

Bard College
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BARDIAN

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Contrasts In Policy Making

In the past few months the majority parties of Britain and the United States have held discussions on party policy. For those concerned with the immediate situation in representative government, especially for those who wish to see their government follow an intelligent plan for the control of atomic energy, the development of these arguments on both sides of the Atlantic hold great interest. Exercises in logic and philosophical debated on the nature of man and social trends can go on and one while the white hot question of how we can wise up the politicians pales before the brilliant explosion of the next atomic bomb.

In comparing the brawl within the Democratic to the debate within the Labor party we can see, better than ever, the contrast between the remote-control system of American politics and the constant check-up endemic to British procedures.

Franklin Roosevelt's death left the Democratic party without a basis for unity, without someone who could command the political power and respect necessary to conciliate the divergent forces within the party. The compromises which Roosevelt had consummated, to the chagrin of New Dealers as often as the Old Guard, developed into points of strife as soon as Roosevelt's steadying hand was fatefully removed.

The Labour Party in Britain found itself in a similar, though not as crucial, position when it was faced with the necessity for immediate action on the Palestine question, when it was attacked on the housing issue by the Tories and when its policies came under critical public scrutiny at the end of the party's first year of Socialist rule.

In comparing the policy-making of the Democratic and Labour parties, we note that while British party executives were those who had received public sanction for their measures, the successor's to Roosevelt had only their association with the fallen leader as certification of their right to carry out his policies, and more important—to interpret the Roosevelt approach to new problems. The death of a British party leader would necessitate reconsideration of the aptitudes of the important men of the party, followed by approval of the party's choice by Parliament.

Truman's record as a senator proved him to be a good parliamentarian, capable of setting up complicated investigations and winning administrative battles against red-tape.

The early days of his career in the White House showed he had the courage and determination to make his own decisions and to carry them out. His early speeches did more than just outline the trend of party policy. They contained definite legislative proposals concerning army of occupation policy, national health plans, housing goals and wage-price procedures. But the violent opposition from within his own party in reaction to the handling of the railway strike crisis broke the spell of party solidarity and his resulting concern over party strength left him open to attack from both extremes. Since that time, the President's executive orders have been merely indicators, like a sort of litmus paper, testing the acidity of opinion within the party. The strength of the solution has varied according to the ability of intra-party factions to put forth a show of strength either in state elections or in Congressional session.

As a result, we have a domestic program in which neither the ideas of the Old Guard nor those of the New Dealers dominate. Progressive measures are vulnerable to attack from reactionary Democrats as well as Republicans. Traditional reluctance to develop new trends is strengthened by successful attacks on progressive measures brought before Congress as well as by the President's failure to demand consistent adherence to established policy in the executive departments.

That pillar of New Dealism, Harold Ickes, highlighted the weakness of party spirit by his resignation accompanied, as it was, by sen-



Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson DeBaun Jr. leaving the Bard Chapel September 14th after being married by Rev. Schaeffer. She is the former Madelene Noche of Texas and New York and the groom is of California and New Jersey before attending Bard. This is the first student marriage in the history of the school and one of the first between a veteran and a girl who met at the same college after the war. DeBaun is now a sophomore and came to Bard last February after six years in the Air Corps as a Master-Sergeant.

sational revelations of the insidious encroachment of the Missouri machine on the field of national decision. But this was a minor blow compared to the explosion detonated by the Secretary of Commerce's speech in Madison Square Garden. The repercussions of Henry Wallace's dissertation on foreign policy removes the last layer of dignity which had cloaked the sordid scene of confusion in the executive branch. Not only was our government revealed before the world as incapable of forming and executing a consistent policy, foreign or domestic (French and British editors have been fully aware of our inability to solve problems on inflation-control); but the Republican opposition, by its support of Byrnes, showed that no hope could be placed in relief through a Democratic defeat, even if we could have an immediate challenge to the minority similar to the British mechanism of the vote of confidence.

