



BARNARD BULLETIN

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Black Admissions Increased

Barnard College, in conjunction with the other schools of the Seven Sisters alliance has announced as of last Saturday the admissions figures for the Fall of 1960. Barnard, like Columbia College, received a large drop in applications, attributed to the disturbances of last Spring. While most of the other Ivy and Seven Sister schools rated moderate to large applications increases, Barnard and Columbia received the largest percentage drop in applications. Barnard's 7 1/2 percent decrease, however, does not reflect the recent rise in black recruiting and admissions.

Applications from black high school students have more than doubled, and an acceptance rise of 145 percent over last year gives Barnard one of the larger increases of the Seven Sister schools. Last year 33 blacks were accepted, as compared to the 51 who have been sent acceptances this year.

Last year Barnard received 1674 applications and sent 894 acceptances for 426 places. This year applicants declined to 1594 while 870 acceptances were sent for 425 places. The student body size is still to remain around 1900 girls.

The number of girls receiving financial aid has also dramatically increased. Over 100 more girls, totaling 260 in the incoming freshman class will receive aid, up from 159 last year. This increase gives Barnard the largest percentage increase as well as the largest number of girls on financial aid among the Seven Sister schools. In the recent past Barnard has been criticized for a poor financial aid program, which is both inadequate and

discriminatory to the real needs of the student body.

The sharp increase in black applications and acceptances at Barnard has been attributed to more recommendations by currently enrolled students, as well as close cooperation with city schools.

Among the Ivy and Seven Sister schools Yale received the single largest increase in applications, up 48 percent from last year. This is because of the new admissions of women in the undergraduate program. Of the 278 women admitted to the Yale freshman class, 35 are black.

Columbia, the school that seems to have the most troubles, one which overlap with Barnard, had a decline of 13 percent in applications, but black applications were up and black acceptances increased 98 percent over last year. A total of 113 blacks were accepted out of a total of 1200 acceptances sent. Acceptances for blacks at both Columbia and Barnard run slightly under 10 percent of the total acceptances mailed.

Committee Forms For Cooperation

After several years of inactivity, the Barnard-Columbia College Joint Committee on Cooperation has again begun to meet. Under the joint chairmanship of Miss Peterson and Mr. Hovde, the committee now includes two students from each college in addition to two faculty members and administrators from each college.

The Committee views its function principally as one of coordinating and fostering such further forms of cooperation between the colleges as seem useful, and of insuring that such new efforts at collaboration in no way unwittingly reduce the autonomy of either college, or diminish in any way the effectiveness of either's offerings.

There is already considerable joint activity of various sorts in the areas of partial coeducation, of shared extra-curricular and athletic activities, and of joint housing. The area in which cooperation has thus far been most extensive is that of joint courses and cross-listings.

Spring Festival Sets

A new festival with no traditions is a hard thing to put on. When it became apparent that the Greek Games would not be held this year, the organizers of this year's sequel, the Barnard Spring Festival, co-chaired by Dorothy Uрман 70 and Marjorie Swirsky 70, worked hard on giving the affair an air of excitement and relevance, two objectives that worked successfully. The multi-activity festival ranged from tipsy wine tasting in the morning to an afternoon

New Tradition For Barnard

out the windows from several rooms in Reid.

The early afternoon entertainment was provided by Professor Englund's African Music study group. By this time a large crowd had gathered in the gym and was beginning to move with the rhythm, clapping a simple beat over the more complicated poundings of Professor Englund's group.

South African dance presented by BOSS was one of the more colorful events of the day

Barnard - Columbia Chamber Chorus, presented with its group a choral concert in the James Room at 4:30. Included were Slovak songs by Bela Bartok and songs appropriate for the spring season written by Thomas Morley. "April is in my mistress' face" seemed to explain the rain on this chilly day, but "Now is the month of Mayning" anticipated warmer days.

Barnabus performed tricks for the public tricks not normally hard for humans; but Barnabus is the star trained rat of the Psychology Department. The Psychology Club paced him through his apparatus during the late afternoon in Barnard Hall.

Minor Latham presented oracular plays by Bess Bitton 70 and Leta Ricardes 69 while students films were shown throughout the day.

From eight to midnight Barnard Hall rocked to a dance and light show given by Christopher DeLano 69. The art happening on Jake excited a wild tunnel blow-up reminding one of Clas Oldenberg's giant vacuum cleaner. Instead, the tunnel long ran wasn't safe as the suction near took a few chunks of hair, but the novelty of standing inside a wind tunnel more than compensated for the inconvenience.

The festival was termed by its hard worker organizers as a good success. Dorothy Uрман 70 and Marjorie Swirsky 70 both thought that it is festival was an effective substitute for the lackluster Greek Games. One complaint centered around the attendance at various times more faculty and Columbia men were snatched than dorm residents. One Columbia undergraduate was overheard saying, "Barnard girls are too dumb to know what is going on. The only way they had a lot to diminish spirits at the beginning but that was the only factor acting against the Festival this year." Mrs. Meyers, Director of College Activities expects this to be the beginning of a yearly tradition greeting the spring.



