are singing a love duet on one side of the stage and Musette and Marcello are quarreling on the other—it was possible to hear only one pair at a time, that pair depending upon where you were sitting.

And it was not the singers' fault at all. Indeed one of the bright moments of the opera concert was the perfect synchronization of this scene. For whenever the words of one person were supposed to come out with extreme emphasis, they did; that is no mean feat at the tempo with which the scene moves.

At the expense of being called naive, I will say that God only knows why it is impossible for singers to act naturally on the stage while they are singing. Why must one stomp and rage, seem so obviously theatrical, when the only result is that he or she looks completely ridiculous? Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains—and it is a shame. For much of the most beautiful music is partially spoiled because of the antics of the singers.

The one exception to this rule, as far as the Chatham Square visit is concerned at least, was Elizabeth Giacobbe. Orchids to her! Playing Hansel in one scene and Zerbina in another, she managed to remain perfectly natural; her movements seemed spontaneous and genuine. In this she far surpassed her brother and sister singers, at the same time displaying one of the better voices in the group.

Obviously the most popular of the performances was that of "La Serva Padrona." George Vincent's burlesque performance of Scapin stole the show. But the real star was Elizabeth Giacobbe who gave the comedy its organization and meaning. "La Serva Padrona" was tuneful and amusing, but actually insignificant. Even a member of the Vocal Group termed it a "crowdpleaser."

Likewise the scene from "Hansel and Gretel" was light and comic, but hardly to be taken seriously. Again Elizabeth Giacobbe stood out against Arline Carmen's obvious overacting (though pleasing singing) of Hansel. The pair worked well together as a song and dance team.

Both of these presentations, incidentally, emphasized the shortcomings of English as a language for even comic opera. The flow of words does not fit well with the flow of music, even though both productions were above par.

The scene from "La Boheme" was extremely well handled for such a young group of people. George Vincent was excellent as Rodolfo, as was Evelylyn Kaplan in the part of Mimi. Both voices were outstanding. Adequate, but hardly engaging were Diana Herman as Musette and Seymour Mandel as Marcello. The fine accompaniment of Hans Heinz blended with the excellent singing to make "La Boheme" the best of the presentations.

The singing, on the whole, was wonderful. Credit too should be given to Paul Morrison for his attractive sets. But who told that guy he looked like Victor Mature, anyway?



**THE CURSE OF DRINK,
OR WHO CARES?**

The Field Period:

IDEAS FROM THE PAST

by ERIC JOHNSON

Bard Students have spent their Winter Field Periods in a variety of ways, doing almost everything from assisting in the restoration of a Maya Temple to loading cargo onto airplanes. While a few students find themselves doing largely routine work and not learning as much as they had perhaps hoped, a large number are offered excellent opportunities for getting a kind of working knowledge which could only be gained by practical experience.

Science majors have worked in laboratories testing blood, gasoline, alcohol, oleo-margarine. Aspiring engineers have labored in factories; pre-medical students, in hospitals and clinics. One student, who worked for the Columbia Broadcasting Company, was lucky enough to have the chance of assisting one of the technicians in some experimental work. Another learned a great deal about the cement business in Kingston.

Social studies majors have held down jobs in settlements, business offices, department stores, and schools. Andrew Eklund spent a Field Period observing the technique of mediation in actual progress at the office of the Mayor of New York's Labor Secretary. Donald Barrow worked in the passage, prepaid, tour, cruise, and freight departments of a steamship company, in addition doing dock work connected with both passengers and freight. J. Alden Manley did practice teaching, as well as visiting classes and extra curricular activities, at a secondary school.

Students of the Fine Arts, Music, and Drama Division have done drafting and other work in architectural firms, worked in amateur or stock companies, taken photographs. Merrick Danforth conducted a high school band, choir, and orchestra for two weeks. T. Mulcare 3rd, drafted building plans according to specifications he was given. Three other students in this division have been a consulting architect on a house, an apprentice at the Montclair Art Museum, and a photographer for a booklet on better housing.

Literature Majors have lent their talents to work on various newspapers and magazines. Bard students have worked for the "Christian Science Monitor," "The World Telegram", and numerous local papers in capacities of copy boy or beat reporter. Last Field Period Tony Hecht did reporting, interviewing, research, and writing for "The New Yorker."

Students have secured their Field Period jobs in a number of different ways; by themselves, through their fathers or friends, or through their professors or other persons at College. Lest any student be without ideas for a Winter Field Period Project, a list of past projects is kept in the registrar's office for all to see. Neatly

typed on each card is the name of the student and the firm he worked for, the kind of work he did, how he got the job, and what chance there is of other Bard students securing jobs with the same concern. In addition, there are other cards which give names of firms where Bard students might have reason to hope for employment. The number of Bard students who have been offered later positions with the firms for which they worked and the number of employers who are willing to give jobs to other Bard students is sufficient proof of successes achieved.

PECCADILLO

the younger boys and girls, gape at them. She noticed the stares too, for she whispered, "We do go well, don't we?" He just nodded, for he couldn't say a word.

While she was painting he would sit on the floor and chat with her. They laughed again and again about the elopement, so much so, in fact, that he felt somehow possessive of her to have been linked with her thus by a complete stranger. And, every once in a while, she would come over and sit with him. He would light a cigarette for her or try to scrub the paint off her fingers. But just the pressure of her body was enough to dry up the moisture in his mouth. He began to feel more than physically close to her for she had that almost unique gift of making every person and that person's every attention seem to be essential to her happiness. Affectionate by nature, she could and did endear herself to everyone by speaking that person's name with a slight lisp, almost a complete dialect in itself, that she had. No wonder all seventeen and one half years of him responded to her excitingly feminine ways.

