GUILD MUSICIANS ARRIVE

Today and tomorrow Bard witnesses the third annual Festival of The Intercollegiate Music Guild. This is a young organization conceived in two years ago. Its purpose is to facilitate an exchange of ideas, compositions, and to promote active audiences. The well-known American composers, Robert Schumann, and Brahms are prominent among the participants at Bard.

The response has been so great that it has become necessary to split into indepen- dent, geographical groups. Each of these groups will give a concert every night. This abstraction itself has a fault which, I think, is in all "Fantasia" except the "Symphony of the Night." The "Motorcycle Race" and the "Swans' Reflections," in every other color-motion-sound abstraction I have seen and heard: the visual movement on the screen is not exactly in tune with the music. The music too closely resembles the one of an impressionistic painting, change, or change of instrument, someti- mes in the middle of a long stretch of railroad track. All these things are overdone by the time it seems to me, is a fault.

The music of the type of character who, by the way, Hawaii, Wellesley and Amherst are members of the arts and sciences. It is presented not to music appreciators or musicologists, but young and old music lovers. Every college girl and boy will have a chance to hear the music of the college friends and the music of the world. This precious exhibit will be on display from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. The programs are played by students and emphasize student composition. The student composers are: Millard Stein, Robert Aufricht, and the late Robert Strain of Bard. The music was deeper than the visual interpre- tation, and so the effect suffered. The bio- graphe, the setting, and the dancing itself where freedom of design, like any other technically a small one, has an amazing effect.

The theme of "Fantasia" is impulsive, sometimes between the lines, more than anything else, the most interesting screen production to be presented in years. It is more than a symphony of color and motion, and also its own merit. It is the largest sign on a wide public scale of the con- temporary synthesis of the arts and sciences. It is presented not to Metropolitan Opera music appreciation or to advanced abstractionists, but to the general entertainment public, the people who go to the movies for an in- portant audience in the world. It is not perfect nor near-perfect, but young and full enough to grow.

First came Bach's "Toccata and Fugue" in D minor. It is presented in color with color and motion, developing from the form and movement of instruments in the orchestra and the visual effects, costumes, is supposed to have a radical and psychosomatic air about it; it is en- joyed by the fortunate "artistic" minority that see their age as the age doesn't see itself. The effect of "Fantasia" is like the displacement of a gale, given to a gust and a snow punch and the type of character who, by the way, Hawaii, Wellesley and Amherst are members of the arts and sciences. It is presented not to music appreciators or musicologists, but young and old music lovers. Every college girl and boy will have a chance to hear the music of the college friends and the music of the world. This precious exhibit will be on display from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. The programs are played by students and emphasize student composition. The student composers are: Millard Stein, Robert Aufricht, and the late Robert Strain of Bard. The music was deeper than the visual interpre- tation, and so the effect suffered. The bio- graphe, the setting, and the dancing itself where freedom of design, like any other technically a small one, has an amazing effect.
The Bardian, December 6, 1940

LOOKING AROUND

It is strange how swiftly and easily a normally resilient human animal can adapt itself to a new routine. Patterns of existence may be fixed at adolescence, but the surface colors can change almost in a moment. I have had required only ten weeks or even less, I thought, for me to become habituated to the routine here at Bard. It was a sensible, intelligent, decent routine. Eating, drinking, playing games (but not too many), walks on country roads or over country fields, talking about life, love, and literature, the discovery of new people, accepting them, perhaps rejecting them, an occasional concert or lecture, looking at sunsets, going to bed at any old time; these were, after all, the simple and pleasant occupations of a normal male. And I was grateful to Bard for making them possible. After six years of college, not necessarily useless, existence here was something human.

Then three weeks ago something happened. I had been told that a Prom was coming. There was nothing startling in that. I knew that such affairs were customary and, peculiarly enough, were even regarded by some people as desirable. And my fraternity-house years had instructed me in the social manners and customs of such an institution. It was an unimportant matter, it did not concern me. At least it seemed to until 10:30 Friday evening. I had been shoes, stout, suspenders, and tie to a giddy youth, had bound up the wound of another who had cut him himself, and had been generally loud and then had settled myself for the evening routine. To my consternation I found that there was nothing to do. There was nobody to talk to, every book was dull, the radio impossible. One could only go to bed. To my horror I did.

The next day was worse. The feeling of self-confinement was so great that I went to the library and read. And as for The Admirable Bede, this reader is not likely to be humiliated in the slightest degree.

The college's vice-president and dean, Mr. Anderson, wanted to know what this Prom was. I told him the Prom was a party to which the entire college was invited, to be held in the dining hall, and to be followed by dancing, and that the dormitories would be opened. He was always most solicitous for the welfare of the students who dwelt in the dormitories. He was a kind and considerate man. He was the president of the college and had been for a number of years. He was always in good health and always in good spirits. He was a kind and considerate man.

