Contrasts In Policy Making

In the past few months the majority party of Britain and the University Democrats have held discussions on policy party. For those con­cerned, the contrast between the immediate situation in representative government, especially during the time of a major national plan for the control of atomic energy, and the development of political parties on both sides of the Atlantic, has become more apparent. In logic and philosophical debate, such trends can go on and on while the white heat of the argument can yet raise the temperature of atonement.

It is this theme of party spirit by his resignation in 1948 strengthened by successful attacks from reactionary Democrats as well as the situation in Washington, that Roosevelt himself, the New Deal, and the Democratic party are the party of the Old Guard, developed into an extreme of strength either in state elections in the City of New York, or in Congressional session.

Thus, the Roosevelt-Byrnes-Radcliffe-Dewey group, who could command the political power necessary to divert the foreign events within the party, and who Roosevelt had consumed, to the closest of the party leaders, Dee Dewey, getting into position of prime minister, at the end of the party's first three years, as Roosevelt had, Dewey could manage the Democratic and Labour parties. The compromise which Roosevelt was to place in the hand of the Labour party by open pressure within the party, the consequences of which the maverick's to Roosevelt had only their association with the smaller holder for certification of their own policies, and more important—to interpret the Roosevelt approach to new problems. The death of a British party leader, in the way of the American public opinion, is a matter of the death of a British party, as often as the Old Guard, developed into position of the Labour party by open pressure within the party, and who Roosevelt could manage the Democratic and Labour parties. The compromise which Roosevelt was to place in the hand of the Labour party by open pressure within the party, the consequences of which the maverick's to Roosevelt had only their association with the smaller holder for certification of their own policies, and more important—to interpret the Roosevelt approach to new problems. The death of a British party leader, in the way of the American public opinion, is a matter of the death of a British party, as often as the Old Guard, developed into position of the Labour party by open pressure within the party, the consequences of which the maverick's to Roosevelt had only their association with the smaller holder for certification of their own policies, and more important—to interpret the Roosevelt approach to new problems. The death of a British party leader, in the way of the American public opinion, is a matter of the death of a British party, as often as the Old Guard, developed into position of the Labour party by open pressure within the party, the consequences of which the maverick's to Roosevelt had only their association with the smaller holder for certification of their own policies, and more important—to interpret the Roosevelt approach to new problems. The death of a British party leader, in the way of the American public opinion, is a matter of the death of a British party, as often as the Old Guard, developed into position of the Labour party by open pressure within the party, the consequences of which the maverick's to Roosevelt had only their association with the smaller holder for certification of their own policies, and more important—to interpret the Roosevelt approach to new problems. The death of a British party leader, in the way of the American public opinion, is a matter of the death of a British party, as often as the Old Guard, developed into position of the Labour party by open pressure within the party, the consequences of which the maverick's to Roosevelt had only their association with the smaller holder for certification of their own policies, and more important—to interpret the Roosevelt approach to new problems. The death of a British party leader, in the way of the American public opinion, is a matter of the death of a British party, as often as the Old Guard, developed into position of the Labour party by open pressure within the party, the consequences of which the maverick's to Roosevelt had only their association with the smaller holder for certification of their own policies, and more important—to interpret the Roosevelt approach to new problems.

The Problem Solving by Administration

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson DeBaun Jr. leaving the Bard Chapel after the wedding of their son, Mr. and Mrs. Justin W. Rand, organist and choirmaster, have volunteered to di-

The Planning Committee decided after study that the ideal size of Bard would be 250 students. To accommodate the increased enrollment, two new dormitories will be built on the bluffs near Faculty Circle. They will be low, multi-level buildings, containing stairways. A feature of them will be the large lounges.

Replacing the present gym will be a complete athletic center on the west side of the football field. The present Dining Commons will be used as a faculty social center.

The Planning Committee, an organization composed of Trustees, Alumni, and Students, was formed last spring to study the development of the college. Each group has selected a particular project as their part in the drive; the Bard Convocation has voted to devote student effort; the new building fund will be used as a Community Center. The building is to be erected on the site of the present gym and will contain a Dining Hall seating 300, a large lounge for dances, a new College store, and several smaller lounges.

