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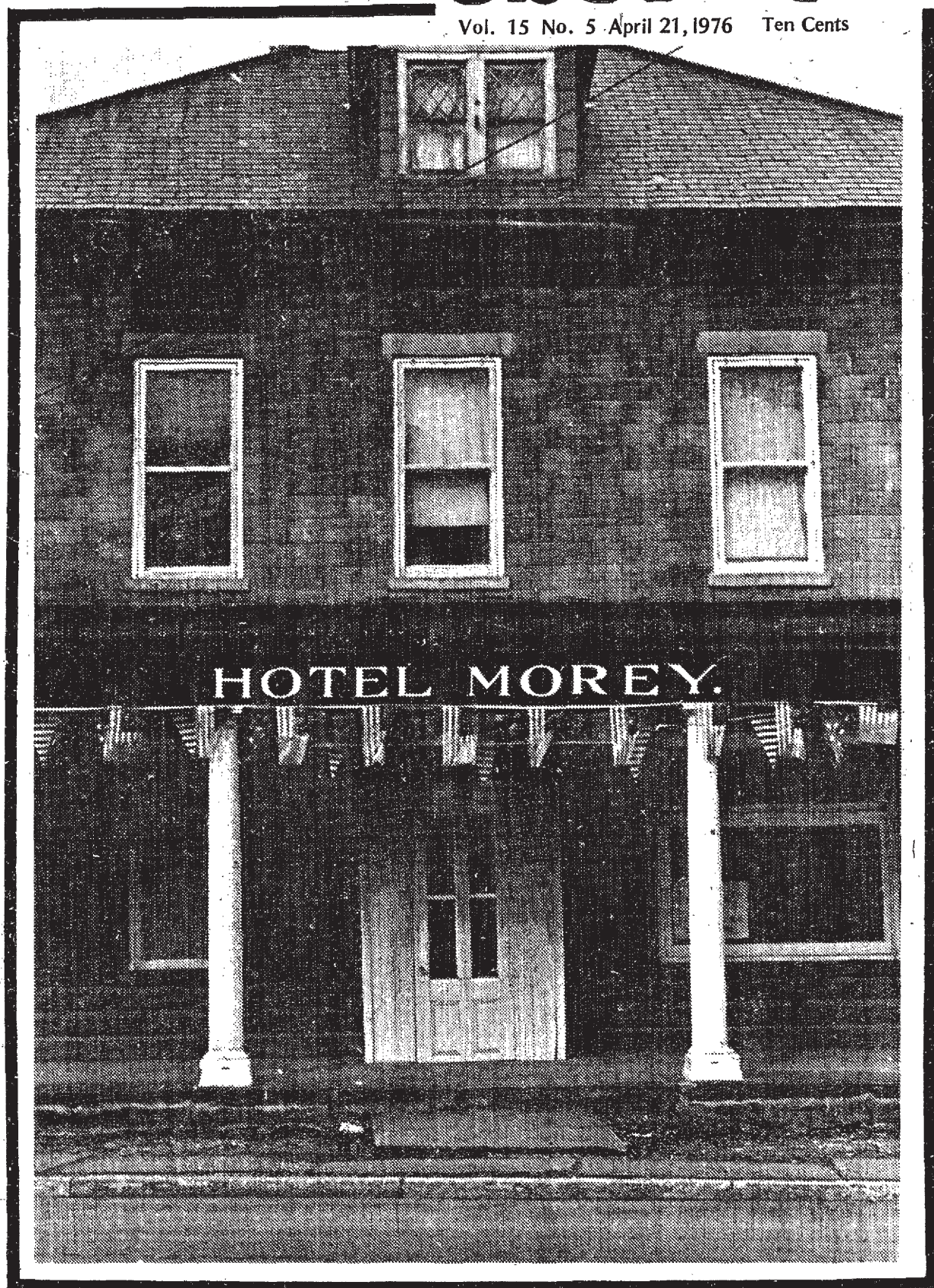
OBSERVER

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observer

Vol. 15 No. 5 April 21, 1976 Ten Cents



THAT WEEKEND IN CAMBRIDGE

On Friday evening, March 19, at Harvard, a panel discussion among Bard President Botstein, Harvard sinologist Edwin O. Reischauer, and career counselor Stephen Fisher kicked off a weekend conference on *A Liberal Arts Education in 1976*. Perhaps a hundred people from colleges throughout the United States heard the three (President John Silber of Boston University was also to have attended but was in an accident) outline their positions in 15-minute opening presentations.

Professor Reischauer led off, suggesting that the current model of the liberal arts is inadequate to a time when foreign powers buffet America. He deplored the fact that an uninformed government could lead an equally uninformed populace into the Vietnam involvement... and eventually leave it, years later, without having learned anything. He suggested that the concept of the liberal arts might well be sliced, not only into such sections as arts and humanities, but into Western and non-Western; and that an introduction to some non-Western societies become a significant aspect of the liberal arts education.

Dr. Fisher demurred, expressing sentiments reminiscent of Caroline Bird's *The Case Against College*. Fisher felt that it was the process itself of choosing among courses, majors and professors, if anything, which constituted the liberal arts education: college was a four-year warm-up for our consumer society. He facetiously noted that the extent that the *liberal arts* refers to the descendant of a Medieval neo-classical tradition, in contradistinction to the monastic occupations of copying sacred texts and calculating the dates of holidays, the liberal arts constituted the triumph of paganism over Western religion.

President Botstein took a startlingly different tack. He suggested that the significance of the liberal arts in contemporary colleges is misleading, since contemporary colleges are very far from adherence to any professed notion of the liberal arts. Fulfilling distribution requirements with courses in Tudor England, geology, and 19th/20th century German poetry does not constitute a liberal arts education. He revived the admittedly unpopular concept of general education, involving a core of courses providing a broad basis for mutual discourse, providing introduction to (hopefully) a sound overview of the origins and values of contemporary life, and preparing individuals for life-long reevaluation and growth. Admittedly taking a radical position to stimulate debate, he suggested that such a core program might be ungraded, freeing students from the distracting pressure to take courses in areas of developed competence or to express accepted views that would cull better grades. Such a core curriculum might involve each student in exploring the ongoing historical process which shapes contemporary understanding, in understanding at more than a *Mickey Mouse level* (his term) modern science and technology (becoming able to evaluate personally, testimony at Congressional hearings and city council meetings), and in actuality experiencing the artistic creative process.

After these opening statements, questions were invited from the audience. The first question, the last, and most in between, were directed toward President Botstein.

In answer to fear of autocratic decisions on the content of the core curriculum, President Botstein suggested that the content might change every few years

to reflect the changing society, and that while the faculty would probably have the major role in defining this core, students would also participate. (This would itself be the type of decision process conceived of by Mr. Fisher as a liberal education.) In answer to an objection by Dr. Reischauer that it would be impossible to include everything which the faculty felt to be critical, Botstein suggested that different schools might have different core curricula. In any event, it would be better to constrict a college's offerings according to some plan or program than, as currently happens, haphazardly.

One student suggested that he had found high school very interesting but his first college required course had put him to sleep. President Botstein answered (with Professor Reischauer's emphatic concurrence) that contemporary high schools are doing a bad job (making much of college remedial) and that this student's good experience is atypical. On the other hand, that his college's required course put him to sleep simply reinforced the opening observation that contemporary practice is a far cry from the liberal arts ideal.

The moderator of the evening suggested that one value of the liberal arts education he sought was to give him the basis for having fun beyond watching the football game on Sunday TV. Botstein amplified that education itself should be fun.

Another student presented the dilemma of dividing time between breadth and depth - the liberal arts versus specialization. Botstein countered that there are many possible mixes, and that graduate schools might be encouraged to liberalize their expectations and not demand entering mini-professionals. Reischauer commented that concentrated work in one area is itself part of a liberal education. The answer might be to lop off the end of high school and begin college earlier.

There were still people wanting to speak when the moderator called for adjournment.

Burton Brody



come even tougher than cracking the gloomy domestic job market for liberal arts graduates. The volunteer agency has been flooded with applicants eager to join a staff that has shrunk steadily since the Peace Corps heyday in 1966.

Nearly 29,000 applications came piling into Peace Corps offices last year from persons looking for jobs in one of the 68 countries receiving volunteers. Administrators were left with the job of throwing out more than 80% of them to round out the 6,400-member staff.

Although requests from developing nations for volunteers has risen, funding for the agency has not. The Peace Corps' budget has shrunk from a peak of \$114 million in 1966 to \$81 million in the 1976 fiscal year. Under pressure to tighten its belt further, the Corps is expecting \$67 million next year.

Along with the budget, the number of volunteers put to work has shrunk since the salad days under President Johnson's Great Society. While 15,000 volunteers filled the ranks in 1966, that number has dropped by about 60 percent over the past ten years.

Would-be volunteers armed with bachelors degrees can expect a hard time cracking the agency. Even though the subsistence living allowance and native housing doesn't seem glamorous, the Peace Corps is asking for, and getting, technicians and skilled laborers to fill the limited number of positions.

While a B.A. graduate with knowledge of French might still be able to find a job with the Peace Corps, the agency has been shying away from unskilled workers in recent years. Architects, nurses, municipal planners and persons with agricultural skills have a chance of finding jobs, while history and English majors are usually left to take their chances on the American marketplace.

In spite of extensive screening, about 15 percent of the Peace Corps staff drop out before finishing their hitch. Like Scharnhorst, who decided that *'I don't regret going into the Peace Corps and I don't regret coming back either,'* they leave for reasons ranging from physical hardships to the lack of liquor and sex.

A volunteer recently returned from Oman said that although her *'group was a good one, three people never showed up in Philadelphia,'* where the group departed from. *'One man dropped out a week after we were in Oman, and one woman dropped out after she heard that liquor and sex weren't readily available,'* the volunteer said.

