

# BARNARD BULLETIN

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## Barnard Women Petition Governor

As a result of the New York Assembly's vote to repeal the liberalized New York State abortion law, women at Barnard are initiating a mass petition campaign to convince Governor Rockefeller to veto the repeal bill.

The petition is worded: "As students and newly enfranchised voters, as faculty, staff and administrators at Barnard College and Columbia University, we urge you, Governor Rockefeller to veto any attempt to repeal the New York State abortion laws." Although the Governor has indicated that he will veto any repeal bill, it was felt that additional pressure should be put on the Governor to counteract the extensive lobbying efforts of the right to life groups.

The petition is available now for signature in the Women's Center in Barnard Hall, the College Activities Office in McIntosh and the Barnard Bulletin Office, 107 McIntosh. It will also be circulated throughout the dormitories at Barnard and Columbia.

Although no plans have been finalized it is hoped that the petitions can be delivered in person to the Governor on Monday.

## Freshmen Offer Complaints, Advice

Polled and questionaired innumerable times during their first year here, a few freshmen were once again accosted for their opinions, this time on an end-of-the-year favorite, "What do you think of your first year at Barnard?"

Although it was apparently an inopportune time to solicit opinions concerning school, with paper deadlines and exams waiting grimly around the corner, a small group of freshmen did consent to discuss their experiences at Barnard. Although most of the comments were familiar complaints, some con-

structive criticisms sneaked in. Reactions to academic life at Barnard were surprisingly varied.

"I found that I was not at all prepared for the work at Barnard, although I went to a rather demanding high school. The work load here is heavy and I found I had to work all the time to keep up."

"I don't think Barnard is anywhere near as demanding as I had expected. I think they should have more requirements, especially for undirected people."

"Although there is incredible

freedom with housing rules the academic aspect is too structured. Too much emphasis is put on grades and requirements."

This last comment was disputed though. "I don't think there's much emphasis put on grades. No one cares about your grades but yourself." But a few girls felt that the pressure for grades came from the other students, not from the professors. "The teachers don't really care what sort of grades you get as long as they think you understand the work. But I know girls who will beg a professor for the few points between a C+ and a B— It's difficult to compete around here because there are so many other students who are willing to go to ridiculous lengths for a better grade."

Compared to the academic aspect most freshmen found the social life very free and easy going. "I think the freedom we have as far as housing rules goes is very valuable. Without this freedom, it's difficult to form a sense of personal responsibility."

"In schools with strict housing rules, the students spend all their time figuring out how to break or get around the rules, and the authorities have to spend all their time trying to enforce them."

Although most students were relatively happy with dorm life there were a few complaints.

In BHR there's no place where you can meet and talk except in the bathroom. It would be so much easier to meet and get to know people on the floor if there were someplace where you could sit and talk. I don't see why they can't convert one room on each floor into a lounge, as they do at Columbia."

A single remark about the social life at Barnard seemed to sum it up fairly well. "There is no social life as such. You make your own social life here. There are always things going on."

(Continued on Page 2)

### Publication Notice

This is the last issue of Bulletin for the school year 1971-72.

Bulletin can always use reporters, reviewers, photographers and people to do layout. We hope that you'll think of joining us in the fall.

## Joint Trustee Committee Issues 'Discussion Memorandum'

By CAROL RICHARDS

Last Friday, the Joint Committee of Trustees of Barnard College and Columbia University issued its preliminary report. The report entitled a 'discussion memorandum' offered

title that had not been previously announced in a Senate Report issued in the fall. It also left the financial issue which is the major stumbling block be-

tween the two schools unanswered. A common question asked about the memorandum was why it was issued at all.

Probably the most controversial feature of the memorandum was its outlining of tenure procedures for Barnard faculty. The memorandum stated that

the view that the new procedure was additionally unfair because two sets of criteria would be applied in judging the candidate for tenure or promotion. She felt that despite the emphasis put on teaching ability at Barnard it would not be as important a criterion to the ad hoc committee. Ms. Stimpson further questioned how a committee composed of non-Barnard faculty members could judge the teaching ability of a Barnard faculty member. It seems she said that the ad hoc committee has no objective way of collecting evidence of teaching ability. She felt that even



Catharine Stimpson

In the case of future nominations from Barnard for appointment or promotion to a tenured associate professor or appointment to a full professorship the Executive Vice President for Academic Affairs shall convene a five person University level ad hoc committee to review the nomination and render advice to the President of the University as to whether the appointment shall be made. The report further stipulates that the ad hoc committee consist of at least two Barnard faculty members.

The report names three procedures that could be taken if the ad hoc Committee declines to recommend the nominated faculty member for tenure. The unfavorable decision can be accepted and the appointment or promotion not be made; the President of Barnard can ask the President of the University to appoint another ad hoc committee if it is believed that there is evidence of some procedural defect or irregularity; or the President of Barnard College can recommend to the University President that he disregard the ad hoc committee's advice and recommend to the Trustees that the promotion or appointment be made.