Miss Martha Peterson

of heady philosophy and rhythmic dancing. The early morning rain showers only managed to postpone the arrival of the crowds to the conveniently drier afternoon.

A small crowd attended the wine tasting, given by the French Club and the owner of Drive Liquor Store, Abbott Harmon. Plenty of wine was available, as well as an excellent Beaumont cheese which complimented the French rods.

Meanwhile, President Peterson and Dean Boorse were enthusiastically hawking hamburgers and hotdogs in the Annex to a growing crowd, hungry for their services. Cotton candy and plenty of balloons prompted one girl to emphatically remark, "This reminds me of my childhood!" The large helium balloons, a favorite with the children of pre-school and college age, were carried all over the Columbia area, and later hung

A short fashion show opened with the girls modeling their colorful costumes, decked with yellow and purple scarves, necklaces and beads, and embroidered with pinks, purple, blues, reds and oranges. Aroused by the good feelings, the audience joined them for a number of dances.

In the 116th Street subway station a graffiti writer has announced that philosophy is now in the streets; on Saturday it was in a tent on the Barnard lawn. The Philosophy department provided beer, pretzels and discussion, led by Professor McGinn and attended by members of the department. The topics ranged over all of the important issues surrounding the crisis facing Columbia and Barnard, with presentations by various campus political groups. There was also discussion about the proposed Experimental College.

Daniel Paget, director of the

Urban Lecture

Justice Arthur J. Goldberg will speak at the second Urban Studies Colloquium on Monday, April 23, at 4 p.m. in room 304 Barnard. His topic will be "Domestic Problems and their Relationship to Foreign Policy."

Mr. Goldberg's talk is the second of two special lectures on urban topics this semester at Barnard.

Faculty Proposes Rules For Freedom & Dissent

VII. Proposed faculty statement on college regulations - Miss Mothershill and Mr. Elliff.

RESOLVED, that the following statement be approved:

"The right to protest and to register dissent is guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. Barnard College is concerned with the protection of that right as it may be exercised by any member of the college community, student, faculty member, staff member or administration officer.

Barnard College is committed to defend the right of each

member of the community to carry out his or her assigned duties and responsibilities. Students have the right to attend classes; faculty members have the right to teach classes; administrators and staff have the right to do their respective jobs with undisturbed effectiveness.

An act or activity which constitutes an evident infringement of the rights described in I and II shall be regarded as a violation of an all-college rule and hence as a proper matter for complaint to be submitted to the Judicial Council.

Delegate Assembly

At the Executive Board meeting of April 18, the members considered the new proposal for the Delegate Assembly and decided to make the following recommendation to Miss Peterson.

The members of the Executive Board of the Undergraduate Association request of Miss Peterson the establishment of a committee consisting of the membership of faculty, administration and students of Barnard College, whose members are to be given power to determine procedures to be followed by the college in case of any violation of an all-college rule of conduct.

BARNARD BULLETIN

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Crime at Barnard

In front of the large iron gates that protect Barnard from the outside world, last week an employee of Barnard was sexually molested at 10 a.m. The three youths found an opportune moment, and disappeared with no trace. Similarly, a student leader was walking near Chock Full o' Nuts last week at 9 p.m. Three youths accosted her on the corner, then slashed her face with razor blades. Also last week, purse snatchers were seen operating on Broadway in full view of Barnard Hall administrative offices.

These three examples are not out of the ordinary anywhere, but are shocking when they happen to one's friends in a week's quick succession. "Crime in the streets" has become the rallying cry of the conservative elements, while one's aloofness does not feel threatened unless directly punctured by such events as those above.

The Barnard security office has a specific set of duties which includes only that area of Barnard property proper. But these violations of Barnard women call for an increase in protection and an extension of the area guarded.

Barnard has been extremely lucky so far in not having had more unfortunate incidents than it has. It is time to stop resting on past luck and establish a larger security force to protect its students.

Instead of inaugurating a whole new group of guards, Barnard should make arrangements with the Columbia security force, so as to be part of a group which can be easily increased quickly in case of an emergency.

With the impending threat of spring disruptions Barnard must foresee any difficulty which may need heavy protection so that no area would have to go unguarded when a large force is needed in one particular area. While this is not an echo of Nixon's "Crime in the streets," this is the voice of many concerned individuals who want to see positive action taken before any more serious circumstances develop.



"Spring is a great time for a revolution."

Love Poems

- The yellow star and the morning moon
Are walking on top of the evening land
And the drunken stupor is rocking the waves beside us
And the afternoon, the evening, sleep so peacefully!
And the waves rise up to meet us like shadows
To bear our beating hearts away
- And if they take away your sleep sometimes, why
They give it back again
I feel the static of the electric air
Where the dawn is heartbreaking and just becoming alive
The night I dreamed I lost my sleep
You were looking for me and I was looking for my sleep
- My future began almost twenty-one years ago
In the Year of the Rat, though I distrust the Chinese
And their symbols spread from ear to ear
But when I look up ahead there are only you and I together
And it's a long white road rising to meet us
With stars like streetlamps giving us directions

DAVID LEHMAN

Honor Board Defines Academic Standards

It is expected that all members of the community will abide by the principles expressed in the Honor Code. This extends to all academic expression, written or spoken, and includes fairness in evaluation of performance. Guidelines for the preparation of material are given in "Academic Standards," a pamphlet whose purpose is to provide a clearer understanding of what does and what does not constitute plagiarism. Adherence to the standards expressed in this pamphlet is expected of all members of the community, unless, in the case of students, modification is made by individual instructors. This following has been adapted from "Scholarly Writing" and "The Preparation of Papers" of the English department.

