

My Fair Lady

(Continued from page 10)

delivery is further marred by her explicit refusal to risk eye-contact with the audience. Still, Andreas is an able performer, and her presence detracts only from the optimum, not the essential.

Robert Coote's Colonel Pickering is right on target—probably because Coote created the role in the original production. Coote's Pickering is an affable man, easily confused by the attempted charade.

Like the music, *My Fair Lady* is pleasant, one of the better examples of the tradition of which it is a part. A good cast highlighted by Ian Richardson, and a magnificent set are *My Fair Lady's* strongest points. The "quintessential musical" is profound hyperbole, but *My Fair Lady* is still worth a look. ●

Sports

Sportsweek Revisited

by Leslie Miller

Last Wednesday, I trundled on over to the Barnard gym to check out Sportsweek. A volleyball game was in progress. People on the sidelines were yelling "Kick some ass, kick some ass." In need of a little more copy than that, I went down to Studio II to view the fencers in action. Not exactly a scene from the *Mark of Zorro*. People in wierd white outfits were attached to a machine. And not for their kidneys. They were thrusting a little here, parrying a little there. I tried to be a good spectator. "Run 'em through," I yelled, and received a number of withering looks. So I left. My notes from fencing read "This is a successful event. Everyone's having a good time, everyone's supportive of each other."

Diana Nyad's demonstration of the Universal Weight machine was cancelled, so I went back to the volleyball tournament. The participants were enjoying themselves so

much that I offered to play, only to discover that I was way out of my league. I tried to account for my incompetence; when it came my turn to serve, I made a slightly misleading announcement. "I am totally drunk and I haven't played this game in years." My serve veered off into the ozone. My notes from volleyball read, "This is a successful event. Everyone's having a good time, everyone's supportive of each other." ●

Sports Summary

11/3/76: The Barnard Swim Team beat Vassar in its first meet of the season, 110-46. Teresa Jankovic commented after the meet "We're doing really good."

11/9/76: The Barnard Swim Team lost to Adelphi, 53-73.

11/15/76: The volleyball team can't get no satisfaction. They seem to be on a losing streak; they lost their third straight match against C.W. Post. They lost in three games, winning the first 16-14, dropping the second, 5-15, and the third after an unsuccessful comeback, 10-15.

11/17/76: The volleyball team finally got their rhythm back. They beat C.C. N.Y. 15-13, 15-7. "We were moving, serving well, we were spiking pretty well, we played as a team" remarked team manager Laney McHarry. Their last game is Friday, against Baruch, and they expect to win.

11/17/76: The basketball game, was cancelled.

11/23/76: The Student-faculty volleyball game will be an exciting event. Hester Eisenstein, Harry Albers, Peter (Slugger) Balsom, Dick Pious, Bob McCaughy, Jon Reardon, Marion Philips, Marion Rosenwasser, will be playing for the faculty. There is a rumor floating around that Diana Nyad will play; however, there is some doubt as to whether she will consent to play on dry land. Commented one member of the student team, "If she plays, we're sunk."

Marion Rosenwasser had some fighting words for the students: "Although there will be no rabbit punches or bear hugs, there will be plenty of double taps, underhand carries, and other subversive superior prowess." ●

Sports

McAc and CIA invite you to the

STUDENT-FACULTY VOLLEYBALL GAME

Come see: Dick Pious, Jon Reardon, Peter (Slugger) Balsam, Marion Philips
Bob McCaughy, Marion Rosenwasser, Hester Eisenstein and a host of others
VS the notorious BARNARD TEAM

Tuesday, November 23 at 5 p.m., Barnard Gym

Refreshments will follow the game!

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Barnard Bulletin

Vol. LXXXI No. 9

November 22, 1976

The Barnard Athletes: Days of Greek Games and Freshman Good Posture

Barnard women of yore taking care of the Columbia menace. Finis, page 14



The Life Story of a Maverick and a Rebel—

'I loved music, I loved science, I loved literature, and I was crazy about the meaning of life.'



Now she is casting the net wider. Mattfeld at the Second Women's Issues Luncheon, page 3.

Another Barnard is lost in a merger, page 6.

'The merger with Horace Mann was accomplished with little bitterness. Horace Mann is more intellectually stimulating than Barnard was in its final years. It was different from Barnard, and in many ways better. At the end we were told that a merger was the only way left to save Barnard, that was probably true. Yet all that we knew as Barnard has since been irretrievably lost.'

District 65 Talks at an Impasse, page 2

**A Plea for Their Office:
BOBW Opinion, page 9**

Women in the Church, page 7

**Reviews of My Fair Lady, Andrew Wyeth exhibit at the Met,
What Happened to the Class of 65? See inside.**



Forrest Abbot, former Treasurer and Comptroller of Barnard College for twenty three years, celebrated his birthday last Friday with friends and well wishers. We know he is well over twenty one, but his warmth and wisdom are ageless. His friend and colleague, Janet Parks, feels that "Barnard is losing a most valuable and loving friend."

Dist 65 Talks at Impasse

by Maria Rudensky

During the past week there has been little progress in the Barnard-District 65 contract dispute. Talks have not resumed and a union official told the **Bulletin** that membership "did not like" the lack of progress. There has, however, been one development during the current impasse.

On November 16th, Joseph Parauda, Barnard's lawyer, sent a letter to Leslie Roberts, District 65's negotiator, regarding minimums. This is the wage paid to newly hired workers according to labor grade. Barnard's "final offer," rejected by the union on October 18th, made no mention of any change in minimum rates. Mr. Parauda's letter "amends the College's position of October 14, 1976." It provides workers hired after July 1, 1976 an increase of \$5.00 a week and those hired after July 1, 1977 an additional \$5.00. There are no other changes in the College's final offer, states Parauda's letter.

In addition, Al Klement, a member of the 65 negotiating committee, told the **Bulletin** that Roberts was out of town for a few days last week, but is back now. She stated that the ambiguity over the minimums had been of concern to the union and was as crucial as the pension plan and other issues. Klement added that this was one of the main reasons the membership had rejected the October 14 offer. "We are hoping to meet face to face at the table as soon as it can be arranged and end this communication by phone and letter," said Klement. Margaret Lowe, director of personnel said that she didn't know when negotiations would resume.

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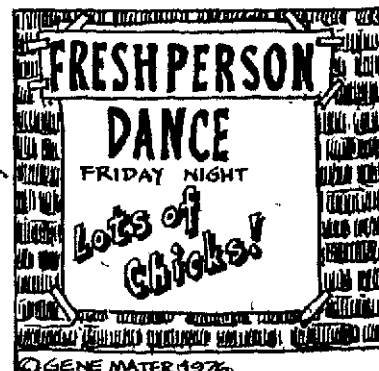
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Publication Notice

Bulletin will not be published next week because we will all be home stuffing ourselves with turkey. The final issue of the semester will appear on December 6th.

