

How to convince Mom and Dad to buy you a pre-paid Trailways ticket home

Check boxes, clip out, mail to parents.

Dear Mom and Dad,

Things are swell here at college except, of course, the food, which is so bad that I'm down to 91 lbs. living on salted water sending samples to the biology lab hoping you'll buy me a prepaid Trailways ticket home to get a decent meal.

I sure could go for some of Mom's good ol' apple pie Riz de Veau à la Financière blood transfusions Trailways tickets paid for at your local station and picked up at mine.

Dad, next time we get together, I want to tell you about my part-time job how I suddenly realized what a truly wise and magnanimous fellow you are where I left your car last New Year's Eve thanks for making this trip possible with a prepaid Trailways ticket.

I also need some advice on a personal matter my backhand where one can hire decent servants these days how to separate you from a few bucks for a prepaid Trailways ticket.

Got to sign off now and go to class to pieces drop three or four courses to the Trailways station to see if anyone sent me a prepaid ticket to get out of here for the weekend.

Love,

P.S. Just go to the Trailways station and pay for my ticket, tell them who it's for and where I am. I pick the ticket up here when I go to catch the bus.

There is a \$5 service charge for prepaid tickets. The user will be notified by the nearest Trailways terminal when the ticket is ready. Prepaid round-trip tickets are good for one year from the date of purchase. Prepaid one-way tickets are good for 60 days from the date of purchase.



Trailways

For more information call Trailways 564-8320.

Barnard Bulletin

Vol. LXXXII No. 17

October 31, 1977



The Divine Issue

Religious Alternatives in N.Y.

A Trip to the Moon and Back

barnard bulletin

Jami Bernard
Editor in chief

Marianne Goldstein
News Editor

Ellen Raqin
Emily Klein
Features Editors

May May Gong
Photo Editor

Joan E. Storey
Assistant Editor

The Divine Issue

NEWS

- Problems Plague Campus Publications**, by Robin Michell page 3
The great candidus versus formals controversy
- Barnard Falls Prey to Rash of Thefts**, by Maria Rudensky page 4
Nailing your possessions to the floor may not exempt you from being ripped off
- Update on Dormitory Living**, by M.E. Goldstein & M. Tsarnas page 6
Barnard's two trouble spots, housing and food services, are under close scrutiny
- Peer Academic Counselors Aid Freshwomen**, by Karen Frieman page 7
A new organization has trouble getting off the ground

REGULAR FEATURES

- Ragamuffin**, by Jami Bernard page 2
Howwid gets brainwashed
- Newsbriefs** page 5
Phi Beta Kappa list and consciousness raising group
- Out From Under (Grad)**, by Emi Gaylord & Undergrad Officers page 5
- Finis**, by Amanda Kissin page 23
- Sports**, by Mary La Rocca page 24
Tennis, volleyball, sports schedule

SPECIAL FEATURES

- Double Trouble: Students Combine Classes and Careers**, by Jolyne Caruso page 8
It's bad enough holding down a full course load, but a job as well?
- Review: Hair: Hardly Old Hat**, by Laura Kuperman page 9
Modern audiences give it the brush
- Review: Tartuffe: A portrayal of Religious Hypocrisy**, by Katya Goncharoff page 15
Once banned for religious reasons, Moliere's play is back

RELIGIOUS ALTERNATIVES IN N.Y.

- Gay Shul**, by Marcy Goldstein page 10
Gay Jews finally have their own house of worship
- Calibrating Your Religious Growth with Scientology**, by Jennifer Crichton page 10
Hold fast to your E-meter and reach inner peace
- Hare Krishna: More Than a Chant**, by Laura Kuperman page 11
- A Trip to the Moon and Back**, by Jami Beth Bernard page 12
Bulletin's Editor-in-Chief braves a weekend at Tarrytown with the Unification Church
- For Early Risers Only**, by Carl Scherer page 19
A.M. Carman minyans

Production Staff

Julia Lachter
(head of Production Crew)
Maria Tsarnas
Marilyn Berman
Maureen McDevitt
Jolyne Caruso

Business Staff

Mary Kachourbas
Mary Ann Dubiel
Shirley Yoshida

Bulletin will not be published next week due to the election weekend. We will resume publication on November 14, 1977.

Ragamuffin

by Jami Bernard

Howwid gets brainwashed.

The arrival of the son of Sun Myung Moon at Columbia has caused some technical problems for the offices of housing and financial aid. For one thing, Sonny, class of '81, is demanding full scholarship although his father is purportedly worth 15 million dollars.

"His income is of a highly unstable nature," Young Myung claimed. "The dividends from the five industries in Korea, on whose boards my father serves, take so long to arrive in the mail. The Korean postal service is not very quick."

Another main source of income for Moon's family is selling candles and newspapers on the streets. "Aw c'mon," protested Sunny. "Is that any way for an old Korean to make a living?"

Sunny is also requesting housing, although he is within commuting distance from his father's two estates in Tarrytown, as well as the one in Barrytown, and the one in Irvington. "We're always having houseguests for the weekend, you know, friends of my father, and it's hard for me to study," explained Sunny. He would feel more comfortable, he added, by simply setting up a table and blackboard on College Walk and studying there. "It's in the blood," he added.

When asked whether his father, the famous Reverend Sun Myung Moon, thought by many to be the Messiah, ever came to visit his son at college, Sunny replied irritably, "Waiting for him to come is like waiting for the impossible. He stopped by once when I was out, and left a note saying he'd come again. But God only knows when that will be. All I can say is I'm not going to hang waiting."

Sunny Moon, a likeable chap with a broad grin and a glassy stare, plans to study Contemporary Music. "Bach is very well and nice, but Denver's where it's at," he asserted. Sunny, son of Sun, believes as his father does in eternal love, and so he keeps in touch with each of his five stepmothers.

Sunny, also like his dad, believes in purity and wishes to become one with God through a saintly life and sincere devotion. He likes prayer, goodness, and sincerity. He also likes blondes and open-ended relationships. Smiling complacently, Sunny added, "And kinky sex."

The Lure of Religion

Millionairess Patty Hearst becomes a machine-gun wielding revolutionary. Parents cry that their children have been "programmed," are unrecognizable, have abandoned all ties to family and friends. "De-programmers" are amassing fortunes in fees from families that want their children "back to normal." The brainwashing of the initiated into religious and political groups has emerged as a monster created by the search for meaning in the 1970's.

The breaking down of the faithless to pave the way for a religious or political conversion is not, however, a phenomenon exclusive to this period of history. Three centuries ago, Pavlov John Wesley, a religious leader,

reported that he found a method of converting his listeners by inducing states of emotional excitement through his preaching often leading to emotional collapse.

Today, as thousands of Americans flock to a plethora of religious and psychologically oriented wholesalers of meaning in this life, stories come back of weekends without food or sleep at the EST seminar in the Roosevelt Hotel, of saccharin-sweet woosings on a round-the-clock basis at the Moonie retreat in Tarrytown, of mass group therapy-like sessions at Biocybernetics seminars where 200 strangers tell you what's wrong with you, while the group leader cheers them on.

We are, one might pos-

tulate, a society particularly susceptible to these techniques. Tom Wolfe has termed the 1970's the "ME" generation — one need only look at college campuses, only a decade ago the scene of unrest and activism, now filled with hardworking, "me" oriented students competing for too few seats in graduate schools. Science, once looked to as the ultimate answer, has turned out to be a hideous creature, capable of nuclear annihilation at the push of a button. So where is the meaning to be found? Americans are turning to religion — conventional and alternative, acceptable and fringe groups alike.

The ultimate prerequisite for religion is faith — and the basis for faith is often need. Personal need, societal isolation, technological coldness — and along comes the sweetly smiling, apparently blissful Hare Krishna down Fifth Avenue, offering flowers, incense, and the answer — a meaning to one's life.

— Amanda Kissin



Drawing by Elaine Richards

finis

Problems Plague Campus Publications

by Robin Michell

A senior class referendum was held last week after strong objections were raised by Barnard seniors over the use of formal portraits in place of candid shots in the yearbook. The **Mortarboard** staff defended its decision to use formal portraits, but also agreed to consider a reversal of their decision if the results of the referendum, which required students to simply indicate their choice between "formals" or "candid," so indicated.

In a senior class meeting last Tuesday, several students heatedly expressed their dissatisfaction with the decision to use only formal pictures and exclude candid photos, which would be taken in various locations on the Barnard campus. "Whether I'm in it or not, I refuse to buy the yearbook if it has only formal pictures," one senior said.

Aminata Kabia, **Mortarboard** editor, claimed that by agreeing to offer only formals, she was able to secure a very favorable contract from the photographer, Rappaport Studios. The contract not only relinquishes the \$3.00 photographer's sitting fee to **Mortarboard**, but also offers a rebate to **Mortarboard** for each student photographed.

The terms of this agreement were possible, Kabia explained, because the photographer makes his money not from sitting fees but from sales of photo packages. "Formals sell a lot better than candid," she said. The agreement also enables **Mortarboard** to apply the sitting fee of \$3.00 to its publishing costs.

Kabia claimed that the expected extra income from the rebates and the sitting fees totaling approximately \$2,000, allowed her staff to plan

several special features for this year's yearbook, including 16 full-color pages, a leather and cloth bound cover, and about 48 extra pages to include coverage of Barnard student and campus life.

Several students attending the meeting, however, said that they would rather have candid pictures than additional features, prompting further criticism of the **Mortarboard** staff, and of Kabia in particular, for not consulting the senior class about its preferences before making a decision.

Kabia admitted that she "hadn't

in the future in filling editorial posts and in signing contracts.

She admitted that it would have been better if Undergrad had seen **Mortarboard's** contract before it was submitted to Dean of Students, Doris Coster, to sign but "there was no established precedence for that."

Dean Coster also asserted that attention should be focused on planning now for next year, and on determining what role the class should play in making decisions about the yearbook. "If they want a democratic process, the students must be willing to participate in it."

"Whether I'm in it or not, I refuse to buy the yearbook if it only has formal pictures"

thought of" consulting anyone else at the time, but cited the time pressure she was under when she signed the contract in late September.

Last year, the **Mortarboard** editorial posts were not filled during the second semester as they usually are because no one volunteered for the positions. As a result, all decisions that should have been made last spring, including the one regarding formal or candid poses, were delayed until this September when the present **Mortarboard** staff assumed office.

Emily Gaylord, President of Undergrad, last week said that **Mortarboard's** problems last year were "phenomenal" and definitely made this year's situation more difficult. Gaylord stated that the problems **Mortarboard** is now experiencing point to the need for a defined set of procedures for publications to follow

When asked to explain her own appraisal of **Mortarboard's** decision to commit itself to formal portraits, she said, "I looked at it from a business point of view. I raised questions and was satisfied by the economic reasons," Aminata cited.

Even though Dean Coster's signature is required on contracts that **Mortarboard** negotiates, there is currently no procedure which assures that Undergrad, which funds **Mortarboard**, sees the contract at all before it is signed.