This pamphlet is designed to present some guidelines for the preparation of written work and to prevent confusion as to what does and what does not constitute plagiarism. Adherence to the standards specified in what follows is expected of all members of the community except in circumstances where the individual instructor wishes a more liberal interpretation of "academic honesty" with respect to preparation of written work. We have not undertaken to discuss every particularity with respect to honesty in preparation of work; this pamphlet is not to be regarded as the "law," for such is inappropriate with respect to an Honor System. For technical matters with respect to writing and presenting papers, the "MLA Style Sheet" or some other manual recommended by the instructor should be consulted.

The term "documentation" applies to the conventional apparatus of footnotes and bibliography required as part of any scholarly work. Good documentation provides proper acknowledgment of "borrowed" materials and also permits the reader to verify the accuracy and honesty of the writer. Papers that are inadequate

ly or inaccurately documented are not scholarly and therefore are not acceptable as class work. (Even short critical essays and oral reports must provide formal acknowledgment of the sources consulted in the course of preparation.)

Scholarly writing must be original. Unlike "book reports" assigned in many secondary schools, source themes present the writer's own ideas rather than a paraphrase or digest of the lines of others. The scholarly writer draws upon secondary sources only for materials that he needs in order to develop and demonstrate his own conclusions.

NOTE-TAKING

Verify the source and the page reference. Use quotation marks for all quoted matter; verify spelling, capitalization, and punctuation. Be sure that omissions and insertions are correctly indicated. Make sure that you have not misrepresented the writer's meaning. If your note is an outline or a précis; guard against omission of important ideas or of significant content. If you have retained any of the original wording, mark it clearly with quotation marks so that you will be able to distinguish it from your own wording.

FOOTNOTES

Footnotes are to be used to support facts not generally known, or facts generally known, but debatable. Also, you should document borrowed opinions, including any opinion you find in your sources even if you had formed the same opinion yourself before you found it in a book. A footnote is necessary, of course, to identify the source of a direct quotation.

Page references must be precise; references must be made to the original source unless that source is unavailable.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

In the bibliography must be listed all sources that have proved useful to you, whether or not you have referred to

them directly in your paper or in your footnotes. The information must be accurate and complete.

THE USE OF SOURCES

ILLUSTRATED —

ACCEPTABLE—Direct and accurate quotation with footnote. Use rarely and only with reason.

The newlywed Hawthornes settled in Concord, choosing for their residence the large old house called the Old Manse, where Emerson had once lived. Hawthorne's biographer describes their life in the following terms:

The routine at the Old Manse was comparatively simple. Hawthorne was busy mornings in the study (except in the summer months) writing for the magazines. After dinner, which came in the early afternoon, he walked to the village post office, and on his return stopped for an hour in the reading room of the Athenaeum. After supper, or tea, Hawthorne and Sophia sat together in his study while he read aloud from the English classics, beginning with Shakespeare and Milton. For exercise Hawthorne took vegetables in the summer and shoveled snow and chopped wood in the winter, while his wife marveled that a "seraph" could perform such mundane tasks.

That Hawthorne valued domestic contentment of this kind is shown in several of his short stories.

—Randall Stewart, Nathaniel Hawthorne (New Haven, 1948), p. 65.

PREFERABLE—The writer's own words and documented content with acknowledgment of borrowed matter.

According to their own reports, the newlywed Hawthornes led in the Old Manse a life of idyllic simplicity; the place was Paradise, and they were Adam and Eve. This domestic bliss was perhaps owing to Sophia Hawthorne's conviction

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Belly-Dancing: Good Vibrations

By Lella Richards
(EDITOR'S NOTE: The author took belly-dancing lessons from Serena, as the fulfillment of her open-house gym requirement.)

In the second-story window of 138 West 83rd Street, a mannequin, half-hidden by a curtain of plastic streamers, beckons seductively at passers-by. The mannequin is dressed as a belly-dancer, and behind the window is the office and studio of Starway to Stardom, the only school for belly-dancing in the United States.

Currently more than two hundred students are enrolled at Starway to Stardom. Only about ten percent of the students are, or hope to be, professional dancers. Besides modern, ballet, go-go, Hindu, and other dances, there are students, housewives, teachers, social workers, and secretaries.

Serena, the owner of Starway to Stardom, began her career as a professional dancer with little knowledge of belly-dancing; she was introduced to it quite suddenly one night when she was booked at an Armenian nightclub whose patrons expected her to do an authentic belly-dance. It was then that she discovered how complex and intriguing the dance was.

"At first I didn't know what to do," Serena says. "The music sounded like noise. But the Armenian musicians in the band were very nice to me. They gave me my first instruction in belly-dancing."