At a faculty staff meeting on Monday a number of junior faculty members expressed their disapproval of the proposed tenure procedure. They feel that under the new procedure they will be under a sort of double jeopardy because they in essence, have to be tried twice in order to receive promotion or tenure. Actually the person will have to be approved three times because the department must initiate the proceedings. From the department the proposal for tenure or promotion will go to the Barnard Committee on Appointments, Tenure and Promotion (ATP) and finally to the ad hoc committee.

Assistant Professor of English Catharine Stimpson expressed



Robert McCaughey

though there would be two Barnard members of the ad hoc committee they would still be outnumbered.

Assistant Professor of History Robert McCaughey told Bulletin that he viewed the situation more optimistically. He felt that the ad hoc committee would take into account the differences in the situations at Barnard and Columbia faculty members have to confront. Barnard faculty members have a

(Continued on Page 2)

## Food Service Chief to Leave

Ms. Eleanor Smith, Director of Food Services at Barnard College will leave Barnard at the close of this semester. This will conclude 17 years of service to the school. In a statement to Bulletin Ms. Smith noted that she was offered a position as an assistant to the supervisor from Servomation, the catering firm which will begin handling meal services next semester. Ms. Smith felt that she might come into conflict with the new supervisor over certain maintenance standards.

Ms. Smith also indicated that her new job with Servomation would have entailed a 40% decrease in salary.

A meeting was held on May 9 to acquaint Barnard personnel with the new service. No final decision has been made with Servomation, however as to the retention of present employees.

## Plans Underway for Coed Orientation

By JILL WOOLMAN

The Columbia-Barnard joint Orientation, for the incoming class of 1976, will be held Friday, September 1 through Monday, September 4. Plans are "enthusiastically underway," according to Barnard coordinator, Dulce Chicon. Working with her are Columbia coordinators, Ray Vastala and Rich Gualtieri and a committee of both Barnard and Columbia students.

The orientation program will be completely coed with the exception of housing, all meals, tours, floor parties and activities are cosponsored by both colleges. Special activities will include a Saturday afternoon reception and dessert hour honoring both Barnard President Martha Peterson and Columbia President William McGill, a picnic, an outdoor dance to be held in a tent on South Field in conjunction with a Casino to be held in the lobbies of Hartley, Livingston and John Jay Halls, theatre parties to *Sticks and Bones* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; and an open house at McIntosh.

In addition to the social activities, seminars have been scheduled on various topics utilizing faculty members. Academic Morning will be replaced by Student-Academic Counseling Sessions during which the sponsors and freshmen will get together to discuss the major fields of study available at Barnard and Columbia, including

information on courses and professors. The sponsors will be following certain established guidelines, but it is hoped that this format will contribute to a relaxed, peer to peer relationship.

Tours of New York sites will once again be available for the out-of-town students, but alternatives for the commuter/local students will be football and softball games, frisbee, throwing and swimming in both college pools. After Orientation officially ends on Monday, extra activities scheduled are the Circle Line Tour of Manhattan and a Holly House excursion. BOM and Mac Ac have planned programs for Tuesday and Wednesday to fill in the time before classes begin on Thursday.

Heavy responsibility for the success of the upcoming orientation will lie with the 150 sponsors: 60 from Barnard and 90 from Columbia. To fully inform the sponsors of their duties and acquaint them with the schedule, a special sponsor orientation will be held two days before the freshmen arrive, August 30 and 31.

In addition to the regular orientation plans, BOSS and LASO are sponsoring special activities for incoming black and Latin students. Plans for orientation programs to be sponsored by and for Asian students have not as yet been finalized.



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TODAY

## Freshmen . . . Book Review

(Continued from Page 1)  
around campus, movies and parties, but there's no single "in place" to go. Everyone can do what he wants because there is such a variety of things to do around here."

One student objected that the atmosphere is too tense. "People seem too embarrassed to meet other people. When you walk down the street, people avoid your eyes."

Relations with Columbia was discussed as an important part of social life. Although most students felt social relations with Columbia men were open enough, they complained that their only level of contact with Columbia men was social. "I've only had about two or three Columbia guys in all of my classes put together. You get sick of meeting guys on a strictly social level all the time. If there were more cross-listed classes, there would be more of a chance to talk to guys on an intellectual basis. An all-girl class is an unreal situation. The seminars at Columbia were an excellent remedy of this situation."

Living in New York City was also discussed, of course:

"I liked New York City a lot before I came here. Now I hate it."

"I like living in New York because there are so many places to go. But the trouble is, you can't go to most of them alone. There aren't many places around here where you can just go casually with friends."

"It is dangerous, but if you're careful and use your head you'll probably get through with only one or two muggings."

"The scariest experience I ever had was when a cop tried to pick me up on a bus."

Main complaints were about the meal plan, the medical service and the freshmen advisors.