Other publications on the Barnard campus have not been without their own problems. **Upstart**, a new arts publication last year, received funding for the entire year from Undergrad. **Upstart** was to publish issues both semesters but, using only part of allocated funds, published only one

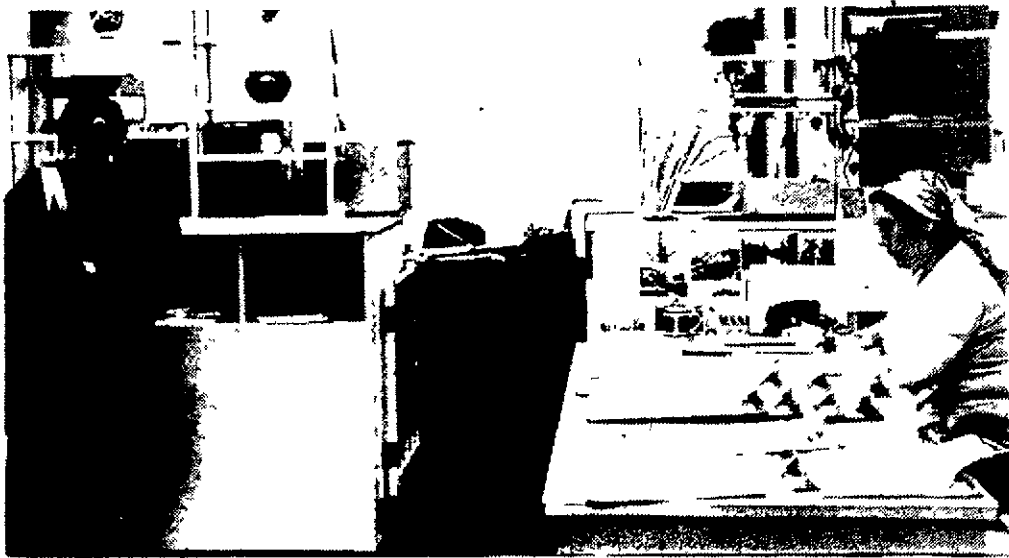
(Continued on page 17)



Barnard Falls Prey to Thefts

by Maria Rudensky.

A suspect was arrested Saturday, October 21st, in connection with several thefts that have occurred at Barnard this semester. Until that date, none of the crimes had been resolved, according to Assistant to the Dean of Students Jon Reardon. "For a short while it seemed to be headed for a crisis but the problem has abated," Reardon noted, but refused to speculate on the identity of the robbers still at large, saying only that they could be internal or external and it's up to the police now."



Dean of Studies Office hit by thieves.

Barnard Director of Security Ray Boylan said the suspect arrested had committed "90 per cent of the thefts at Barnard this semester." These consisted mainly of wallets and pocketbooks left unattended and "no forcible entries were discovered" in any of the thefts she allegedly committed.

In recounting last semester's problems, Jon Reardon revealed that Joe Gerace, the Teachers College student who operates Gypsy Sound Service, had "\$1,200 of equipment ripped off. We believe the band that played that night, Eclipse, walked off with the equipment." He added that despite the fact that there was only one open exit leading out of Barnard that night (the gates in front of Barnard Hall where a security guard is stationed), they wouldn't have suspected the musicians as they were carrying equipment of their own too. The theft was reported as a commercial burglary but has still not been resolved.

During the summer, two cartons of McAc and Commuter Action T-shirts were stolen from the McAc office. The theft occurred in June and was first noticed by students after returning to the office after a two-week absence. "You can draw your own conclusions," commented Reardon, "but it's pretty firm that the students didn't do it."

After the first McIntosh dance of this year on September 16, Laser Sound claimed to have had a turntable and an amplifier stolen. Reardon hypothesizes that the theft must have

taken place after 2 a.m. (the time McIntosh closes after special events). Boylan told **Bulletin**, "It was hard to determine when the stereos went because it was quite possible the door was left unlocked."

At 10 a.m. the next morning Laser Sound informed Reardon that the equipment was missing. Curiously, he said, the incident has not been pursued by Laser Sound. Reardon also noted that Barnard doesn't carry insurance for these kinds of thefts.

The room from which the two audio equipment thefts allegedly occurred is located on the lower level of McIntosh across from the piano practice rooms. Several people, including students, staff and administration had keys to that room. Reardon elaborated on the key situation, calling it a "serious problem." When asked why it was possible for any student to ask for a key to virtually any McIntosh office simply by going to 206 McIntosh, Reardon replied, "I don't give any keys

to unauthorized members of any clubs that have office space."

He admitted that keys were given out last year and in fact, many were not returned, but said that this was not going to happen this year. "I am going to limit each club to three keys, except Undergrad, McAc and **Bulletin** who because of their large memberships have access to more keys."

The suspect who was arrested Saturday had "worked McIntosh" and was seen in the building as late as Friday. A neighborhood resident, her chief victims were people who left their property unattended in dorms and offices for only a few minutes to go to the bathroom or in the case of the library, to the stacks. Ray Boylan, calling her a "professional" and a "sneak thief" said that she had finally been captured with the help of a photograph which had been widely circulated.

"She has an extensive criminal record but was not wanted for pick-pocketing," said Boylan, and cautioned students that "three to five men you could consider pros remain unapprehended." Joel LeFebre, the desk attendant at 616, the dorm where the suspect was caught, managed to detain her long enough after making a call to security for the guard to get to the desk and make the capture, related Boylan. "I think he deserves a lot of credit for that."

Another larger robbery occurred this semester in the Dean of Studies Office "in the middle of the night," according to Boylan. He said there was little known about this incident; "an unlocked window (from Claremont Avenue) is the best we can do now." Two typewriters, one manual and electric were stolen but others had been unbolted from desks. Boylan speculates that a guard might have unwittingly interrupted the robbery. The police are now handling the case as any other burglary.

Both Reardon and Boylan advised students not to leave dorm rooms and pocketbooks unattended. In addition students are cautioned not to go into the Dance Studios alone. Other trouble spots could be the academic buildings after 5 p.m. and before 9 a.m.

Another apprehension was made by the Barnard Security Department on

(Continued on page 18)

Out from Under (Grad)

Things have been happening at Undergrad, often so fast and furiously, that it is difficult to sit back and reflect upon where we have come from and where we are going. We started the year from scratch; initially, what we all knew about Undergrad was limited, but as we struggled over the budget allocations, planned the activities for the fall semester, and began the endless round of meetings, we all came to understand the nature of our commitment.

For the most part we are pleased with what we've seen from our Barnard students; there are over 50 clubs which Undergrad is funding this fall, and what is really pleasing about this particular statistic is that it means there are that many more students involved in activities than last year. And the nature of the activities themselves are more diversified, from cabarets to party buses to innovative theater—"we do it all for you!"

In two weeks, Barnard Undergrad officers, along with the editor-in-chief of *Bulletin* will be traveling to Radcliffe College for the semi-annual Seven Sisters Conference. This conference traditionally covers topics that are relevant to the particular participants. It looks like among other subjects, we will be talking about the athletic programs for the women at the Ivies. We were wondering if Barnard students had any particular issues which they would like to see raised at this conference. We are supposed to be representing you, the students, and although we do have a pretty good idea of what kinds of issues plague the campus, we would like some additional input from you, so that we might transport your ideas with us to Cambridge.

Upcoming events which you should keep in mind (on top of everything else in your busy schedules!) are:

1) Don't forget the Winter Grant application deadlines. Lori Gold now has all the pertinent information for students to pick up if they are interested in applying for funds over the interim. Pick up a guideline in the Undergrad Office and see what it entails. The deadline is November 18th for completed applications.

2) The first Student Rep Council meeting will be Tuesday, November 15th, at 7:30 p.m. in the Reid Living

Room. More information will be put in the representatives' mailboxes.

3) The first meeting of the Financial Control Board will be Thursday, November 3. Suzanne Lofrumento will soon get in touch with the members.

4) If your club has not given us a membership list, or filled out a registration form, in addition to submitting your constitution, then it will be fined for every day you have not done so!

5) On Thursday, November 10, Undergrad, in conjunction with the *Columbia Spectator*, will sponsor Louis Lapham, editor of *Harper's* magazine. Mr. Lapham will be speaking on Journalism and the Sixties. It will be in College Parlor at 9:00.

Well, these events are what's happening "au courant," but where are we going from here? People have been very responsive to Undergrad this year. We would like to maintain this level of interaction, because it gives us the feeling that we are truly "representative." If we are not reaching the students, then we should know about it.

However, all is still not as it should be. For instance, we ran a Lifestyles Workshop this past Thursday evening for the students' benefit, yet relatively few students participated. Is this because of apathy? Or was it simply because of mid-terms? Or a lack of communication? Perhaps someone can enlighten me; I would appreciate it.

Dean Coltery's office over at Columbia is now putting out a weekly Master College Calendar, in which all club events which are listed in the College Activities Office will be printed. In addition, Suzanne Lofrumento keeps a calendar in the lower level of McIntosh listing the week's events. But perhaps we need more than this. Or, perhaps it is a case of overkill—there are simply too many things going on to take notice of everything. It is a problem that I think students should think about.

Until next time, take care of yourselves (the big bad Columbia Virus is going around for the third or fourth time) and study, but don't overwork yourselves!

Emily M. Gaylord, President
(and the Undergrad Board)

Newsbriefs



Phi Beta Kappa

The Barnard section of Phi Beta Kappa announces the election of the following Barnard students:

Shirley Ng Bow (Biochemistry)

Helen Mae Chao (Biology)

Sharon Ceilia Fridman (History/
Political Science)

Sarah F. Gold (French)

Robin Grumet (Economics)

Meryl Lyn Hauptman
(Economics)

Deborah Lynn Pfeffer (Biology)

Syma Rose Shulman

(Psychology)

Jenny Lee Stone (Biochemistry)

Tirza Sarah Wahrman

(Economics)

Teresa Helen Wyszomierski
(Economics)

The initiation will take place on Thursday, November 17, 1977, at 4:00 p.m. in the Deanery.

C.R. Group

You don't have to be a feminist to join a Consciousness Raising Group, and your consciousness may already be raised. But call it what you may, a weekly rap group is a support group. It is not structured group therapy or an encounter session, but a forum for self-examination through open discussion. The group will meet on Wednesday, November 9 at 6 p.m. in the Women's Center. If you can't make it, leave your name in the Women's Center anytime.

**JOIN
BULLETIN**

— Update: Dormitory Living —

Housing

The housing shortage, always an acute problem at Barnard, was intensified this year by the increased size of the incoming freshman class. Associate Dean of Students Michelle Mattia doubts that she will be able to house all of those on the waiting list, "unless there is a sudden mass exodus from the dorms."

The waiting list for rooms, which originally had 260 people on it, is now down to approximately 200. According to Mattia, rooms are coming in slowly—"They're very few and far between," although she anticipates that there will probably be some more rooms available after winter break.



Michelle Mattia
Associate Dean of Students

As part of the effort to locate rooms for those on the list there has been an increased effort to search out rooms that are sublet, and rooms that are not occupied by the students who have paid for them.

"Because the situation is so desperate, many students don't feel as though they're ratting if they notify us of someone who's subletting," Mattia said, adding that she felt that the practice of subletting is "unforgivable and selfish, given the present situation."

In an informal survey of the waiting list taken by her office, Mattia noted that out of the 59 respondents, most

were still interested in having rooms now and next semester. Also, most would not wish to live in International House, given the opportunity.

Forty rooms have been leased by Barnard from International House, but Mattia noted that it was only a temporary situation.