Of 12 Peace Corps volunteers who went to Oman in 1974, six were left at the end of their scheduled stay, according to the former volunteer who didn't wish to be identified. Rumors have it that the Omani government has been displeased with the staying power of the last group of volunteers and the success of the next group will *'be an important factor in whether or not the Omani government continues to request volunteers,'* the former staff member said.

George Wakiji, a press officer in Washington, said that although the Corps recognizes the attrition problem, in many cases it might be understandable. After a recent survey of Peace Corps projects in Guatemala following the earthquake, Wakiji said he found volunteers working in conditions *'that I don't know if I could have put up with.'*

But with 29,000 applications and a tough domestic job market, there shouldn't be much trouble finding replacements.

Corps in Pieces

(CPS)—Dave Scharnhorst just couldn't take it anymore. The Peace Corps had plopped him down in what might have been a tropical paradise on Tonga Island in the South Pacific. He found later that "the electricity was off after 10:00 p.m. There was nothing to do but go to bed and listen to the rats rustle."

The food was so poor, he claimed, that he and other trainees left their language classes to forage in the jungle for green coconuts to supplement their diet. His roof leaked, there was no running water.

Eventually, Scharnhorst and six or seven of 33 other trainees stationed on the island returned to Washington. But although Washington Peace Corps officials admit that Scharnhorst's living situation was not unprecedented, they've still been turning away applicants in droves.

Finding work with the Peace Corps has be-



Volunteer Prisoners

Each week several Bardians find themselves on the way to prison, yet they don't kick or scream. They go willingly as part of the Community Outreach Program. Each week thirteen interested and capable students visit Green Haven Prison, to help inmates help themselves.

At Green Haven Prison, a city behind walls of 1,600 maximum security convicts in Stormville, New York, the Bard students work in three areas with other volunteers. Their activities are coordinated by the volunteer services office of Green Haven. Susan Schlenger, a Bard graduate, co-ordinates the program for Bard out of the Community Outreach Program. Student's work includes: a) helping publish a poetry-photography book made by the prisoners; b) conducting radio plays in a drama workshop; c) working on matters of parole in the criminal justice workshop. A new *Nu Black Studies* workshop has also been formed to aid prisoners in researching black problems.

This semester's prison program has been developed from last semester's course on the American Penal System, taught by Gene Mason. Mr. Mason, one of President Botstein's dynamic new breed, has been concerned with prisons ever since his jailing (and possible frame-up) in Kentucky, where he was running for office. He is a founder of the Northeastern Prisoners' Association Newspaper, NEPA News. He took last semester's students on field trips to Green Haven. Those still interested stayed on to volunteer at the prison for independent study credit and experience. Although currently Mr. Mason is too busy with riding stables and other things to have the course, he is planning to teach it again in the Fall. It would be a pre-requisite for volunteering at Green Haven.

Susan Schlenger is also recruiting for

volunteers now. She only wants about thirty people in all, and only serious students. No radicals need apply; she thinks that giving the guards the finger will only defeat the purpose. For example, at the moment a mere *alleged attempt to facilitate contrabande* is not helping trust between prison officials and students at all. So there will be a screening of students; later on an orientation given, and discussion for those interested.

The students themselves seem to find the program inspiring. A gulf does naturally exist between them and the prisoners, yet they generally get along well. One Bardie, Peter Pratt, summed up his experience: 'I think going down to Green Haven has been a good experience for all of us. It's done a lot to shatter a lot of myths we live under.' There is the feeling that the prisoners, who so many people forget, are still just people 'like us' - quoting a student quoting a prisoner: 'We've all been screwed in pursuit of the American Dream.'

Those in the program feel it is shaky. They're looking for grants, and not for publicity, and so were wary of a newspaper article. They fear that someone may misinterpret their contact with black militants and separatists. They only want to help, they say, and to get experience needed in order to become good lawyers, or just concerned citizens. Working outside in community matters also makes school less abstract; and the illustrious Botstein is emphasizing involvement with the community. Motivated students work at other places besides Green Haven Prison; with the retarded in Tivoli, the delinquents in Poughkeepsie, and in Ferncliff and Rhinebeck. The rest of us may have complained that school has nothing to do with the real world; but now it does.

Paul Carroll

What is Bard's Future?

On Friday, April 9th, Kelly Polan and I attended the Board of Trustees meeting at the University Club in New York City, along with President Botstein, David Wagner (regular members), Clark Rodewald, and Bernard Tieger (faculty representatives). The meeting began with the President's report, given by Mr. Botstein. It contained the following information.

1) Bard College has been given a two-year grant of \$136,000 by the Lilly Foundation, which is to be used for faculty development. We are now awaiting a matching grant from the Kellogg Foundation for the purpose of institutional development.

2) The college has also been awarded a Venture Grant, which will enable Robert Craft, Hilton Kramer, Stanley Diamond, and John Hawkes to be visiting professors at Bard next fall.

3) The possibility of reinstating the Manhattan String Quartet in residence at Bard is being seriously investigated. (They were in residence here until four years ago.)

4) Enrollment should stabilize for the first time in four years with a total of 650 students by next year. Applications for admission are on a sharp increase, with the acceptance rate averaging from about 85-90%. It was noted that the recruiting efforts of Bard alumni are having a definite, positive influence upon the increase in applications.

5) Bard has obtained the former libraries of Hannah Arendt and Heinrich Bluecher. There will be a colloquium on the works of Ms. Arendt here at Bard, where her body is to be buried.

6) Bard's tuition increase of 8% is on par with the national average for college tuition increase at this time.

7) The commencement speaker for this year will be Robert Coles. During the ceremony, honorary degrees will be presented to



Helen Frankenthaler, Mary McCarthy, Felix Rohatyn, Leonard Mayer, and Ernest Henderson.

8) The Kellogg wing of the library will be completed and open for use at the beginning of next semester.

9) Various campus facilities will be available for rent to outside organizations during the summer months.

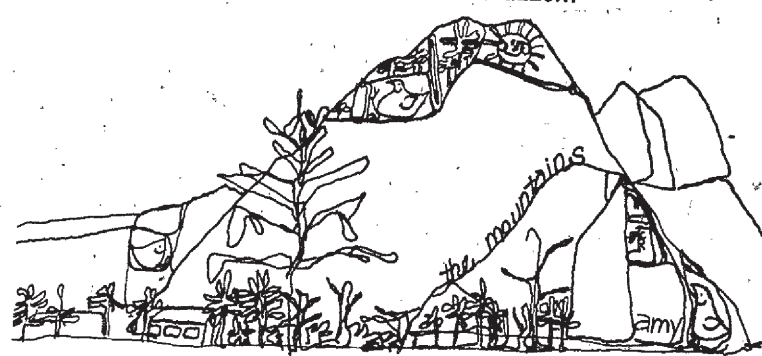
The President's report was followed by reports from the trustee committees. Of these, the most notable was the financial report. It stated that there will be no significant deficit in this year's budget, and the board passed a resolution to accept nothing worse than a break-even budget. Even though money is tight, there is no danger that the college will fold (despite rumors to that effect).

Bard is one of the few schools which allows students to be present at its board of trustees meeting, and we were glad for this opportunity to attend. The meeting was very

interesting and the board members made Kelly and I feel very much at ease. We were given opportunities to offer our opinions as well as listen to the discussions.

If anyone wishes to know more about what took place at the meeting, feel free to contact me. I will be glad to discuss it more fully with you.

Michele Petruzzelli



Local Garbage

Litter isn't the most exciting subject - in fact, it's downright boring. It's also ugly, dirty, and unhealthy. So who needs it?

No one. That's the reason the town of Red Hook is holding its annual Clean-Up Day. On Saturday, April 24th, everyone will be pitching in, with the town providing free garbage bags and road-side pick up. Bard students can participate too. The Clearwater Club is organizing a clean-up along Annandale Road, and its members are hoping to get lots of volunteers. Interested people should meet outside Kline Commons, at 9:30 on the morning of the 24th. Around noontime, there will be refreshments served in Red Hook for all those who help with the clean-up.

Robin J. Carroll



Bikecentennial

BIKECENTENNIAL is seeking people who like people, 1400 of them. As the inaugural tours on the world's first transcontinental bicycle trail fill, the need for capable leaders is more urgent than anticipated. As many as 1000 small groups of 8-12 cyclists including many foreign visitors from Japan, Europe, South and Central America will be requiring the services of competent leaders this summer. In addition to sharing this adventure with many people of widely varied backgrounds, leaders will receive food, lodging and all other tour services, as well as a small daily expense allowance.

Training courses are offered at four centers in Oregon, Colorado, Ohio, and Virginia. The seven-day sessions include classroom and field instruction in bicycling and touring techniques, safety, repair, group dynamics, special bicycle and camping skills, and first aid. Cost, including food, lodging, instruction, books, and materials, is \$75.00.

Tours varying in length from 12 to 82 days offer all who participate a chance to feel America's pulse in this bicentennial year. Bikecentennial, a non-profit, publicly supported organization, can use your talents in bicycling back into America.

For further details on Leadership Training Courses and an application write:

BIKECENTENNIAL
Dept. L.T.P.
P.O. Box 1034
Missoula, MT 59801

A Crime Against Nature?

(CPS)-- In spite of the recent trend expanding the rights of privacy in a person's own home, the Supreme Court ruled recently that privacy does not include the right to engage in homosexual activity.

The high court ruled 6-3 that states may prosecute and imprison people for committing homosexual acts even when both parties are consenting adults and the act occurs in private.

Two anonymous homosexuals had challenged the Virginia laws on homosexuality which fine *crimes against nature*, even by consenting adults, by up to five years in jail and a \$1,000 fine. Although homosexuals concede that few consenting adults are ever arrested for violations of this statute, many believe that laws against homosexuality make it seem like a crime and leave homosexuals open to discrimination in housing, employment, licensing, security clearances and other areas.