"I think more people would be willing to stay in BHR if the meal plan weren't compulsory."

"The medical service is too backed up and slow, especially the gynecologist. It's ridiculous how few hours the gynecologist is available."

"The freshmen advisors don't seem to know anything. They're perfectly willing to talk to you and look things up for you, but it seems like they shouldn't have to look everything up, they should be more well-informed."

Although most of the students were glad for the chance to air their complaints, all those questioned said they planned to come back to Barnard next year.

## The Female Dr. Johnson

By SARA SOLBERG

*Every Other Inch a Lady, an autobiography by Beatrice Lillie. Doubleday, 360 pages, \$7.95.*

Being funny has become Bea Lillie's living. One wonders how it is to live under the reputation of being "the funniest woman in the world." One wonders even what it is that makes one person "funnier" than another. And, in this age of high-blown scepticism, one wonders if the laughs produced are genuine or whether they aren't just the automatic human response to seeing laugh cards flashed at them (like Pavlov's dogs).

Is Bea Lillie genuine? The answer to the question is, I am almost sure, yes; but I'm afraid I have to add that she is not an authoress. The trouble with writing one's own memoirs is that, unless one has complete *sang-froid* about such matters as modesty, accuracy, tact, etc., one is inevitably going to run up against one's own ego. Clearly, this book of Bea Lillie's was a major production — careful of possible libel suits, getting all the necessary copyrights for quoted songs, etc. — and this fact creates a certain unease on the part of the reader. Supposedly, the book is written "like it was," straight from the shoulder, Annie Oakley-like, without pretension (since that's the thing Bea Lillie seems to have consistently hated the most). Yet of course there was pretension in the writing of her memoirs — for one thing, it reveals that Bea Lillie is convinced as her fan world that she is the funniest woman alive — and, although perhaps this self-awareness ought not affect the reader's reaction, I can't help feeling some of the humor got out of the "Lillieisms." For another, the ups and downs of "the business" — i.e. show business — spell jealousy, rivalry, pettiness, failures, triumphs, short and long-lived fame, and so on. There's no use hiding it, because we all know that show biz is a cut-throat world just as much as gangster Chicago in 1930.

Forgive my cynicism — I do love to sit around and quote

Bea Lillie as much as the rest of you (like her quoted remark about the oceanliner, the *Queen Mary* — "When does this place arrive?") — but I question the totality of her triumph in that world of shattering and shattered egos. I could have wished for more candour in her book — more level-headed (and though she and her friends like to claim that that is what she cannot be, she can be since she was a stage success) reflection on the meaning of her life.

Besides that dour note, I found her autobiography highly entertaining — very often witty, sharp, quick, less often quietly humorous. I looked for the real "comic sense" — that which produces a smile as opposed to a guffaw — and thought I sensed it in the authoress, I could not put my finger to it in her pages. I am convinced Bea Lillie was and is a rare bird, a comedienne on the almost classic sense, but I am afraid she was not born to be funny on paper. I should have liked to see an encounter — both written and verbal — between James Thurber and Bea Lillie, since the latter shone in conversation, *en situation*, and the former shone on paper. They might have made some pretty fine comedy together.

From her childhood in Toronto, to her marriage with Sir Robert Peel (she became, no lie, *Lady Peel*) to the death of her only son in World War II, Bea Lillie selectively paints a merry picture of herself. But the picture, incomplete as I am sure it is, is absorbing enough as humor, without having to be dragged down by tragedy or even by melodrama. Bea Lillie's fancy takes turn after whimsical turn, and the trip through famous-person-land is fun. If you decide to give this book a try, give Bea Lillie more credit than she herself reaches for as an authoress. Probably, she was and is a Successful and Humorous Human Being — an accomplishment. That she writes with a heavy hand should not deter us from recognizing in her one of the wispy and wry female Dr. Johnsons of the modern age.

## Joint Trustee 'Memorandum'

(Continued from Page 1)

greater teaching load and a generally lower pay scale.

The "discussion memorandum" also affirmed the curriculum arrangements approved by the Columbia Senate in September, 1971. The Senate Report called for common access

for the students of both Barnard and Columbia to the courses in each, but also left the degree requirements for students registered in each college up to the Faculty of that college. This, in addition to the financial arrangements seems to be the second big question that the Trustee Report leaves unanswered (and there is no way that they could have answered this question without interfering in the province of the faculty). The report recommended

that joint committees be formed on the departmental, faculty (Committee on Instruction) and budgetary (University Subcommittee on the Budget) levels. Thus, those who are waiting for fast progress on the departmental level, may be in for some disappointment.

The Joint Committee of Trustees of Barnard and Columbia consists of Katharine Auchincloss, Wallace Jones, Martha Peterson and Catherine Woodbridge for Barnard, and Benjamin "Buttenweiser", William J. McGill, Harold F. McGuire and Samuel R. Walker for Columbia University.

