THAT WEEKEND IN CAMBRIDGE

On Friday evening, March 19, at Harvard, a panel discussion among Bard President Benjamin, Harvard sinologist Edwin O. Reischauer, and career counselor Stephen Fisher kicked off a weekend conference on "Arts and Liberal Arts Education in 1976." Perhaps a hundred people from colleges throughout the United States heard the three-President Benjamin of Boston University was also there to have attended by itself in an accident that outline their positions in 13-minute opening presentations.

Professor Reischauer led off, suggesting that the current mix of liberal arts is inadequate to a time when for an informed citizenry. He pointed out the fact that an uninformed government could lead an equally uninformed populace to the Vietnam involvement... and eventually leave it, years later, without having learned anything. He suggested that the concept of liberal arts might well be sliced, not only into such sections as arts and humanities, but also into Western and non-Western fields. Of that in connection to some non-Western societies became significant more of the liberal arts education.

Dr. Fisher, demured, evocative sentiments reminiscent of Caroline Bird's. The Canoe Against College. Fisher felt that it was the process of choosing among courses, major 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 relates to the desiccant of a Meade and is more a kind of integration, in contradiction to the monastic occur, of copying sacred texts and calculating the dates of holidays, the liberal arts constituted the triumph of paganism in an overWestern religion.

President Botstein took a startlingly different position. He suggested that the significance of the liberal arts in contemporary colleges is misleading, since contemporary colleges are very far from adorned to any professed notion of the liberal arts. He distributed its requirements with courses in Tudor English and 19th/20th century German poetry. He recognized an admittedly unpopular concept of general education, involving a core of courses reflecting a broad base for mutual discourse, providing introduction to 20th century and a sound overview of the origins and values of contemporary life, and preparing individuals for life-long revaluation and growth.

Admittedly taking a radial position to stimulate debate, he suggested that such a core program might be unattractive, freeing students from the inhibiting pressure to take courses in areas of developed competence or to express their views that would cull better grades. Such a core curriculum might involve each student in exploring the ongoing historical processes which shape contemporary understanding, in so-called "Michy 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.

In answer to fears of authoritarian 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 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 pertinent, Botstein suggested that different schools might have different core curricula. In any event, it would be better to construct a college's offerings according to some plan or program than, as currently happens, hap hazardly.

One student suggested that he had found school very interesting but his first college required course had put him to sleep. President Reischauer answered (with Professor Reischauer's emphasis on parallel) 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 core 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 mixtures, and that graduate schools might be encouraged to liberalize their expectations and not demand entering minimal professionals. Reischauer commented that concentrated work in one area is itself part of a liberal education. The group might hope to log 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

Corps in Pieces

(CPS)-Dave Scharnhorst just couldn't take it anymore. The Peace Corps had dropped 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 at 10:00 p.m. There was nothing to do but go to bed and listen to the rats raid.

The food was so poor, he claimed, that he and other trainees left their cooking 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 39 other trainees stationed on the island returned to Washington. But although Washington Peace Corps officials admitted that Scharnhorst's living situation was not unprecedented, they've still been turning away applicants.

Finding work with the Peace Corps has been come easier than snatching the glumly domestic job of a hired hand among the arts graduates. The volunteer agency has been flooded with applicants eager to join a staff with work steadily since the Peace Corps heyday in 1966.

Nearly 29,000 applications came piling into Peace Corps offices last year from people looking for jobs in one of the 68 countries receiving volunteers. Administrators were still so busy throwing out more than 80% of them to round out the 16,000-member corps.

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 promises to increase its belt further, the Corps is expecting 67 million more next year.

Along with the budget, the number of volunteers put to work has shrunk since the salaried days under President Johnson's Great Society. While 13,000 volunteers filled the ranks in 1966, that number has dropped by about 50 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 training have a chance of finding jobs, while history and English majors are usually left to take their chances on the American market.