For the next few years Serena danced in nightclubs along Eighth Avenue (where most of the Greek and Armenian nightclubs are situated), and learned all she could from other belly-dancers she met at the clubs. She had been teaching belly-dancing at Starway to Stardom for two years before she brought her own stripper named Belles del Re.

Serena has never made a trip

to the Near East, the heartland of belly-dancing, but she hopes to get there someday. Meanwhile, students of hers who have travelled through Turkey, Egypt, Greece, Tunisia, and Morocco send back postcards and return with the latest belly-dancing news.

Exactly where and when belly-dancing originated in the Near East remains a mystery. It was first practiced in Moslem temples as a sacred rite which dramatized the act of childbirth. Later the dance was adopted by female slaves in the harems who vied for the attention of their sultans. The slaves incorporated movements from their native dances into the belly-dancing that they learned, so that the dance gradually became enriched through borrowings from many different countries.

Belly-dancing suffers from a poor reputation today, in the US at least, because it has been misused by dancers of indifferent ability who know next to nothing about the dance. Strippers with a lot of gusto and very little talent often expand their repertoires by killing themselves as belly-dancers. For them and for an ignorant but excited audience, ten minutes of shaking around a scantily-clad body tells all that one needs to know about the spicy, naughty world of the Near East. Mention belly-dancing in a mixed company today and your comments will meet with leers from the men and raised eyebrows from the ladies.

The office of Starway to Stardom is small. Along one wall is an impressive gallery of photographs of professional belly-dancers, all of whom were Serena's former pupils. A glass case in one corner displays memorabilia of the Near East: Greek vases, belly-dancing costumes, sets of finger cymbals, and an Arabic Coke bottle, which mysteriously appeared among a shipment of ordinary Coke bottles destined for the

Starway to Stardom Coke machine and which is now treasured as a good-luck charm. A samovar on a nearby table and a large gold Russian lamp at the reception desk add to the Oriental atmosphere. A bulletin board displays postcards, wall ads calling for belly-dancers, and newspaper clippings about Serena.

Classes at Starway to Stardom are one hour long and are taught at the levels of beginning and advanced. Last winter there was also a Saturday morning class for children. Students are given schedules showing when classes are held, and can come as often as they wish. They can also arrange for half-hour private lessons. A dedicated student can, if she supplements weekly lessons with practice at home, become a professional belly-dancer in less than a year.

Students who come in only for their lessons or who "just happened to be passing by" help themselves to a glass of orange juice and sit down to chat with Serena and other students. Here one can pick up belly-dancing gossip from some globe-trotting professionals.

"You know, I got that job at the Egyptian Gardens. I danced there for about a month, and then the management closed the place down for vacation without letting me know I arrived for my act and found the place locked, so I went over to the Arabian Nights with my costume, and they hired me on the spot. Five minutes later I was up on the dance floor doing my act." "I'm telling you, any girl who's taken ten lessons at Starway to Stardom could go to Morocco and be a professional."

Classes at Starway to Stardom usually begin at least fifteen minutes late. When Serena gives the word, her students, dressed in leotards and clutching their finger cymbals, follow her into the studio. The beginning students usually spend their lessons about how to beat out a basic dance tempo on the finger



Serena

convulsions. "Starting with your left hand," says Serena, the beat is to a count of four: left, right, right, left, right. After the students have warmed up with

their finger cymbals, Serena gas on a belly dancing solo, and students practice some of the fundamental movements of the dance which keep trying to

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Focus Repeats Solid Literary Tradition

By Prof. Anthony G. Henderson
 When I was an undergraduate ten years ago, our college literary magazine offered solid, dependable reading. In each issue you could count on finding a featured short story on the theme of young-lovers-talk-in-on-the-bar-and-realize-it's-hopeless, with terse dialogue out of context, and a concluding nihilistic flourish from Salinger. Every issue was bound to contain numerous intriguing poems made up of words and fragments of sentences strung at random about the page; every reader knew that total incoherence was the mark of a sensitive poetic consciousness. Also, you could count on finding one straight-forward erotic lyric, with several daring lines. The art section, on those days was big on pictures of nude and garbage cans, murky snapshots showing a fine aesthetic sense for light meters and focusing devices. Some of these stories were successful, others were not, but what they all had in common was a relentless seriousness.

Some of what was going on in the past was going on in the present. The "Nothing" shows perceptiveness in handling the familiar theme of boy and girl talking without getting anywhere. She is particularly good in short description — of the West End Bar, or a boy's apartment — and the reactions of the girl, enclosed in

parentheses, seem absolutely honest. Perhaps she will come to realize that conversations between intelligent people are not limited to sentences of from one to seven words, and that they do without lines like, "Why do you hate yourself so much?" or, "Look Europe is different." Strange to say, the poem which succeeds best in doing what it sets out to do is "Movie," by Julian Miller — strange because it describes the death scene in *Boone and Clyde*, a film I almost walked out on to the disgust of my friends. The poet has caught exactly the heavy sexual overtones of that cinematic scene, and the orgasm, dominated by machine guns which seem to have fascinated every movie-goer in America over sixteen. Julian Miller also contributes the story "Pag" about a man who wishes only "to be loved, have enough to eat and a warm place to sleep," and the poem which ends with a curious manner. The Thurber influence is strong, but at least has contributed to one of the few uses of irony in the past few years. The story "The Star of Bethlehem an Astrological, a Psychological, or a Theological Phenomenon?" It concerns a

Jewish girl who seems to be evading over an obsession with Jesus and the Second Coming. The story doesn't provide us with enough material to feel its impact for the character or even to be sure what her real problem is, but some of her little superstitious observations — concerning the bathroom curtain waving her good luck bra or striking middle C on the piano last thing before getting into bed — were well in pointing up her insecurity and fear of an uncertain future.