Don't Underestimate Us!

It was incorrectly reported in the Oct. 25 issue of **Bulletin** that the number of women's courses had increased from 17 to 158. That was the number of programs. The correct number of courses has increased from 17 to 4500 across the country, and is still growing. **Bulletin** regrets the error.



W.C. Lunch: Story of a Maverick and a Rebel

by Janet Blair

President Jacquelyn Mattfeld spoke to a group of about 100, primarily women faculty members, on "Casting the Net Wider: Friends and Colleagues," at the second Women's Issues Luncheon sponsored by the Women's Center last Tuesday, November 17th.

Mattfeld extended her support to the Barnard women eloquently and honestly, speaking, as she rarely has publicly, on what she called her "life story."

Beginning with her mother's father, who believed that "if you have no sons, educate your daughters," Mattfeld grew up, "literally and figuratively" in the classroom: both parents were students, at Goucher College and Johns Hopkins, during much of her childhood. Her father and her "irascible, undisciplined, start-again-stop-again mother," she said, provided an unusual background for her: her family, "WASP, European and partly wealthy" (people who "thought like Northerners and behaved like Southerners") comprised one element that shaped her early thinking, and the black and Jewish friends of her parents—contrasted with the "hostile" neighborhood they lived in—

working. "My husband" she added was told he was no longer wanted because he had participated in my 'deception.'"

She continued, "Once we had fallen from grace, not one member of the Yale faculty or students would speak to us or invite us into their



Jacquelyn Anderson Mattfeld

homes. For two years, we lived in total and complete isolation from our community."

She became supervisor of music for

But, ironically, she was not accepted as director of the Institute because she did not have the administrative experience, and Bunting offered her the position of director of financial aid at Radcliffe. "No, I wouldn't like it," Mattfeld said she told her, "but we'd like to eat." Finally, a male friend challenged her, "You know, you are such a maverick and such a rebel—wouldn't you like to see how those institutions work so you can do it differently?"

And that was the beginning of her career as an educational administrator; finally she became dean of the faculty and academic affairs at Brown University, where she had been brought, she said, to be "the conscience of the University." At Brown, Mattfeld told the audience, "I was the token everything."

But the main message Mattfeld had for the women who came to hear her, was that at the times in her life "when I could have disappeared, a woman took a chance on me . . . These chances were recouped in terms of a human life, because some woman reached out a hand and helped me."

She has always insisted, she said, on both the "right to be womanly" and "all the rights and rewards that go with being human."

As she spoke of wanting to help especially the younger women in the faculty, many in her audience were in tears. "I count myself fortunate to have women as friends," Mattfeld said.

She added that academic women can be successful, and still assert that "right to be womanly," only if "those of us who are in the position of caring for one another are willing to stand up and be counted . . . If there's anything we need to do now, it is to throw the net wider." Her final words were met with tears and a standing ovation.

The speaker at the third and last Women's Issues Luncheon will be Elizabeth Janeway, author and Barnard trustee. She will speak on "Women and the Uses of Power" on Tuesday, December 14th.

"When I could have disappeared, a woman took a chance on me" — Jacquelyn Mattfeld

comprised another.

At 16, she said, "I loved music, I loved science, I loved literature, and I was crazy about the meaning of life." Despite her longing to attend Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe or Sarah Lawrence, finances committed her to commuting to Goucher from home.

After her graduation from Goucher in 1948, she wanted to go to medical school, but again could not afford it; so she went, "angry as anything," to Yale to study music history.

Here began Mattfeld's slow, painful struggle—often, in the early years after Yale, merely to obtain a job—of her life and her career.

She was fired as a research assistant at Yale when it was discovered that she had been pregnant and continued

children at the Bethany School in Connecticut in 1953, because, she said, "I had heard horrors about public school music."

After a period of financial stress, to say the least (the Mattfelds were reduced to eating "tea and toast"), her neighbor and good friend, Mary Bunting, told her to "watch the newspapers and come to see me in three weeks." Two weeks later, she was appointed president of Radcliffe.

Bunting asked Mattfeld what she would like most in the world to do; when Mattfeld replied that she would "put women who have completed their degrees in touch with each other," Bunting told her to go home and write it up—and that was the beginning of the Radcliffe Institute.

Women with Van

Light Moving

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Keep Trying

What Ever Happened to the Class of '65?

by Maureen Weicher

In 1965 *Time* magazine went to a small high school in suburban Los Angeles to find out about "today's teenagers" and what they held in store for the future. Instead of noticing that SAT scores were dropping, they observed that these teenagers were smarter, healthier and richer than those of any preceding generation. *Time* believed they stood "on the edge of a golden era." Ten years later, in 1975, Michael Medved and David Wallechinsky looked up thirty of these students and asked them to describe their lives as they were then and as they are now. **What Ever Happened to the Class of '65?** (Random House, \$10.00) is the absorbing result of their research.

The students in question were from the class of '65 of Palisades High School. With a median family income of \$42,000 a year and the student body practically 100 percent white, they hardly gave a representative picture of American youth. What makes them worthy of interest, however, is the financial and cultural freedom they

possessed, the unprecedented liberty to become practically anything they wanted, and to do almost anything they wished. What they did with their freedom is the subject of this book.

The person labelled "The Outcast" in high school is now a Peace Corps volunteer, "Most Reserved" is a Hare Krishna devotee, "Mr. Slick" is a millionaire businessman, "The Homecoming Queen" is an assistant professor at Princeton, "The Dreamboat" committed suicide, and "The Walking Commotion" and "The Underachiever" are the authors of this book. The stories tell of wandering and aimlessness, of frequent disappointment and occasional success, and some have surprise endings. They are unique in some aspects, but the recurring theme of discovering human limitations occurs in all of them.

Is there a lesson to be learned from all this? Basically one, which all previous generations seemed to have learned also. Total freedom, although a wonderful gift, can be a crushing

burden when given to the inexperienced and undirected. Combine this with a knowledge that one can depend on one's parents' money to get out of a tight spot, and the result can be disastrous. What seem to be positive factors, at first, don't always turn out that way.

Many of the members of the class of '65 have put their lives in order. Others are still searching. Some have returned to the "Establishment" status quo, others are living lives very different from those of their parents. Have they lived up to *Time's* promising conception of them? Looking around the country now, in an era of tight money and much-discussed apathy, the question sounds amusing. But then, as the last two sentences of **What Ever Happened to the Class of '65** ask, "... when in human history have the bright hopes of seventeen ever been satisfied—least of all by the age of twenty-seven? We reminded ourselves that we were still young, and that unwritten chapters lay ahead."

news briefs

CU Senate Poll

Merri Rosenberg, Barnard's representative to the Columbia University Senate and member of the University Senate Library Committee, is conducting a poll of student opinions toward the uses of Wollman and Butler libraries. Distributed randomly to approximately 300 students (in McIntosh mailboxes), the questionnaire seeks priorities of needs. The results will be presented to the Senate and the next Student Representation Council. Because the Council is meeting in early December, it is important that the students who received the questionnaires fill them out and return them to the Undergrad office by November 24th.