Possible permanent solutions to the problem are currently being discussed, although Mattia refused to speculate on what they might be. "All that I can say is that we're currently working very hard to overcome the shortage, and that the alternatives being discussed are of a more permanent nature."

—Marianne Goldstein

Servomation

Servomation has a new director, John Hine, a '72 graduate of the Culinary Institute in Hyde Park, and an employee of Servomation for almost five years.

Hine has been here for over a week and sees the job as "interesting" and "challenging." He said he has already made some changes based on suggestions from the Food Committee whose main grievances were menu changes and more variety.

The Food Committee has asked Hine for more vegetarian entrees and a better quality of food. Hine stated though that the quality here is very good and that they use only name brand items like Kelloggs cereal and Wonder bread, two "top reputable companies."

Hine intends to eliminate the "Salisbury Steak" and "Yankee Stew" and add a Yogurt section with a choice of toppings. He has already made changes in the salad bar by putting croutons out every day, and this week he's adding bean sprouts and bacon crisps. The students' request for daily granola every day has been granted, and frozen yogurt will arrive when the frozen yogurt machine is fixed.

According to Hine, he has a good relationship with the students on the committee, and an optimistic attitude toward his new job. He said he's "looking forward to many good years here."

So far Hine hasn't encountered any major problems, being used to



BHR Cafeteria features Wonder Bread

working a "hectic schedule." He doesn't even foresee any problems as long as the food committee and other students talk to him.

Hine isn't involved with the subcontracting of the vending machines, which is taken care of by Doris Coster, dean of students. So far, she said she has suspended the offering of the contract to Servomation, and will "wait for a reading of how the new management is making out."

The present vendors will continue to service the campus, "maybe until the end of the semester." Coster would still like to include in Servomation's contract a provision that they also provide vending machine service. She is delaying this decision until she sees whether Barnard will completely terminate Servomation's contract or not.

Barnard's attitude about Servomation is "wait and see." The new management has only been here about two weeks and it's not enough time to judge.

The verdict on the new management cannot be passed because Hine does not have an assistant and the management can't show its full potential. So, to Coster, it wouldn't be fair to make a definitive statement on Servomation's status.

—Maria Tsarnas

New Program Aids Freshwomen

by Karen Frieman

The adjustment to a new school is always hard and adjusting to college is especially difficult. In recognition of this, a group of students and faculty advisors have found a way to help minimize this trauma through the creation of the Peer Academic Counseling (PAC) Clinic.

Peer academic counselors are students who have been trained in academic and emotional counseling in order to help other Barnard students adjust to and survive their college careers.

According to Anya Luchow, before the creation of the program, she and other advisors have always formed small groups of their advisees. Those who took part in the groups profited but Luchow noted that "it was difficult to get people involved. It seemed that a more organized stimulus was needed."

Last year, advisors Anya Luchow, Sandra Stingle and Margie Silverman received information from Exxon regarding a grant being offered for starting a peer counseling program fashioned after one operating in Texas.

Luchow, Silverman and Stingle entered a grant proposition as did fifty other groups.

After the three women took part in a series of training seminars and interviews, Barnard was chosen as an acceptable location, and the advisors were awarded a one year grant. In addition, the administration has expressed their willingness, if the program is a success, to support turning P.A.C. into a Barnard tradition.

The main focus of the program this year, according to Laney McHarry, a Peer Academic Counselor working with the advisors of the program, will be the Walk-in Clinic.

Since only freshmen will be actively recruited for the other facets of the program, the center is expected to serve as the primary way for the P.A.C.s to help upperclassmen. The upperclassmen are, however, invited to join the freshmen P.A.C. groups.

Every P.A.C. attended a training course held last spring. The course, given in the Experimental College

as a subsection of E.C. 2, "Self Structured Learning," is taught by Luchow, Silverman and Stingle. Last year they were aided by Susie Phillips.

The course utilized such techniques as role playing, video taping and guided practice. The P.A.C.s were trained in a spectrum of fields from listening skills to developmental psychology. Any sophomore or junior may apply for and be interviewed for entrance into the course, which will be held again during spring term.

in their study habits. The results of the survey are for student information only, and will not be used as a research tool.

Although innovative at Barnard, peer counseling has existed in other schools. Rutgers University has a program and Ms. Silverman worked with a similar program at N.Y.U.

According to Ms. Luchow, the P.A.C.s feel that the freshmen are receiving the program well, and their hope is that the program will make the freshmen "feel better about being at Barnard."

'There are no upperclassmen who can say to a freshmen, when I was a freshmen I went to PAC and it helped'

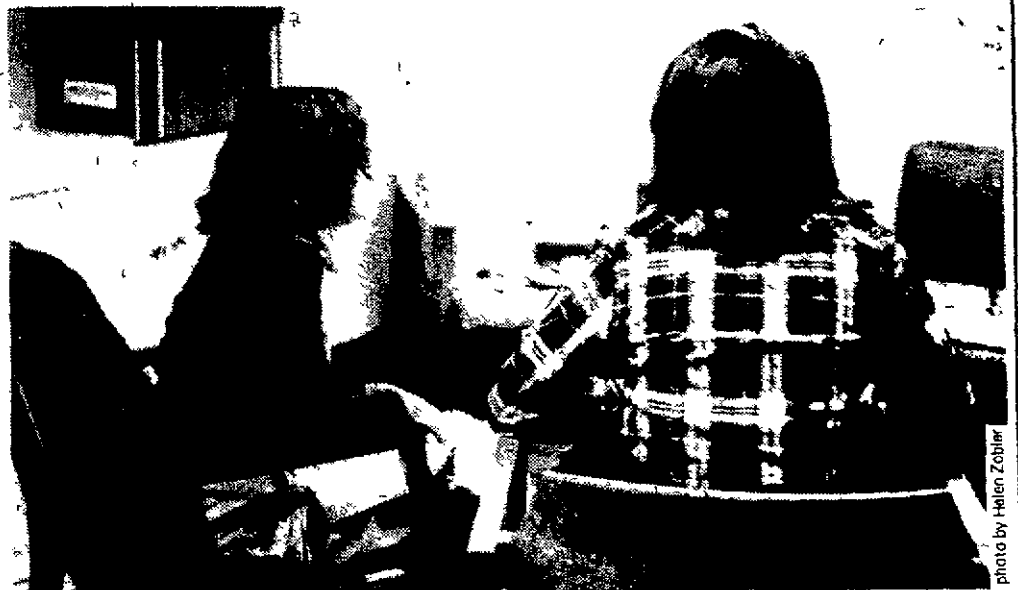
Currently, the P.A.C.s are rewriting the training materials from the Texas model and are making it into a handbook for the use of Barnard students experiencing trouble with study skills. In addition, the counselors have compiled a file of outside referral services to help those students they are not qualified to help.

The first contact this year's freshmen had with their P.A.C.s was during the completion of the Study Skills, Habits and Attitudes survey, which will be used by freshmen to analyze and correct any defects

Ms. Silverman believes that the P.A.C. program will "enhance a sense of community at Barnard and capitalize on the experience of upperclass people. I think," she added, "it's genuinely useful for students here."

Now, a month after its formation, the P.A.C.s seem to have changed their positions somewhat. The response to Peer Academic Counseling and to the Mac Pac Room has been disappointing according to three of the P.A.C.s, Debbie McCoy, B'79, Laney

(Continued on page 15)



A troubled Junior gets some help.

Double Trouble

Students Combine Classes and Careers

by Jolyne Caruso

There are those of us who roll out of bed at 8:45 a.m. and groggily walk to our 9:00 class, continually complaining about our five courses and our lack of time. There is no doubt about it—our lives are the most difficult. Consider, however, holding a 20-50 hour a week job in addition to a full course load.

Amanda Kissin, a senior at Barnard who works an average of fifty hours each week, works and travels with Gabe Pressman of Channel Five News (WNEW-TV). Dana Delabovi, a junior, currently works for WNET

available to her when she has the time.

When asked how she was managing her studies, Amanda grinned and replied, "So far, so good." She explained that the majority of her reading is done on the cross-town bus and the IRT. On Sundays, she stays within the confines of her room, reading voraciously. She expressed the need for strong discipline and a set of priorities. The working world has made her more appreciative of school and learning in general.

Dana is a philosophy major who would rather devote her time to an in-depth study of the subject. Her hours

'On Sundays, she stays within the confines of her room reading voraciously . . .'

television for about twenty-five hours each week. Sissy Cargill, a junior, has held many jobs throughout college and is presently working for the New York Bar Review. These are just three students who have managed to integrate their academic lives with a full work-week.

Amanda Kissin leads a busy yet interesting life. She is currently enrolled in four courses, including an experimental college course in which she keeps a journal of her working experience. The other three courses meet Tuesday-Thursday, making Mondays and Fridays her busiest days of the week, often working ten hours on each of these days. As Pressman's assistant, Amanda is present to witness the latest news and works with him until the show is televised.

Dana Delabovi works twenty-five hours each week for the McNeil-Lehrer Report. Her job entails collaborating with reporters on their assignments; she also does research work for individual reporters and other odd jobs such as answering the public mail.

In her present job, Sissy Cargill works approximately twenty hours each week, however, she is also a "walk on" for ABC television, playing various minor roles in the soap operas. It is a type of free-lance work which is

of work take away from her hours of study. However, her grades have not suffered and she has become more appreciative of learning.

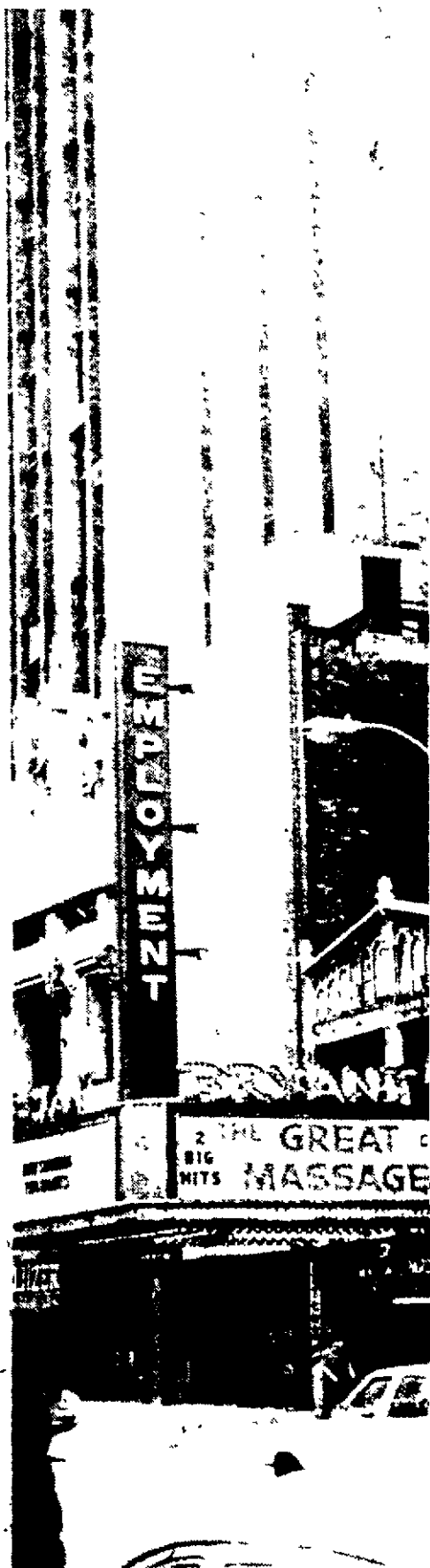
Sissy feels that having a job during the week increases motivation and helps individuals budget their time, though where grades are concerned, they "suffer a bit."