Repeating again the necessity for a formulation of emergency measures instead of a protracted discussion of the philosophy of government, a look at the June Labour party conference would be in order.

Meeting in Bournemouth, Britain's Atlantic City, the members of Parliament belonging to the majority party not only relieved factional pressure within the party by open discussion and votes, but secured from party leaders broad declarations of policy and specific details relating to administrative developments.

The Labour correspondent of the (London) News Chronicle reported one phase of the meeting. "Mr. Morrison explained that the overall planning organization included the economic section of the Cabinet Secretariat, the Central Statistical Office and the Cabinet Secretariat itself, as well as representatives of each of the departments concerned with economic forces, among whom was the Minister of Labour. This organization was responsible to and received directions from a special committee of ministers acting for the Cabinet."

In addition to this outline of administrative organization, so foreign to American political mores, the general goals were expressed by cabinet members. "Full employment has never been attempted as a policy in peace-time Britain. Indeed, it has not been attempted in any country with our form of democratic gov-

ernment is going to attempt it."

Particulars of party policy were decisively agreed upon. "A resolution," reported the Chronicle, "demanding the end of conscription in Britain was rejected on a show of hands." And again, the Minister of Education declared, "We are planning for a net increase of 21,000 teachers in 1948, when the full force of the 350,000 school children is felt."

Shocking discrepancies in various executives' interpretation of national policy and development of a unified party platform were democratically resolved by elected representatives of the people—not left to the sort of public contradiction of viewpoints so disastrous to the party of as the recent Wallace-Byrnes affair.

The News Chronicle reports the Labour Party dissention, "In spite of his appeals (the Minister of Agriculture's) they carried by an overwhelming majority a resolution demanding that agricultural policy be brought more into line with the party's official program." There are many in the United States who would appreciate a Democratic resolution overriding some decisions made by the Secretary of Agriculture . . . "the defeat of the platform was a sharp reminder to Mr. Atlee that is supporters in the rural areas are by no means satisfied that everything possible is being done to put the agricultural industry on a more efficient basis." In short, the party gave itself a good going-over. The strategic question of formally including Communists in the Labour party was answered negatively with a finality rare in American politics. The Republican government of Spain was greeted and thereby assured of an increasing measure of support from the party.

The lessons from the contrast between the British and American majority parties are obvious. While the main issue is still alive . . . while the sensitivity of party self-interest here is heightened by the approaching election; the active progressive groups should call for a Democratic conference on policy. Elected congressional and state leaders should vote a definite program with which to enter the next election. The precedent of annual party meetings should be established. Machine politics must stand before public scrutiny. The four years wait for decisive administration changes is simply too long to serve the tempo of current events.

Bard Fund Drive Begins Students to Participate

Bard College's two million dollar post-war building and endowment drive got under way this week-end when a good proportion of the College's 1500 alumni returned for their first peacetime homecoming reunion. Detailed plans for the physical development of the College will be announced and plans and sketches of the new buildings will be exhibited.

Mrs. Beekman H. Pool, chairman of the Bard College Planning Committee, has revealed in New York that the new formal entrance will be on State Highway 9-G. Preliminary work has already been done to the extent of draining a pond which is in the way of new buildings; the new lake to be constructed in its place will be used for winter sports. At the north end of this lake will be new faculty houses. Along the road which will lead towards the main campus from the entrance plaza will be an art building and a drama and music building. The art center will have studios for painting, sculpturing, photography, industrial design, and architecture. The new drama and music building is to be built around a theater seating 500. There will be auxiliary stage design and construction lofts, music practice and class rooms, and faculty offices.

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, eliminating 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 efforts to raising funds for 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 choral group. A heavy program has been planned, including a performance in New York in late winter, a nationwide radio broadcast from Holy Innocents Chapel at the College, and several performances in the East. A prominent alumnus, Justin W. Rand, organist and choirmaster, has volunteered to di-

rect the group. Mr. Rand directed the choir of Christ Church, Cambridge and is now organizing the Jersey City Civic Choral Society. He is a member of the Alumni Committee which has been working with the students, aiding them in planning the musical phase of the drive.