P.D.Q. Bach

Students from all over the city are gathering forces to protest the suppression by certain eminent musicologists (from the American Musicological Junta) of several newly discovered pieces by the world-renounced composer P.D.Q. Bach. Professor Peter Scickele, chairman of the department of musicology at the



University of Southern North Dakota at Hoople, will be giving a concert-lecture on the 26th, 28th, 30th and 32nd of December at Carnegie Hall. All self-admitted P.D.Q. Bach scholars are begged to come out of the closet and attend the concert (pretty please?). Tickets are a steal at \$5.00 to \$8.50.

Holiday Lib. Hours

Although the probability is that most students will be dining on gourmet turkey fare, far from the environs of Barnard College, the few dedicated souls who will hit Wollman library might be interested in the following schedule of library hours during the Thanksgiving weekend:
Wednesday, Nov. 24 8:45-4:00

Thursday, Nov. 25
Friday, Nov. 26
Saturday, Nov. 27
Sunday, Nov. 28

Closed
Closed
Closed
Reserve Room
only: 1-11 p.m.

LAB Meeting

Lesbian Activists at Barnard will hold a business meeting on Tuesday, November 23rd, at 5:30 p.m. in the 616 lounge. All interested women are invited.

French-Spanish 90

French-Spanish 90, "Problems in the Teaching of French and Spanish," will be offered this year under a new format. Jointly taught by Simone Daly and James Crapotta, the course will offer students a chance to deal practically with problems in the teaching of languages. One class session a week will be a seminar, the other will consist of demonstrations by students. The course will meet Tuesday, 12:10-1:00 and Thursday 12:10-2:00.

The Museum Takes a First Step: Andrew Wyeth at Metropolitan

by Christie Pemberton

How many of the people viewing a given art exhibit are inclined to consider the artist's relation to his work? Discounting those who arrive equipped with their handy preconceived notions and extracted opinions from critics and friends, the average museum goer has little more to go on than his immediate impression of the art.

Two Worlds of Andrew Wyeth: Kuerners and Olsons, which is

Olson's respectively, chronologically depict the germination of the artist in each environment, a notion which is complementary to the tracing of the development of each work. (A third section consists entirely of paintings, many of which are portraits, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Levine, sponsors for the show and friends of the artist.)

In addition to presenting these two environments, which suggest very different things to Wyeth, the exhibit includes the studies which lead up to

experience has a direct effect on his technique. There is at once a looseness and a specificity in his work. As Wyeth explains it, "I don't believe a picture should be liked because of its detail. I want it to live at both ends. I want both detail and simplicity at a distance."

The realism in this case becomes relative. It is perhaps in this respect that Wyeth appears over-simplified, hence sentimental to some critics. The exhibit provides an opportunity to compare the differences in Wyeth's reaction to the two environments. The works in the Olson section seem much more symbolic or emotionally laden than those done at Kuerner's, more like impressions than knowledgeable familiarity.

Another unavoidable element of Wyeth's art is his treatment of color. While the effect of color is very strong in several works such as *Anna Kuerner*, *Geraniums*, *End of Olsons* and *The Virgin* the majority of images are represented in subdued tones which gives the impression that Wyeth is seeing his world through brown-colored glasses. This seems to detract from the realism or fidelity to the environment to an irritating degree in some cases.

The exhibit's catalogue, while not directly correlational in a pictorial sense, does include conversation between Hoving and Wyeth in the spring of 1975 on which the structure of the show is based. The exhibit, while quite an extensive one-man show, is in no way a comprehensive study of Wyeth's work in the two environments. It is merely the first step towards the museum's production of a catalogue raisonne of Wyeth's art at Kuerner's and Olson's.

In its variety and its unique approach, *Two Worlds of Andrew Wyeth* is an invaluable study of the man and his art. Whether one goes to discover what lies behind Wyeth's more well known paintings such as *Christina's World* or *Wind From the Sea*, to appreciate Wyeth's perception of his environment with its consequential emotional value or to understand his technique, the venture is sure to be an enlightening experience. The show will be at the Metropolitan through February 6th.

Wyeth is seeing his world through brown-colored glasses

currently being exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum, successfully overcomes the superficiality of mere visual contact with the works of art. It is intentionally an educational experience in that it pushes the viewer beyond the finished work into the realms of the artist's mind. For those familiar with Wyeth's work, the exhibit provides something further to investigate. One leaves with a full understanding of the artist's perception and his methods of representing the feelings involved, liked or disliked. In this respect, the exhibit achieves its self proscribed goal of removing the temptations to stereotype Wyeth's work by confronting the artist himself (through his technique). At the same time this method indeed complicates rather than simplifies one's reaction, as Thomas Hoving, the Metropolitan's director and curator for the show, suspects. One always has a new viewpoint, Wyeth's, to keep in mind.

The complication arises from the fact that the two environments are very familiar surroundings for Wyeth. Although these two places are very limited in character, Wyeth has dealt with them extensively. The exhibit extends from the Wyeth of the 1940's to extremely recent works done at two farms, Kuerner's in Chadd's Ford, Pennsylvania and Olson's in Cushing, Maine. The first two sections of the exhibit, dealing with Kuerner's and

the finished works. Presentation is dependent on the degree of finality—from the preliminary sketches as pieces of paper to the framed paintings. Wyeth works in four media: pencil, watercolor, drybrush and tempera. An interesting diversity results from Wyeth's sensitivity to each medium. Through the juxtaposition of spontaneous watercolor with calculated permanent tempera, Wyeth's experimentation with his subject matter is immediately visible.

By presenting the studies the exhibit discloses another aspect of Wyeth's approach to his subject: the examination of particular elements, elements which are essential parts of the subject and those which are merely related to it. In preparation for a portrait of Karl Kuerner for example, Wyeth investigates Karl's surroundings: his room and the peculiar hooks on which he hangs sausages.

The portrait is a reflection of this total environment. The feeling for the landscape in *Brown Swiss* includes more than the solid stone house represented. Sketches of cows and trees lead Wyeth into his final work. The elements to which Wyeth is sensitive demonstrate a selectivity. The "two worlds" belong as much to Wyeth as they are environments within themselves.

This emotional aspect of Wyeth's

Remembrance of Things Past

by Daniel Gil Feuchtwanger

Consider these hypothetical circumstances: an institution named Barnard is forced, under financial duress, to merge with its neighbor across the street. The other institution is larger, less personal and more prestigious nationally. After the merger, members of the Barnard faculty and administration are relegated to secondary roles; the students from Barnard are often assumed to be deficient in qualifications for advanced courses; the name Barnard gets tacked on with a hyphen to the other institution's name; and gradually the name is phased out of existence entirely, along with the history and tradition of the school.