Erotic in fact in this issue is provided by *Ode for Lorelei Appleby*, by Eric B. Pfeiffer. The poem seems at first glance to be ironic, a ridiculously fervid idealizing of a flesh and blood girl whose prosaic reality is stressed by her name in the manner of John Bejerman's "Jean Hurter Dunn." How else can we take lines like

"Where are you Lorelei Appleby? The night wind still carries The sound of your name." From across "the tepid swamps. Unfortunately, Mr. Brightfield seems to take himself awfully seriously as he proceeds and the reader becomes increasingly uncertain of how to respond to the tone.

Needless to say, Focus is rich

in poems of imagination as he vaunts out ends of his work. By far the best is an unidentified poem "The Russia Cat" set under a photo of a cat-trading along College Walk. The victor of the annual cat-trading of a Pinner cat as he purred and purrs in a cat's meow is made up of little and quips. "In fact I had an idea that I have seen it in poem before — there other efforts in the past and probably of people are not a success. Regarding a secret exists on the assumption that to speak against injustice is to write a good poem." Donald Ethun Miller begins well in *Day* with a conception of dawn and of stirring, but reverts at the end to the familiar voice of protest, without giving it a new and different accent. Michael DeCosta should graduate from Gertrude Stein. Prof. Serge Geronovik has prepared an English translation of a work published in 1954, *Lee Revolutions*, by Fern Pichette. It is a fine example of what F. R. Leavis at Cambridge used to call "the best of the best." Allen Ginsburg's poems from the same period also banners. He reads in submission but is made bearable by Ginsburg's sense of

(Continued on Page 1)

Columbia Players' Baal Jean Brodie: A Most Unusual Teacher

By LYNN ROBERTS

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This review is based on a dress rehearsal of the play opens Wednesday, April 22.)

Brecht's first play *Baal* is now alive and kicking right here at Wolman Auditorium, from Wednesday, April 22 to Saturday, April 25. If you like Brecht the writer, you'll be turned on by *Baal's* poetry, songs, and subtext, if you are expecting Brecht's usual stylized theatre, you're in for a surprise.

The hero *Baal* is a wandering poet and singer committed to the ways of nature and sensuality, in defiance of accepted morality and organized society: a drop-out. He is also a ruthless and selfish drunk, seducing a series of 17-year old virgins who grow themselves from slaves, using men to serve his own desires, and finally dying utterly alone. *Baal* sees himself as the male force alienated from the castrating community of material society. He curses dependence, yet cannot live alone. He disparages his community, but cannot get away from it, continues to write it himself. The hero cops out on his own idealized *Baal* in the second act, but in a super-civilized-breath.

For interpretive staging director Steve Gilborn chooses the exception rather than the rule. No stylized Brecht of flashing slides and mixed media here. Gilborn's *Baal* aims more at dramatic and emotional impact than Brecht's usual theatre of ideas. The stage is often in semi-blackness, distracting attention from the dialogue. There are three wrestling contests on stage. Glasses are smashed, characters shout without dramatic economy, yet too infrequently for full-fledged satire. There are tendencies toward over-emotionalism, dramatic lighting effects, a straggly over-emphasis on the now, rather than the what of the play. But Brecht is not all black and white; experimentation is vital.

The sets for the 21 scene play are truly admirable, simple and stark, powerfully suggestive. A tavern is created by a heavy wood table, a bottle, and a candle. A dark forest comes alive by impressionistic dapples of light on a burlap backdrop. Acting is generally good with an excellent live performance by Robert Holman as Baal, Eric Kellogg as Ekast, Jerry Kutner as the priest, Eugene Sun, and Miss Sirota as the insane Beggar.

By LEILA RICHARDS

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie is a novel (by Muriel Spark) which has been turned into a play which has been turned into a movie. Although the story has just a little of its subtlety in each of its translations, its original novel and its original remain in the film; Miss Spark herself is said to be pleased with the result.

Miss Jean Brodie (Maggie Smith) is a progressive teacher in a conservative girls' boarding school in Edinburgh. The time is 1932. We see her at the beginning of a semester introducing herself to her new pupils; "I am in the business of putting old heads on young shoulders," she says. "All of my pupils are the creme de la creme." Her pupils are known as Brodie girls. While the rest of the students eat lunch in the school dining room, the Brodie girls eat a picnic lunch outside with their teacher. Miss Brodie abandons her class lecture to discuss the importance and wonder of the *creme de la creme*. Her pupil travels in Italy. On the weekends Miss Brodie takes her girls on country excursions at the home of Mr. Lowther, an unmarried man, whose wife they have gourmet lunches.