Working twenty to thirty hours a week leaves very little time for a social life, but Amanda remains optimistic, since her job is of her own choice and she provides happiness and satisfaction, although she misses the life of the College senior.

Fortunately, Dana does not lack a social life, having found a set of friends who are as busy as she. She is in the process of rearranging her priorities, figuring that "the real world is going to come quick enough."

Sissy's weekends are her own and she utilizes her time carefully. She is associate news director of Columbia TV and hopes to pursue a career in journalism. Like many other students, she is occasionally faced with a "priority crisis." Fortunately for her, things always get worked out.

Working and attending school is a job in itself, requiring maturity and a strong sense of discipline. However it can be done and has been proven by these three women.



Hair: Hardly Old Hat

by Laura Kuperman

Looking back at the restless, flower-bearing, peace-seeking hippie-culture of the sixties, which word comes forward to capture the total mood and sum up the happening? "Hair" may be just the word, and it also happens, not coincidentally, to be the title of a play of and about that era.

Walking into the Biltmore theatre for a performance of "Hair" is a bit like taking a step back into a memory, or if you're too young to remember, like finding out everything you always wanted to know about hippies but were afraid to ask. However, the step back in time is just long enough to make us see the play from a new perspective, and short enough to ensure our involvement in its themes.

The revival of "Hair" is something of an enigma. It is not a reminder of "the good old days," or a caricature of an age, as the fifties nostalgia show, "Grease," yet it does have the power to call us back to things that have been lost.

This power derives from the fact that when "Hair" was originally produced, in 1968, it was more than an artistic comment on what was happening—it was what was happening. Gerome Ragni and James Rado came up with a script and lyrics which spoke with anything but detachment of anti-war sentiment, mind-expanding drugs, air pollution, interracial love, and

sexual freedom. Galt Macdermot set it all to music which was contemporary and good enough to make the pop charts; it was the first rock music on a Broadway stage.

The cast consisted of young unknowns, who relied more on pure talent and energy than on polished professionalism. Naturally it was all rather shocking, or at least revolutionary. The public was ready for the change, as evidenced by "Hair's" enormous success on Broadway and worldwide.

"Hair" may not shock audiences of the 1970's, but it can certainly touch them. Before the show begins, the cast is seen as real people, on the stage playing with balloons or doing yoga, and in the aisles handing out flowers. As the music hails the beginning of the play, the cast is everywhere—climbing over the seats and swinging from lighting fixtures. "Hair" is intended to surpass the passive experience of watching strangers perform on a stage.

The plot which unfolds is quite simple, with the more important emphasis on the ideas which are expressed in the various songs. Surrealistic devices, fantasy-sequences, and hallucinations hold the play together, allowing a constant movement and a sense of freedom.

Set in the east village in 1967, "Hair's" characters are a tribe of hippies who want to change the world.



photo by Curt Kaurin

Cast of HAIR, "I Got Life"

The main plot revolves around Claude Bukowski, played by Robert Corff, a high school drop-out who fantasizes that he comes from Manchester, England instead of Flushing. Claude yearns to discover "why I live and die" and is frustrated by society's constraints. His song, "Where Do I Go?" ends up with the play's once-infamous nude scene. The nudity is not out of place, but seems to express the quest of youth to be natural and seek honest answers to their questions.

Claude receives his draft notice, and although he is surrounded by anti-war protests and songs, the reality of his situation is not easy to deal with. He reacts as a human being who cannot casually burn his draft card and forget about it, and he thus inspires our sympathy. Claude, young and confused, goes off to war, and never gets to Manchester, England.

Claude lives with tribe members George Berger (he doesn't dig the name George—you can call him Cheese Berger) and Sheila, the protester. You can imagine the combinations. Berger is the tribe's top joker and top lover, unleashing his fury with happy abandon. Michael Hoyt's slight staginess actually accents the role, and he stops the show singing "I Got Life." Sheila, played by Ellen Foley, is "hung-up" on Berger, and makes a plea for valuing individual relationships in "Easy to be Hard."

Another member of the tribe is Jeanie, played by Alaina Reed. She is spaced out and pregnant, and although it does not happen to be his baby, she would do anything for Claude. Everyone is in love with someone or everyone, even the fourteen-year-old

(Continued on page 20)



photo by Curt Kaurin

Cast asks, "Why do these words sound so nasty."

Religious Alternatives In

Gay Shul

by Marcy Goldstein

The atmosphere in a synogogue on a Friday night is a wonderful thing. It is something that Jews know they are sharing with others all over the world—no matter what kind of Jews they are, and last Friday night, Congregation Beth Simchat Torah, whose membership is gay, exhibited the same serenity and peace on the Sabbath as any other synogogue.

Each Friday night at 8:15, Beth Simchat Torah holds services to honor the Sabbath. Located in the Westbeth Artist Housing Complex in the West Village, the synogogue always attracts a large crowd of gay men and women. All of the joy of the Sabbath is expressed in the service, which includes

Many gay groups form simply as social or political organizations, but one of the first members of the synogogue, a rather short, grey-haired man, stressed that Beth Simchat Torah "is not a political forum for gays. It is a synogogue first—therefore, it stands for certain Jewish values." If a homosexual wants a social group, there are many around, he continued. Admittedly, the services and coffee hour afterward "are great social events. But that's not the main reason we're here."

This unique Jewish group is almost five years old. Though it began with only 12 people, the synogogue's membership has blossomed to its present total of 200 paying members. Ranging in age from 20 to 70, the members come from varied Jewish backgrounds.

... they feel both their Judaism and their sexual preferences, and want to give up neither . . .

much enthusiastic singing and dancing. A social hour and more dancing follows the service.

The notion of a gay synogogue is an antithesis of sorts, as homosexuality is shunned in the Bible. However, as one member put it, most of the gay Jews "have come to terms with it"—they feel both their Judaism and sexual preferences very strongly, and want to give up neither. When asked how his parents reacted when he declared himself as gay, he replied that his father is no longer living, but his mother wasn't upset, being herself a member of the synogogue.

Other members of the synogogue come from more secular backgrounds. According to one woman, "Beth Simchat Torah taught me so much about Judaism. I had little or no religious training and I've enjoyed

learning about it through the synogogue." She had first attended services out of curiosity, then realized it had given a definite sense of belonging to the Jewish community.

Several members of the congregation emphasized their strong sense of identification with the Jewish community at large. They pointed out Beth Simchat Torah's participation in the Jewish solidarity and Soviet Jewry marches, as well as their fund drives for the United Jewish Appeal, the Jewish National Fund, and other Jewish charities. Last year the synogogue raised \$3500 for the Israel Emergency Fund.

The central focus of the congregation is its synogogue and services. All of the holidays in the Jewish calendar are observed, and one member proudly noted that almost 400 people attended services on Yom Kippur. Equally important are the classes in Hebrew, Jewish Concepts, and other educational services sponsored by the synogogue.

Though the synogogue is for both gay men and women, not as many women attend. One woman explained that "many (gay) women are put off by this synogogue—they are intimidated by the fact that they walk in and see a male rabbi and, in general, more men

(Continued on page 18)

Calibrating Religious Growth

by Jennifer Crichton

The Church of Scientology, located at 28 West 74th Street in a large townhouse befitting a foreign embassy, is the clearinghouse for a host of bright-eyed cultists, suspicious of reporters, enthusiastic about their own experiences and convinced that **their** way, one full of invented jargon and a contraption straight out of the horror comics, called the Electrometer, is the best and the only way.

Scientology, which claims Karen Black and Chick Corea among its five million other "parishioners," is a hodge-podge of doctrine that has some roots in the major religious thought of Buddhism, Hinduism and Christianity, but finds its primary source in the very productive mind of founder E. Ron Hubbard. Scientology did not develop in the slow, adaptive, communal way of most religions, but sprang into being from Hubbard's imagination around 25

years ago. The term Scientology arises from the words "Scio," defined by the Church as "Knowing in the fullest way," and "logos," the Greek word for doctrine.

A sci-fi writer with hundreds of books to his credit, Hubbard reportedly addressed an audience in 1949 and said, "Writing for a penny a word is ridiculous. If a man really wanted to make a million dollars, the best way would be to start his own religion." The rest is history, religion and litigation.

Hubbard, still alive, cruises about on his own ship, eluding process-servers and other intrusive characters from various governments. Presumably he is a millionaire many times over. His inspirational works clutter the main hall of the Church on 74th Street, selling for approximately seven dollars apiece.



Gay symbol, lambda, enclosed within the Star of David.

New York

Hare Krishna: More Than A Chant

by Laura Kuperman

I had seen them many times before, chanting and dancing to a tambourine rhythm at Times Square, quietly explaining their philosophy to curious people in Central Park, with their saffron saris, shaved heads, and peaceful countenances. They had always appeared like apparitions from some fantasy-world.

I visited the Hare Krishna Center in New York, a modern 13-story building, which started out as an east village storefront back in 1966. One year earlier, the spiritual master A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami had come from India to spread Krishna Consciousness. Allegedly endowed with omniscience, he came when his message was needed, in this age referred to in the scriptures as the "Age of Kali," marked by quarrel and hypocrisy. He founded The International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ISCON) and the movement grew amidst the surge of

interest in alternative lifestyles taking place at that time.

A *New York Times* editorial written in 1974 illustrates the attitude of certain people towards the Hare Krishna sect. Entitled "Get Your Red-Hot Panaceas," the article linked the Hare Krishna movement with several other religious movements and explained them all as symptoms of a "spiritual vacuum leading towards desperate new pursuits of self-

discovery."

Ajitananda, a devotee for the past five years, told me that a journalist with a view similar to the one voiced in the *Times*, once appeared on "Good Morning America" with several devotees, and it was discovered that he had never read one of their books and knew nothing about their beliefs. Ajitananda stressed the fact that his religion is not a packaged gimmick for happiness. (continued on page 16)

w/ Scientology

But the real source of income for the church is through the fees budding Scientologists pay to reach the State of Clear; locating "engrams"—painful memories from the subconscious which impede conscious activity.

While the concept of "engrams" is affiliated with medically-acceptable ideas of trauma and the subconscious, many psychiatrists worry that followers of Scientology will not truly be able to locate the actual source of the anxiety, but will settle instead for easy answers wrapped up in Scientology's appealingly-complex doctrine that describes rather simple things.

The means for reaching to Clear state is the E-meter machine, a gadget that resembles a battery-testing machine, with two tin cans attached. A needle responds to epidermal indications of stress and anxiety while the "parishioner" clutches the tin can,

traveling to the moment of trauma, reliving it until the frightfulness gradually diminishes and eventually disappears entirely. When the parishioner shows no responses of anxiety or pain, the E-meter registers that the "engram" has departed for good.