The year is 1973. The other institution is the Horace Mann School.

The Barnard School for Boys was founded in 1886 by William Livingston Hazen, a distinguished graduate of the Columbia College Class of '83 and of the Columbia Law School Class of '85.

Reporter's Notebook

A Question of Social Tolerance

by Elena J. Leon
Features Editor '77

I have read the *Ragamuffin* satire. I have read the letter to the Editor, the Editor's thoughts in *Finks*, the second letter to the Editor and the Editor's response. And through it all I have been immeasurably saddened. Not for the misunderstandings, although I was surprised by them, not by the polemic remarks, although they were disturbing. I am saddened by the fact that so many women in such a fine women's college can feel so threatened by the word (yes, the word!) "lesbianism," that they can close their minds and hearts to other women, ones they don't even know, because of a fear of association with that powerful word.

It strikes me as the same irrational, violent fear that swept the nation during the McCarthy era with the word "communism." Is a homosexual, male or female, by definition a threat to the heterosexual majority in society?

The question is not, I think, of

The original school was located on 125th Street in the middle of Harlem farmland. Dr. Frederick A. P. Barnard was at the time President of Columbia College, and in a personal interview with Hazen consented to the use of his name for the new boys' school. Hazen continued as headmaster of Barnard for almost 60 years; the school moved twice and finally settled in the rural Riverdale area of the Bronx.

There were 40 boys enrolled in 1886. By the 1970's the school had almost 10 times that number, or approximately 25 in each grade from nursery school through high school. Class size was usually a dozen students. By contrast, Horace Mann School in the 70s had one hundred students in each of grades seven through 12.

The two campuses were situated directly across 246th Street. Through the tall trees and telephone poles they peered at one another, each quietly aware of the other's existence. In December of 1971, an announcement was made that the schools would

"normality." It is more a question of social tolerance, though super-loaded with emotion, since sexuality hits the soft core of every soul's existence on this earth. Would, I wonder, a potential *Bulletin* writer be deterred from joining the staff if one or two of the editors were "exposed" as being a vegetarian, or having red hair, or having less than 20-20 vision? Jami Bernard's particularly wellwritten though ill-fated *Ragamuffin* was poking fun at the absurdity of journalistic competence being related to sexual orientation. The article made it beautifully clear, sexual orientation doesn't enter the picture.

But the deepest sadness arises because I realize that the humor of an article was lost to so many otherwise rational women, because of a blind spot in the common soul of our society, where feminism, lesbianism, abortion and a plethora of related issues are lost and confused in the murk. Until this murk is cleared up, all of us lose.

merge. Barnard cited its inability to survive financially as a small private institution; Horace Mann relished the opportunity to incorporate a lower school system located on adjoining property.

The final plan called for merger of the two upper schools in the Fall of 1973, at which time the Barnard campus would be converted entirely to an elementary school. Thus, one final year of existence was allotted to Barnard. As a student there, I saw our newspaper cease publication that last year, incorporated, as it were, into the Horace Mann journal (which, as often as not, did not find its way to our side of the street). Our gym classes had to be held across the street due to construction on our campus.

The entire Barnard building has since been rebuilt, albeit only on the inside. The outer walls, unchanged, beckon as they once did to enter and return to what was so very familiar. But inside, everything is different. Walls exist where doorways once were; rooms, where corridors once ran; stairways stand in places where logic (oh, but 'tis only memory!) dictates they ought not to. A new floor of modern science labs, constructed in the late 1960's, has been converted less than eight years later to fifth and sixth grade classrooms. Strangely, all the water fountains at Barnard are now much closer to the floor.

And the field: Grasshopper Field had excellent natural boundaries for our baseball diamond and a high rock formation as the leftfield wall. The disadvantages of the uphill path to second-base were more than compensated for by the easy downhill run home. In winter, with the first snowfall, we did the forbidden and sledged down the field's steep incline on smuggled lunch trays. Now, in the new Barnard, Grasshopper Field is perfectly level and primly beautiful, with a new baseball backstop—and yet

The old locker room has now been converted in part to a faculty lounge. It is an amazing transformation from old and dreary to light and airy. But on this new Horace Mann-Barnard

(Continued on page 12)

Women in Church: What's the Fuss?

by Susanne Messina

Antoinette Brown was the first woman to be ordained in the Congregational Church of South Butler in 1853. That's right, 1853. In 1869 the first woman given a license to preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church was Mrs. Maggie Newton Van Cott.

The ordination of women was explicitly endorsed and practiced by many of the evangelical churches founded in the late 19th and early 20th centuries such as the Church of God, founded in 1881 in Anderson, Indiana.

Role of Women In the Future of the Church." First, Sister Kristen gave a broad explanation of her topic; a film followed, and then a long question and answer period concluded the session.

Sister Kristen had returned from the recent American Bishops' Bicentennial Meeting held in Detroit where it was demonstrated that the Church's outlook is loosening up regarding women obtaining more important Church positions. In fact, out of eight subject areas under consideration, resolutions dealing with women's roles in the Church were contained in four.

Presbyterian authority, a more or less middle-of-the-road group, where the authority lies at the level of the presbytery. The third level of authority is found at the Congregational level where the members themselves are free to choose their own ministers.

This explains the uproar caused by the recent ordination of women as priests in the Episcopal Church. The historical recordings of women being ordained as preachers referred only to instances where they were members of a church under the second or third level of authority; the ordination of Episcopal woman at the highest level is a unique occurrence and even after ordination, they have found difficulty in getting parish assignments.

'Women should be more open to accepting ministry from women.'

Approximately one-quarter of its leaders and preachers were women. The Church of Nazarene, founded in 1894, in its original constitution, guaranteed the right of women to preach. In early years one-fifth of the preachers were women. Perhaps these are obscure historical facts, but in view of them one wonders why the recent "irregular" ordination of women as priests in the Episcopal Church has created such an upheaval throughout the religious circles.

The answers to this question and to the question of the future status of women within the church were given by Ursuline Sister Kristen Wenzel, who is currently the chairperson of the College of New Rochelle's sociology department and director of its women's studies program. She has been an active proponent of the equal status of women in church and society, and has held a national position of leadership in the National Assembly of Women Religious (NAWR), a strictly advisory body. This assembly is made up of sisters from across the country who make recommendations and present them to the bishops. They thus create a respected channel through which their recommendations carry more weight than those made by individuals alone. Their recommendations, however, are more prevalent on the diocesan level than on the national level.

On the evening of November 7th, Sister Kristen gave a talk entitled "The

The meeting's major bicentennial theme, "Liberty and Justice For All," was most appropriate.