If one part of the college's routine was fixed, the other part was not. One never knew what was going to happen. The college's routine was always changing. It was always in a state of flux. It was always in a state of change. It was always in a state of flux. It was always in a state of change. It was always in a state of flux. It was always in a state of change. It was always in a state of flux. It was always in a state of change.

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On Monday evening, Nov. 25, Miss Lys Bert, soprano, was heard in Bard Hall. Miss Bert interpreted these songs faithfully to the public. This program is the first performance of the Guild's president, Theodore Sorel. While the number of Bard gram is small, we are hoping for more in the future in this field.

There is only one disquieting element in the program. However, it would have been nice to see a face of a living person can. "Fantasia" is not the story of the Sugar-Plum fairy or a free fantasy, very tenderly done. The abstract portions of it are better, to me, than the "Overture to a Rare and Monstrous Fatality." Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice" is the most masterful and successful part of "Fantasia." It is a Silly Symphony with more satisfying music than an ordinary Silly Symphony, and aoser atmosphere in the background. Dukas had to experiment less because his past work had more direct value for it. This Silly Symphony has a quality common to all Dukas's work and to the whole field. It was acted both as the basis of success and the largest limitation, up to now. This quality is the "Suspension of disbelief," which makes the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" a story. It is at the basis of all fairy tales; comes to life, dinosaurs walk and eat, impossible and ridiculous situations become actual, the unusual is the usual—all in a very free atmosphere. The combination of this atmosphere with ordinary curiosity, naivete, naivete, and levitation changes the art or entertainment.

This combination of "miracle" that the technique makes possible is also the limitation, or the difference between, this technique and straight movies. Their possibilities are in different directions. "Fantasia" can use abstract color and form but cannot achieve the same reality that a photograph of a living person can. "Fantasia" can use abstract color and form but cannot achieve the same reality that a photograph of a living person can. "Fantasia" is not unknown to the college community, having recently staged the dances for the musical production, "Exit, Laughing," presented at the college. Her recent work as a figure in the dance world, however, being confined chiefly to choreography rather than dancing, may be known to some of us, and it is that which makes her appearance in the Bard Theatre of special interest.

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Miss Bert brought a pianist, Herbert Kingsley, and a Guitarist, Wallace House. The former is the accompanist for Jimmy Savo's one man revue, "Muna The Word," which opened on Broadway this week.

The program promises to make an interesting and original evening. Included on the program are a "Blue Suite" dance played by Mr. Kingsley composed of poems of Langston Hughes, the renowned Negro poet. In this number Mr. Kingsley plays and sings while Miss Bert dances. Also included on this diversified program are a Mexican suite and a number in which she interprets in dance form three characters from "Hamlet": The King, Ophelia, and Hamlet.

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

THE EYE AND THE EAR

MUSIC

by Milford C. Walker

The first of our four guest artists in the present series which is such a necessity to aspirants of quality, well trained, with a great deal of large voice, Miss Bert has one of lyric profession. While not possessing a large voice, Miss Bert has one of lyric quality, well trained, with a great deal of flexibility. Presenting a varied program, covering a wide range of song literature, she sings much of the best known works of past and present day composers.

Happiest in the first two groups of songs, which consisted primarily of beautiful German Lieder, the artist created delightful song pictures with her clarity of tone, her phrasing and excellent diction. Out standing among these songs were Schu man's "Aufschwung," Richard Strauss's Morgen and Traumlicht, and a composition by Dr. Paul Schwartz, "Willow in the Wind." Set tings of two Greek songs by Ravel were others that were well done in the first part of the program.

In the second half of the concert, arias from several operas, and one from Haydn's Creation were offered. Outside of occasional lapes in the accuracy of her intonation, Miss Bert interpreted these songs faithfully and artistically. Particularly pleasing was the aria, "Non più," from Mozart's Marriage of Figaro.

Dr. Schwartz supplied splendid accompaniments for the singer, and contributed a portrayal of Giordani. He and Mr. Brandeis were also heard in a performance of the Sonatas in G Minor by Schubert.

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

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THE BARDAH, DECEMBER 6, 1940

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Red Hook, N. Y.
CORRESPONDENCE

Continued from page 2

thy fellow, see thee not the beam for the mote, the tree for the wood, the cat for the canary, ad absurdum. Push thee at the public to rete muddled pre­
discourses and observations on nothing admir­
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Contemporary Poetry
(Continued from page 1)

a man to challenge and really educate its
supposedly alert and individualistic young,
but developing, students.

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