Mr. Rand will be at the College Sunday to begin formation of the group. The nucleus of the chorus will be the present Bard College Choir. The chorus will meet Wednesday evenings and Thursday mornings. When Mr. Rand will be at the College. Membership in this chorus will be a unique way of aiding achievement of the student aim.

The building plans are only half the drive however. Equally important although not as tangible is the million dollar endowment fund to provide scholarships, additional faculty members, and aid in equipping various college departments. It is anticipated that the present student aid program can be greatly expanded upon attainment of this fund. The endowment will affect all departments of the College. The Library will be able to make important additions to its collection; the science laboratories plan new equipment; the Psychology Department will be able to carry through its ambitious program in child psychology.

George Carnright

During the summer George Carnright, an important and picturesque figure on the Bard campus, died of a heart attack. As driver of the school taxi, George served us well, getting us to trains on time and picking us up at all hours of the night. In addition to doing his job as taxi driver, George acted as errand-boy and even financed some of our trips with loans. He was considerate of the children on campus, and didn't drive wildly up the road. In short, we are only now realizing—too late as usual—what a friend we had.

The Bardian

Official publication of the students of Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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Ormsbee Robinson

Chamber Potpourri

Highlighting the "new freedom" (Strength Through Joy) here at Bard, three men looking like Abraham Lincoln have appeared on Campus. Take off that Beard, Kenny Williams, we now you're just old Chick Steketee! And as for Willy Wilson, it is no secret that he has waived the benefits of the G.I. Bill of Rights and is putting himself through school on what he gains from double-your-money-back offers from Shick Injector razors.

We have decided to start our column off this year in an unusually constructive mood. For the benefit of the entering Freshmen class, we should like to put everyone wise to a few of the salient points of interest in our modest community. On the first page of the Bard Baedeker is our college store or Ulcer Haven, as it is jovially called by our more peptic students. There, for the price of a Christmas dinner for twelve at Le Voisin, you can get a breakfast fit for a pretender at least. One spot to avoid, by the way, is the dining commons, and if you ever get **really** bored, drop up to the infirmary and we'll blow you to a complementary shot of influenza vaccine.

Aside from the above mentioned places and John Bard's Tomb, there is little of interest to anyone but the Building and Grounds committee on this campus. 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, (Back to Bard and Celibacy) Ziesler, fresh from summer stock triumphs as a candy-huckster between intermissions.

"I hate waiting in line for anything but the best food," he said, giggling shrilly. While we haven't seen Mr. Zeisler 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 meekly. "I don't mind answerin' yo' questions," he gasped, "but jus' don' get in front of me. Ah been sweatin' this grabbin' line out fo' nigh onto fo' days. Got a drink? I been trompled underfoot three times in the last twenty-four hours. Is the vittles wuth it?" Slyly slipping him a shot of Slivovitz and a collapsable stomach pump we next tackled a pretty co-ed who swore her name was Boofie. Disregarding this obvious alias we asked her how she liked the food. It seems she likes the food. We just managed to rescue her from an enraged crowd who had just come out of the dining commons and decided to try the food ourselves before saying anything about it.

We took our place in the line in front of the Library and at this writing we are passing North Hoffman and receiving supplies by dog sled with fair regularity.

F. S. D. O'M.

opening of College when he raced about, a determined look on his face, evicting culprits who had arrived a day early. Also snapping of his fingers for silence just before the President's Chapel speech went far in endearing him to the hearts of the community.

One of the reasons given for the new "laws" is that a few thin skinned souls have heard stories about Bard on the "outside". This is just to remind them that no college, no community, no group of people have ever existed where there have not been stories spread about them. These rules will only provide fodder for those stories since shortly we shall hear of people climbing in and out of windows to make bed check, "stealing" away on an overnight "pass", and sneaking liquor in past the administrations eyes.