President Peterson has said that any student who wishes to comment on the report should do so in writing to the Public Relations Office, Milbank Hall.

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# "Loose Ends, Burst Cartons and Bits of String"

Professor Theodor Gaster, Chairman of the Department of Religion is retiring at the end of the 1971 academic year. In an interview with Bulletin reporter Derval Walsh, Professor Gaster noted that in the future Barnard must be careful to retain its academic integrity and not allow pressing economic needs to force it into a total merger with Columbia.

Although he will teach Religion V1001 next fall Professor Gaster hopes to spend much of his time completing his two major works; one a translation of the poetic books of the Old Testament and another on reconstructing the mind of the ancient Near East.

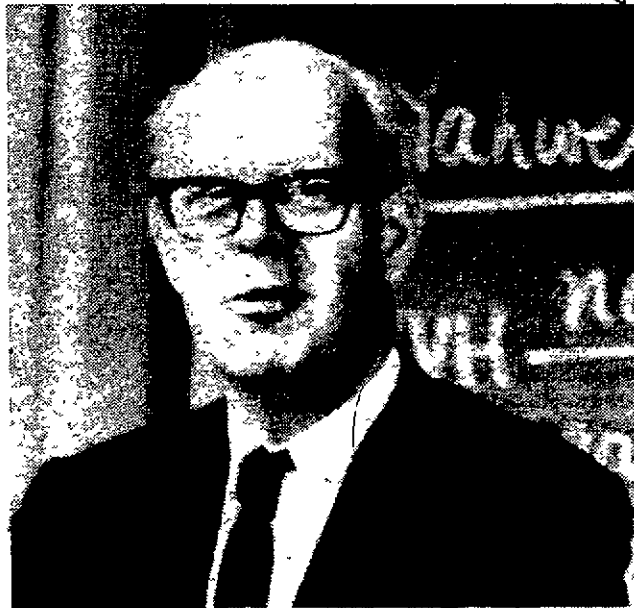
"A lot of people think that when one retires, one's career is at last presented packaged and gift-wrapped, but this is not so. It is a mass of loose ends, burst cartons, and bits of string. One feels not that one has long stretches of time ahead, but that one has little time and too much to do in it.

"If one comes into college teaching with the idea of serving up canapes for one's students' future banquet of life, then I suppose at the end one can stand like a French chef in the doorway of a steaming kitchen, wipe one's hand on one's apron, and congratulate oneself that the stuff was half-way edible.

"If, however, one has dreams as I had that one wasn't just going to teach a subject, but to open up a world, then the present climate of Universities in this country is a little sadden-

ing. What has mainly happened is that teachers have become technical instructors without a serious philosophy about the place of their subjects in the general map of cultural life. Subjects are therefore taught without the general frame of reference of the humanities as a whole, and there is more emphasis on teaching 'all about it' than on what it is all about. This, I think, is the real heart of the present unrest. It may come out in preoccupation with particular political or social issues, but basically what is lacking is any connection between the direct experiences of people today, and the whole heritage of what is taught in the traditional curriculum. This does not mean that no connection exists, but only that the University has tended to forget it in a greedy rush to cater to young people who merely want a degree in order to qualify for more money. The catering to this need requires a plant which is so expensive that the real needs of an academic education tend to be sacrificed in order to pay for it. Sanskrit will be sacrificed as a luxury in order to meet the costs imposed by courses on 'the problems of the single girl.'

"One would hope that in the proposed realignment of Barnard/Columbia relations, more attention would be paid to re-establishing the values of scholarship and learning, and less paid to the balancing of the budget of the University. One should sacrifice the University to education, and not vice versa. The thing which disturbs me at



Prof. Theodor Gaster

present on my retirement is the sense that almost everyone is talking in terms of administration, and not education.

"All this sounds pessimistic. One might think that it is due to the climate of our times, but maybe it is due to the brushing of the wings of the Holy Spirit. I am extremely sanguine about the future because I realize that the present disturbance may be

simply the ruffling of the waives of chaos by the breath of Creation. However absurd the expression of the unrest may be, the absurdity must be counter-balanced by the healthy zest of youth I have enjoyed at Barnard.

It has helped that some of the prettiest girls on campus have been in Religion V1001. It has helped more that some of the most intelligent have been there too. I shall certainly miss them, as I shall miss my colleagues, and the one thing I dread most is that when I might be pointed out to Freshmen on the campus, they might reply 'Oh, I thought he died somewhere around the time of Dickens.'

"I always saw the program in Religion not as mere informational courses but as an attempt to present to students the exciting options suggested by other men's views of the world and man's place in it. As such, the program is perhaps the most exciting of all in the humanities. I tried also to show students that religion was not just a series of churches but an activity of the human spirit which found expression equally in the arts and in several secular channels. In this field one's principal challenge is that one has to break down inherited stereotypes before one can get anywhere. It is also necessary to teach people what really underlies metaphors and symbols. I shall feel rewarded if this orientation continues at Barnard."