Scientology has gotten into trouble for its E-meters. The government has in the past raided the Scientology Centers and confiscated them, charging quackery and fraud. The machines are presently known as "artifacts" for the religion. The Scientologists are constantly bringing suit against the government for alleged harassment and dirty tricks; the FBI and IRS have perhaps been inordinately concerned about this group of people who keep much to themselves and keep low profiles. Perhaps the Church of Scientology's tax-exempt status and Ron Hubbard's floating Kingdom enrages them—or maybe anything somewhat arcane and also profitable

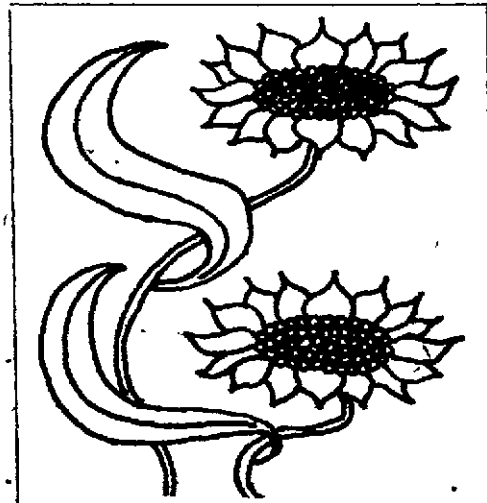
arouses these organizations suspicions.

If you have wanted to reach self-knowledge, and were always looking for a way to become a Minister at the same time, if your secret yearning is to officiate a Baptism, or marry two glowing-eyed Scientologists, the route awaits you at the Scientology Church.



Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada

photo courtesy of back to the Godhead



Religious Alternatives In

Gay Shul

by Marcy Goldstein

The atmosphere in a synogogue on a Friday night is a wonderful thing. It is something that Jews know they are sharing with others all over the world—no matter what kind of Jews they are, and last Friday night, Congregation Beth Simchat Torah, whose membership is gay, exhibited the same serenity and peace on the Sabbath as any other synogogue.

Each Friday night at 8:15, Beth Simchat Torah holds services to honor the Sabbath. Located in the Westbeth Artist Housing Complex in the West Village, the synogogue always attracts a large crowd of gay men and women. All of the joy of the Sabbath is expressed in the service, which includes

Many gay groups form simply as social or political organizations, but one of the first members of the synogogue, a rather short, grey-haired man, stressed that Beth Simchat Torah "is not a political forum for gays. It is a synogogue first—therefore, it stands for certain Jewish values." If a homosexual wants a social group, there are many around, he continued. Admittedly, the services and coffee hour afterward "are great social events. But that's not the main reason we're here."

This unique Jewish group is almost five years old. Though it began with only 12 people, the synogogue's membership has blossomed to its present total of 200 paying members. Ranging in age from 20 to 70, the members come from varied Jewish backgrounds.

learning about it through the synogogue." She had first attended services out of curiosity, then realized it had given a definite sense of belonging to the Jewish community.

Several members of the congregation emphasized their strong sense of identification with the Jewish community at large. They pointed out Beth Simchat Torah's participation in the Jewish solidarity and Soviet Jewry marches, as well as their fund drives for the United Jewish Appeal, the Jewish National Fund, and other Jewish charities. Last year the synogogue raised \$3500 for the Israel Emergency Fund.

The central focus of the congregation is its synogogue and services. All of the holidays in the Jewish calendar are observed, and one member proudly noted that almost 400 people attended services on Yom Kippur. Equally important are the classes in Hebrew, Jewish Concepts, and other educational services sponsored by the synogogue.

Though the synogogue is for both gay men and women, not as many women attend. One woman explained that "many (gay) women are put off by this synogogue—they are intimidated by the fact that they walk in and see a male rabbi and, in general, more men

(Continued on page 18)

... they feel both their Judaism and their sexual preferences, and want to give up neither . . .

much enthusiastic singing and dancing. A social hour and more dancing follows the service.

The notion of a gay synogogue is an antithesis of sorts, as homosexuality is shunned in the Bible. However, as one member put it, most of the gay Jews "have come to terms with it"—they feel both their Judaism and sexual preferences very strongly, and want to give up neither. When asked how his parents reacted when he declared himself as gay, he replied that his father is no longer living, but his mother wasn't upset, being herself a member of the synogogue.

Other members of the synogogue come from more secular backgrounds. According to one woman, "Beth Simchat Torah taught me so much about Judaism. I had little or no religious training and I've enjoyed

Calibrating Religious Growth

by Jennifer Crichton

The Church of Scientology, located at 28 West 74th Street in a large townhouse befitting a foreign embassy, is the clearinghouse for a host of bright-eyed cultists, suspicious of reporters, enthusiastic about their own experiences and convinced that their way, one full of invented jargon and a contraption straight out of the horror comics, called the Electrometer, is the best and the only way.

Scientology, which claims Karen Black and Chick Corea among its five million other "parishioners," is a hodge-podge of doctrine that has some roots in the major religious thought of Buddhism, Hinduism and Christianity, but finds its primary source in the very productive mind of founder E. Ron Hubbard. Scientology did not develop in the slow, adaptive, communal way of most religions, but sprang into being from Hubbard's imagination around 25

years ago. The term Scientology arises from the words "Scio," defined by the Church as "Knowing in the fullest way," and "logos," the Greek word for doctrine.

A sci-fi writer with hundreds of books to his credit, Hubbard reportedly addressed an audience in 1949 and said, "Writing for a penny a word is ridiculous. If a man really wanted to make a million dollars, the best way would be to start his own religion." The rest is history, religion and litigation.

Hubbard, still alive, cruises about on his own ship, eluding process-servers and other intrusive characters from various governments. Presumably he is a millionaire many times over. His inspirational works clutter the main hall of the Church on 74th Street, selling for approximately seven dollars apiece.



Gay symbol, lambda, enclosed within the Star of David.

New York

Hare Krishna: More Than A Chant

by Laura Kuperman

I had seen them many times before, chanting and dancing to a tambourine rhythm at Times Square, quietly explaining their philosophy to curious people in Central Park, with their saffron saris, shaved heads, and peaceful countenances. They had always appeared like apparitions from some fantasy-world.

I visited the Hare Krishna Center in New York, a modern 13-story building, which started out as an east village storefront back in 1966. One year earlier, the spiritual master A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami had come from India to spread Krishna Consciousness. Allegedly endowed with omniscience, he came when his message was needed, in this age referred to in the scriptures as the "Age of Kali," marked by quarrel and hypocrisy. He founded The International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ISCON) and the movement grew amidst the surge of



Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada

photo courtesy: Back to the Godhead

interest in alternative lifestyles taking place at that time.

A *New York Times* editorial written in 1974 illustrates the attitude of certain people towards the Hare Krishna sect. Entitled "Get Your Red-Hot Panaceas," the article linked the Hare Krishna movement with several other religious movements and explained them all as symptoms of a "spiritual vacuum leading towards desperate new pursuits of self-

discovery."

Ajitananda, a devotee for the past five years, told me that a journalist with a view similar to the one voiced in the *Times*, once appeared on "Good Morning America" with several devotees, and it was discovered that he had never read one of their books and knew nothing about their beliefs. Ajitananda stressed the fact that his religion is not a packaged gimmick for happiness. *(continued on page 16)*

w/ Scientology

But the real source of income for the church is through the fees budding Scientologists pay to reach the State of Clear, locating "engrams"—painful memories from the subconscious which impede conscious activity.

While the concept of "engrams" is affiliated with medically-acceptable ideas of trauma and the subconscious, many psychiatrists worry that followers of Scientology will not truly be able to locate the actual source of the anxiety, but will settle instead for easy answers wrapped up in Scientology's appealingly-complex doctrine that describes rather simple things.

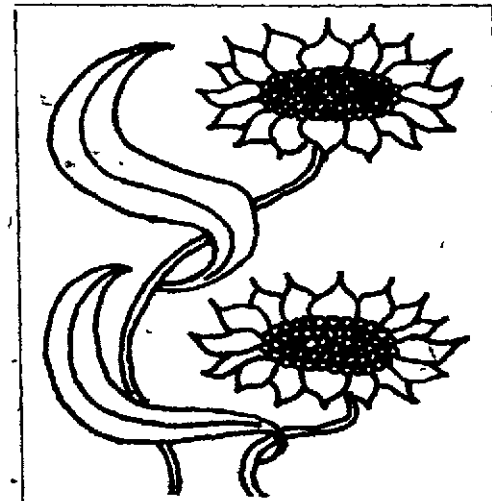
The means for reaching to Clear state is the E-meter machine, a gadget that resembles a battery-testing machine, with two tin cans attached. A needle responds to epidermal indications of stress and anxiety while the "parishioner" clutches the tin can,

traveling to the moment of trauma, reliving it until the frightfulness gradually diminishes and eventually disappears entirely. When the parishioner shows no responses of anxiety or pain, the E-meter registers that the "engram" has departed for good.

Scientology has gotten into trouble for its E-meters. The government has in the past raided the Scientology Centers and confiscated them, charging quackery and fraud. The machines are presently known as "artifacts" for the religion. The Scientologists are constantly brining suit against the government for alleged harassment and dirty tricks; the FBI and IRS have perhaps been inordinately concerned about this group of people who keep much to themselves and keep low profiles. Perhaps the Church of Scientology's tax-exempt status and Ron Hubbard's floating Kingdom enrages them—or maybe anything somewhat arcane and also profitable

arouses these organizations suspicions.

If you have wanted to reach self-knowledge, and were always looking for a way to become a Minister at the same time, if your secret yearning is to officiate a Baptism, or marry two glowing-eyed Scientologists, the route awaits you at the Scientology Church.



To the Moon.....



Church member proselytizes on street.

by Jami Bernard

My friend's reaction to my upcoming Tarrytown weekend with the Moonies was, "Well, just don't come around with your blackboard afterwards." I'd heard that a reporter from Newscenter 4 had to be deprogrammed after two days with the members of the Unification Church and that the 5,000-odd New York membership was made up of ex-journalists who, like myself, had gone up there for investigative purposes, posing as young, confused seekers of a better way, and finding that better way in the taut smile of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon.

I expected brainwashing, mental fatigue, drugged food, sleepless nights, horror and despair, but what was that compared with the upcoming midterms? Before leaving for the Unification Church National headquarters at 43rd and 5th on Friday night, I put my effects in order, calling people I hadn't seen in years and leaving signed sworn statements granting authority to have me deprogrammed if I returned spouting kindness. If I never returned my friends were to send up a gang of New Jersey hoods to waste a couple of smiling Moonies in my memory.

I hid scraps of paper and broken stubs of pencils on my person so I could surreptitiously take notes; I hid

two cans of tuna fish and four slices of pita bread in my shoulder bag in case the food was laced with sodium pentathol. I steeled myself for physical exhaustion and mental anguish, reviewed my clip file on Moon and his Korean business and political contacts, chanted "Moon is a political threat" in front of a mirror, adopted my mother's maiden name as a pseudonym, and set out feeling very much the intrepid journalist.

The Church members immediately welcomed me into the bosom of their extended family (extended to most countries of the world); I was shown around the old Columbia Club and became quite a curiosity since I didn't have a "sponsor" for the weekend. People rarely come in off the streets clamoring to attend the two-day workshop series in Tarrytown, but then free will has little to do with any organized religion. The Unification Church is a sect which does not recognize personal freedom and

enough is enough, I wedged my shoulder bag firmly between the colliding mattresses to impede total unification.