The state, in defending its laws against homosexuality, bestiality and certain forms of heterosexual behavior, argued that prohibiting homosexual conduct had an effect on encouraging heterosexual marriage. The Virginia court agreed that it was enough for *upholding the legislation to establish that the (prohibited) conduct is likely to end in a contribution to moral delinquency.*

Homosexual organizations and advocates responded with dismay and astonishment to the Supreme Court decision.

This was a plain simple example of homophobia, the irrational fear and loathing of homosexuals, the executive director of the National Gay Task Force complained. The court has abandoned the logic of the law and its own former rulings involving privacy.

John Grad, one of the two attorneys for the American Civil Liberties Union who argued for the plaintiffs, said they had not even been given the opportunity to present our argument that government has no right to be in anyone's bedroom...

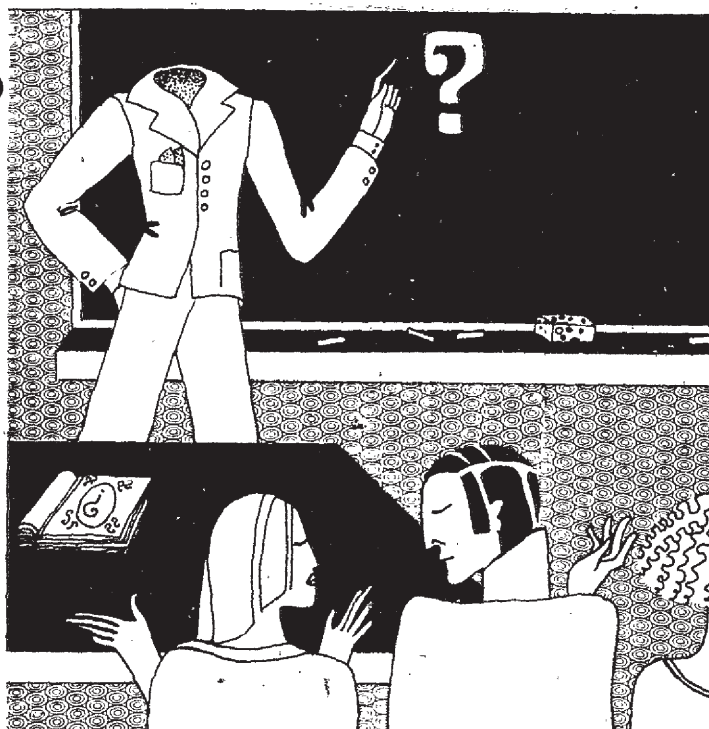
No oral arguments or testimony were heard by the Supreme Court and no opinion was read.

Out of the Closet

(CPS)--A drama professor at the University of Delaware recently lost his job, even though his record was excellent and he was popular with students. But Richard Aumiller's sin outweighed those facts: Not only was he gay, he was an outspoken gay who urged gay students to stop hiding and 'come out of the closet'.

Aumiller's firing, the result of the fact that the University's president did not want to 'read about the bedroom activities' of a faculty member, is only one example of what can happen to professors who dare to admit they are homosexual. Gay profs have been fired simply for coming out, banned from speaking to campus groups, harassed in a myriad of ways. In many cases, they are not allowed to appeal decisions made against them. Gay academicians are still controversial enough that even teacher unions are leery of supporting them too enthusiastically. Then there are those gay teachers who are not fired because they are not allowed to teach to begin with.

By no means are all gay professors discriminated against. But the threat is great enough that most gay professors are still in the closet. The stigma can be so damaging



that even many tenured gay professors are unwilling to come out. A gay professor at Hunter College in New York estimated that one-fourth of the faculty chairing departments are gay. A gay professor who conducted a survey of the nation's English professors found that over 20% were hidden bisexuals or homosexuals.

Many gay faculty members emphasize that their administrations and colleagues either leave them alone or defend them if prejudice shows itself. Administrations have supported gay professors when state legislators have tried to take action against them. Administrators have spoken out against other administrators if they felt a gay faculty member was mistreated.

But many administrators attack gay teachers, often in blatant ways, as in the Aumiller case. The 'real horror', said Martin Duberman, a gay, tenured, well-respected history professor at Lehman College of the City University of New York, lies before tenure. 'There's always grounds for getting rid of someone if you want to. No one's scholarship is A plus.'

'What is really insidious,' Duberman continued, 'is that these administrators are not aware of the depth of their own homophobia (the irrational fear of gay behavior). They really think it is a matter of scholarship which affects them when it is really the fear or knowledge of sexual orientation that repulses them. You almost never find a case where sexual orientation is discussed. But if they know someone is gay, there is an issue.'

Stuart Strenger, chief psychologist at the Emory University School of Medicine, in Atlanta, Georgia, is another victim. Strenger came out publicly in the spring of 1975, in an Atlanta newspaper interview. Shortly afterwards, he learned that his contract would not be renewed, because he had been *uncooperative*.

'My coming out sent shock waves through the University,' said Strenger. 'I represented the mental health profession. I was a healthy role model, but I was challenging the stereotype. I've been doing an extraordinary job, getting raises and praise. I thought the University had more sense to do something so blatant and obvious.'

Both Strenger in Georgia and Aumiller in Delaware attempted to fight their dismissals through their administrations' grievance procedures. They both discovered that they might as well try to swim through a pool full of feathers. The administrations did not even consider their positions as grievable matters. Both professors have had to go outside the campus and into the courts to file suit, being defended by their respective chapters of the American Civil Liberties Union.

Some university administrations, when dealing with a gay professor, show a sudden disregard for scholarship and work quality. The fact that Janet Cooper, a college librarian, had established a program to provide mongoloid and brain-damaged children with library service which attracted international attention, did not keep her from losing her job at a college in Appalachia: She was an *outspoken lesbian*.

Louie Crew, a well-published English professor and outspoken gay activist, re-

ceived unanimous recommendation from a 35-member committee, at American University in Washington, D.C., for an appointment. But the dean overlooked Crew and hired someone who had not received a single vote of confidence. Crew has filed a formal complaint with the Washington Human Rights Commission.

Crew is lucky; in that Washington is about the only area that has a specific law prohibiting hiring discrimination based on sexual preference. In some states, sexual behavior associated with homosexuality is still a felony.

Gay professors have few outlets, other than the courts, through which to fight discrimination. The major teacher unions, which help bargain for faculty-administration contracts, do little to insure that gay professors are protected from hiring discrimination, even though they have all taken stands condemning such discrimination. It appears that only two schools, Long Island University and Pratt Institute -- both private schools -- have contract provisions protecting people from discrimination due to sexual preference. Some faculties may want such provisions in their contract with a university administration, but do not want to jeopardize the contract if the administration resists on this point. At a community college connected with the University of Alaska, the faculty dropped their request for a provision protecting gays when the administration refused to budge.

'I can't conceive of an arbitrator forcing an administrator on that issue,' said Tom Mannix of the National Center for the Study of Collective Bargaining, located at Baruch College in New York. 'It's much too sensitive and controversial to even be appealed in court. If a teacher's choice of lifestyle differs from what is considered normal, and it attracts attention, that person is going to be in trouble. I don't see any consciousness-raising that will change administrators' minds.'

'Most schools,' said another faculty arbitrator, 'haven't developed the courage to deal with discrimination against gays.'

Gay Constitution

We of the Bard Gay Community propose to establish a group, open to the entire college community, that will serve to foster an awareness and understanding between "gays" at Bard, and the Bard community at large. This group can also serve as a "center" to which anyone might come to discuss problems, questions, etc. regarding homosexuality at Bard and/or in general. The B.G.C. hopes to provide current legal and social information on such areas as laws affecting gays, gay organizations, locally, in New York and nationally. The B.G.C. desires to be viewed as a social and educational group.

Meetings of the Bard Gay Community will take place every other week on Monday nights. These meetings can function to plan events sponsored by the B.G.C., to welcome new members or any interested individuals, to discuss our lives as "gays", our present Bard milieu, and society in general. Events sponsored by the B.G.C. might include: lectures by guest speakers, panel discussions, dances, or other social events. To provide funds for these activities, the B.G.C. looks forward to the appropriation of student monies at the next allocation of the budget committee.

The elected officers of the Bard Gay Community are Kathleen Manderville and Peter Kosewski, both serving as co-presidents.

Submitted March 10, 1976 to the Student Senate by The Bard Gay Community.



Don't Follow Leaders

(CPS)— Asking *where have all the radicals gone* is a favorite game among many people. But one of the foremost activist leaders of the sixties does not have time for idle speculation about those days— because these days he is too busy running an election campaign.

Tom Hayden is running for the U.S. Senate in California, challenging the incumbent Democrat John Tunney for the Democratic nomination.

The contest is drawing increasing national attention. Here is a radical who, after many years of attacking and working outside the traditional political structure, is now vying for power within that same system.

Hayden has been in the lead of radical politics for fifteen years, since he co-founded SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) in 1960. SDS grew into the most influential mass-student organization of the decade, with chapters on innumerable campuses.

Hayden later helped plan the massive demonstrations at the 1968 Democratic Convention, and was subsequently a defendant in the celebrated Chicago Seven conspiracy trial. His conviction in that trial was ultimately overturned.

Hayden visited North Vietnam several times, and after American troops pulled out of Vietnam, Hayden protested continued American complicity with the military actions of the Thieu regime when most critics were ready to let the issue die.

The two questions people are asking about Hayden are: Can he win? And will he end up just another compromising politician?

Yes, he can win.

Although the polls show Tunney leading by about 50 percent to 15 percent, more than 25 percent of California's Democrats are still undecided. Hayden claims that more than 30 percent of Tunney's supporters are *movable*.