## Take 'Minor' Out of Minor Latham

By SONIA TAITZ

Not too much publicity is given to the Minor Latham Playhouse. In fact, many Barnard students don't know a thing about it. I don't know who I am to talk about it, actually. I spent fifteen minutes trying to find it on Thursday, wanting to see "Rye Bread" and "Sweeney Agonistes." But nobody else seemed to know either.

The playhouse is in Milbank, and you can get in through the door on the east wing of the building, or by walking east on the ground floor. It's worth finding, even if you don't like the particular play that they're doing. For example, I enjoyed just being there, even though the first play "Rye Bread" (by Kenneth Jones) was not exactly my cup of tea, what with its supposedly meaningful confusedness, mother complexes, communication gaps and other timely things. It just didn't make it as far as I was concerned, although I might add that there were people in the audience that seemed to be getting something out of it. My point is that it didn't matter — the atmosphere made up for everything.

The theatre is small, cozy, and (let's not be euphemistic) delapidated, and that's really nice. I don't like big, slick looking theatres. The atmos-

phere is less intimate, and you realize after a while that they have to think about profits to keep it looking like that. The chances are very small that you'll get a play like "Sweeney Agonistes," the second play on Thursday's bill, in an audience pleasing, profit seeking theatre. And that's too bad, because T. S. Eliot wrote one hell of a play about Sweeney and his disarmingly clear view of reality ("death is life, life is death") that surfaces through the chatter of empty people. You get the feeling that the only interest of the Minor Latham theatre is theatre, and I'm not being redundant. The choice of plays is determined by artistic value, and if you differ with the powers that be at Minor Latham about what is artistic in one case, you might agree the next. And, incidentally, the acting is great. The small cast filled the theatre with their intensity and sincerity.

See a play at the Minor Latham Playhouse. You'll have to like something about it — whether that means the theatre, the acting, or the play. But even if you're impossible to please (in which case I'll apologize for this article) at least you'll know where the theatre is, the next time someone asks.

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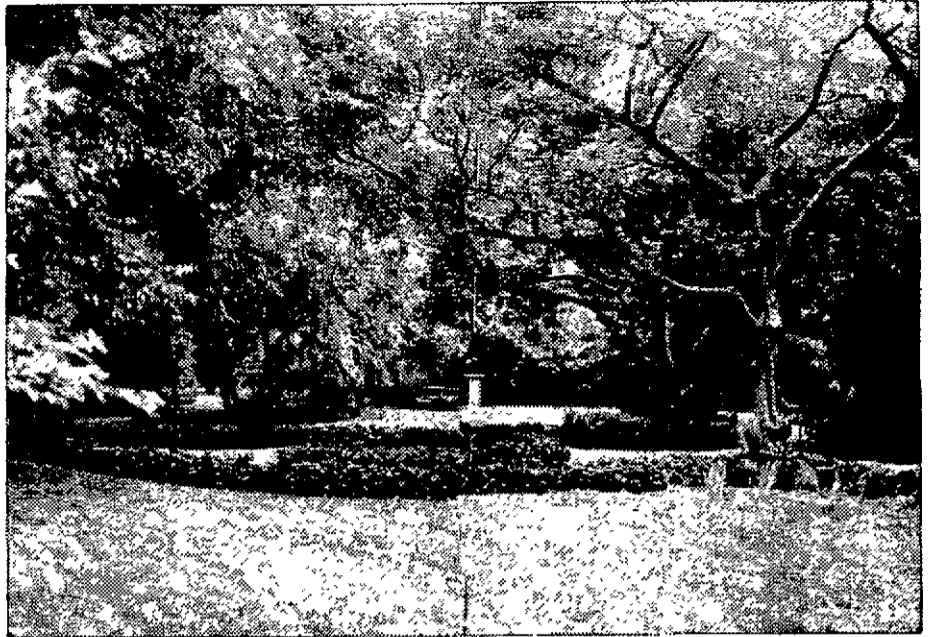
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Good Luck on Exams . . . Have a Wonderful Summer!

## Again, the War

As our parents' attitudes and goals were inextirpably shaped by the Depression and the Second World War there is little question that ours will forever be marked by the War in Indochina and our futile efforts to end it. We have grown from children terrified by the prospects of Communism, Nuclear Attack by the Russians and missiles in Cuba to young adults even more frightened about the reality of our own nation's power and destructiveness. Our mass participation in anti-war protests has been one of the identifying qualities of our generation. As our parents told us the stories where they were and what they were doing when Pearl Harbor was attacked, so will we recount to our children our participation in the 1970 Strike and how we felt when we learned about the deaths at Kent State University and Jackson State College.