The 50 brothers and sisters, of which there were only three or four raw recruits including myself (seems they all return weekend after weekend to fill out the group and enjoy the scenery) were awakened at 7 a.m. by a wandering minstrel in the hallway strumming a guitar and whistling a song which recurred to me nightmarishly during the following week when I was safely back in Furnald. Singing plays an important part of the weekend, supplementing meals, sports, and the series of six two-hour workshops explaining the Divine Principle, the Mooncreed. Although I maintained that I sing like a frog, there I was, singing "If I Had a Hammer" and "This Land is your Land," clapping my hands in time with a little Unification quartet featuring Peter Lorre on bass.

'I expected brainwashing, mental fatigue,
drugged food, sleepless nights, horror and despair;
but what was that compared with the upcoming midterms?'

mental space, so I was assigned a guide who was to accompany me at all times (including trips to the bathroom) for the next two days of my "life bus" (I've been on it for 21 years, and though it seems to have taken some wrong turns, they assured me it's on its way to the Kingdom of Heaven). "Accompany" is perhaps too light a word for the way Myako, a soft-spoken 27-year-old Japanese woman, latched onto me and wrapped her pleasant, kind, and steel-vised tentacles around me.

I was not left alone for a moment. Like all humans (according to my own personal conception of religion) I need a certain amount of mental space in which to think, hypothesize and create. But after arriving at Jacob House in Tarrytown and viewing a highclass propaganda movie replete with popcorn, singing and prayers, Myako attempted to move our mattresses together that we might share the same coverlet. Thinking that

Still haunted by bad dreams of the night before, I sprang awake Saturday morning and, while Myako was brushing her teeth, escaped to nose around the estate in hopes of finding secret documents or other imprisoned journalists. While everyone else did calisthenics on the front lawn I played hide and seek with Myako, craftily hiding under staircases and behind creaking doors, and once hovering in the bushes near the sacrificial wading pool.

Not one to miss breakfast, I duly sang a little John Denver in return for a bowl of crunchy Granola, fresh-baked coffee cake, O.J. and a little tin of poached eggs. I had my scruples and refused to pray, but while their heads were bowed and fervent thanks were offered up to the holy father, I scanned their faces and picked out who was "saved" by the inner light of peace radiating from outwardly glazed eyes.

It was easy to see that successful

Weekend with Unification Church and Back

recruiting can be had on campuses and on the quais. The majority of new or full-fledged Church members were ex-students in their late twenties, or foreigners just arrived in New York and immediately befriended by the friendliest people in town. At my breakfast table alone there was a woman three weeks out of Poland, a man from Australia (we discussed marsupials over coffee), and representatives from England and the Orient. Also, there was Betty from Brooklyn Heights, who proclaimed that the Japanese are a modest race, and Sally from Long Island, one of about ten black people, who had left a houseful of adopted children to come to Jacob House.

By mid-morning I started to catch on to their life of mindless bliss, by smiling benignly at little children too young to have yet been indoctrinated. My early temptation to shout "Hey let's break out the wine" soon vanished and was replaced by . . . nothing.

Absolutely nothing. And this is where the "brainwashing" comes in. I was prepared for some insidious plot to reconstruct my mind—maybe being chained to a wall and chanted at. Harvard psychiatrist John Clark, Jr. recently testified, according to an article in *Time Magazine* (Nov. 10, 1975) that "the ex-Moonies he had examined seemed physically and emotionally exhausted; a few were psychotic." When I returned from the weekend I felt physically ill and slept

for several hours.

What they do is to overwhelm you with kindness and good wishes and love, and after being constantly accompanied and forced to sing and interact, there was no time to think, and my mind settled into a steady hum as I inadvertently allowed them to do my thinking for me. I redoubled my efforts to struggle out of that catatonia, but despite my alert questions and constant note-taking, my mind was becoming blank. I relaxed.

I soon developed a strong sense of guilt over harming or misleading these kind and tender people who accepted the string of lies I fed them and loved me for what I purported to be. I began to have an identity crisis—as the mental strain of answering to my mother's maiden name and creating a persona from scratch began to grate on my nerves. How could I talk for fifteen minutes to them about my perception of God and remain untouched by my own story? And how much of it was false?

It is easy now to read my notes and write them off in a breezy, sarcastic style, but that was not how I felt when I was up there. By Saturday afternoon I was very confused and knew I couldn't last out the weekend or I'd be altered in a way that would not suit me for society afterwards and would not meet the approbation of my friends and former self.

The guest speaker for the weekend



Reverend Sun Myong Moon calls for unification and poached eggs in tins.



photo by Arnold Browne

Jami Bernard: preparing for a weekend of terror.

was Mr. Suto, billed as "one whose spirit fills the room . . . and he's only a few feet high!" The short Mr. Suto explained the principles of creation in a charming though not very scientifically convincing manner. The ultimate proof that God exists, according to the not-very-tall Mr. Suto, was that although you could neither see, touch, taste, smell nor feel your mind, there is no doubt that you have one. Therefore, God, though not visual, exists.

We were also kept up to date on God's activities, which were enumerated during the morning lecture—God is currently crying because pornography, Times Square, and the Mafia were not part of his plan; God is funny because he made certain fish to swim upside down. Mr. Suto posed the rhetorical question—What tastes better, God's love or marijuana? I nearly bounded out of my chair with the answer.

On the subject of evolution, Mr. Suto asserted that many people have been trying to claim that the monkey is the father of man. Now, is your daddy in the zoo? he asked. Another scientific proof of God's existence!

At one point Mr. Suto rocked back on his heels and admitted that art is good, but that art never made a perfect person of Beethoven. I naively asked whether a perfect person can create good art, but the answer, qualified by a string of religious dogma, was yes. As you might have guessed, becoming one with God

(Continued on page 14)

To the Moon and Back

(Continued from page 13)

would create good art.

I escaped during the 17 minute break between lectures, and ran down the road, off the estate, and to a nearby Howard Johnson's phone booth to call my friend and assure her I was alright. As we spoke my mind began to work again, albeit tentatively, and I promised that I would indeed weasel out of the upcoming ten-mile run. After talking to her, I began to feel uneasy and dissatisfied. I tried a shortcut back to the mansion, but I was late, and as I was contemplating the rather lengthy descent from the

'I alone of all present maintained there is no such thing as a spirit world . . .'

top of a fence near the goose-pond, I heard my mother's maiden name wafting over the fields. In a sudden revulsion at the thought of being led by the elbow back to the lecture room, I jumped the fence and hightailed it back to Jacob House.

Now that my natural nasty disposition was allowed to resurface for a short while, I alone of all present maintained there was no such thing as a "spirit world," though my tastes often run toward the mystic and the awesome, but hell, if they weren't going to define their terms, I wasn't going to define mine. In response to my stubborn refusal to believe in the obvious, several people stood up and recounted their visions of Jesus. Some had touched him, spoken to him, or kissed him on the cross.

I was impatient by now, even more so after seeing how distressed some of them were that I didn't seem to believe in religion at all, but I reverted to my original trance-like state when my name was called as a member of the family of Unity of Life, and fifty people stood and offered hearty applause. I stood in the middle of the circle of cheerful faces and gazed back vacantly, confused. My "family" and I had lunch out on the lawn under a

beautiful spread of Indian-summer trees, with a view of the Tappan-Zee Bridge, and I sat immobile and petrified for 90 minutes as bees swarmed about my fingers, and I haltingly told the story of how I'd changed my religion when I was 13.

It was only 3:30 p.m. Saturday, but no, I did not want to play spirit-world volleyball, I wanted to take a walk by myself down country lanes and write poetry and listen to myself breathe. The spectre of unstudied-for midterms began to haunt me. If I were just another callous reporter I'd say bug off, let me be; but somehow the things they were saying and thinking, aside from the religious aspect, were things I'd been saying and thinking for years. Who can consciously say they don't care about others and are not interested in meeting people and being accepted by them? I had come from a land where I can't even study in the library without someone creating a deliberate disturbance, and here there was no pretense, only people who seemed to genuinely love and accept others. It was with a great deal of anguish and difficulty that I said No, I want to be alone, No, you can't share the joy of a walk to the pond with me.

I realized then that I had been brainwashed, in a very unexpected and strange sense. Although I'd never accept their religion I'd inadvertently accepted their lifestyle.

I began to feel embarrassed. It would be easier to return and tell my

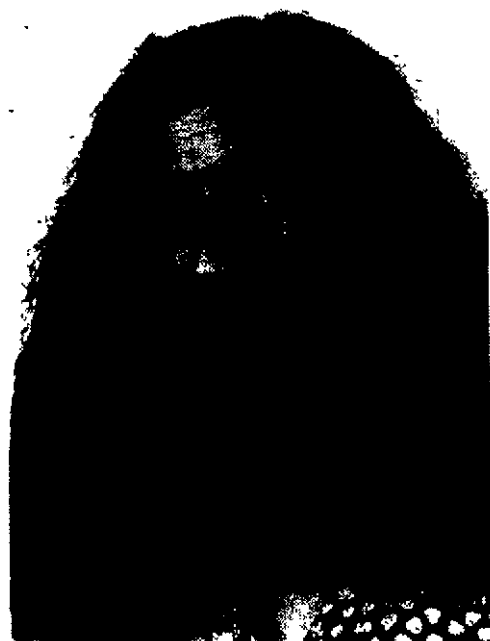
friends I'd been beaten and starved; how could I retain my dignity while admitting that I felt differently, and was confused, and that the worst thing they had done was to be nice to me?

It was easy to become mesmerized by the beauty of an ecumenical society that apparently worked. I could not merely observe these people from afar, I had to participate. It was too easy to scoff at a regulated and simple life until one is immersed in it. I am not an isolated case—this is how the Unification Church has gathered its thousands of happy, mindless members.

On the pretext of a family member being taken ill, I made sincere apologies and farewells to everyone. As I trooped down the road I heard fifty voices swelling behind me in the verses of "Blowin in the Wind" and I mouthed the words silently, feeling like a traitor and an outcast. My face, during the parting scenes, was appropriately tragic, not from anxiety over the stricken family member, but from overpowering guilt.

Once near the turnoff to the N.Y. State Thruway, I hitched a ride with a man who had just come 800 miles from racing his two bird dogs, Ben and Jennifer, in the regional championships at Watertown, N.Y. He told me of hunting pheasant off the Belt Parkway in Brooklyn, and I told him of my Moon trip, making my stories funny and snide.

On my return, and between the subsequent naps, I visited some friends to recount my experiences, smoked a joint and drank a screwdriver, trying to steep myself in my old world, but returned each time to bed more confused than before. In the interests of finishing my college career safely and without unnecessary trauma, I refused to speculate about what would have happened had I stayed an extra day. I'm not running off to join the Moonies—there's no fun in that—and I'll joke and say things like "May the light of God shine upon your blackboard," but the weekend was an intense experience which I would not recommend to anyone with the least doubts about present society. I will continue to pass those smiling clean-cut people on the street with an inward "Burn in hell," but I intend to return the pair of socks Myako lent me, in a plain brown wrapper.