In her talk, Sister Kristen stressed that the major issue confronting women in the church is one of women's rights in society and in the Church, and is not so much an issue of women's ordination into the priesthood.

The film shown was entitled, "Where Her Gifts Are Respected." This title best explains Sister Kristen's view that women should have equal status with the freedom to determine whether or not they are called to sacramental ministry. This call, according to Sister Kristen, should be as respected as is the male's call to the priesthood, and

The Roman Catholic Church has not yet taken such measures, although it is under increasing pressure to do so. Two factors contributing to the Church's shying away from such measures are first, that the Catholic Church necessarily answers to the Pope, and second, that the very proponents of ordination are those calling for the reevaluation of the way priests exercise their ministry. The Church, however, is definitely moving toward democratic participation, with bishops aware of an increasing willingness of the Catholic community to respond favorably or adversely toward Church policy.

Father Nisa, the new priest at Columbia's Catholic Campus Ministry, joined Sister Kristen in saying that there are Bible quotations, both pro and con, concerning women's equal rights. Interpretation plays an im-

'The ordination of Episcopal women at the highest level is a unique occurrence.'

should therefore provide for women's rights to preach the word and to administer the sacraments.

Sister Kristen continued to explain that there are three levels of religious authority. At the highest level are the Episcopal and Catholic structures where authority rests with the hierarchy. It is very difficult for women to obtain such positions of authority. Next, there is the

portant part. Sister Kristen believes that Scripture should be read for spiritual growth and development, and that when the interpretation creates difficulties, the passages should first be read in an academic context.

Sister Kristen did not identify with the Women's Liberation Movement and questioned some of the policies of N.O.W. at the national level. She

(Continued on page 13)

A Room of one's own?

The Barnard Organization of Black Women is once again being threatened with displacement in favor of a recreation room for residents of BHR. The conflict of two valid claims on one area seem to have created an either/or situation in which both sides must be weighed to determine the relative validity of the two arguments.

But on what sort of scale shall we weigh the claims? It cannot be one merely of numbers. Perhaps a recreation room will serve more people than BOBW does. Black women are a minority on this campus—but it is precisely this fact which explains the need which they have for a place in which to gather, to carry on activities and to feel at home at Barnard.

No one can argue with the claim that a recreation room is an important accessory to a dormitory. Students need a place where they can escape from their own cubicles, give their brains a rest from academic endeavors and socialize in a relaxed atmosphere.

But such a place already exists. McIntosh Center is only a few steps away from BHR. It has ping pong tables, a bowling alley, pinball machines and a jukebox. Would it not be an unjustifiable expense to build another recreation area considering the financial constraint in which we find ourselves at the moment? McIntosh's designation as a commuter center should not be a deterrent to residents' utilizing it. It can be a first step towards bridging the infamous gap between residents and commuters. Barnard's lack of space does not allow the luxury of letting any one building becoming the turf of one group to the exclusion of all others.

For this same reason, BOBW cannot be excluded from BHR under the claim that it does not serve the needs of dorm residents. Where else can they go? McIntosh is already overpopulated with clubs. Barnard, with its limited facilities, is simply unequal to meeting the burgeoning demands for space for various activities on the parts of students.

We must accept these limitations and learn to make do with what we have, utilizing space with maximum efficiency. The various groups in the Barnard community must be willing to compromise and accommodate others as much as possible. The need for recreation can be met elsewhere in the campus; the need of Barnard's black women cannot.

The result of shortages, whether of money or space, always seem to pit groups against each other. Such divisiveness is detrimental to everyone concerned and conflict in particular is too potentially explosive to be allowed to continue much longer.

—Sarah Gold

(Jami Bernard dissents from this editorial)

Opinion

BOBW Office Threatened

Barnard's Organization of Black Women is being threatened with removal from its office in Reid Hall by the Brooks-Hewitt-Reid Dorm Council. The Dorm Council wants the room for a recreation area equipped with a ping pong table. The council states that since our organization is a club, we should not remain in our present office.

We are greatly opposed to this action. Though we are registered as a Barnard Club, we are also sensitive black women who characterize ourselves as a community of persons with common vital psychological and cultural needs. Because we exist as a community within a predominantly white insitution, it is of paramount importance that we have a meeting place that is centrally located and easily accessible at all times. The office presently occupied by B.O.B.W. fulfills these needs.

In the past eight years, the office occupied by B.O.B.W. has served as an oasis of academic, cultural, spiritual, and emotional support because of its 24 hour accessibility. It has served to meet these needs at times when other space, i.e. Barnard Hall and McIntosh Student Center,

would not have been available. The B.O.B.W. Office physically allows us the freedom to utilize it in any capacity that is needed. In the past it has served the following purposes:

1. Provided a meeting place for three active black organizations, B.O.B.W., the New World Theatre, and the 'Caribbean Dance Troupe.
2. Provides a place that is easily accessible to the entire resident and non-resident student body for cultural workshops sponsored by B.O.B.W., which are of varied interests.
3. Provided a place for Black commuters to stay overnight during examination week when they needed to stay on campus to study late at the library, or with other students when it was inconvenient or unsafe for them to go home.
4. Provided place for Black students to come for tutorial sessions.
5. Provided a place, which is centrally located and easily accessible at all times for Black students in BHR and other dormitories and those who commute. It has provided a place where we can come together as a group. There is a definite psychological need for Black students

(Continued on page 11)

Letter to the Editor

A Lesbian on Lesbianism

To the Editor:

Recently several mentions of Lesbians and lesbianism have appeared in the *Barnard Bulletin*. Kathleen O'Houlihan in particular frankly expressed her disapproval of lesbianism in her letter of November 15, 1976. The pervading disapproval of our lifestyle is both suffocating and absurd. I do not presume to pass judgment on other people's sexual preferences, nor do I insist they make the same decisions I have. People like Ms. O'Houlihan, however, do pass judgments and are unable to accept those who have made different decisions.

We live in a society that sees heterosexuality as the only healthy way of life and uses every form of

media to bombard us with this attitude. But if Lesbians are mentioned at all, even in Jami Bernard's column, it is "in bad taste." Ms. O'Houlihan's view is that if we must exist, and she would rather we didn't, let us spare her sensibilities and be absolutely invisible. It is interesting that although Ms. O'Houlihan does not approve of Lesbians, neither does she approve of persecuting them. It is her very attitude that lesbianism is "not an acceptable lifestyle" that breeds our persecution, legislative and cultural.

Lesbianism is a fulfilling way of life, as proven by the fact that women do choose to love each other in spite of all forms of oppression.

Name Withheld

Ragamuffin: Seeing the Light

by Jami Bernard
Religious experiences at Barnard.
Howwid chronicles some case studies.