But when they came home that night, still laughing, his mother's, "Well, children?" chilled him. Not because of the words themselves or even anything that they implied, just the return to the family. He felt differently towards her when he was with the family—or not felt differently but acted differently anyway. Possibly it was an ingrain from those days when he was supposed to refer to her as "Miss," when he had been so often told, "Now don't bother her, she's much too old to want to take any trouble with you," when, actually, he had nothing in common with her. So he drew into his shell; acted as cold, as reserved as he could. He actually didn't want his mother to know that he liked "the artist"—because he was afraid that she would laugh wisely and say, "Don't be foolish."

Supper was harsh. He didn't really speak except to ask for food or to make some pseudo-smart remark. He knew that he hated to see her smile at either his father or mother because he wanted to think that he and this girl were much closer together than they really were. When she smiled at them he felt as if he were sharing her with them, and he didn't want that.

He thought, feeling no shame and only slight embarrassment, how silly, how grotesque, his mother and father must have seemed to her. He kept saying to himself, "Why, she's just laughing to be polite to the old folks." And he almost scorned those old folks, never stopping to think that they were only as much older in comparison with her as she was in comparison with him.

But when the meal was over, he was glad enough to do the dishes just because she was doing them too. And he looked forward to ten o'clock, for he had decided that that would be the time to say, "Would you like to go for a walk? We can get a coke or something."

Easy conversation by day, walks by night. Complete happiness. This for two weeks, until Hugh and Nan came down for a weekend.

And all of a sudden he was estranged from her; indeed the presence of Hugh in itself was enough to make him feel extremely self-conscious for paying so great an amount of attention to a woman so much older than himself. After tennis on Saturday afternoon he asked Hugh, "Is it all right if she and I go out with you and Nan tonight?" Hugh laughed and said, "Do I look crazy to you? If you had any idea how stupid you look with her, you wouldn't want to go out. That old woman." For a second he was mad enough to hit Hugh. But he turned instead and walked from the room.

Supper again embarrassed him horribly. He tried to cold and distant, but everyone at the table knew what was going on. When Hugh and Nan were clearing, he heard them laughing in the kitchen—at "us two," he thought. After they came back into the room he caught their mocking eyes on his face. He blushed. But he was very grateful that his mother and father tried to pass everything off as gracefully as possible. She too acted with complete nonchalance, as if there was nothing happening at all. This angered him all the more.

It was a relief to get out of the house, into the night, alone with her again. They decided to go in to town and have a drink or two. She had become quieter since supper, as if she had realized what was happening all the time, but had been trying to spare his feelings. She leaned against him as they walked to the bus stop. The mixed feeling of doubt and anger inside him refused to go even after several Old Fashioneds. Both of them tried to be very gay because it was actually the first time that they had gone out together. They talked of their families, of trips that they had taken; they even told each other a couple of stories. But he soon suggested that they go home, and she agreed.

On the bus she sat very close to him, and he held her hand. It occurred to him that the drinks might have affected her slightly. And he consciously talked in a low voice so that she would have to lean closer to hear what he was saying. They got off the bus and walked towards the house. Seeing the lights still on, since he

felt he didn't want to talk to the family just then, he said, "Let's sit out in the car and listen to the radio for a while." And she replied to him, a little breathlessly, "Yes, let's."

They got into the front seat and he turned on the radio. She started to take off her coat, so he reached behind and helped her. He let his arm stay like that, lying loosely about her, but he thought nothing of it. And for a moment they listened to the night sounds of the country blended with the liquid rhythms of a band.

Then she said, "I knew what was happening at the table tonight. I'm sorry it was so difficult for you."

"Try to forget that. Like I am," he rejoined. "It wasn't so bad really." Indeed, having her there beside him in the dark, he almost forgot his hot embarrassment at the supper table.

But she insisted, "Of course it was. Don't you think I know?" With a characteristic gesture she put her hand on his shoulder. She was almost in his arms. And for the first time he tried to kiss her.

But, keeping her arms about him, she turned her face away. After a pause, "Think of our families, their friendship. We can't just do this."

"Think of ourselves, not them. We're only human," he replied.

Then she turned to him and put her arms around him tightly.

As he sat there, thinking of the night before, they approached the beach.

"I can hardly wait," she said, "I bet the water's wonderful."

"I hope so," he replied, and looked down at her.

"Darling," she said, very very softly.

He looked at the crow's feet at the side of her eyes. At her softish flesh. At the oldness of her knuckles. And he tried to move away from her weight at his side.

He thought of his brother, his sister-in-law, and his family—in a complimentary fashion for the first time in two weeks. He felt intensely close to them. And he realized for the first time that she had been taking advantage of him, unconsciously perhaps, but just using him to regain every sensation of her own youth. She wanted to be young again, she who was thirty-two. And he was seventeen.

The ocean stretched out in front of him. He wanted to rush into it. Clean salt water.

MASKS, PICASSO, AND CUBISM

Picasso's art until, in 1909, there appeared the first "analytical Cubism"—Cubism which "analyzes", breaks up, and takes apart natural forms. At this point masks left his paintings, and although he personally favors his "Negro" period, he has never returned to it. Certain qualities of this period, nevertheless, particularly its ferocity and impersonalization, have remained in even his latest work.