The Hayden campaign received a tremendous boost when the California Democratic Council, a left-leaning group within the Democratic Party, spurned Tunney's plea for support and overwhelmingly endorsed Hayden.

Moreover, Tunney, who considers himself a liberal Democrat, has been losing support recently for switching stands on issues or not making stands clear. After co-sponsoring a Senate bill for a national health plan with Sen. Edward Kennedy, Tunney decided to oppose the bill, claiming it would cost too much. That action has alienated many older, poorer and minority Californians from the incumbent senator.

But will Hayden become just another politician? That, of course, could only be answered if he won. But one thing he cannot be accused of is vacillating on his views. Unlike most politicians, Hayden has put out an elaborate, lengthy platform. The 268-page platform outlines in detail the proposals which would overhaul America's economic priorities and the role of corporations in government.

Hayden's programs of *economic democracy* call for:

- Break-up of the massive multinational corporations;
- The withdrawal of support of *rotten dictatorships* which benefit U.S. corporations;
- More economic control of companies by the companies' workers;
- Closing tax loopholes for corporations that go to foreign countries to utilize cheap labor—these companies, says Hayden, help contribute to unemployment at home;
- Cutting back defense contracts and the Pentagon's budget, and using that

money to create jobs in fields such as public housing and transportation.

Hayden's programs are tied together with a political philosophy in which vested interests are denied the control of government, and the disenfranchised public—students, consumers, minorities and senior citizens, plays a greater role in decision-making.

The Hayden campaign is a grass roots, *activist* effort. Campaign offices take an active part in influencing state and local issues while at the same time trying to get Hayden into office. A consumer boycott against utility rate increases which would have gone toward investments by Atlantic-Richfield Oil Co. was sparked by Hayden workers. In addition, Hayden campaign offices have been used to support a measure which would limit the development of nuclear energy in California.

In addition to support by students, radicals and minorities, Hayden states that his base of support is widening to include *the people most recently swindled, the people who voted for Richard Nixon instead of George McGovern*.

It is open to question how much Hayden's ideas could be developed into action if he were elected, and how the candidate-himself would develop once he was made Senator. The ideas being voiced are still very radical to most Americans.

But they are being voiced. Loud and clear. In California, the nation's largest electorate is listening with increasing attentiveness to views that not so long ago were held by only a handful.

Seabirds of Isabella

A while ago a friend and I had a conversation about theatre and its relation to the quotidian world, during which time she exclaimed, *The world is so lined with its demanding social codes, stringent and sometimes foolish laws— the theatre is a place where I can totally create my own set of rules thereby determining my own freedom*. That she was an anarchist made her work interesting indeed; however, in David Schechter's Senior Project theatre piece, *The Seabirds of Isabella*, though it is evident to me that theatre may act as an asylum for utterly free expression, it is rigorously guided, shaped and created by the music of Bela Bartok. There is essentially one rule: *All must come from the music*. This semester has been spent working arduously on learning what it means to know the music to such an extent that one can literally move, act from it, making a theatrical event; it is upon this which we concentrate the most energy.

We began working on this piece in cold February, in a dank studio with a sole light, silence, and a quartet of energetic but groping actors; I can

safely say that the progress that has been made is tremendous. There is now a concrete form— Bartok's fourth quartet from which emerges a play of a family of four, each of whose personalities are based upon a character in Jacques Cousteau's special on the seabirds living off the coast of Mexico, and this form is forever being filled out. The script from Cousteau's program is at times incorporated into the piece, as well as many of his observations about the seabirds, which are curiously applicable to humans. This is one of the things explored in this piece with vivid imagination.

It is often the complaint of theatre majors at Bard that there are not enough performances of a piece on which they have worked the better part of a semester. It is clearly evident that the discoveries made by the actors about their work are significantly greater when in performance as opposed to the less formal and pressured atmosphere of rehearsal; this is one reason we shall have twelve performances. Coupled with this fact is the idea that the desire to discover more about the form itself, working from the music within this unique context, is of utter interest to the members of this play.

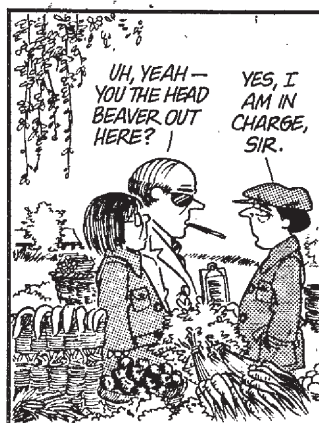
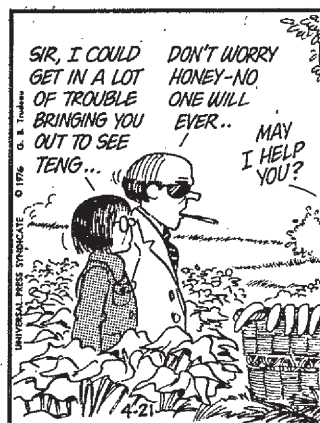
In conclusion, I say only that this piece need not sustain any more of my explications in this form prior to its performances. At this point, it demands an audience to see for themselves what things have been worked on: it is a noble and fascinating effort in the direction of bringing together the significantly distinct worlds of music and theatre into a workable whole.

Performances will be held nightly in the basement of Tremblay, the modular dorm, located directly behind Proctor Art Center at 8:15 p.m. beginning Saturday, May 1 through May 14 except on Tuesdays. We hope that over the span of two weeks the entire Bard community and its friends will be able to come once, though it merits, almost demands, seeing more than once. After the performance, we openly invite and encourage questions and criticism, hopefully over a cup of lemonade.

Mitchell Rabin -



DOONESBURY



by Garry Trudeau

Per Chance to Dream

In journalism, a primary rule of thumb is that one must begin with a lead or a premise if one is to report in a fashion that departs from the realm of pure utility and enters into that of the interesting. In writing for this paper about the recent Bard Theatre production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, a lead is not really to be found. The production was blessed with an attractive setting, pleasant costumes, nice music, and above all, very engaging performances, but it was a production that like this very article lacked a lead, or in terms of theatre, lacked a cohesive direction.

It is not that the Bard *Dream* was badly done; the problem with it was that it was caught up in a particular in-offensiveness indigenous to an animal known as *adequate college Shakespeare*. Had the theatre given us a *Timon of Athens* or a *Winter's Tale*, adequate college Shakespeare might have sufficed as these plays are not often read or performed. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is probably Shakespeare's most popular comedy, and as such, demands a definitive or at least innovative production.

The performers themselves did not suffer from this sort of blandness: Brian Keane provided his audiences with a positively elegant performance as Oberon, while Cassandra Chan as Titania was captivating as she floated about the stage with her curious menage of fairies. Adequacy was inflicted on Keane and Chan where they might have been quite superlative, for they never found a dramatic tension to bridge them. Richard Lopez was an animated Puck who suffered from unimaginative staging: moment after moment, Lopez was left on stage with nothing to do but to strike an attitude and to mug. And how infuriating! Lopez is the only person in recent memory at Bard who could have begun to approach the role, and we saw him insufficiently used.

Enter Peter Quince and his fellow

Mechanicals, and most of the production's overall problems fled the scene. Played boisterously by a tightly-knit ensemble of women, Helen Rennolds and Gigi Alvare *might* have seemed the best of the lot, but then they had more to say than did their cohorts. Caroline Martin as Robin Starveling, a tailor and a man of few words, achieved a level of controlled assaninity that was not to be believed. These six women were remarkable; not only did they handle their given material judiciously, but they also assumed men's roles and characters with agility. Theirs was a successful experiment in caricature broadly conceived. That was the impetus of the total *Dream* performance.

The play ends with a return to the court of Theseus and Hippolyta at Athens. The Athens scenes are stretches of the canvas of the play; they are needed to ground an otherwise totally fantastic play in an accessible reality and thereby they require clear separation from the body of the play.

The Athens scenes were the victims of bad staging and varied diction. We noted that Chris Humes in his role as Lysander had adopted a sort of Leonard Whiting-as-Romeo speech pattern that failed to mesh with Irene Menasche (an extremely effective Hermia) and her Long Island vowels. It is directorial inattention that marred the scenes, that made them resolve less and offend more. In the end it must be said that in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, a very agreeable ensemble of performers suffered for having rehearsed before a critical audience of one who failed to indicate the means by which their agreeable work could become one totally agreeable performance.

Peter Kosewski



A mischievous Puck (Richard Lopez)

Slick Dungarees

BOZ SCAGGS
SILK DEGREES
(COLUMBIA R33920)



Oberon (Brian Keane) and his right hand fairy, Puck (Richard Lopez)

Silk Degrees is the first Boz Scaggs release since his *Slow Dancer* album of two years ago.

The music on this album, best described as disco music, is not surprising given the direction of his last effort. But Boz Scaggs did not grow up in an urban environment. His past would not seem to dictate a congeniality with his kind of music at all. He grew up in Texas, and the first band to make it that he played with was the Steve Miller band in the late sixties. His songs and voice grace most of the only valid recordings the Miller Band made, specifically *Children of the Future* and *Sailor*. A short time after his leaving the band, he recorded an album for Atlantic which was released in 1969. It was recorded at Muscle Shoals, Alabama in a studio which is located on a highway. Quite fitting, since the music seems to be a very polished version of Southern barroom rock. Duane Allman played lead guitar and was joined by the expert sidemen who call Muscle Shoals their home. He wrote almost all the songs on the album, several of which were recorded by people of the caliber of Tracey Nelson and Cold Blood.

Sometime between that first album and the sixth, the latest, he seems to have slowed down. A man will always dance faster if someone is shooting at his feet, and the general acceptance of his music has stopped the flow of bullets.

I don't think you will find anyone else recording these songs. They contain the insistent bass and repeated rhythms which characterize disco music. Because

of a sense of *whole song* acquired in earlier years, his music doesn't fall prey to another disco characteristic - that of basing a whole song on a repeated riff.