We could have been watching "This Is Your Life" Monday night when we watched President Nixon's speech because we'd seen and heard the whole scenario so many times before. Yet it was still numbing and shocking that one man could have all that power. One man could single-handedly order the mining of all North Vietnamese Harbors along with the heaviest bombing of that country in four years. He was able to do this without the consent of Congress or the people of this nation not to mention the people of Vietnam. The fact that his actions constitute largely a face saving maneuver for the United States and for "the office of the Presidency" absolutely boggles the mind. Tom Wicker wrote in the *New York Times* on Tuesday that our President has become an Emperor. Wicker couldn't have said it better.

It is tragic and frightening that the War in Vietnam is a heavier and wider War as the Class of '72 is about to graduate college than it was when they graduated high school. And this is after years of protests have rocked our nation and campuses. It is no wonder that we feel so powerless. If we have learned anything here at Barnard it is that change is so hard to effect.

Yet we must keep trying to end this war even though our efforts have so far been met with defeat. Columbia deans are joining students and faculty in Washington to lobby for anti-war legislation. BULLETIN hopes that the Barnard community, including administration, will not remain quiet.

We feel, however, that ultimately the answer lies in removing Richard Nixon from the Presidency. George McGovern who has said that he would stop the bombing of N. Vietnam as his first Presidential act, would provide a meaningful alternative to the machismo-linked War policies of the last two Presidents.

McGovern's success in the primaries has largely been due to his ability to attract a large and enthusiastic group of volunteers. New York is a vital primary for McGovern and his campaign headquarters hopes to swamp the state with volunteers in the next month. We feel that working for the Presidential Candidacy of George McGovern is the best way to help end the war, and urge Barnard students to do so. Perhaps, then, this War can be finally ended.

## In The Morning Mail

### "Right to Life"

To the Editor:

Your editorial of May 4th dismisses the opponents of liberalized abortion as "so-called 'right to life' groups" and asks "... what meaning the phrase 'right to life' has when men and women cannot choose the kind of lives they want to lead?" This is shabby arguing. If there are good reasons for a liberalized abortion law, then these should be stated; and a mocking misrepresentation of opposing views should be unnecessary.

As I understand the anti-abortion groups' argument their main assumption is that a right to life is more fundamental than any of the rights invoked in favor of abortion (e.g. the right to control one's own body, or the right to choose a kind of life). Hence the right of the fetus to live takes precedence over the right of the mother to avoid the burden of pregnancy, however heavy this burden may be.

This is a respectable argument, and its cogent refutation is quite difficult. The usual move made accepts the liberation premises of the anti-abortionists but claims that the fetus is not a person and so has no rights, and hence no right to life. The difficulty with this move is that the criteria for being a person are not clear. Is it on grounds of lacking some set of capacities e.g. for thought or enjoyment, that the fetus is not a person? Or is it on the ground that the fetus is not viable apart from the mother. I do not know how to determine the criteria of personhood, but whichever of these sets of criteria is chosen, the implications may be unacceptable to many proponents of a right to abortion. (To the so-called "right to abortion" groups?)

If personhood requires certain sensory or intellectual or emotional capacities which a fetus lacks, then other similarly defective humans must also be held non-persons and so without rights and so may legitimately be killed. Euthanasia in such cases would have to be held as permissible as abortion

— and notice that we are not talking of voluntary euthanasia, but of the killing of those who are unable to indicate their desires.

Viability is however, the favorite candidate as a criterion of personhood and the limits of permissible abortion. The argument — implicit in current legislation — concedes that a fetus near term has rights, since if born it would be viable and so a person, but denies rights to fetuses which if delivered are not viable. The line of demarcation now proposed is, however, not a biological given but a function of medical technology. Today fetuses are viable at a much earlier stage of development than was previously the case.

Such progress may presumably be extended. If we try to argue for liberalized abortion on the grounds that being a person requires viability we will end up saying that whether a being is a person depends not on what that being is or may become, but on what the state of technology is. Such an assumption flies in the very face of the very libertarian tradition within which both sides of this argument are being conducted. For that tradition holds that rights are attributable to sentient beings on grounds of possession or potential possession of very general moral or intellectual capacities, and not on the grounds that the conditions necessary to realize these potentials obtained. To drop this latter assumption would commit one to holding that those who died of starvation in Biafra or in Bangladesh had no right to survive since the means for their doing so was unavailable — and I suspect most who use libertarian arguments would not want to be committed to such a view.

If we want to find convincing arguments for liberalized abortion laws I suspect we shall have to go outside the libertarian tradition, and rest our beliefs on some very strong assumptions about the overriding importance of quantity over quality of life. Some of us may not find such premises and their corollaries acceptable.

In the meantime it seems important to consider the issue a

little more calmly. To argue for the impermissibility of abortion does not mean arguing for compulsory childbirth, or for the abrogation of a woman's right to control her own body (as a matter of fact some anti-abortion groups are rather keen on this), or for controls on contraception or for forced sterilization. Let us try to keep separate problems separate.