Case I. A Barnard junior recounts the spiritual transformation she underwent while studying for finals—

"It was the night before the Big Test that would make or break me. I'd already used up my Pass-Fail options and the prof had delivered the verdict—no incompletes unless it's a death in the family. Already this semester I'd told the prof about eleven deaths and near-deaths, and I remember once in lieu of a ten-page paper I swore I had ten days left to live. He let me off the hook that time.

I knew I was in trouble, so I pulled an all-nighter. It wasn't bad until 2:30 a.m., but I'd finished the tortilla chips and twelve coffee cups were strewn around my room with cigarette butts floating in the dregs. And even though I had taken them apart and eaten each half separately, the oreos had run out an hour before. Still I was nowhere close to finishing the 3,000-odd pages of Medieval manuscripts. Worst of all, we had to know dates.

I swallowed some No Doz and did five push-ups. Nothing seemed to help. By 5 a.m. I was wired for sound. I had an insane urge to vacuum my room. My eyes were bloodshot, my hands trembled, my stomach churned. Then, at the height of my delirium, I had a religious experience.

I suddenly knew that everything would be alright—that my soul was too immortal for me to worry about grades. Much less for my parents to worry about them. I knew that on a

spiritual plane it didn't really matter. And anyway, in the afterlife, I'd probably be on the Dean's List.

Overcome with a starry expression (or maybe "glazed" is a better word), I neglected my studies for the rest of the night in order to contemplate the universe. The next morning, I took the exam. I failed."

Case II. A Barnard senior finds fulfillment and inner peace through line dances—

"I always though they were silly—those line dances like the Bus Stop or the California Walk where everyone does the same step. I thought it was an insult to my creative spirit. Oh ye dancers of little faith.

My boyfriend said we'd have to break up if I didn't learn to do line dances. He said a great deal of his social life revolved around them and he just couldn't be seen with a girl who bopped around at her own pace. So I learned. In the end, I was glad of it.

When I finally stood in a line with all my glorious sisters and brothers of the university, even those who were not graduating in my year, I felt a sense of unity and brotherhood. The masses merged into one sea of glorified humanity. I felt so spiritual, I saw God.

"God," I said, "Come down and join us."

"No, you folks just go ahead."
"It's easy!" I insisted. "I'll teach you! See—two steps to the right, tap your toe . . ."

"No thank-you, I'd rather watch."
"God, I don't understand. You come down to the Pub every Thursday night and you never dance. You just don't participate."

"I prefer to stand on the sidelines and break up fights," he assured me.

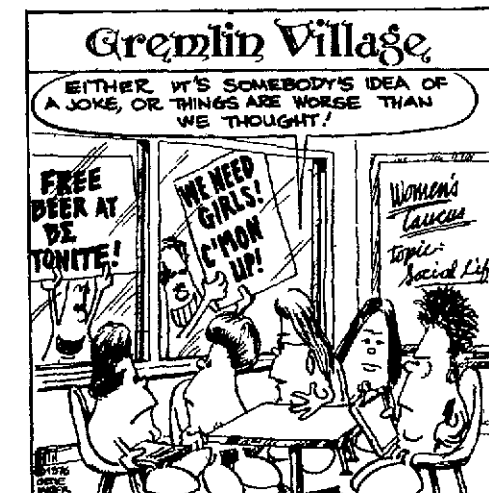
"You're running away from your responsibilities towards Columbia," I said, turning on one heel and clapping my hands smartly.

"In the beginning, I created the line dance. And it was good."

"You bet your sweet . . . oops, sorry. What I meant was that these communal dances bring everyone together, making them feel part of some greater scheme."

"Well, I'm glad you like it. If nothing else, it intensifies appreciation for disco music."

"Amen."



My Fair Lady: Still Worth a Look

by **Kenin M. Spivak**

Among the myriad differences between plays is the dichotomy of actors acknowledging the audience's presence vs. actors pretending that the audience doesn't exist. At its extreme, the former is practiced at Off-Off-Broadway experimental theatres where the audience is made a part of the play. More commonly, at a Broadway play, the actors look at the audience and occasionally journey into the theatre's aisles.

The traditional format, however, is for the actors to pretend that the audience does not exist. *My Fair Lady* is the perfect example of a play in which the actors ignore the audience—not once during an almost three-hour performance did an actor look at the audience. It was almost as if director Jerry Adler had instructed the performers in the old art of the elementary school teacher, "Look at the clock at the back of the auditorium."

It seems like a minor complaint, but in 1976 the mode is the more relaxed concession to the audience's existence. And the untouchable attitude of *My Fair Lady* is damned annoying!

On the broader issue, *My Fair Lady* is not, despite some reviewers' insistence, the "quintessential musical." It is a good musical, one of the better ones, but by no means the best. In its own way, *Godspell* is far superior, and in the same tradition as *My Fair Lady*, *South Pacific*, *Kismet!*, *Annie Get Your Gun*, and possibly *Fiddler on the Roof* are also better.

There is a psychological postulate

known as the "self fulfilling prophecy." Briefly, this postulate holds that a person is likely to experience a situation as he anticipates he will experience it. Such was the situation last Tuesday night, when every few minutes, almost as if on cue, the audience burst into applause at the slightest action on stage.

Ian Richardson (Henry Higgins) ran

its seats.

All this is not to say that *My Fair Lady* isn't good, it is good, very good, its just not as good as "they" say. Probably, the best thing about *My Fair Lady* is Oliver Smith's sets. They are among the most extravagant to grace a Broadway stage. Whether the scene is a cotillion at an ambassador's home, a street in London, or Higgins' living



Eleanor Phelps, Jerry Canning, and Christine Andreas of *My Fair Lady*.

up a staircase, and the audience burst into applause. Christine Andreas (Eliza Doolittle) fell onto a couch, and the audience burst into applause. The situation became so absurd that all an actor need do was breathe to bring the audience to action. Given such wild enthusiasm it was amazing that the performers did not receive a standing ovation. But at \$17.50 each, the audience was not about to surrender

room, the sets are always magnificent. A Tony nomination to Oliver Smith.

Ian Richardson gives a fine performance as Henry Higgins. Richardson's delivery makes the humorous hilarious. His cavalier demeanor, reminiscent of Maurice Chevalier, is perfect. His singing voice is just average, but his interpretation is once more hilarious. *My Fair Lady* may not be the quintessential musical, but Ian Richardson approaches the quintessential Henry Higgins.

Christine Andreas is no more than adequate as Higgin's pupil, Eliza Doolittle. Her occasionally wooden

(Continued on page 16)

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BOBW

(Continued from page 9)

who come from a similar cultural background to have a place which they can call their own and which helps reaffirm the fact that we are not alone on this predominantly white campus. Our meeting place helps to provide us with a sense of unity.

6. Provided the Black women of B.O.B.W. with a sense of deep historical significance and emotional

attachment. In 1968, Black students struggled and were expelled to get this room. They gained their recognition as a community of Black people with different cultural, spiritual, and emotional needs. We do not want to forget their struggle by giving the room up for a ping pong table.