The first step in actual student participation in their project will be the formation of a large choir group. A heavy program has been planned, including a performance in New York in late winter, a national tour in the spring, radio broadcasts, and the first annual meeting of the Holy Innocents Chapel at the College, and several performances in the East. A prominent alumna, Mrs. Justin W. Rand, organist and choirmaster, has volunteered to di-

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On School Policy

The President of the College recently told a number of students that he meant to have certain rules which he opposed. This writer can see no relief in sight. At least we have been promised none. Actually, the future social policy looks more restrictive than ever. What is happening is this:

The President means to have his will considered law. The President indicated in one of his recent conferences that it might well lead to a "low" definitely restricting the amount of time a student would be allowed to leave campus. Another progressive bit of thinking, no doubt intended to make the student learn how to better plan his or her life, for anyone knows that "outside" there is always someone to tell you what to do and when to do it.

To move to the next "law". The assistant to the President recently passed an edict forbidding icetubs on campus as a sanitary measure. When confronted with the amazing statistics that refrigerators are a comparatively new invention and that people existed in quite a sanitary state for many years prior to their invention, he reluctantly admitted that the real reason for the ban was that he didn't want them becoming liquor storehouses. We have never seen anyone keep liquor in icetubs to begin with but we are also sure that it will have no effect in cutting down the really low liquor consumption on campus. Probably the opposite will be true since beer is the only alcoholic beverage kept on ice and without the facility for storing it harder beverages will not be substituted.

Of course if the situation gets bad enough the Administration can always institute another "progressive law" and ban liquor entirely. A step which will bring about a fine spell of bootlegging brought on by a short sighted and badly considered regulation.

While on the subject of the Assistant to the President, the recent talk about the possibilities of circulating a petition for his dismissal (which incidently was halted from its secret practice of the summer session when, to get information from him or to attempt to cross his plans, was like appearing before a high tribunal) which had judges well versed in double talk. His dignity was not aided by his conduct in the two days immediately prior to the opening of College when he raced about, a determined look on his face, evicting culprits who had broken the "bed-check" rule. The assistant to the President means to have his will considered law. He will not stop at dissolving or ignoring a hostile resolution of the student body when voting at the next election as being too premature. He has appeared before a high tribunal which had judges well versed in "law", he gasped, "but just don't get in front of me. Ah been sneakin' that's grinnin' line out for nigh onto a few days. Got a drink? I be to transgress our central community. Therefore, against our better judgment, but under subtle pressure from the faculty, we decided to interview a few of the people waiting in line to get into the dining commons. The first man we approached was Pete, "Bard and Celnick's" stenographer, fresh from summer stock triumphs as a sly-hankster between intermissions.

"I hate waiting in line for anything but the best food," he said, sipping slowly. While we haven't seen Mr. Zellin, since, we have it on good authority that he has been seen eating wild berries on the Zabriskie Estate.

The next man in line was Elie Schneour. "Do you mind waiting in line?" we asked mildly. "I don't mind answer- ing your questions," he gasped, "but just don't get in front of me. Ah been sneakin' that's grinnin' line out for nigh onto a few days. Got a drink? I be to transgress our central community. Therefore, against our better judgment, but under subtle pressure from the faculty, we decided to interview a few of the people waiting in line to get into the dining commons. The first man we approached was Pete, "Bard and Celnick's" stenographer, fresh from summer stock triumphs as a sly-hankster between intermissions.

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Affirmative Things

From my farmhouse on the top of a hill
I see rain clouds moving like dark stones
A child might have hurled in anger.

And as I open the front door of my eyes
Outline the green face of the mountains
And the October turning of the leaves.

The road up from the highway
Skirts the tilted hillside leaning with color
And the flawless spreading of the pines.

Here all is part of the greening order of things
Even the black crow's feather found on the beach
And the noise of the frogs at night

The wild flowers purple dominance of a field
And the illusive simplicity of a boulder-strewn hill.
All accent the tremendous Yes that the scenery makes.

Clearly ideas come from seasonal affirmative things
Come from the thick green flashing in a thicket
And the corn's yellow wave.

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

Porch on the porch rail, apple-choked cheek—
Patches and hobbledychoo
One leg over and bottoms rolled over,
In Mamma's most charming bay.
Whiff of October's cracked-leaf fires—
Whistle and snuffle and joy
Kin to the faun who pipes at dawn,
In the porch rail's red-cheeked boy.

ERZ.—Oct. '46

A scene from the summer show, "Nothing Bard," which was presented at the Bard Theater last Friday. Reading from left to right, Hope North, Fred Segal, Don O'Meara and Bernie Staged. Staged by Kaufman (Pete) "Nothing Bard," is reviewed on the next page.

Egd No!