Onora Nell

Dear Editor:

Re: "Save the Abortion Law" editorial, Thursday, May 4, 1972. "What rights does an unwanted child have?" What rights do Russian Jews have, or American blacks, or South Africans, Greeks, or Irish? Your question represents the fundamental irrationality and idiocy of poor position. You could have been a bit more discreet substituting "fetus" for "child." Some people (wrongly disposed) believe that the fetus does not gain the rights of a "child" or human being until a certain number of weeks have passed. But you have come right out and said that it is a child, affirming that the fetus is more than just a mass of organic material without a right to life. Your argument terrifies me and makes me cringe at the prospects for the future.

This age is characterized by an immense selfishness and self interest. You speak of rights, but you don't understand what constitutes a right. You merely mouth empty phrases. I urge you and beseech you to examine the irrationality of your argument. If you but consider your assumption that the unwanted child has no rights, then what is to prevent you from saying, "What rights do my unwanted parents have when they become old," or "What right does this person who disagrees with me have?" I pity you.

Sincerely,  
Thomas C. Melo  
College, '73.

Ed. Note:

I would like to clarify a point that I made in my editorial last week. When I stated "What rights does an unwanted

(Continued on Page 8)

A.J. Liebling Counter-Convention

“And in the Third Ring...”

By SALLY BUTTON

It was labeled “journalism’s Woodstock” and, at the end of two days of non-stop panel discussions, there couldn’t be a better comparison. All the superstars of the American press and electronic media were gathered together to accept the worshipful adulation of more than 1,500 in the audience and to hold one long encounter session on stage.

A convention of journalists is no different than one of Shriners, harddressers, or, for that matter, newspaper publishers, who were convening across town at the Waldorf-Astoria, and who were ostensibly the impetus for this A. J. Liebling Counter-Convention of reporters, sponsored by MORE, the year-old New York journalism review.

A. J. Liebling wrote a column for The New Yorker called “The Wayward Press,” a regular feature until his death in 1963. His observation that, “The American Newspaper Publishers Association convention reaches here the same season

as the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus. Like the ‘Big Show,’ the convention always bears a certain resemblance to its predecessors.” It seemed that the Martin Luther King Labor Center had its share of animal acts this year, however.

Panels were dominated by trendy topics such as “The New Journalism,” “Racism, Sexism, and Elitism,” and “Should There Be a Women’s Page.” Vietnam, and the scars created there by the American press, was curiously omitted from discussion.

The faces behind the by-lines were there for all to see and hear, and hear I sat next to one man who had flown in from Texas just for the event. “I’m a media freak,” he said. “They’ll be talking about this for a long time, and I just wanted to be here.”

Winston Churchill said, “It is better to be making news than taking it, to be an actor rather than a critic.” For the first time, those anonymous people who take down the



Jack Newfield

events in everyone else’s world were given a chance to make their own, and they did it in style.

Newsweek, Time, The Village Voice, the New York dailies, WBAI, and Sterling Cable Television covered the pro-

ceedings for those who couldn’t make it downtown to witness Tom Wolfe, Abbie Hoffman, Otto Preminger (one might ask what he has to do with American journalism. Answer: he doesn’t like his press coverage.) Gloria Steinem, Dick Schapp, Dan Rather, Joe McGinness, David Halberstam, Renata Adler, Murray Kempton, Gabe Pressman, Tony Lukas, Charlotte Curtis, Jeff Greenfield, Edwin Goodman, Tony Randell (same question and answer as above), Sidney Zion, Seymour Hersh, Jack Newfield and assorted other names and credentials lined up to consider the problem of writing news in these United States in 1972.

My one conclusion: writers shouldn’t attempt to speak in public. The 1,500 pairs of eager ears heard first drafts of every one’s collective article which would be entitled: How I could set the world on its ear but they won’t give me an advance.” The traditional complaints were aired: publisher control of news, lack of money for good writers, discrimination in the newsroom, too much reliance on official sources, too little time. As a general bitch session it served its purpose. But concrete solutions and substantive proposals were difficult to pin down as a ticket to the Tom Wicker luncheon on Monday.

An A. J. Liebling poster proclaimed to all participants his cynical observation that “A free press is guaranteed only to those who own one.” The despairing writers could have benefited from considering some of the issues which the employers were discussing at the publishers’ convention across town. Given the desirability for more diversity, freedom and experimentation in coverage and attitude toward “news” — what makes it and how it is and should be told to the public — the only answer just out of reach is more — on every side, in every facet of coverage. More newspapers

television magazines and the print period. Let the editors decide not the editors or the hired reporters, either.

One answer was provided by Jim Smith, a young Brooklynite who has launched a new daily called Brooklyn Today, answering the problems of local coverage provided sporadically in the Daily News and not at all in the Manhattan-oriented New York Times and the rewritten Post. Brooklyn Today is funded by a unique non-profit corporation which has had money lent to it by several large sources in Kings County on ten-year notes many on an interest-free basis. Smith distributed a prototype of the convention, daily publication will begin in September.