(One of the girls remembers having had "harlot runs.")

Miss Brodie's teaching methods are questioned by the school's headmistress, Miss MacKay, but Miss Brodie is in her prime, and nothing can stop her. She overcomes all criticisms with magnificent self-possession, delivering a stream of eloquent and persuasive arguments in her defense. Education, she tells the headmistress, involves a leading out (de-fooc) of what is already inside of her students. When the headmistress replies that she had hoped that there would be some "putting in" as well, Miss Brodie says "that would be in-tradition."

Miss Brodie's girls adore her for her flair and liveliness and for the romantic quality of her imagination. She instills a sense of uniqueness in her pupils, and they are flattered by her attention. They do not realize that Miss Brodie has a hidden aim; she wants to determine their actions by playing upon their suggestibility. Confident that she understands her girls, she assigns them roles to play in a drama of her own invention. Miss Brodie, in short, tries to take Destiny into her own hands, and the disastrous results of her efforts bring about her downfall. "If they (the school administration) want to get rid of me, they will have to assassinate me," she gloefully tells her girls again and again. But it is not the administration, but one of Miss Brodie's own girls, who puts an end to her career. Faced with this discovery, Miss Brodie, whose charming words have left her in her ruin, screams her parting accusation at her betrayer: "Assassin! Assassin!"

While she is in her prime, Miss Brodie has every member of the school willingly or unwillingly under her spell. One of her victims is Mr. Lloyd, the school's art teacher and an old flame of hers, who is so infatuated with her (although he has a wife and six children) that he can't help putting her face in

every portrait he paints. Mr. Lloyd can see how Miss Brodie is deceiving herself as well as everyone else with her dangerously misguided notions. "She is magnificent and ridiculous," he says, "and there is no contradiction between the two."

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie has arrived under the auspices of Jay Allen, who adapted the novel for the stage and the screen. Although I haven't read the novel, I saw Zoa Caldwell as Miss Jean Brodie on Broadway. (Miss Caldwell seemed to me to be a more frumpy and eccentric Brodie than Maggie Smith, her interpretation of the part; her interpretation that it was not physical attractiveness but spiritual energy which made Miss Brodie so appealing.) I was disappointed by one major omission in the movie: Miss Brodie's story in the stage version was told by her betrayer, who had become a nun. Miss Brodie had said, "Give me a girl at an impressionable age and she will be mine for life." The nun became a living proof of this statement; she confessed that although she thought Miss Brodie was "dangerous," she couldn't shake off her old teacher's influence.

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie is rated "M" for mature audiences. It is a "must" for anyone who has been unfortunate enough to attend a girls' school filled with heady-eyed, wooden-faced spinsters who consider their teaching to be aimed at "the nurture of the virtuous woman." To all such teachers Miss Brodie stands as a glorious, though doomed, exception. One can't help loving her despite her dangerous faults.

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie is currently playing at the Baronet Theatre.

College Hosiery Shop

Full Line of Stockings, Dress Hosiery, Socks, Panties, Undies
Satisfactory - Always
2079 Broadway, New York 24, N.Y.
GM. 1126 Street, 80 Second

ZOCKER: Through a Glass Sweaty

By LINCOLN SWADOS

With Spring here and open air and green grass and music pouring from open windows ZOCKER this week pervasively looks like a film about sex. In New York will probably be rather short I find it fun to watch the columns and the advertisements in the newspaper, for they unconsciously tell us there are enough guys to keep a particular flick in town, or conversely if the producers aren't covering up the slip.

It is difficult to find an advertisement for Mae Zetterling's Dr. Glas which leads me to think that the most doctor will be coming up with praise and leading back to Sweden.

This is a not too terrible loss, as far as I can tell, because Dr. Glas' patients have a high mortality rate. Many of them die, although with a certain beauty. One girl, whom Dr. Glas refuses to grant an abortion is fettered rather fetchingly from the hip point. And the other patient, but that would give away the end, and if you should find yourself halfway through this movie, there isn't much more to look forward to. Miss Zetterling (whose name I may be misspelling) used to be an actress. Perhaps she had very little parts. Or maybe she had to stand around half-dressed on drafty Swedish stages. Or maybe she was bitten by a rabid male dog. At any rate, she is the second movie of hers I have seen, and they have both oozed bitterness.

Dr. Glas takes place in the 18th century. Dr. Glas is a doctor that is starched up passed his adam's apple and he is shocked by all the tomfoolery he sees going on from his window. You can see that he is taking young ladies with their canes, fellows swinging girls up above their heads and the ladies com-

plaint. All he has to do is picture a couple in bed together and he goes crazy with revulsion. At any rate, Miss Zetterling's film goes crazy, and it's long images and it's using couples to leap in and out of bed in their nightgowns.

The case that interests the doctor most is that of a middle young girl whose husband insists on bedding her. She finds him repulsive, and Dr. Glas helps her to keep him in his own twin bed.

My feelings were with the preacher.