The last point which we would like to address ourselves to is the accusation by the Dorm Council that B.O.B.W. poses a security risk to the BHR dorm complex. It is a common fact that no one is permitted admittance to the building without first

presenting a Barnard I.D. or being signed in by a dorm resident. There should be no element of risk to security involved and if there is a danger to security, it is totally due to the inefficiency of the security system that Barnard employs at the front desk. Our intentions are strictly honorable and constructive; therefore we see ourselves as victims of a racist stereotyping.

We are asking your support in helping us to keep this room.

Members of B.O.B.W.

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Soup	.70
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Roast Beef	1.65	1.85
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Soft Salami	1.00	1.40
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Tuna Salad	1.40	1.75
American Cheese	.95	1.35
Swiss Cheese	1.00	1.40
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Brisket	2.75
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Roast Beef or Turkey	3.95
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Sirloin of Beef, Veg. Potato	4.00
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Remembrance

(Continued from page 6)

Elementary School campus, this room is called the Barnard Room. One would think that the entire essence of the old school had been distilled into this very tiny corner of what the school once had occupied entirely.

In this room, locked glass cases contain Barnard's 85 editions of its yearbook, the Bric (coined in 1887 from "bric-a-brac"), its newspapers and publications, its trophies and plaques. One wonders whether it is even known which keys open these cases, or whether a returning alumnus

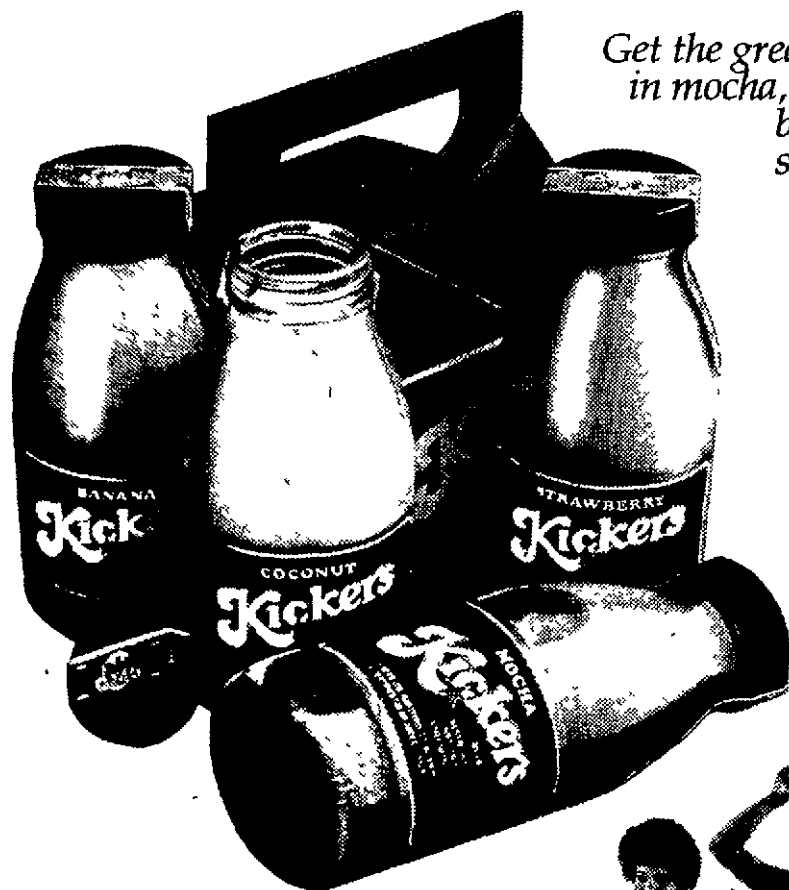
would be welcome to spend a few hours just poring through pages of forgotten names and glories.

The merger with Horace Mann was accomplished with little bitterness. I spent two years there (after four at Barnard) and enjoyed the experience immensely. Horace Mann is more intellectually stimulating than Barnard was in its final years. It was different from Barnard, and in many ways better. At the end we were told that a merger was the only way left to save Barnard; that was probably true. Yet all that we knew as Barnard has since

been irretrievably lost.

The new Horace Mann undergoes subtle transformations these days. A Horace Mann alumnus of 20 years ago will find that, with changes such as coeducation and renovation occurring last year, his high school is not as he remembers it. But a Barnard alumnus will have even less to return to. Little things which meant so much—a school song, an emblem and the Barnard "tradition," the purple and the white—all have disappeared. Into the realm of memory they have faded, and a corner is all that is left. ●

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30 PROOF AND READY TO GO



Women in Church

(Continued from page 7)

expressed preference, however, for the local chapter of N.O.W. in Westchester County and praised its frequent practice of holding gatherings where men and women are able to talk about women's rights. Sister Kristen also said, "Women should be more open to accepting ministry from women . . . we (women) are our own worst enemies."

Despite some setbacks, there is a definite movement toward improving the position of women in the Church. A growing number of women are serving as lectors and as extraordinary ministers of the Eucharist. Sister Kristen voiced her anticipation that women will be giving homilies on special occasions, on an extended basis, in the near future. An increasingly large number of women are earning Master of Divinity degrees in Protestant seminaries.

The film presented gave an indication that change has already taken place concerning the perception of women attending seminaries. In the film an assistant dean and registrar of a seminary in California reminisced about her education 25 years ago at a seminary which provided a separate residence, called St. Margaret's House, for women. (The women residents were known throughout the seminary as "St. Mag's Hags.")

Although the advancements may not seem too great to one thinking in secular terms, they show great promise for the improvement of women's rights within the Church. Sister Kristen stated her belief that the Detroit meeting of bishops is potentially a turning point. Recommendations made at this meeting will undergo an intensive six-month study by the bishops, who will respond in May, 1977.