In spite of extensive screening, about 15 percent of the Peace Corps' staff drop out before finishing their bitches. Like Scharnhorst, they decide they can't take the Peace Corps and I don't regret coming back through either; they leave for reasons ranging from physical hardship 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 initialed and one decided he was sick of their scheduled stay, according to the former volunteer who didn't wish to be identified. Rumors have it that the Oman government has been dissatisfied with the staying power of the Peace Corps volunteers and the success of the next group will be an important factor in whether or not the Oman government continues to request volunteers,' the former staff member said.

George Wakkul, a press officer in Washington, said that although the Corps recognizes their problem, more information might be understandable. After a recent survey of Peace Corps projects in Guatemala following the earthquake, Wakkul said he found volunteers working on conditions that 'I don't know if I could have put up with.'

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

Each week several Bailiffs 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 office of Green Haven. Susan Schlegler, a Bard graduate, coordinates the program for Bard out of the Community Outreach Program. Student’s work includes: a) helping publish a poetry newsletter by the prisoners; b) conducting radio plays in a drama workshop; c) working on masters of parole in the criminal justice workshop. A new No Black Studies workshop has also been formed to aid prisoners in researching black problems.

This semester’s program has been developed from last semester’s course on the American Penal System taught by Gene Mas- son. Mr. Mason, one of President Bostic’s dinner guests, has been concerned with prison issues ever since his jailing (and possible frame-up) in Kentucky, where he was running for office. He is a founder of the Northern Prisoner’s Association Newspaper, NEPA News. He too took last semester’s students on field trips to Green Haven. Those still interested are asked to come to the prison for an independent study credit and enrollment. Although currently Mr. Mason is too busy with federal court case to attend, he promises to e-mail us a prerequisite for volunteering at Green Haven.

Susan Schlegler is also recruiting for

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 Bostic, David Wagner (regular member), Clark Rodey, and Bernard Tie- gel (all not represented). The meeting began with the President’s report, given by President Bostic. It contained the following infor- mation:

1) Bard College has been given a two- year grant of $136,000 by the Lilly Foundation, which is to support the college’s 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 Man- hattan 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 ad- mission 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’s six alumni libraries of Hannah Arendt and Henriech Bluecher. There will be a colloquium on the works of Mr. 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 increases at this time.
7) The commencement speaker for this year will be Robert Coates. During the cere- mony, honorary degrees will be presented to

Local Garbage

Litter isn’t the most exciting sub- ject—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 26th, everyone will be picking 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 Amenia Road, and its members are hoping to get lots of vol- unteers. Interested people should meet outside Kline Commons, at 9:30 on the morning of the 24th. Around noon-time, 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 inau- gural tour of 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, and the services of competent leaders this summer. In addition to sharing the beauty of many people of widely varied backgrounds, the trip will also include lodging and other tour services, as well as a small daily expense allowance.

Training courses are offered at four cen- ters 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 fire and 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 is a non-profit, publicly sup- ported organization, can use your talents in bicycling back into America. For further details on Leadership Training Courses and an application write:

BIKECENTENNIAL
D.P.O. Box 1034
Mossola, MT 59901

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. Everyone 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 Petruzelli
Acme 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 sided 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. John Geer, one of the two men, wrote a letter to the Supreme Court, saying that the law was too vague and didn't prohibit him from making an honest living.

The state, in defending its laws against homosexuality, cited the difficulty of proving homosexual acts even when both parties were consenting adults and the act occurred in private.

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, saying. The court has abandoned the logic of the law and its own former rulings involving privacy.

John Geer, 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 their 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 firing was something of a mixed bag. It is only one example of what can happen to professors who dare to admit being gay or homosexual. Gay professors 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 and lesbian librarians are still controversial enough that even teacher unions are leery of supporting them too enthusiastically. Then there are gay students who are not fired because they are not allowed to teach to begin with.

By no means are all gay professors disciplined against. But the threat is great enough that most gay professors are still in the closet. The stigma can be so damaging that even tenured gay professors are unwilling to come out.

A gay professor at Hunter College in New York estimated that one-fourth of the faculty teaching at Hunter College 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 legislatures have tried to take action against them. Administrators have spoken out against other administrations 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 orange," said a gay professor at New York University, "is that the administration is allowing this to happen."