No one else will record these songs because there is rarely interpretation within the confines of disco music. A lot of singers fool themselves when they take an established hit of another style and then produce a disco interpretation of it. I mean, what does *You've got the cutest little baby face* have to do with life in the mid-seventies? After the Vietnam war ended, we seemed to have lost a sense of the struggle that accompanies life. Or do we want to forget that struggle at the insistence of the disco song: Life is really boring. One may counter that all the lyrics are concerned with personal relationships such as love and sex, and that it doesn't have to be concerned with the human condition to be valid. Sure, but why is the beat so mechanical if it describes the joy of human interaction? And why does the number one song in the U.S. have lyrics like: *Move it in, move it 'round, disco lady?* In these days of assembly line attitudes why foist it upon your lover?

I can't say this album is overproduced because, within the framework of the music he has chosen to do, he has employed all the trappings that make it that music. I guess I am disappointed that Scaggs thinks he has to make this kind of music when he has shown himself to be capable of much better things.

Robert B. Levers

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observer

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EDITORIAL

We've Got the Balls, Give Us the Shoes

Bard College is not exactly a jock school. We will never play UCLA at the Rose Bowl and the coaches at Penn State lose little sleep over their Hudson Valley competition. Our athlete's needs are basic and simple. They do not demand sauna baths, universal gyms or whirlpool machines. In the case of the Bard Softball team, all they want is to borrow the Athletic Department's soccer shoes so that when they play softball on our cratered playing field they don't fall down. Simple enough? Not so fast there, young fella.

Charlie Patrick, athletic director at Bard College, refuses to allow the softball team to borrow the shoes that the soccer team uses. He says, *the shoes are cleaned and put away and I don't want to have to buy new shoes for next year*. When pointed out that the shoes would receive much more wear and tear during the kicking, racing, soccer season than in more stationary softball games (thus refuting the fact that softball would damage the shoe) Patrick still refused to cooperate with the team's need.

This is truly outrageous. One thing Patrick is overlooking is that the softball team is not merely a choose-up intramural type affair, but a legitimate varsity team.

They play other colleges as well as participating in the Northeastern Athletic Conference championship playoffs. The team practices six times a week and is a solid organization of sincere students serious about the game. They are entitled to every helpful resource that the Athletic Department can offer, and that includes the shoes. The shoes are not a whim of jock ego or vanity, but a vital necessity.

The softball field, more appropriately described as a wartorn battlefield, is chocked full of ditches, bumps and every conceivable obstacle to impair running and fielding. Tripping over grass-hidden holes in the field is becoming more and more common, resulting in a multitude of cuts and bruises. It is only a matter of time before someone seriously injures an ankle or sprains a limb. The rubber-cleated soccer shoes would enormously increase the footing on the field.

Give the team a break, Charlie. The little effort to work out a lending system with the shoes is easily worth the avoidance of embarrassment and injury for the illustrious Bard Beavers throughout the season.



LETTERS

To the Editor:

On Easter Sunday morning, I stumbled out of bed to go to the bathroom, leaving my door wide open. When I returned the door was closed and locked. I asked myself earnestly if in my half-awake state I had actually closed the door myself. By now the unpleasant experience of being locked out of my room had caused an irrevocable stamp on my brain which conditioned me to either leave my door open or take a key, always. No, this time the wind from my neighbor's window had slammed the door. I looked down at myself now aware that all I had on was a threadbare t-shirt, hardly the proper attire in which to visit security. So, I borrowed shorts and a shirt from my neighbor with the culpable windows.

The main point of the letter is arriving. When I got to security the locked door that hid behind it an empty room had a sign posted on it that testified to the idea of security, on Saturday and Sunday, being present therein twenty-four hours a day. This was an obvious untruth. I sat down and waited on the gym steps. I decided not to spend my morning waiting, so I limped off to borrow some shoes. Once I had a pair of sandals, I hiked up the Albee fire escape to the third floor. My windows (due to the heat) were wide open. I stuck one leg in, putting my weight on a chair. I got my other leg in, miraculously man-

aging to do so without throwing over the shelf, precariously balanced on my radiator loaded down with books and bottles.

The last time security wasn't in when the sign said they would be, I wasn't so lucky. After climbing the fire escape, I remembered and observed that my windows were locked. And yes folks, the only way to enter those locked windows was amidst shattered glass. So I climbed down the fire escape, which is much harder and more frightening than going up, said hello to the people in the labs, and sat down in front of security. When the man finally came (one half hour later), I asked why nobody was in the office when the sign said there would be. He looked at me in a nasty way and said, *I'm here*. I said, *Yes, but you're not there*, pointing to the office. The argument was destined to go nowhere. Here comes my complaint, if it hasn't already been obvious. Security should a) be more reliable b) change the hours to fit their actual presence and c) change the sign to read *pot luck*.

Shari Nussbaum

To the Editor:

I am a black man from Detroit, Mich. Have lost all contact with family. I am interested in sharing my thoughts with any female willing to listen.

Thanks for your help.

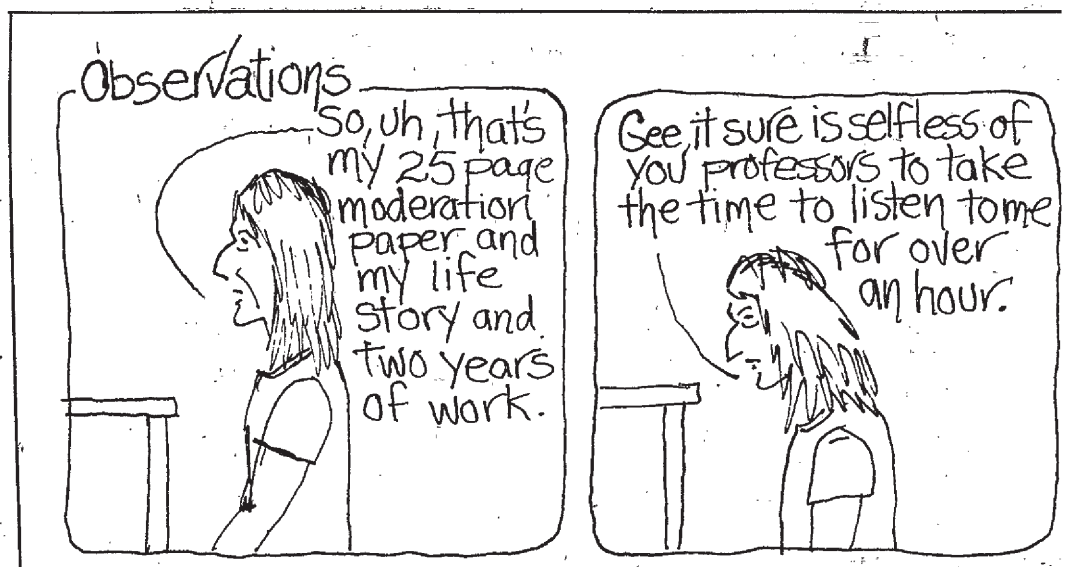
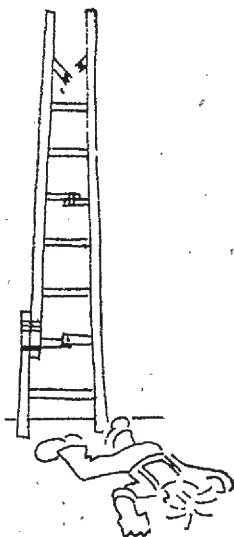
J.D. Perkins
P.O. Box B58929
Soledad, CA 93960

To the Editor:

I wish to ask you the favor of listing my name in the *Observer* as a person who invites correspondence. I am captive in the Green Haven Correctional Facility and I welcome letters from people who are kind enough to write.

Thank you,

Harvey Marcelin
Drawer B-19959
Stormville, N.Y. 12502



Hey Man, Play Some Congoes For Me

The music spills out onto the streets, into the languid tropical night. It comes from a dozen places all at once - from terraces, through open windows. Parties are in progress. What's the occasion? Any excuse will do. Street singers have been called and the stately Spanish colonial houses, which have lost none of their beauty through the decay of years, pulse with an Afro - Cuban beat. A ritual has begun that is old; old as Cuba itself. Faces - white, and as black as coal, the wandering musicians and street singers, keeping alive a tradition of singing to the accompaniment of percussion instruments, disguised in diversity.

The *Lucumi* are descendants of the Nigerian Yoruba. Their *Santeria Lucumi* is a widespread religious ritual that includes singing to the accompaniment



of drums and other percussion instruments - from cow bells to beer bottles to the seat of any chair. This music, which is still played in Cuba today, utilizes the Yoruba drum and the *Bata*, an hour - glass shaped drum held across the knees while the drummer hits both ends. Drums of various sizes are used and it is said that the voices of the spirits speak through the drums. Non - members of the cult cannot be taught to play them. My first experiences with Afro - Cuban rhythms date back to the early sixties while we sat back in our *barrio*, on the stoop, or in the nearest park; envious faces cracking, wishing they could play like those Congeros. In certain New York Latin households, where a considerable amount of the maternal figures are *Espiritistas* (Spiritualists whose Afro - oriented rituals are ancestrally handed down), the children are reared into the cult to later become *Santeros y Santeras*. Their upbringing attunes them to the musical aspects of the religion at an early age, thus giving them advantage over non-occult Conga enthusiasts who are later exposed to this phenomenon at a much later age.

The Afro - Cuban street song derives from African tribal rhythms fused with Spanish melodies. The result is a sensual combination of the two. It all began long ago, first with the tribal music, that dark rhythm which seems rooted in the very soil of Cuba, then the development in the early nineteenth century of

a non-religious Afro - Cuban music, sung in the streets by benefit societies to celebrate such feast days as *El Dia de Los Reyes* (The Feast of the Three Kings). Members of these societies appeared in masks and costumes to sing and dance to music especially composed for them.