What is coming has already been outlined for us. The President means to have his will considered law. He will not stop at dissolving or ignoring a hostile Convocation or Council. If he does not get a docile, fawning Council at the next election we may find ourselves living under what is known as "Dean's Rule".

The student body when voting at the next election for council members would do well to consider more seriously than ever before the caliber of the candidates. To that end "The Bardian" will run in the next issue an analysis of the achievements of last years council members together with a discussion of any non-incumbent candidates proposed.

On School Policy

THE UNDERCURRENT of dissatisfaction with the manner in which this college is being run is fast becoming much more than just a ripple under the surface. What we at Bard are now experiencing is the spectacle of a college with an avowedly progressive system of education attempting to install along with that educational pattern a program of very artificial social laws.

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 of the College recently told a number of students that he meant to have certain rules which he thought were beneficial to the college put into effect at all costs. He amplified this by stating that if these regulations desired by him were not forthcoming from Convocation and Council he would see to it that they became the law of the college through administrative procedure. Along with this pronouncement he delivered another address to the College (upon which he now proposes to force his will) in the Chapel. At this time he asked for a feeling of "Mutual Trust" and cooperation from the College Community. Obviously what he means by this is that "Cooperation" ends when he is opposed.

Certainly the president feels a definite opposition on Campus or he would not go to the trouble of denouncing it, in his roundabout way, at every opportunity.

Why is there this feeling of opposition to the program now coming into the open? All one has to do is examine the "progressive thinking of men—reaching out for this life of ours" (a quote from the President's Chapel speech) to see why. In recent days we have received the "bed-check" rule, and the "no-icebox rule." More are no doubt on the way.

Let's look at these "laws" one by one. Bed check was to be used in order to make the sign-out effective. That at least was the reason given. No one in this "cooperating community" was asked about it. It simply was presented by one section of the "progressive thinking men" allegedly on this Campus. Quite obviously it is in exact opposition to that much loved aim of the Col-

... Staff Editorial

lege, teaching "self reliance", or how "to reach out for this life of ours—in the outside world in which we live." (Another quote from the President's speech.)

There are no bedchecks on the outside, unless the army is to be considered as such, but somehow being kept constantly watched on is going to make a person more self-reliant. The President indicated in one of his recent conversations 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 iceboxes 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 inception, he reluctantly admitted that the real reason for the ban was that he didn't want them becoming liquor store-houses. We have never seen anyone keep liquor in iceboxes 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 no doubt 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 as being too premature) stemmed from his secretive practices 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



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, Donn O'Maera and Bernie Baker. Staged by Kaufman (Pete) "Nothing Bard" is reviewed on the next page.

Egad No!

He sat in his dark room, breeding upon the dismal state of the world, 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 floor-board. "Andre", she whimpered. Andre Rumbum are you up there? Rumbum did not reply. He knew this woman and feared her. This accursed bitch who haunted his phantasmagorias, who 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 stark, and as the bus 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 air and he snatched wildly at this promise of good 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 bilious fool he had been!

Since that day she had clung to him like tartar clings to the teeth. At first he rather enjoyed her toyness. It pleased him to imagine himself a Village Pygmalion, showering abundant mouthings on this Girl of the Omnibus. He soon learned she was nothing but a snipe, with her bare, flashy skin and her irksome habit of ending a sentence by wriggling her pelvis bone.

He had taken her to his apartment one night presumably to teach her the things every woman must know. His flat consisted of these rooms and was situated on the North East side under a potato chip factory. Every so often during the warm months the salt stored in bags upstairs would liquify and run down the walls of his combination bedroom and pool hall. The girl was stupefied with his place and in particular with the painting on the bathroom mirror which had been

discolored by steam from the Turkish Bath next door. By this time, Andre had gradually become aware of her fascinating ear lobes and discreetly suggested that the retire to the study. They studied and studied 'till the minute hours of the dawning, then thoroughly refreshed, they left to take in the laundry. On and on it went, and soon the girl refused to disentangle herself from him. She drank his shaving lotion, chewed on his briar pipes, lavished his green on antique ping pong balls and generally made his life a mere filament of its former self. Finally in self-preservation, Rumbum hocked his gold-plated Police Gazette, gave her the money and put her on a train for San Berdu telling her he would write as soon as he dislocated his pituitary.