What is really ironic, a professor at Georgia State University, said, "is that these administrators are not aware of the depth of their own homophobia. They're too afraid to even talk about it. They think that if they talk about gay issues, they will never be able to do their job.

Out of the Closet

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 in general. The B.G.C. desires to be viewed as a social and educational center.

Meetings of the Bard Gay Community will take place every first and third 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 Peter Kosowski, both serving as co-presidents,
Don't Follow Leaders

(CPS)——Asking where have all the radicals gone is a favorite game among many people. But one of the foremost activities 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 defiant in the celebrated Chicago Seven conspiracy trial. His conviction in that trial is now in abeyance.

Hayden visited North Vietnam several times, and after American troops pulled out of Vietnam, Hayden added continued American complicity with the military actions of the Thieu regime when most radicals 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 five 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 malleable.

The Hayden campaign received a tremendous boost when the California Democratic Council, a left-leaning group within the Democratic Party, spanned 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 his liberal support.

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 reatenn 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 so successful that the pressure 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 can be developed into action if her were elected, and how the candidate himself would develop once he was elected. 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 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 ardously 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 Costeau's special on the seabirds living off the coast of Mexico, and this form is forever being filled out. The scripts from Costeau'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 explanations in this form prior to its performances. At this point, it demands an audience to see for themselves what things have been worked out. 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 Sundays. We hope that over the span of two weeks our entire Bard community and its friends will be able to come once, though it may be difficult to accommodate everyone, and see one performance more than once. After the performance, we openly invite and encourage questions and criticism, hopefully over a cup of lemonade.

Mitchell Rubin

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 insensiveness 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 Mandrasis. Brian Keane provided his audiences with a positively elegant performance as Oberon, while Cassandra Chinn as Titania was captivating as she floated about the stage with her curious menace of fairies. Audacity was inflicted on Keane and Chinn 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 Mechanics, and most of the production’s overall problems find the scene. Played boisterously by a tightly knit ensemble of women, Helen Reynolds and Gigi Alvaro might have looked the best of the lot, but then they had a chance to say than did their cohorts. Caroline Martin as Robin Starveling, a tailor and a man of few words, achieved a level of controlled asassiinity 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. Their 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 direction. 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 Menache (an extremely effective Hermia) and her Long Island vowels. It is a directorial foist 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 re-heard before a critical audience of opes who failed to indicate the meaning by which their agreeable work could become one totally agreeable performance.

Peter Kosewski

Slick Dungarees

Silk Degrees is the first Boz Scagg’s 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 Scagg’s 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 brutes. I don’t think you will find anyone else recording these songs. They contain the insistent bass and revealed 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 bassing 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 caterer 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 songs? 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 on, move it along, disco lady? In these days of assembly line attitudes why is it that there is a future 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 music. I guess I am disappointed that Scags thinks he has to make this kind of music when he has shown himself to be capable of much better things.

Robert B. Levers
**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. Now, 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 had 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 Albay fire escape to the third floor. My shoes (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 managing to do so without throwing over the shelf, precariously balanced on my raquet 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 yet 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 post lock.

Shari Nussbloom

E **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, you fellas.

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 (time proving 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 choice-up intramural type affair, but a legitimate varsity team.

They play other colleges as well as participate 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 war torn battlefield, is chock full of ditches, bumps and every conceivable obstacle to impede 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 leg. 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.

To the Editor:

I am a black man from Detroit, Michigan. 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 BS8929
Solead, CA 93600

To the Editor:

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

Thank you,

Harvey Marcellin
Drawer B-19859
Spornville, N.Y. 12502

Page 6
Hey Man! Play Some Congos 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 event 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, pulsate 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 song to the accompaniment of percussion instruments, disguised in diversity.

The Lucumi are descendants of the Nigerian Yoruba. Their Sama'nta Locumi is a widespread religious ritual that includes singing to the accompaniment of drums and other percussion instruments. Drumming is also the heartbeat 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 visions of the spirits speak through the drums. Non-members of the cult cannot be taught to play them. My first experience with Afro-Cuban rhythms date back to the early sixties while we sat back in our barris, on the stoop, or in the nearest park; obvious faces cracking, wishing they could play like those Congeros. In certain New York Latin households, where a considerable amount of the material figures are Espiritistas (Spiritualists whose Afro-oriented rituals are ancestrally handed down), the children are reared into the cult to later become Santeria and Santeriam. 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 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 Congo, spread throughout the world. In the forties and fifties, the Afro-Cuban 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 which purposes are solely commercial, the drumming remains true to the Afro-Cuban tradition that 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.