The Spanish Guitar was soon added to the African Conga Drum and the great *Latin rhythms* - the Rhumba, the Mambo, the Son and the Conga - spread throughout the world. In the forties and fifties brass was also added, giving it a jazz presence which the audience could relate to at the time. Although today we have electrified and computerized Latin rhythms, diversions whose purposes are solely commercial, the drumming remains true to the Afro - Cuban tradition that initially inspired it.

Through all these changing styles, the unique street singers have continued their tradition. Bands of wandering musicians still ply their trade, and the pure African rhythms, the drum and song, still provide a major source of musical expression in Cuba.

Conga drumming was first introduced in the United States, in the early forties, by Chano Pozo, a Black Cuban two generations from Africa and a native of the Cayo Hueso in Havana, where he was a member of the Abakwa tribe. Chano had been working at the time in big Latin commercial bands and had already composed several Latin hits when Dizzy Gillespie, who had long been mesmerized by the whole Afro - Cuban concept, brought him to the world by featuring him with his band. Present jazz audiences are probably not aware of it, but if they remember Cal Tjader's early sixties hit *Soul Sauce* (*Wachiwara*), they are hearing the Gillespie - Pozo collaboration *Guarachi Guarao*. Chano was killed in a Harlem bar in 1948, but despite his brief career in jazz, he was the dominant influence in Cuban rhythms to all past students of Conga drumming, people such as Mongo Santamaria and Armando Peraza, Chano remains the king.

In the fifties, Latin music began to decline and the authentic Latin bands, once big at such dance halls as the Palladium in the Bronx, and Roseland in Manhattan, played mainly for their own ethnic audience. Jazz audiences in general, dug the sound but were less entranced by the vocals. Prior to this, the United States still had a series of taxes on entertainment which included a night club tax that applied only when there was singing. This inhibited many of the Afro - Cuban bands from using many of the ritualistic

chants that might have otherwise been used. Latin music remained among its ethnic audience throughout the sixties and continued to attract non - ethnic musicians, who till this day, are adding their musical gifts and experiences. Cal Tjader's jazzy, vibro-phonetic riffs can still be heard among such Latin greats as Tito Puente and Charlie Palmieri, brother of the inimitable Eddie Palmieri. I can still say that jazz audiences and potential listeners of *La Musica* are still reluctant to get into Latin music because of the vocals. Some may be stimulated by the *organic - ness* of the rhythmic beat, but shy away because it is foreign to the ear. *Black Latin - ness* may have something to do with it, being euphemistically related to *the ghetto*, a common sharing of experience, paralleling the Barrios of Cuba.

By the way, it is pronounced Congas which stand for the tall, somewhat fat, cylindrical - shaped drums, and you must know what Bongos are. If not, ask Clyde, huh?

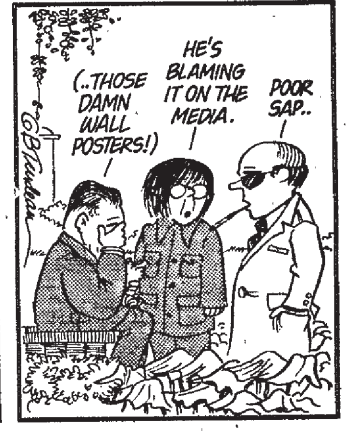
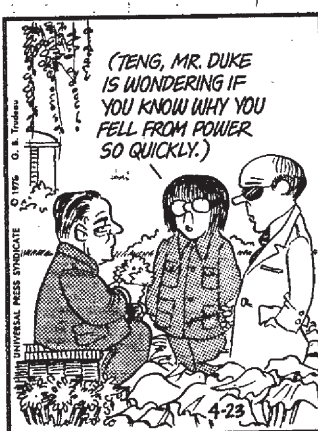
Neftali Martinez

Unclassified Ads



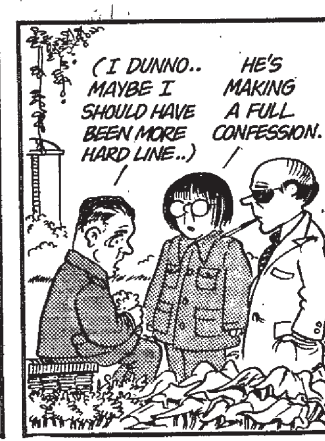
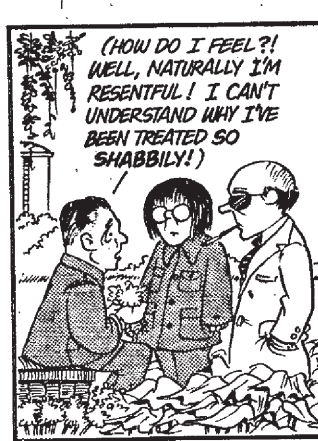
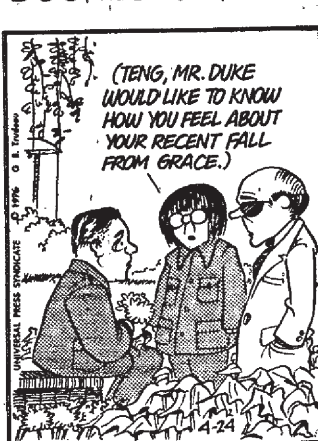
Don't forget to attend the Bard Choir Concert on May 9th and 28th in the Chapel.

DOONESBURY



by Garry Trudeau

DOONESBURY



by Garry Trudeau



ON BROADWAY



Bessie Smith and all that jazz

Me and Bessie

So what do you expect when you send a probable psychologist and a pseudo-pre-med to review the new musical, *Me and Bessie*? Well, last Wednesday night, there we were at the Edison Theater on W47th sitting right in the same seats that Clive Barnes and the New York Times use. All we knew was that this was a musical about Bessie Smith, the greatest of all blues singers, but from the moment we walked into the theater, we knew it was not going to be another *Sound of Music*.

The first thing you notice is that the stage is about as large as the Great Hall in Preston, the set is minimal if not naked, and you think to yourself, *Where the hell are they going to put a 30-piece orchestra?* Then 5 musicians come out and sit directly on the stage, the lights go out, and suddenly your whole brain is bombarded with sound. Linda Hopkins breaks into song, and for the next two hours you are simply royally entertained.

Me and Bessie, written by Will Holt, is essentially two hours of music and dance, broken up by brief spurts of dialogue. There is no plot to speak of, yet it is not really missed. Linda Hopkins undergoes this fabulous transformation into Bessie Smith right before your eyes, and she is well complemented by the other two performers, Thomas

Pollard and Gerri Dean. The actors use the limited stage and set (designed by Donald Harris) beautifully, and the band, led by Howlett Smith, is one of the tightest I've heard along the garbage-filled streets of Broadway. If nothing else, you should go to hear some of the trombone solos. Lighting, costumes, choreography, and direction are all adequate, but nothing spectacular. The show is Linda Hopkins.

Once on stage, Linda Hopkins takes hold of your mind and your senses and never lets go. She glides through the show's 23 musical numbers with a voice that threatens to collapse the walls of the tiny theater. Although a big woman, she moves like no one we've seen, and it is a joy just to watch her perform.

At the start of the show, Linda Hopkins says, *'I ain't Bessie, but there's a lot of Bessie in me.'* Well, we realized this about two minutes into the show. *Me and Bessie* is simply a night of unsurpassed entertainment. It is by far the best musical, both conceptually and graphically, to hit Broadway for a long time, and it should not be missed by anyone who loves the blues, loves Bessie, or loves to be elevated from the everyday dearth of ideas. Go see it, and tell them at the box office Val, Jerry, and Clive sent you.

Jerry Goldberg and Val Nollberg

NEW YORK (LNS) -- Most U.S. Senators who have voted against abortions, called *right to life* by their supporters, have also gone on record voting for capital punishment, a recent survey shows. The same Senators have also voted against food stamps, disaster relief and medical care reforms.

(CPS) -- Joseph Feldman is a voracious reader. So voracious, that over the past ten years, the 58-year-old lawyer has filled his Greenwich Village apartment with 15,000 books from the New York Public Library.

Fireman discovered Feldman's extensive collection when they made a routine check of his apartment after a fire on a lower floor of the building. Books covered his stove, filled the bathtub and sinks and were piled in each room to the ceiling, leaving only a two-foot pathway.

Asked how he got the books out of the library, Feldman said, *In large quantities. Why? I like to read.*

(CPS) -- At private schools where tuition has soared during the past decade, new plans of action for reducing costs to students have been devised by thrifty administrators.

At Franconia College in New Hampshire, cutting tuition almost \$700 a year has put the college's president and its dean of students in the dining hall washing dishes while students try their hands at cooking, running the bookstore, keeping the school's books and recruiting next year's freshman class.

The changes are all part of a radical reorganization which has cut the administrative staff by 40%. The idea, according to Franconia President Ira Goldenberg is to attract students of more modest means (although tuition is still \$4,985 a year) and help the college break even financially next year.

More important, Goldenberg claims, is starting to take the concept of community seriously. *Even if we were in fat city, we would be doing the same thing.*



(CPS) -- Another Guinness world record hit the dust this year when a former Ohio State University student stayed awake for 300 consecutive hours. The former record, held by a South African housewife, was an unbroken 282 hours and 55 minutes of wakefulness.

A disappointed Eric Steed climbed into bed after the 12½ day ordeal claiming that he hadn't *(got) to the other side yet*. Steed did not elaborate on what the other side was but he said his reasons for undergoing prolonged sleeplessness was that he was curious about other states of awareness.

Steed wasn't able to get much accomplished during his 300 waking hours other than stare at a live television set and drive around while playing with his citizen's band radio. He tried to read and write but after a few days he gave up on those activities.