This girl's problem becomes a confusion with the Doctor and turns the picture into a very simple melodrama. This is most unfortunate because in spite of, or besides Miss Zetterling's twisted view, there was a picturesque rendering of that period; the horses, the long coquettish dresses, lovely Swedish forests. The horror of the sex scenes, however, has been a man's hand quietly cupping a woman's clothed breast is a very tender sight.

Dr. Glas seems very up tight about all the open display of affection, but there is something here that is too often missing on the screen today: The lovers' eyes are alive.

At any rate, there is a contrast between starchiness, propriety, and courting and sex as fun.

Glas, in the end Dr. Glas spends a great deal of his time wandering around the movie dueling his conscience. His starchy picture, by the camera, is much less interesting than the reality of the actors and Dr. Glas runs amuck. Endless monologues. Visually odd. The camera shows he internally disturb one's eyesight.

And you would not believe the ending. At one point the

projectionist had trouble with the film and it limply collapsed on the screen. (This is sort of an interesting moment in a film, if you are caught up in it. You are pointedly shot back to being somebody sitting with someone staring at nothing.)

But this is how the film ended. Completely arbitrarily. The trailer was for Monterey Pop, and the theatre was immediately filled with exhilarating music and bright, buoyant color. Goodbye Dr. Glas.

There is a joke that goes: "Why are Swedish movies so concerned with sex?" "Because their balconies are so cold."

There is another joke that goes: "Why are American movies, magazines, plays, books, so concerned with sex?" The answer is blowin' in the wind.

A happy ending

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The Spirit of Lorraine Hansberry

By GWYNETH HOWELL

To Be Young, Gifted, and Black now playing at the Cherry Lane Theatre, is a melange of segments from Lorraine Hansberry's works, including her first play, *Hales in the Sun*, her last play, *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*, and her notebooks, letters, and speeches. The cast was both black and white. Actresses from both races spoke directly to the audience as a post-humous Miss Hansberry. This was an interesting way to universalize her works, for I soon found myself responding only to the voices, the words themselves, and not paying much attention to who was speaking them. The playwright's humanity rather than her blackness was emphasized, making it easier for the white portion of the audience to relate to her experiences. If the point was to establish rapport between character and audience and not, as in the case of *Big Time Back White*, to set up an apartheid racial playing of the white audience, then the emphasis was well-placed.

But a negative result of this casting for the blacks was, I felt, that they began to cease thinking of Miss Hansberry as of their own kind. Looking at their too-silent faces, I felt that they had come to bear her point of view more as a black woman, than as a human being who had been as involved with the question of socialism as she had been with black civil rights. In this sense, Miss Hansberry would be outdated today when the need to be black first, human second, has erupted so strongly out of the repressed

black identity.

The production was generally well directed, there were a few scenes that were not quite necessary and seemed to act as fillers for the fragments, so that I might get a deeper sense of context and juxtaposed sometimes effectively, sometimes not. I often found myself wishing to see the plays themselves instead of the fragments, so that I might get a deeper sense of what she was about. Robert Nemiroff, her husband, has attempted however to give a view of the progression of her works, from the simple but direct humanity of *Hales in the Sun*, to the more complicated and inverted solutions of the *Brustein*s to find a "way" to be human. In later life she was split by her compassion for human frailty and by her very strong determination to act, to change life, to change society. In her determination for change Miss Hansberry is totally relevant to the present, as she was a little ahead of her own times in the forties and early fifties. As Sidney says in *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*, "The why of why we are here is an intrigue for adolescents, the 'how' is what must command the living. Which, is why I have lately become an incontinent again." Her decision to live in the world of action as well as in the fantasies of intellect, must have been both an important and a difficult one for her—one in which she affirmed her blackness. In many ways this post-humous message of hers is important and inspirational not in its tactical force which is undefined, but in its spirit, which is insurgent.

Elaine May's Hard Game

By LYNN ROBERTS

Elaine May's *Adaptation* and Terrence McNally's *Next* are two very funny and inventive satires. Both one act plays explore the unstated contract between the "littérateur" and the impatient rules and assumptions of his social environment revealing the vacuity and depersonalization of the American Dream. 1969 Elaine May directs with an expert sense of the quick paced rhythm demanded by successful comic routines allowing the trenchant commentary to pierce beyond the tickle to the ache of self-recognition.

Adaptation is a cleverly conceived TV Gameshow in which the contestant played with hilarious desperation by Gabriel Dell hops through the 7 ages of man on the gaily colored gameboard covering the stagefloor. The familiar metronomic rhythm of Millor Dollar Movie music is suddenly broken by lights flashing, buzzers buzzing and bells ringing as the contestant reacts with confused emotions but obedient reflexes. The Games-Master awards points and worldly success as the contestant compromises or dissembles in the process of adapting to Social Reality. The object of



Elaine May and James Coco in Terrence McNally's *Next*.

the game is to decide what the rules are and to find the hidden Security Square. Miss May hurls at her recent admirer when she tells us. What he certainly doesn't know is that he may make any space on the board the Security Square and declare himself the winner. The philosophy expressed here is reminiscent of Zeus' confession of weakness in *Electra*. The *File* (111) Orestes knows that he is free. Once freedom is a beacon in a man's heart, the gods are powerless against him.