Congo 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 Abalua tribe. Chano had been working at the time in a big Latin commercial band and had already composed several Latin hits when Dizzy Gillespie, who had long been mesmerized by the 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 fifties hit Soul Safari (Rhythmos), they are hearing the Gillespie - Pozo collaboration. Gunther Guerny, 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 post students of Congo drumming, people such as Mongo Santamaría 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 Roosters in Manhattan, played mainly for their own ethnic audience. In a jazz audience in general, dug the sound but were less enthralled 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 rhythmic

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

by Garry Trudeau

DOONESBURY

DON'T DENY THE FACT That there are forces in the world that aren't doing the kind of good that you, me, or anyone else wants to do, but certainly aren't doing the kind of evil that you and me, or anyone else wants to do.

DOONESBURY

by Garry Trudeau

We're in a society that's more materialistic than the Greek one, but we're not as materialistic as the Mayan one.
ON BROADWAY

Me and Bessie

So what do you expect when you send a probable psychologist and a pseudo-philosopher to review the new musical, Me and Bessie? Well, just this past Friday night, there we were at the Edison Theater on W47th Street, 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 as large as the Great Hall in the New York Times building. The set is minimalistic, yet it packs a punch. The lights are dim, and suddenly your whole body is immersed in 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 snippets of dialogue. There is no plot to speak of, yet it is not really missed. Linda Hopkins transforms into Bessie Smith right before your eyes, and she is well complemented by the other two performers, Thomas Pollard and Gerrit Dean. The actors use the limited space and set designed by Donald Harrel, beautifully, and the band, led by Howlst Smith, is one of the tightest I've heard along the garage-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.

On stage, Linda Hopkins holds your mind and your senses and never lets go. She slides 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 unspoken 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, and loves to be elevated from the everyday drudgery of ideals. We recommend it, and we tell them at the box office.

Jerry Goldberg and Val Nolte

NEW YORK (LNS) – Most U.S. Senators who have voted against abortion rights have been honored by the abortion rights movement.

(CPS) – Joseph Feldman, a vociferous reader. He was able to connect with abortion rights groups on a personal level.

(Feldman) – I believe that the right to choose is a fundamental human right.

(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 thriving administrations.

At Francia College in New Hampshire, cutting tuition almost $100,000 a year has put the college's president and his dean of students in the dining hall washing dishes while students try their hands at cooking, running the bookstore, and 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 Francia President Iris Goldberg, 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, Goldberg 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 undisturbed sleep of 283 hours and 55 minutes of wakefulness.

A disappointed Eric Stem climbed into bed after the 12% day order, claiming that he hadn't gone to the other side yet. Stem didn't 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.

Stem 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 Stem 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 Ehre Achtung, and Ode to Joy with 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 people 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", simply "Phil and Joyce."

A number of people wrote back, saying how warmly they remembered "Phil," one wrote, "I 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 prominent baccalaureate 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 movie 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 cliche situations; there are unnecessary preoccupations with drugs and sex. Yet one thing stays the novel from being classified along with other cheap sensational trash; the author has insight. No matter how I may react to the plot, Miss Rossner possesses a talent I cannot dislike; the talent of understanding people. The characterization is complete, vital, inexpressibly believable. The working 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, uninterested, and incompetent. Despite Miss Rossner's ability to avoid this, she fails in her construction of the "real woman" for this does not seem to lie in any actual individuality on the part of the author, but rather in the expectations of the reader which she is attempting to satisfy. Obviously, her book has achieved what she set out to do 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 Susann possessed a phenomenal ability to construct plots, Miss Rossner has the rare talent to create people, not still 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 works.) Throughout the scope of the present month, we are being bombarded with sophisti-
cated fluff: ideas which would bore a five-year-old, that are coming from adult minds in the guise of intelligence. This is evident in our television game shows and soap operas, current exploitation movies, and especially advertisements which appeal to the mindless moron which Those Who 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 can 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 artists suffer, but 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 bow 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

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 travelling 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 $5 for adults 18 and over, and $5 for those under 18.