Warmer weather may bring Steed out for another try at breaking his own record. *I feel confined -- doing this in winter*, he said. *Other than going for a drive in my car, I've been watching the same walls melt for a long time. It gets a little boring.*

(CPS) -- Jim Collins has a head for music. The British Air Force officer can bang out *Rule Britannia*, *Deutschland Uber Alles*, and *Onward Christian Soldiers* with the best of them. But unlike musicians using more conventional instruments, Collins plays his music by beating a nine-inch wrench against his head.

He claims that he discovered his musical talent when he banged his head into another man's during a rugby match. It was the first time, he says, that his head produced a clear musical note.

People who hear me think I need to have my head examined, Collins said, *but I don't even get a headache after a musical session.*

(ZNS) -- A Utah sociology professor, who mailed out 600 Christmas cards to complete strangers says he received replies from persons who said they remembered his father and some who stated that they wanted to spend their next vacation with the professor and his family.

Philip Kunz of Brigham Young University says he picked out the 600 names and addresses at random. He then mailed the strangers cards signed either "Dr. Phil Kunz and family," or simply "Phil and Joyce."

A number of people wrote back saying how warmly they remembered "Phil"; one wrote, *We miss your father*, another said *We see so little of you anymore.*

Looking for Miss Rossner

Here is a book that asks the perennial question, *Can a naive but promiscuous grammar school teacher with deep emotional scars find true happiness as a barroom pickup?* - and almost gets away with it. The best-seller *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* (by Judith Rossner) is surprisingly a cut above the breed of novel which is currently taking over the market, despite its flaws.

The plot traces a young woman's experiences in New York City with her family and her lovers. There are flashbacks to her childhood; there are painfully cliché situations; there are unnecessary preoccupations with drugs and sex. Yet one thing saves the novel from being classified along with other cheap sensationalist trash: the authoress has insight.

No matter how I may react to the plot, Miss Rossner possesses a talent I cannot dismiss; the talent of understanding people. The characterization is complex, vital, inescapably believable. The workings of the main character's mind are so real that I am tempted to call the book an autobiography - except that no one can write about himself with such unadulterated honesty.

Most books fail because the characters are hollow, unmotivated and inconsequential. Despite Miss Rossner's ability to avoid this, she fails in her construction of the plot. The reason for this does not seem to lie in any actual ineptitude on the part of the authoress, but rather in the expectations of the reader which she is attempting to satisfy. Obviously, her book has achieved what she intended by climbing to the top of the best-seller list, but the fact that it was sensationalized for that reason depresses me; does this end justify the means?

In the same way that Jacqueline Suzzann possessed a phenomenal ability to construct plots, Miss Rossner has the rare talent to create *people*, not stiff characters. Yet both felt the need to cater to the corner-diner, ham-on-rye, National Enquirer crowd. This, I believe is largely due to the specifications of the publishers; most simply won't print what they feel is unappealing to the general public. (It is their *opinion of the general public* which worries me.)

Throughout the scope of the present media, we are being barraged with sophisticated lunacy: ideas which would bore a five-year old, that are coming from adult mouths in the guise of intelligence. This is evident in our television game shows and soap operas, current exploitive movies, and especially advertisements which appeal to

the mindless moron which *Those Who Know* believe exists inside us all.

So what has this to do with *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*? Basically, this current policy of producers, publishers, etc. is inhibiting the development of any real and lasting creation; by making public only the efforts which contain plenty of cheap thrills, they are forcing those with a real talent to either adulterate it with sensationalism or remain unheard. Thus not only the art and artist suffer, but so also the public, which is forced to plough through the masses of garbage produced in order to find anything of value.

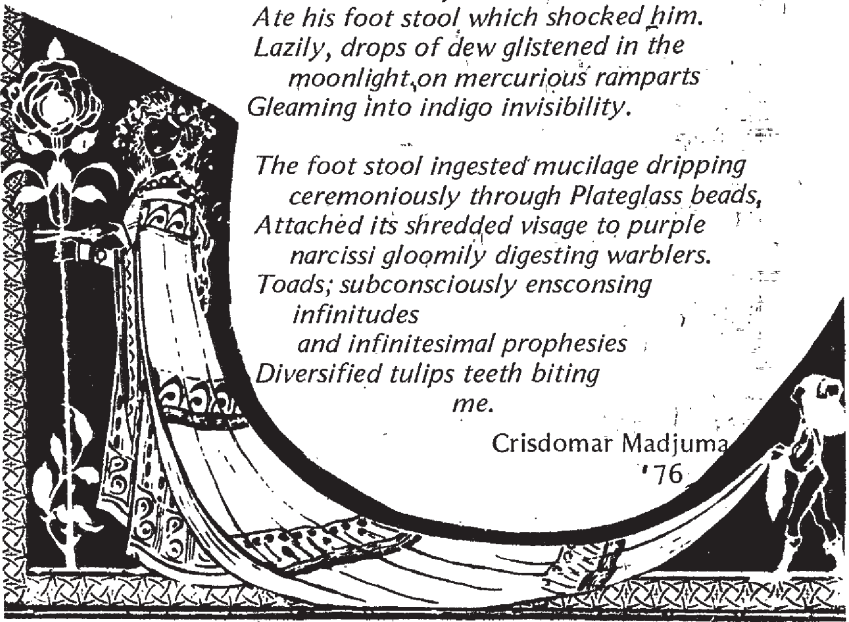
I would really like to see what kind of work people such as Miss Rossner could do if they did not have to kow-tow to such ridiculous standards. . . . Perhaps if they were given the opportunity to write what they wished, literature in the true sense would no longer be thought of as strictly a thing of the past.

Shelia Spencer

Once upon a time, a toad awoke and found that a yellow warbler Ate his foot stool which shocked him. Lazily, drops of dew glistened in the moonlight on mercurious ramparts Gleaming into indigo invisibility.

The foot stool ingested mucilage dripping ceremoniously through Plateglass beads, Attached its shredded visage to purple narcissi gloomily digesting warblers. Toads; subconsciously ensconsing infinitudes and infinitesimal prophesies Diversified tulips teeth biting me.

Crisdomar Madjuma '76



Youth Hostels

AMERICAN YOUTH HOSTELS, INC., DELAPLANE, VA - MARCH 24, 1976-- Looking for some inexpensive fun this Summer? Consider an American Youth Hostel membership.

AYH, which promotes hiking, biking, canoeing --- in fact, any mode of traveling *under your own steam*, is a non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political organization that is the answer to every outdoor enthusiast. Yearly membership is only \$11 for adults 18 and over, and \$5 for those under 18.

There are some 4,500 hostels (simple, overnight places to stay) around the World where you can sleep and cook for about \$2 a night. There are 151 in the U.S.

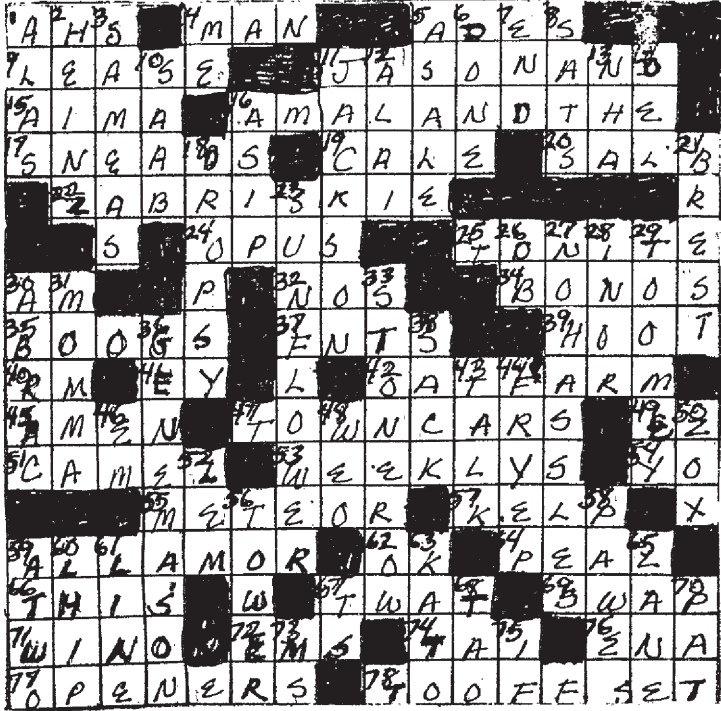
AYH has 31 area councils scattered throughout the U.S. Each of these councils lists clubs in its area and schedules one-day, weekend and longer trips for specialized groups whether their interest is in hiking, biking, skiing or any of the *outdoor activities* --- even caving.