As he watched the hand car pull out of the station, Andre heaved his wife over the side and jumped in after her. At last he was a free man. Now he could go back to his diggings and watch the salt dribble down his walls as long as he damn wanted to. There wouldn't be anyone crawling along the molding or sliding down the kitchen faucet to disturb him.

And this is where we find Andre Rumbum sitting all alone in his bathroom listening to that voice wafting through the furnace grate, taunting him, reminding him of his fling, telling him she wants in again. God in Heaven, what was he to do? If he didn't take her back she would ruin his business and if he did—the thought of it made him twitch. There were only a number of things to do. He summoned his fast-falling lawyer and drew up his last desires (subject to change). Then he roll-up the angora rugs and pulled down the Parisian blinds, emptying out the plastic spittoons with his other foot. This took about four hours and still that gnawing voice kept scratching the back of his neck. He tried to reason with her, doodling cute little everythings on the back of some old knitting patterns and pushing them through the grate for her to read. This didn't work so he hopped a cab to the corner drugstore where he bought a gun. Walking

One Fine Summer

PUCCINI SAGALYN

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 waiting in line to see a Van Johnson movie was tiresome, try working in a summer stock theatre. If you are a youth of eighteen just out of high school, out of the reach of the draft board, and you thought you had trouble getting into college, 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 troubles, 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 the first few weeks. I made a few small errors which anybody with a low I.Q. 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 scenic glue and upset a dress rehearsal. Opening night I accidentally tripped the ingenue on her first entrance. Oh, yes, I closed the curtain once before the end of the play. But I was loved and kicked by all the actors and actresses.

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 now anyone in the TTTTThhhhhheatre, his son will have to go back and work for Montgomery Ward. You yourself

down Fifth in the blazing sun he casually took the gun out of his change purse and splattered his brains on the sidewalk in front of Lord and Taylor's.

But that stubborn voice is still going strong back in his apartment. "Andre, she calls. Andre Rumbum, are you up there?"

MAC

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 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 hillsides 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

Perch on the porch rail, apple-chucked cheek—
Patches and hobbledehoy
One leg over and bottoms rolled over,
Is Mamma's most charming boy.

Whiff of October's cracked-leaf fires—
Whistle and snuffle and joy
Kin to the faun who pipes at dawn,
Is the porch rail's red-cheeked boy.

ERZ—Oct. '46

have to know someone personally. Or if you know someone like the brother of the doorman at the Broadhurst Theatre, or the sister of the janitor at Radio City, you're IN. I KNEW someone. One of my best friends knows a fish peddler! This fish peddler peddles fish to SOMEBODY in the Theatre Guild. This particular person in the Theatre Guild (no names) happened to have a passion for lox. I'm on old lox and bagole man myself from way back. So, because of my friend who knew a fish peddler, who knew someone in the Theatre Guild, who (and this is very important) LIKED THE SAME KIND OF FISH THAT I LIKED, I was set. A luncheon appointment was arranged. Over lox and bagoles, I was to meet two producers and discuss with them a job in a summer stock company for me.

I was primarily interested in acting. 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 mainly and unselfishly interested in practical theatrical experience. Even if I was offered the job sweeping off the stage, I was going to accept. I felt even so minor a task as cleaning off the stage, was a step in the right direction.

My luncheon date was to start at

one o'clock with a rendezvous in 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 wore horn rimmed glasses, was about five feet eleven, dark, and had a small wart on my nose. At one o'clock sharp I arrived at destiny, 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 (20/400) and my sharp left eye (20/40) naturally wandered casually in her charming direction. She looked at me once. Two seconds after her look she disappeared.