There are more than 3,400 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., 31 area councils scattered throughout the country. Each of these councils lists clubs in its area which will help you 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:
CALIFORNIA—Golden Gate Council, 625 Polk St., Rm. 201, San Francisco, CA 94102, (415) 771-4666; Los Angeles Council, 7603 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90036, (213) 933-4412; Northern California Council, P.O. Box 19907, Sacramento, CA 95813; San Diego Council, 1031 Indiana St., San Diego, CA 92102, (714) 239-2644.
COLORADO—Rocky Mountain Council, 1107 12th St., P.O. Box 2790, Boulder, CO 80302; CONNECTICUT—Fairfield County Council, 1494 Main St., c/o Arch Bishop Shehan Ctr., Bridgeport, CT 06604, (203) 334-0134; Hartford Area Council, 1007 Farmington Ave., Rm. 15, W. Hartford, CT 06107, (203) 232-2174; DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Potomac Area Council, 1520 16th St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20036, (202) 462-5780.

ILLINOIS—Metropolitan Chicago Council, 3712 North Clark St., Chicago, IL 60613, (312) 327-8327.
IOWA—Northeast Iowa Council, P. O. Box 10, Potsville, IA 52162, (319) 864-7421.
MASSACHUSETTS—Greater Boston Council, 251 Harvard St., Brookline, MA 02146, (617) 731-5430.
MICHIGAN—Metropolitan Detroit Council, 14335 W. McNichols, Detroit, MI 48235, (313) 273-8560; Western Michigan Council, 6045 Station C, Grand Rapids, MI 49506, (616) 451-8077.
MINNESOTA—Minnesota Council, Box 9531, Minneapolis, MN 55440, (612) 336-2594.
MISSOURI—Ozark Area Council, 2605 S. Bell Blvd., St. Louis, MO 63113, (314) 646-3560.
NEBRASKA—Nebraska Council, 333 S. 14th St., Lincoln, NE 68508.
NEW YORK—Metropolitan New York Council, 132 Spring St., New York, NY 10012, (212) 431-7100; Syracuse Council, 735 S. Beech St., Syracuse, NY 13210, (315) 472-5788.
Erie-Area Council, 175 Westover, Bowling Green, OH 43402, (419) 352-6888; Lake Erie Council, 2000 W. 45th St., Cleveland, OH 44102; Lima Council, P. O. Box 173, Lima, OH 45802, (419) 640-4751; Miami Valley Area Council, P. O. Box 20490, Dayton, OH 45424, (513) 253-7137; Toledo Council, 2002 Birchwood, Toledo, OH 43614, (419) 382-1688; Tri-State Council, 5400 Landis Lp., Cincinnati, OH 45224, (513) 542-9991.

ANSWERS TO NO. 2

DOONESBURY

by Garry Trudeau

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SPORTS

Season’s Roundup

Now that the basketball season is over I would like to take the opportuni- ty 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

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.

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.

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)

1975-1976 BASKETBALL STATISTICS

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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, Lahoud, 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 outfilder, he once held an opponent at 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, smashed a curve ball far into the Polo Grounds' 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 bantering for the sport of white men, 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 snuffed out the plot and by the time his father returned, he had left for Hpyly 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 1913, 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 stable has been the victim of consistent vandalism. Program developer, Theo Jolosky, suggested the possibility of instituting a manpowor 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 Wagnick
Shortstop - Scott Porter
Third Base - Joe Egan
Left Field - Mark Callahan
Center Field - Harry Harmon
Right Field - Steve Rinder
Shortcenter - Bill Althoff
Catcher - Frank Salamon
Pitcher - Eric Weisman

Game time is 2:00 PM at Holy Cross, in Rhinelcliff. 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 squishballs, bits of mallable 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. He thought that's a real good idea, said Goodtime Charlie, this way some 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?