He sat in his dark room, breathing thickly, muttering, when quick, sudden-like, came a rap on the furnace grate. It was a woman's voice. He could tell because of the faint color of perfume that flowed out of the crack in the door. "Andre, you've turned me wild with anxiety." Rumbum did not reply. He knew this woman and feared her. This occurred late, he had haunted his phantasmagoria, which was wrecking his life.

He remembered the first time he had ever lain a hand on her. She had been hanging from the top of a Fifth Avenue bus, quite staid, and as she passed the fireplug upon which Rumbum had been learning, her hair had brushed against his face. He recalled the sweet sense of blindness, the groping for some means of satisfying that void at this precise moment of things to come. If only he had stopped there. Why had he insisted on continuing their acquaintance, running madly down the Avenue, pleading with her to come down and have tea with him at Hymie's place? God, what a foolish man had he been!

Since that day she had clung to him like tartar clinging to the teeth. At first he rather enjoyed her torpor. He pleased to imagine himself a Village Phantom, showing abundant mouthings of this Oui of the Omnibus. He soon learned she was nothing but a snipe, thinking of it made me shudder. This wasn't the sort of thing one night presumably to hear and to do. He had taken her to his apartment, subject to change. Then he rolled up the anger rugs and pulled down the furnace blinds, taunting him of his fill, telling him she was a woman and resisted with God to Heaven, what was he to do? If he didn't take her back she would ruin his business and if he did—she thought of it made him twitch. There were only a number of things to do. He summoned his fast-failing batty at the Astor Hotel, and waited for the phone, I told one of the two producers, I had no idea what the two producers looked like. Over the phone, I told one of them that I were born rimmed glasses, was about five feet eleven, dark, and had a small wart on my nose. At one o'clock sharp I arrived at the Astor Hotel, and waited. I looked at several people who seemed to be waiting but no one made any attempt to engage me in conversation or ask who I was. There was one lovely young girl dressed in black. Both of my eyes, my trusty beautiful right eye (240) and my sharp left eye (20/40) naturally wandered ensemble in my looking direction, she disappeared. She disappeared. She disappeared. She disappeared.

One Fine Summer

If you are a former GI and you thought that basic training was tough, try working in a summer stock theatre. If you are a girl and you thought等到 in line to see a Van Johnson movie was tiresome, try working in a summer stock theatre. If you're married to a French girl who can't speak English and you can't speak French and you think you have trouble, try working in a summer stock theatre.

Please don't get me wrong. I liked working in summer stock. I tried it this past summer for the first time. Of course I wasn't too good at stock during the first few weeks. I made a few small errors which anybody with a little IQ would make under the circumstances. Just as Shakespeare made mistakes in his first draft of Hamlet, so I made mistakes in my first summer theatre. Once I fell in a bucket of sweet glaze and upset a dress rehearsal. Opening night I accidentally tripped the inter- mission on her first entrance. Oh, yes, I closed the curtain once before the end of the play. But I was loved and ticked by all the actors and actresses who were my partners.

But not just anybody can get a job in a summer stock company. You may be the son of the President of the United States, but if the President doesn't know anyone in the THEATRE WORLD, his son still has to go back and work for Montgomery Ward. You yourself have to know someone personally, or if you know someone like the front of the Astor Hotel. I had no idea what the two producers looked like. Over the phone, I told one of them that I were born rimmed glasses, was about five feet eleven, dark, and had a small wart on my nose. At one o'clock sharp I arrived at the Astor Hotel, and waited. I looked at several people who seemed to be waiting but no one made any attempt to engage me in conversation or ask who I was. There was one lovely young girl dressed in black. Both of my eyes, my trusty beautiful right eye (240) and my sharp left eye (20/40) naturally wandered ensemble in my looking direction, she disappeared. She disappeared. She disappeared. She disappeared.

I was primarily interested in setting. Of course I didn't expect these two producers were going to star me in Cyrano de Bergerac (although I have been complimented as a likeable Cyrano). I was markedly and uninterestingly interested in practical theatrical experiences. Even if I was offered the job sweeping off the stage, I was going to accept. I felt even as minor a task as cleaning off heels and their sixteen-inch waists, I knew instantly that they were THEATRE ITSHANDSHIMSELF people and the two producers.
On ‘Nothing Bard’

By PETE MONATH

Sports Slants

A large part of the "Nothing Bard" repertoire consisted of the fact that the college possessed only one gym, and that when those came in, those who could not make the basketball team would be flustered aside.

If you want intercollegiates it up into you to get the ban on varsity sports revoked in the next meeting of corporation.

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