For information about AYH membership and activities, write to American Youth Hostels, Inc., Delaplane, VA 22025, or contact one of these AYH Area Councils:

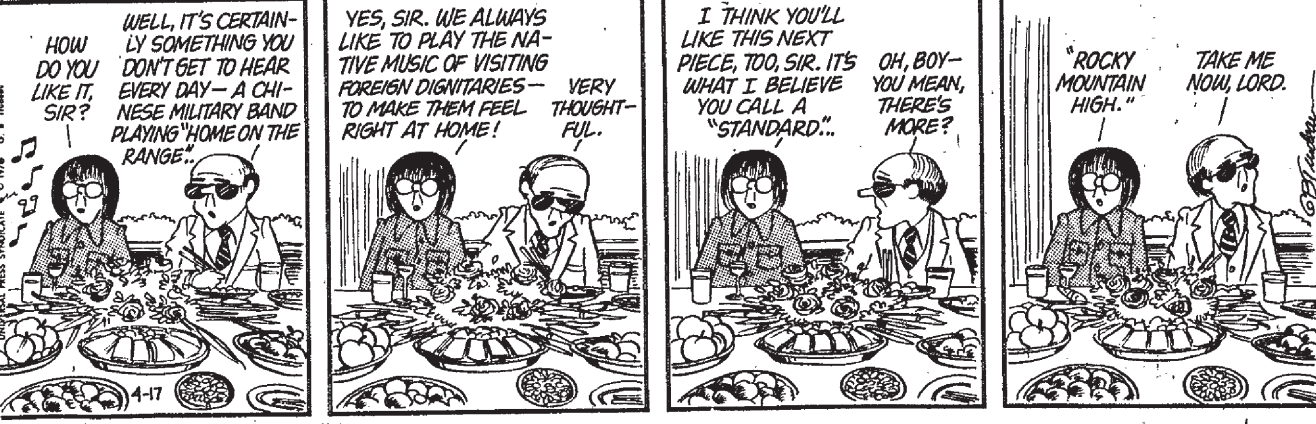
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- MINNESOTA - Minnesota Council, Box 9511, Minneapolis, MN 55440, (612) 336-2594;
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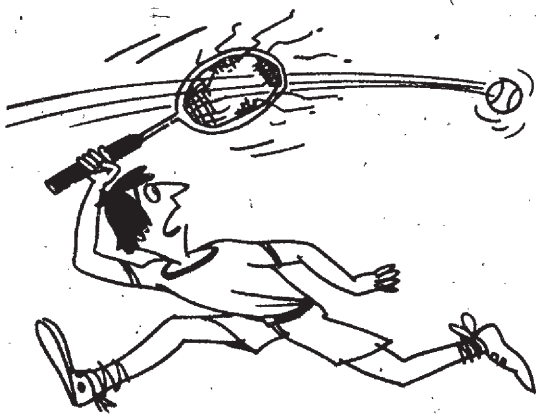
ANSWERS TO NO. 2



DOONESBURY



SPORTS



VARSITY TENNIS

On April 14th, the tennis team faced Vassar College, for the first match of the season. Vassar defeated a strong, but young, Bard team, 4-2.

Two days later, Bard faced a strong Marist College and lost, 9-0. Coach Charles Patrick commented after this match that everyone had played badly. With the season still quite young, the Bard tennis team could still turn it around and have a winning record. Good luck in future matches.

INTRAMURALS

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL

Results of 2nd Semester Championship Game
Brew's Crew - 52 — Italian All-Stars - 50

GRAND CHAMPIONSHIP GAME
Thursday, April 22nd — 8:00 PM
Faculty (1st Semester Champs) vs.
Brew's Crew (2nd Semester Champs)

Season's Roundup

Now that the basketball season is over I would like to take the opportunity to thank all the members of our community for their support of the team this year. Everyone connected with the team appreciates and responds to the vocal crowd we get at our home games. I have often heard in the past that Bard athletics are not given the recognition and support that varsity athletics are given at other schools. I think that I can speak for our team and state that they did not feel that way this year. We are already looking forward to next year and it is our hope that we can improve on our 6 win and 8 loss record of this season. The table below represents our season statistics.

By the way I have not received much of a response in the contest to find a name for the basketball team. Send your suggestions through campus mail to Box 34. Remember the prizes being offered. First prize, two tickets to all home games (front row seats); second prize, two dollar gift certificate for any item in the used book store; third prize, light lunch in the faculty dining room; fourth prize, full lunch in faculty dining room.

Coach Levine

1975-1976 BASKETBALL STATISTICS

Player	Games	Rebounds	Assists	Field Att	Goals Made %	Free Att	Throws Made %	Pers. Fouls	Total Points	Average
Forrest, C.	13	166	42	198	87 43.9	75	35 43.9	38	209	16.1
Pouchie, S.	14	46	34	182	93 51.0	26	13 50.0	45	199	14.2
Robinson, W.	14	69	18	185	86 46.4	28	17 60.7	49	189	13.5
Moss, B.	14	95	18	138	55 39.8	29	10 34.5	43	120	8.6
Abreu, A.	14	21	9	152	53 34.8	21	9 42.8	32	115	8.2
Joseph, D.	6	18	3	26	13 50.0	6	4 66.7	9	30	5.0
Valazquez, T.	14	36	6	64	20 31.2	14	6 42.8	28	46	3.3
Irizarry, R.	14	8	9	55	19 34.5	6	3 50.0	18	41	2.9
Hill, D.	14	41	1	28	14 50.0	11	5 45.4	26	33	2.4
Clark, D.	7	5	1	16	6 37.5	6	0 00.0	5	12	1.7
Goodman, N.	14	6	1	10	2 20.0	0	0 00.0	6	4	0.3
Vahanian, J.	10	3	2	6	0 00.0	4	2 50.0	8	2	0.2

FRISBEE CONTEST

Hear ye, hear ye: To all of you after dinner frisbee freaks. The *Observer* will be sponsoring the first annual *Bard College Frisbee Championship*, on April 28 at 6:45 p.m., in front of the Dining Commons. Contestants will be judged in the categories of distance, accuracy, trick throws and form in catching. First prize will be a six pack of the beverage of your choice.

The deadline for the Frisbee Championship application is Saturday, April 24. No applications will be considered after that time. All applications should be sent to the *Observer* via campus mail. No more than ten contestants will be accepted, therefore the earliest entries will receive preference for selection.

Notification of selection and the official regulations for the tournament will be sent to the participants on Monday, April 26 via campus mail.

All entries must be students of Bard College and have access to a frisbee for the tournament.

Application for Bard Frisbee Contest

Name _____

Dorm _____

How long have you played frisbee? _____

Is this your first frisbee tournament? _____

If not, what others have you been in? _____

This application must be received no later than April 24.

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SPORTS



Russell Shane scores at the plate just beating out the Frank Salamon tag.

The Greatest Baseball Player

(CPS)-- A Massachusetts researcher has come up with an answer to the never-ending question of who is baseball's greatest player. The answer is not Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, or Ted Williams but rather Louis Sockalexis. Louis Sockalexis?

Sockalexis, according to researcher Emmanuel Levine, was considered by many of his contemporaries as the ballplayer's ballplayer. *Louis Sockalexis had the most brilliant career of any man who ever played the game*, said legendary Detroit Tiger manager Hughie Jennings, who was Ty Cobb's boss from 1907 to 1921. *He should have been the greatest player of all time*, continued Jennings, *greater than Cobb, Wagner, Lajoie, Hornsby or any of the other who made history for the game*.

Sockalexis played for the old Cleveland Spiders in the National League from 1897 to 1899. An outfielder, he once held an opponent to a triple by pegging the catcher a perfect, 414 foot strike. At his first major league time at bat, *Deerfoot of the Diamond*, as he was called, smacked a curve ball far into the Polo Ground's bleachers, just the first of many extra base hits.

Sockalexis was a full-blooded Indian of Maine's Penobscot tribe and that fact almost prevented him from ever donning a baseball uniform. His father, angered at his son's hankering

for the sport of white man, paddled his canoe down the Atlantic Coast to Washington to ask Great White Father Grover Cleveland permission to make his son a chief. The strategy was that Louis' time would be taken up with affairs of the tribe. But Louis sniffed out the plot and by the time his father returned, he had left for Holy Cross College and its baseball team.

Sockalexis' career was cut short in 1898 when his ankle was crushed while saving a baby trapped in a runaway carriage. In 1915, the American League's new Cleveland franchise named their team the Indians, in Deerfoot of the Diamond's honor.

SPORTS BRIEFS

The Annandale Dome Sports Complex will not be completed by May, 1977. The dome, complete with indoor track, football field and stables has been the victim of consistent vandalism. Program developer, Theo Jolosky, suggested the possibility of instituting a mandatory dome deposit.

VARSITY SOFTBALL

Sat., April 24th, begins the 1976 softball season, with a single game away, against Holy Cross. The schedule will consist of fourteen games including five doubleheaders.

The team looks very strong this year, with many veterans returning from last season. For Saturday's game, here is the starting team:

First Base	Phil Carducci
Second Base	Jeff Watnick
Shortstop	Scott Porter
Third Base	Jon Fain
Left Field	Mark Callahan
Center Field	Harry Harmon
Right Field	Steve Ringler
Shortcenter	Bill Althoff
Catcher	Frank Salamon
Pitcher	Eric Weisman

Game time is 2:00 PM at Holy Cross, in Rhinecliff. Cars will leave gym at 1:15 PM. Also, Sunday, April 25th, is the first doubleheader of the season, at home, against Vassar. Game time is 12:30 PM. Starting line-ups will be announced prior to the beginning of the game.

1976 VARSITY SOFTBALL SCHEDULE

Sat. Apr. 24	Holy Cross	2:00	A
Sun. Apr. 25	Vassar (2)	12:30	H
Sat. May 1	NE Athletic Conf. Tour. (2)	10:00	A
Sun. May 2	Holy Cross	2:00	H
Thu. May 6	Annandale Hotel	6:00	H
Sun. May 9	Steiners (2)	1:00	H
Sat. May 15	Faculty	2:00	H
Sun. May 16	Steiners (2)	1:00	A
Sat. May 22	Saga (2)	1:00	H

In the market for used sports equipment? Our very own food service, SAGA, will be running a sale on various athletic equipment. Among the items will be squashballs, bits of malliabile rubber, chlorinated water and patches of pig skin. Jim Gavin, SAGA food manager, says, *just see me after we serve dinner.*

The newest varsity sport at Bard is soon to be Varsity Waterfalling. Since the NAC does not officially recognize this sport, it will most likely remain intramural. Commenting on the new sport, Athletic Director Charles Patrick was very up on the idea. *I think that's a real good idea*, said Goodtime Charlie, *this way them young fellers won't be able to walk off with all my athletic shorts*. This feeling was not echoed by Varsity Club President Phil Carducci, who complained, *But where are they going to put their varsity letters?*

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