But suddenly I was pounced upon by two young, pink cheeked fellows. They were quite breathless and one of them kept muttering, "Oh, God Bless you, God Bless you!" I didn't know if the other lad had been sneezing or wheezing or if the blessings were all for me. At first I thought they were eager talent scouts from the American Legion who saw in me a perspective member. But after a swift glance at their thread-bare suits, their run-down heels and their sixteen-inch waists, I knew instantly that they were TTTTThhhhhheatre people and the two producers.

On 'Nothing Bard'

Compared to other Bard musicals "Nothing Bard" must rate about midway in this reviewer's experience. What saves the revue from being mediocre is a certain pace, mainly achieved by the continuous level of the comedy. Each is about as good as the other, but only Don O'Meara's "Russian Routine" strikes home as not only funny but original. Given more polish and a tripled quota of Russian sounding phrases this bit would go well in any theatre. As it is given, the audience began to sit back and stop laughing after a few minutes, but picked up at the end.

The remainder of the sketches are humorous, in particular a soldier act which gives Bernie Baker a chance to let loose with some 'Milton Berlish' lines, at which he is competent. All he requires is some new material and better timing to gain the status of a fast moving comic, Broadway variety.

Baker and Fred Segal score in a "magic machine" act with some very amusing burlesque patter that had the premier audience rocking. Some laughed because it brought back memories, and some because it introduced to them a new and riotous type of low humor.

The Baker "South American" dance was good enough to send the audience into a brief panic and the rest of the comedy was at no time boring if not always top-notch.

The only real fault of the show was the dancing, and that is perhaps an unfair criticism. Actually it was probably better than most "college" dancing of its type usually is. However, the chorus was anything but graceful at most times and although it is not right to hold the participants responsible, since they do not profess to pass for professionals, they suffered; as the rest of the revue did manage to maintain a higher degree of technique.

Freichs and Bruno, dancing that horrible song, "Jealousy", did go over well, and the only criticism possible here is that they did not pass for a professional team. Again it must be said that it is probably easier to achieve the less exacting comedy technique than the more minute dancing skill, but once again the show perked up when the sketches returned to the stage.

The only real error in the show seemed to be wasting Lou Krch on that revolting second number he played on the violin. His first selection, "Stardust", was much better, though by this time it must be coming out of every radio owner's ears.

Finally, Segal and Hope North lacked the deftness necessary to carry off a parody of an old time dance routine, but the show did close on a good note, with the whole cast coming out for bows.

To end where we started, the show was not as good as 1941's "Exit Laughing", but it was better than anything seen here since. Plenty good enough to hold the college audience throughout, and keep them amused most of the time.

ABEL

Sports Slants

By PETE MONATH

Now that Bill Asip of the Athletic Department has returned, there is great promise that the Bard system of intramurals will come into its own.

We interviewed Mr. Asip in his office, the walls of which are covered with beaver pelts and athletic supporters. We wondered how the men's dormitory intramurals would be worked out. "We can have greater spirit if competition in football, baseball, and other activities is built through a dormitory system." He felt this would make the program successful.

Another plan would be to pick at random six teams, leaving the question of dormitories out of the picture. However, the first plan seems to be the most sensible, one of its best features being the fact that men living together in the same house can easily meet for team conferences.

As far as diversion is concerned, besides football, which undoubtedly will be the major fall attraction, a tennis tournament will get under way. There will be periods when non-tournament players may use the courts. Also planned are Soccer, Cross-country, Archery, and Field Hockey. When the weather becomes cold, and pending the completion of the housing program; squash, bowling, basketball, and handball will be played.

Mr. Asip failed to mention the possibility of varsity teams at Bard. He pointed out that unless last year's ruling, which put a ban on varsity teams were to be revoked, there would be no activity of this sort.

Last Spring, convocation voted against varsity intercollegiate athletics. Your reporter feels that varsity sports need not, in fact should not, supercede intramurals. He also feels that with a capable athletic director, such as we now have, the

two can amicably exist side by side. A large part of the "against intercollegiate argument" lay in the fact that the college possessed only one gym, and that when winter came, those who could not make the basketball team would be shunted aside.

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