Jami, perhaps a bit more peaceful.

photo by Arnold Rowley

Tartuffe: A Portrayal of Religious Hypocrisy

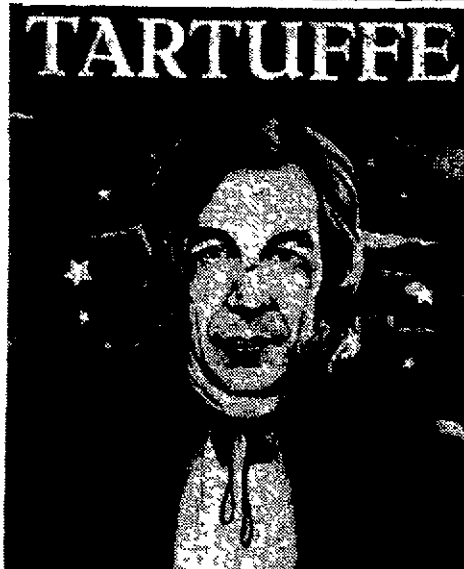
by Katya Goncharoff

Since it's no longer banned, as it was by the Church in 1664, anyone can see Moliere's *Tartuffe* or *The Imposter*. The Church said of Moliere that he was, "a demon in the flesh, dressed in men's clothing, the most impious, libertine spirit of all time, who should be burned alive." What they failed to say was what he could do with his play; left to his own devices, Moliere revised it, only to have it twice banned and damned by moralists. After a third rewrite, though, the play reopened with two extra acts and a favorable response.

Under Stephen Porter's direction, the Circle in the square production of Moliere's satire of religious hypocrisy is played with comic briskness. Using the Richard Wilbur translation, the verse language of the play is pleasing and comprehensible, spoken swiftly and clearly. The set at the Circle, designed by Zack Brown, is handsome and cleverly arranged to suit Moliere's comic art.

The embodiment of the theme of religious hypocrisy is Tartuffe, the imposter. The play's first 45 minutes are a preparation for Tartuffe's entrance, but what sublime anticipation! Before we ever see the rogue, we learn all about him from a gallery of dupes and witty observers. We anxiously await the sanctimonious moral tyrant, the outrageous hypocrite, the lecherous, ruthless, conniving, greedy bully.

To wile away the time with us are Tammy Grimes, sumptuously attired



as the elegant wife; Elmir Stefan Gieras as the daft husband and victim of Tartuffe (this was the part originally acted by Moliere); and Patricia Elliot, wise and saucy as the servant who takes too many liberties.

The play's first two acts are dominated by Elliot's ebullient, witty performance. Her high-spirited characterization never lets up and adds particularly to the curious but funny scene between the play's querulous, timid lovers, played by Victor Garber and Swoosie Kurtz.

Unfortunately, we get to hear little of Tammy Grimes' famous seductive gravel voice. Mostly, we get to admire her beautiful gowns, jewelry, and extraordinarily sculpted hair-do. Now, while it is true that part of the art of great acting is knowing how to listen, this is not the part that Ms. Grimes

does best. She is at her best when she is in control, and so it is not until the table top seduction scene with Tartuffe that Grimes' comic flair emerges.

As Tartuffe, Wood is "the demon in the flesh, dressed in men's clothing, the most impious libertine spirit of all time," that the Church once called Moliere.

With his first line—"Hang up my hairshirt, put scourge in place and pray!" Wood elicits frightened laughter and commands our attention. He is wretchedly lean and boney with long wispy hair and an intense blank stare. Dressed in dark clerical costume and uttering false pieties, he is perfectly cast. Though he paces the stage like a vicious tom-cat and looks like a cannibalistic pike, Mr. Wood's voice is gloriously deep and rich and heightens the menacing mood of the play.

The production of *Tartuffe* at the Uptown Circle in the Square shows Moliere's revised compromise. The play defends the truly religious and criticizes all atheists.

What is most striking, though, is the result of Moliere's new absurd ending, that pays homage to the King of France. As it is viewed by modern audiences, the sudden unexpected happy ending is a kind of bizarre proof that such things never really happen; that in real life evil triumphs; that kings do not rescue—the righteous or the truly devout.

This new interpretation of *Tartuffe* or *The Imposter* is truly exhilarating for it allows one to see a classic play and a new play at the same time. •

PAC Aids Freshwomen

(Continued from page 7)

McHarry, B'78 and Frances Milliken, B'78.

Laney McHarry expressed the difficulty in dealing with the lack of feedback from the freshwomen. She said the PACs really want to put themselves out. "It is a good feeling" to be able to help those people who come to talk to her, McHarry remarked.

The counselors had many reasons to offer for the lack of enthusiastic response. Frances Milliken felt that much of the problem is that there was not enough contact made, initially,

with the freshwomen during Orientation. Many students did not take part in the taking of the SSHA survey.

McHarry suggested that the freshwomen may be intimidated by the program or unaware of the extent of the services the Peer Academic Counselors have to offer.

Milliken echoed this thought by attributing the disappointing feedback to people's ignorance of PAC. "It is only the first year," she added, "there is no precedent." There are no upperclassmen who can say to a freshwoman, "when I was a freshwoman, I went to PAC and it helped."

McCoy attributed the low response to a "lack of visibility" of the PAC program. Speaking optimistically, she said, "The freshwomen are bright, perhaps only a small per cent may need us. Maybe after midterms they will need our services," she added.

Andrea Cioffi, a freshwoman said, "I haven't taken advantage of it (the counseling), but the theory sounds good."

Another freshwoman, Donna Yanofsky, felt that PAC is a "good program that is not effective because there is not enough effort made to reach the freshwomen." •

Krishna, Krishna

(Continued from page 11)

The science of Krishna Consciousness, Ajitananda explained, depends on the recognition that the living entity differs from the material body. The desire for sense gratification is taken as the source of all social ills. By understanding the true nature of our existence, anger and greed are dispensed with.

The material body is an illusion, but so is the "subtle body," composed of the mind, the false ego, and intelligence. These things are constantly changing and elusive; our real identity, Ajitananda continued, is "a spiritual spark, part and parcel of the Lord Krishna." This realization is followed by the realization that "the only real duty is to engage in loving service to Krishna."

Serving Krishna is not supposed to lead to complete detachment from society, but intended to make the devotee function, "while putting Krishna in the center." Political involvement is not in evidence now, but the sect hopes to have some influence in the future. The feeling is that society must first be made less material-minded before money can be

channeled into the right activities.

The lifestyle of Krishna devotees is based on the principle of "simple living and high thinking." They arise at 4:00 a.m. and spend the morning hours in meditation and study. Most of the day is spent preaching Krishna consciousness, either by distributing literature or giving formal lectures at universities. Some devotees work on ISCON's newspaper, others work on decorating the temple, and still others work at the Center's Theatre of the Absolute Truth, which depicts the Hare Krishna philosophy in play form.

The diet of a devotee excludes all meat and fish, as well as eggs, which are considered embryonic life. Sex does not exist outside marriage and is regulated within marriage. Liquor and drugs, even coke and weak tea, are forbidden.

Most devotees are distinguished by their saris, the "sika," the one strand of hair on the otherwise shaven heads of the males, and the "telak," the white clay marking on their noses.

Although the Hare Krishna movement itself is a new development, its beliefs stretch back thousands of years to the Vedic literature. Krishna, the Supreme Godhead of Krishna consciousness, is one god rising out of

this tradition, and the main figure of the Bhagavad-Gita, the 5,000 year old text which contains the basics of the Hare Krishna religion.

Krishna Consciousness is described as a science, which leads to complete understanding of the supreme controller, and thus to the achievement of "Shanta," the state of peacefulness, and "Ananda," the state of joyfulness and bliss.

The finances for ISCON come mainly from its Los Angeles based Bhaktivedanta Book Trust, and from its Spiritual Sky Incense Company. The profits, Ajitananda said, are used to expand Hare Krishna Centers throughout the world. ISCON hopes to eventually build an entire city for its followers, near its main headquarters in West Bengal.

The Hare Krishna movement has received recognition from UNICEF for its food distributions in India, and from the Lincoln Center for the arts for its plays at their summer festival. The food distributions are always in conjunction with the offering of spiritual food, and the plays, along with all the Hare Krishna activities, are performed in the spirit of devotion to Krishna. •

ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS

If you're in a hurry, low in funds, and need copies quick, come to the upper level of McIntosh and use the new Xerox 2400 for cheap, fast, and efficient self-service.

5¢ copy, 45 copies/min., 2 side copying, color paper copied

Special arrangements for large volume copying

See CAO for details

Publications in Trouble

(Continued from page 3)

issue, many copies of which were left over and remain stored in boxes.

Upstart has been given "provisional funding" this year. Gaylord explained that Undergrad wants to make sure that Upstart completes its plans this semester before it is given full funding this spring.

Upstart was published only once but the literary magazine was never published at all last year. According to Janice Thaddeus, the literary magazine faculty advisor, the contract with the printer was negotiated through a friend of a faculty member of the English Department. "There were too many people involved," she said.

The result was that distribution of the magazine, originally scheduled for last May, was delayed several times. It is now scheduled for late November.

At a recent meeting of the Publications Board, editor-in-chief of the *Bulletin* Jami Bernard suggested that detailed organizational guidelines be mandatory for each publication, and kept on file with Undergrad and the Publications Board, whose membership consists of representatives from each publication, the president of Undergrad, chairperson Renee Berliner, faculty advisor Christine Royer, and Director of Public Relations Sallie Slate. Presently, the Publications Board only has the authority to make recommendations, not policy.

Thaddeus stated that this year the literary magazine intended to establish its own procedural guidelines as well. Kabia, too, said, that the Mortarboard staff was preparing to write a formal constitution that will ultimately involve the president of Undergrad and the Publications Board. She added that her staff would be "trying to get non-seniors involved" in order to facilitate an editorial staff transition in the spring.

While most individuals involved in the controversy recognize the need to establish guidelines for campus publications for the future, there is still a great deal of disagreement about what should be done about the '77-'78 yearbook.

Mortarboard agreed to the referendum in part because the photographer ruined over 100 of the pictures already taken.

Kabia was able to get a reduced

sitting fee (from \$7.50 to \$5.00) for students if they opt for candid photos. However, a letter, which was written by Dean Coster accompanying the ballots sent to each senior explained the financial consequences for the '78 Mortarboard if it switches to candid. These include a price jump for each yearbook (from \$12 to \$15), a higher sitting fee for each student which will not go to Mortarboard, a probable delivery day in May, and the loss of all rebate income as well as all special features originally planned for the yearbook.

The emotional intensity exhibited at last week's senior class meeting indicates that the seniors, too, have strong feelings about the issue. Though some individuals complained that the letter explaining the referendum was biased and not

conducive to a response by students, the results of the vote will be the key to the action Mortarboard decides to take. Kabia must notify the photographer of Mortarboard's plans in the next few days in order to make the next protrait deadline.

At Tuesday's meeting, Gaylord did offer the seniors an alternative to having to choose between candid and the special features the Mortarboard staff had planned. She said that if half the extra needed funds could be raised by the class and by Mortarboard, Undergrad would probably be able to match them, assuring that most of the special features could still be included.

A fund-raising chairperson, Helene Schor '78, was appointed, and it was decided that more advertising in the yearbook could be solicited in hopes of raising the money necessary to have it both ways—pleasing protesting seniors and the Mortarboard staff as well.

**Soft
Contact
Lenses**
only \$99 a pair

Yes, only \$99 for the new
HYDROCURVE® Lens you've heard
so much about
It doesn't require boiling.

For a no-obligation appointment call
GROUP CONTACT LENS PLAN, INC.
133 East 73 Street, N.Y.C.