But *Adaptation* is not a medium for moralizing one particular point of view; it is primarily an occasion for laughter. A little bit of wit together with a bit of *Next* there is always a present point. She tells him to sit down. She explains by analogy talking about the different colored flowers in the garret; little equals well by the bees. You must think of the Negro as something very beautiful that God gave white people to rape. Here she is a double edged weapon deriving its comic force from the validity of its more serious implicit aim. At one point when the contestant wife won't talk to him his mistress won't sleep with him and his business fails, in an extrav manager of the Chicago Hilton during the Democratic convention he observes wit: *sardonic humor*. It is a hard game.

Language is reduced to a pithy baner of contemporary clichés sounds divorced from sentiment as people treat each other as objects. A young college girl explains. I have this problem. I can give but I can't take. On the subjective humor level there is total failure to communicate. All attempts by father and son to establish rapport are mediated interrupted by the 3rd person of the omnipresent TV dems dieing of the American household. The disappointed and confused contestant dies as mature by a coronary attack not only failing to find the Security Square but more frighteningly never even understanding the rules of the game.

Next presents a situation of humiliating humor when a fat balding lawyer nervously 48 year old is called by the Army's fallible computer for a pre-industrial physical James Coco as the potential draftee at first indignantly refuses to be examined but finally capitulates to the inescapable forces of the social mechanism personified by the fragily unimpaired female Sergeant (Elaine May) or her emerald of irascible humor and stony expression. The Sergeant speaks in the efficient and inhuman language of ion temperature cluster society bombarding her subject object with typewriter clatter, psychological questions, humiliates a ripped down to be shamed soul both literally and metaphorically. At the height of indignity money Coco drapes himself in the American flag which comically underlines the inevitability of his downfall or he embraces the very system and values which reject a. Underst him. Literately beaten down he tearfully longs to be found acceptable by the same system he has not understood fully to reject. McNally's dialogue is quick and witty with occasional touches of the surreal and absurd.

Adaptation is indeed the hardest game genre and you may be sad in this tragic comedy situation a sense of humor is invaluable laughter a necessity. Don't miss an opportunity for two solid hours of provocative wit at the Greenwich Mews Playhouse (41 W 13th St).

The Late "Tiger" Should Have Lived

By ED SHEEN

"Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie" is a very convincing play about a prison school and the young junkies whose bodies are momentarily in residence, but whose souls are on the street corners. They are a very tough bunch of New York who squeezed real hard, they would be the last but of sap to drip away. "Tiger" is actually a play about a city. The spirit of the city is personified in the young junkies, and the several authority figures — principal, psychiatrist, teacher — affect them with greater or lesser irrelevance.

The great gift of the play is its language — obscene, often cynical and very bitter, but just as often enormously funny.

The humor is a weapon, a weapon against any altruism or pretense of heroism, which the junkies find so hypocritical and intolerable. It is very clear that underlying this comedy is a persistent threat of violence. You'd better be honest with them, or they will eat you to ribbons. Needless to say, it is very difficult to maintain this kind of brutally direct dialogue. Don Petersen, the young playwright, has done it, and that is a major accomplishment. There is an in-

tegrity to his characters, not too tough and not too cute, just very honest.

What might be called the dramatic action of the play is less successful. The characterization through action is less successful than the characterization by dialogue. Two things happen. Bickham is the smartest and most cynical and violent of the bunch — hardly a coincidence he is the most cynical because he is the smartest Bickham (played perfectly by Al Pacino in a difficult role) fails in his search for a father. Or rather he finds his father who turns out to be an utterly despicable little man, so he beats him up. This is a pretty powerful scene, but in the play Bickham is only telling this, rocking and raging to the psychiatrist. Now there is nothing more bourgeois than confessing to a psychiatrist, and the idea of Bickham, the thorough Antichrist, indulging in this ritual, strains the credibility. The audience, however, applauded loudly, this is above all a reflection on Pacino's acting, but it also reflects on Broadway audiences. It was as if they seized with relief on this as a moment of melodrama. Anyhow, Bickham lives.

The other thing that happens is that Landa wins. Lauren Jones

is wonderful in the role of Landa, a very no-nonsense prostitute who was brought up in a wastebasket instead of a cradle. But when she is proposed to by Conrad (Roger Robinson) who agrees to make it in the outside world, she is reduced to ecstasy. It is very sentimental more Broadway than ghetto. I don't doubt the audience applauded the fine acting, but I also suspect they were applauding the Jorato Alger and happily ever afterwards elements.

"Tiger" had its short run at the Belasco (probably in part because of its overrule title). Whether it failed because it was too sentimental or not sentimental enough is moot. More likely New Yorkers (or tourists for that matter) find a play about New York and its street society superfluous. If so, it is their loss for the East Siders have missed a first rate opportunity to get acquainted with the haves-not who people their imaginations and, occasionally, their apartments. Because the one impression that remains is that the people were real, even in some-times false situations. I would not want to meet Pacino in any dark alley, and I suspect Lauren Jones really did spend her baby years in a wastebasket.



By BERTOLT BRECHT

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(Continued from Page 4) I do not let my husband say... Focus Review

Focus Review

(Continued from Page 5) I do not let my husband say... St. Paul's Chapel

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