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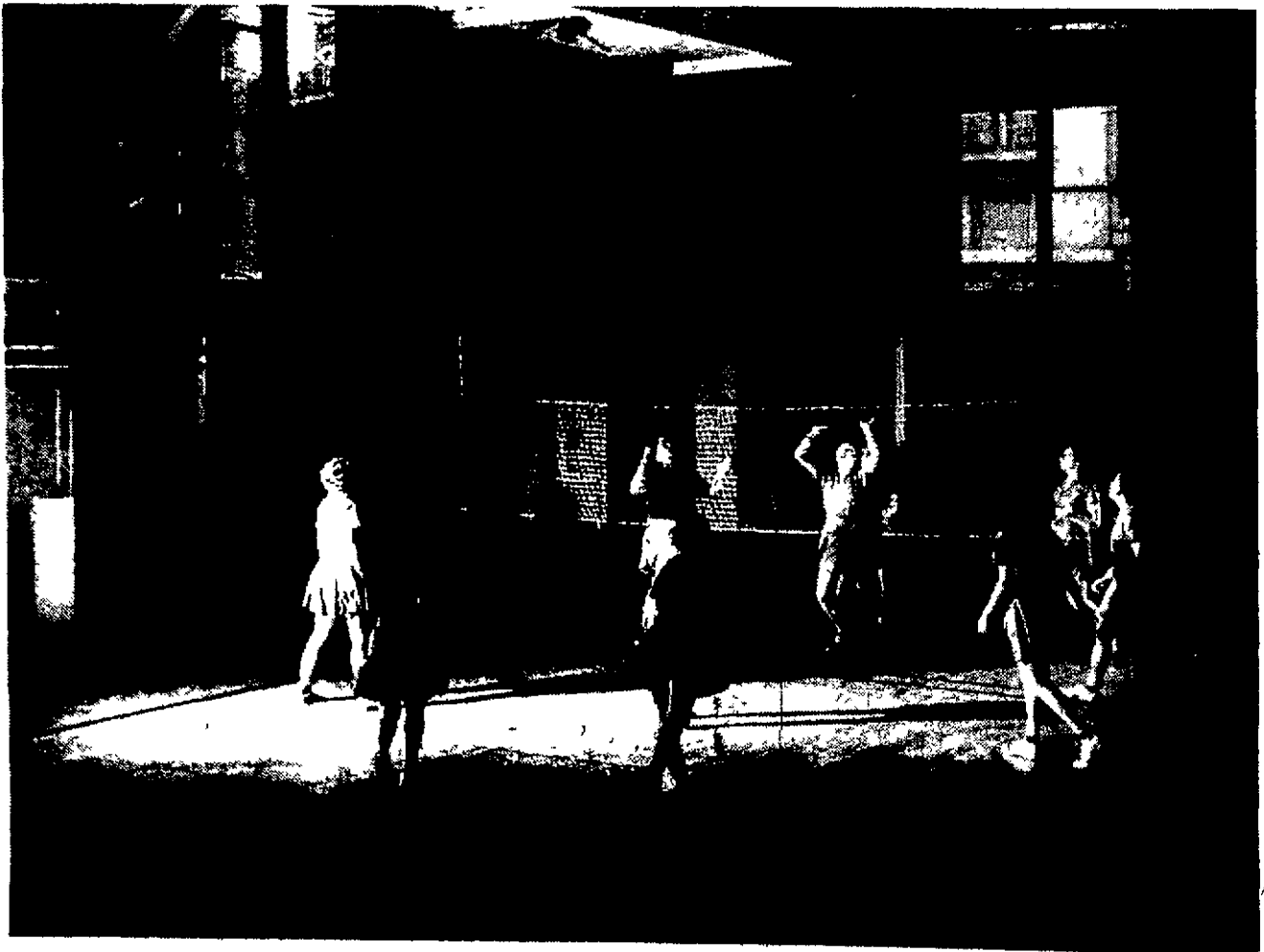
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What Makes a Barnard Woman So Special? Loose Robes and Good Posture . . .

Never let it be said that Barnard's sportswomen don't know where it's at. Or, for that matter, what it is. We were right on top of things back in '24. Our undergraduates displayed such impeccable taste in sportswear that they put the jean-clad women of today to shame. While only a veteran hula-hooper can fully comprehend the significance of a Good Posture award, we certainly try and the statue in the BHR courtyard stands as an oxidizing tribute to the daring and grace of Greek game participants of the years past.

To all of this, and so much more, this Finis page is dedicated. And whether it's true or not, never let it be said.





1955: Students making fools of themselves with hula-hoop.



Students hurrying to class in Paris Originals

1924: Dressed to kill for a fire drill.



My Fair Lady

(Continued from page 10)

delivery is further marred by her explicit refusal to risk eye-contact with the audience. Still, Andreas is an able performer, and her presence detracts only from the optimum, not the essential.

Robert Coote's Colonel Pickering is right on target—probably because Coote created the role in the original production. Coote's Pickering is an affable man, easily confused by the attempted charade.

Like the music, *My Fair Lady* is pleasant, one of the better examples of the tradition of which it is a part. A good cast highlighted by Ian Richardson, and a magnificent set are *My Fair Lady*'s strongest points. The "quintessential musical" is profound hyperbole, but *My Fair Lady* is still worth a look. ●

Sports

Sportsweek Revisited

by Leslie Miller

Last Wednesday, I trundled on over to the Barnard gym to check out Sportsweek. A volleyball game was in progress. People on the sidelines were yelling "Kick some ass, kick some ass." In need of a little more copy than that, I went down to Studio II to view the fencers in action. Not exactly a scene from the *Mark of Zorro*. People in wierd white outfits were attached to a machine. And not for their kidneys. They were thrusting a little here, parrying a little there. I tried to be a good spectator. "Run 'em through," I yelled, and received a number of withering looks. So I left. My notes from fencing read "This is a successful event. Everyone's having a good time, everyone's supportive of each other."

Diana Nyad's demonstration of the Universal Weight machine was cancelled, so I went back to the volleyball tournament. The participants were enjoying themselves so

much that I offered to play, only to discover that I was way out of my league. I tried to account for my incompetence; when it came my turn to serve, I made a slightly misleading announcement. "I am totally drunk and I haven't played this game in years." My serve veered off into the ozone. My notes from volleyball read, "This is a successful event. Everyone's having a good time, everyone's supportive of each other." ●

Sports Summary

11/3/76: The Barnard Swim Team beat Vassar in its first meet of the season, 110-46. Teresa Jankovic commented after the meet "We're doing really good."

11/9/76: The Barnard Swim Team lost to Adelphi, 53-73.

11/15/76: The volleyball team can't get no satisfaction. They seem to be on a losing streak; they lost their third straight match against C.W. Post. They lost in three games, winning the first 16-14, dropping the second, 5-15, and the third after an unsuccessful comeback, 10-15.

11/17/76: The volleyball team finally got their rhythm back. They beat C.C. N.Y. 15-13, 15-7. "We were moving, serving well, we were spiking pretty well, we played as a team" remarked team manager Laney McHarry. Their last game is Friday, against Baruch, and they expect to win.

11/17/76: The basketball game, was cancelled.

11/23/76: The Student-faculty volleyball game will be an exciting event. Hester Eisenstein, Harry Albers, Peter (Slugger) Balsam, Dick Pious, Bob McCaughy, Jon Reardon, Marion Philips, Marion Rosenwasser, will be playing for the faculty. There is a rumor floating around that Diana Nyad will play; however, there is some doubt as to whether she will consent to play on dry land. Commented one member of the student team, "If she plays, we're sunk."

Marion Rosenwasser had some fighting words for the students: "Although there will be no rabbit punches or bear hugs, there will be plenty of double taps, underhand carries, and other subversive superior prowess." ●

Sports

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