(212) 628-7400

**NOW ON
LONG ISLAND**

550 Old Country Road, Hicksville (just off
Old Country Road exit of Wantagh State Pkwy.)

(516) 935-6844

Thefts

(Continued from page 4)

Wednesday, October 26 at 10:20 p.m. in the BHR dormitory, according to Ray Boylan. A "suspicious" man was seen wandering through the basement of the dorm by a floor counselor. She reported him to Security, and guard Craig Sinclair went to look for him in the basement. The suspect was apprehended on the first floor and brought to the Security Office for questioning. He had said that he had been signed in at the Reid desk by a student after telling her she was looking for his girlfriend, who turned out not to be on the BHR list. On his person was found a

change of clothes and a small knife.

The black male, aged 39, gave a Bronx address and appeared in court on Thursday to hear a charge of third degree burglary. Boylan commented that a lot depends on his record. If he has none, "he will probably walk away. But we were lucky in this case because usually people don't report strangers in that dorm fast enough."

In closing, Boylan remarked that the amount of robberies at Barnard is down from the same time last year.

Gay Shul

(Continued from page 10)

than women participating in the service. Well, it's not that we are biased towards men. It's just that men here have better Judaic backgrounds and therefore know more.

"Many women," she continued, "are also angry that we refer to God as 'He' in the service. It's just for lack of a better name! Of course God isn't male or female. But we have to designate Him somehow."

There is an international Conference of Gay Jewish Organizations, of which Congregation Beth Simchat Torah was a founding member. Its international convention will be held in Israel in 1979. A member of the synagogue explained that he is giving himself the trip as a graduation present from Columbia Law School. "I figure I'll have deserved it by then," he said, smiling. "I've never been to Israel—this will be the perfect opportunity."

The coffee hour on this particular Friday evening was sponsored by Charles and Steven, a gay couple celebrating both the Sabbath and their 17 years together.

One of the Finest Films of our Time

De Sica

The Bicycle Thief

Thursday, Nov. 3

Lehman Auditorium

6 pm 8 pm 10 pm

Altschul Hall. Adm: \$1.25

Barnard-Columbia Italian Cultural Club

EMILY GREGORY AWARD

the Student-Faculty Committee and
Alumna Association of Barnard College
are now accepting nominations for the

Emily Gregory Award

Honoring a faculty member of Barnard College for excellence in teaching and devotion
and service to the school

Nominations should appear in essay form and include name and address of author.

Submit all essays to the Dean of Students Office, 210 McIntosh Center

PAST RECIPIENTS

Professor Mira Komarovsky

Professor Inez Smith-Reid, 1976

Professor John Chamber, 1975

DEADLINE: FRIDAY NOVEMBER 18th



For further information - Call Jeniffer Grey x7169 or x4125

For Early Risers Only

by Carl Sherer

"Minyan" is the Hebrew word denoting the quorum of ten males over the age of thirteen which is necessary to hold a communal service under Orthodox Jewish tradition. Going to services, therefore, is commonly referred to as "going to Minyan."

In the mornings, at least, many Columbia students do just that. Jewish law requires three services a day—morning, afternoon and evening—and on weekday mornings there is a communal service (a Minyan) right on campus in the Carman conference room. The catch is that since Columbia is infested with nine o'clock classes and grubs, and since both must be accomodated, Minyan starts at 8:00 a.m.

The service is not long in the mornings; 30-35 minutes on regular days, 45-50 minutes on days when they read the Torah scroll on Mondays and Thursdays.

The Carman Minyan is tremendously revitalized this year, and since the attendance runs over 50 percent freshmen, the prospects for the future are excellent. This is certainly a far cry from three years ago when the Minyan went out of existence for half a semester.

After sustaining the Minyan with much difficulty for two years, struggling to get ten males each day, we have been averaging close to 20 people every day. Women are always welcome at these services.

PREPARE FOR

**MCAT • DAT • LSAT • GMAT
GRE • OCAT • VAT • SAT**

Our
39th
Year

**NMB I, II, III • ECFMG • FLEX • VQE
NAT'L DENTAL BOARDS • NURSING BOARDS**

Flexible Programs & Hours

There IS a difference!!!

For information Please call:

Brooklyn . . . (212) 336-5306
1675 E 16 Bldyn, N.Y. 11229
Manhattan . . (212) 832-1400
Long Island . (516) 538-4555
New Jersey (201) 846-2562
Connecticut (203) 789-1169

Stanley H. KAPLAN
EDUCATIONAL CENTER LTD
TEST PREPARATION
SPECIALISTS SINCE 1938
535 Madison Ave, NYC 10022
(nr 54 St)

Outside N.Y. State Only CALL TOLL FREE: 800-223-1782

Centers in Major US Cities Toronto, Puerto Rico and Lugano, Switzerland

Shirley Walton & Esther Newton

reading from

Womenfriends

A Journal of a

Lesbian-Straight Friendship

and other works.

Discussion afterwards

Friday, November 11

College Parlor

7:00

Adm: \$.50 cents

ATTENTION SENIORS

Due to a malfunction of the photo equipment, about 120 seniors will have to be rephotographed for the yearbook. The names of those seniors will be available in Rm. 108, 101, 206 McIntosh. Also consult your mailbox.

READ FASTER \$98
 5 weeks guaranteed course DOUBLE or TRIPLE your speed Understand more, retain more Nationally known professor. Class forming now
READING SKILLS 864-5112

**PEOPLE
 urgently needed
 to help
 MORTARBOARD
 raise funds.
 Call x1059.**

Plant lovers wanted
 to promote a new system for growing and maintaining plants through houseparties
This is no gimmick
 Call **873-8593**
 Weekdays 8 30 pm to 11 00 pm
 Weekends 10 00 am to noon

Hair: Old Hat

(Continued from page 9)
 "hippette" of the tribe, played by Kristin Vigard. Singing "Frank Mills," she appears slightly naive and adorable.
 The tribe seeks truth and feeling in a world that has become "a moving, paper fantasy." Their enthusiasm for life is boundless, and every one of the actors contributes to the unbridled spirit. The props also add to the experience—when the tribe sings "Good Morning Starshine," the audience is awed by electric stars across the ceiling and on the walls of the theatre.
 "Hair's" director, both in 1968 and today, Tom O'Horgan, conceives of

the play as a "celebration." He feels that the time is right for "Hair" again. He abandoned his original plans to update the play, except for a few references in the form of picket signs, such as "Con-Ed Goofed" and "Don't tap our wires." These references are effective since they remind us that all causes did not end with the war in Vietnam. There is no need for further updating; the need for love and peace are not passe, and people want to hear about it. The energy and spirit of "Hair" makes you forget that the age of Aquarius has been around for about a decade now. This energy and spirit is the key to the future success of "Hair."

Save up to 40%
 XEROX COPIES
COPYQUICK
 1211 Amsterdam Avenue
 Bet. 119th - 120th Sts.
749-7650
Ask about our 4 cent rate

QUALITY PRINTS
 Black & White
 865-2454
 ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
 ★ **SPECIAL FOR BARNARD STUDENTS** ★
 ★ Our best hair style. Haircut, shampoo, Loreal
 ★ Conditioner, Blow Dry, all for \$10.00. \$20.00
 ★ value except Saturday. Special offer w/this ad. ★
 ★ **VISIT UNISEX HAIR DESIGNERS** ★
 ★ Try our precision hair cutters and expert hair
 ★ stylists. 1020 Amsterdam Ave., Cor. 110th St. ★
 ★ 662-9090 Guaranteed to Please You ★
 ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

MAC **TICKETS NOW ON SALE**
at the
Theatre Goers Guild Box Office
Lower level of McIntosh Center

Wednesday, Oct 26 - A Life in the Theatre David Mariet's New Play	Thursday, Nov. 10 - The Act starring Liza Minnelli
Friday, Oct. 28 - Present Tense Highly acclaimed off-Broadway play	Tuesday, Nov. 15 - Mummenschanz
Tuesday, Nov. 1 - Miss Margarita's Way	Thursday, Nov. 17 - For Colored Girls
Thursday, Nov. 3 - A Chorus Line	Tuesday, Nov. 22 - Bubbling Brown Sugar
Wednesday, Nov. 9 - The King and I	Tuesday, Nov. 29 - Man of La Mancha

Cinema 5 Theatre movie discount cards available.
For reservations or information call the box office at x5302,
Mon - Fri., 10 am - 2 pm, 4 pm - 6 pm

Are you seeking power,
prestige, ego gratification,
experience, etc.?

Then apply for positions on the
Barnard Bulletin staff.

Elections for all editorial positions will be held in November.
Beat reporter positions available immediately.

Editor-in-chief
assistant editor
features editor
news editor
managing editor
photo editor
reviewers
beat reporters

Apply: Room 107 McIntosh x2119

M-Th, 9-4:30 or contact Jami at x7263

Sports Briefs

Tennis

by Mary LaRocca

The Barnard Varsity tennis team finished tenth in the New York State Association of Interscholastic Athletics for Women (AIAW) Championship October 22-24th at the State University of New York at Binghamton. The score is an improvement over the last-place finish of the team two years ago.

The championship was a round-robin tournament in which players

representing member colleges participated in women's singles and doubles matches.

Barnard's Ann D'Adesky defeated the number ten seed in the tournament and advanced as far as the semi-finals before being eliminated. D'Adesky finished fourth in the tournament, and was Barnard's most successful player there.

Other members of the team who performed well were Leron Paterson who advanced to the first round where she was eliminated, and then advanced to the second round in the consolation matches where again she was defeated, and the doubles team of Joyce Tawil

and Janey Benovitz, which advanced to the first round before being eliminated. The doubles team of Janelle Bradford and Lynda Daniels also advanced to the first round and were also eliminated. Later they advanced to the first round of the consolation matches before being eliminated.

Volleyball

The Barnard Varsity Volleyball team competed this weekend (October 28-29) in the Ivy League Championship held this year at the University of Pennsylvania. Barnard was among eight teams representing the Ivy League. Barnard, led by Diana Wood, Aksenia Krog and others had great expectations for this tournament, as they have had for the entire year, which has been justified by the team's fine performance so far.

Results of the tournament were not available at press time.

Thursday Noon Lunch presented by

Barnard College - November 3rd

Carlos Fuentes Roundtable on Surrealism College Parlor

Barnard Students

Take Heed!

DEADLINE

NOVEMBER 18

for Undergrad Winter Grants

Inquire 101 McIntosh x2126

or call Lori x6655

Schedule

Volleyball

Nov. 1, Barnard vs. Fordham 6:00 pm away

Nov. 3, Barnard vs. Hofstra 6:00 pm home

Nov. 4-5, District Tournament, Away, College of Staten Island

Field Hockey

Nov. 3, Barnard vs. Hofstra 4:00 pm away

Staff

Maria Tsarnas
Marcy Goldstein
Laura Kuperman
Maria Kudensky
Robin Michelli
Jolyne Caruso
Jennifer Crichton
Sheila Perry
Ilise Levy
Katya Goncharoff
Karen Frieman
Grazia Rechichi
Kay Pfeiffer
Barbara Elliot
April Tully
Kuumba Edwards

M&C
zooprax

Tuesday, November 1

"TAXI DRIVER"

dir. Martin Scorsese with Robert deNiro, Jodie Foster, Cybil Sheperd
Altschul Hall, Barnard at 7, 9, 11 \$1 Adm. Subscription Avail.