It’s not much but it’s a beginning. The citizens of Brooklyn, 2,000,000 strong, will begin to hear some of the news which affects them daily — not just the tenement fires in Bed Stuy, but the political deals made between John Crews and Maria Espos to for judgeships and if they have the guts the boy of the real Godfather land — the Brooklyn waterfront.

No one gets his news from a newspaper anymore. Walter Cronkite and WINS tell you the latest live and in color. But neither can you clip out the six o’clock news or read Eric Sevareid or the subvav. The need for reform is manifest but diversity is one solution. Joseph Pulitzer said that accuracy is to a newspaper what virtue is to a woman, but accuracy and virtue have new and different connotations than they did 70 years ago. I. F. Stone accepting the first Liebling award for outstanding journalism at the convention, remarked: The ruin is something so complex and so infinite that nobody has the full measure of it. But the God gift produced by a multi-faceted media, diverse and experimental in nature, must surely provide an element of truth.

Brooklyn Today: ten times, The World?

PARTING SHOTS

The Nature of Things at Barnard

By JENNY BREMER

I’m not sure exactly what I set out to accomplish in my year as Undergrad President, but whatever it was I know I didn’t accomplish it. I got into this whole thing through a very spur of the moment, unanalyzed decision made on the last possible day. I felt a vague desire to protest the very nature of things at Barnard, the malaise which hung almost palpably around the campus, drenching it in a sort of damp despair and boredom.



Jenny Bremer

Student governments are not known for their effectiveness or for their responsiveness — I certainly did not enter the office with any illusions as to the power of Undergrad or the committee system, even on this supposedly progressive campus. I did hope to be responsive to student needs and interests and to strengthen the student voice as much as possible, slight though the change might be.

Nonetheless, I find that I have finished my term in office and things are pretty much the same as when I entered, and I find this disappointing.

What, then, has been the purpose of it all? Aside from very personal benefits, nothing at all. I have learned a lot about government and politics, certainly more than any Barnard government course ever taught me. I have gotten a lot of free lunches and I have met a lot of interesting people.

To those who have been helpful to me, especially Ms. Meyers, I want to express my thanks for your advice and support. To those who have not, who shall remain nameless, I wish to express my thanks for the experience with which you have provided me, which I hope to put to good use later. But beyond this there is nothing that I can point to which justifies the liter-

ally hundreds of hours of my time which Undergrad devoured.

If this all sounds somewhat bitter, it is because I feel a sharp sense of disappointment that nothing was accomplished. I feel this despite the fact that I had no real goals, and I expected little else from student government. The term student government is itself ludicrous: we do not govern anyone in any real sense of the word, least of all students. We can, however, represent students to a certain extent, though this representation is pro forma only unless it is backed by strong student support.

We can express students’ desires and ideas, though this expression becomes only a game when both the administration and we ourselves know that the students have expressed no desires and present no ideas. How can I claim that students are incensed over tuition raises or anything else, when no voice is raised in protest, and why should the administration listen to my claims?

I realize that part of the blame for the lack of student effectiveness can be laid in Undergrad’s lap. We had no clear idea of what we wanted to accomplish nor did we believe we could ac-

complish it if we tried. As a result much of the first semester was frittered away hassling with such diverse and inane issues as the Undergrad budget, elections and the coeducational status of the yearbook. When we did try to get down to action and called meetings to discuss the failures of the committee system or the need for a voting student on the trustee board, kept office hours and wrote articles, however, there was no response. Some day I will figure out why.

It is understandable that students feel helpless to deal with large issues such as the war (though to stand dumb before the utter immorality of Vietnam is itself an immoral act), and it is also understandable that small issues such as the coeducational status of the yearbook should arouse only limited righteous indignation. But if the only response to unpleasant situations of all descriptions is a collective sigh of resignation, redress of even the pettiest of grievances will be a long time coming.

Writing as I am immediately following Nixon’s announcement of the blockading of Haiphong Harbor, I can hardly call for massive protests of the cancellation of the Food Service even if I wanted to, but Barnard students respond as much to the one as to the other, which is to say, not at all. So it really does not matter what I say or whether I say anything at all, does it?

I began this year by making a plea to students to act on whatever issues appealed to them as important or within their influence, a plea which went unheeded. I end it by offering my best wishes and sympathy to those who follow me and with the cynical observation that people get a government only as good as they deserve, and in this case, fellow Barnard students, that is not very good at all.

Good Luck  
Ms. Meyers



We Will All Miss You



"Lot Piece" by Rudy Perez & Co.

## Tenth Series Of 'Dance Uptown'

Jaret Soares, Director of DANCE UPTOWN (a concert series based at Barnard College's Minor Latham Playhouse) has announced a Tenth Series to take place at four locations on the Barnard Columbia Campus in May.

THE FRIDAY EVENING PROGRAM — MAY 12, 19, & 26 — will start with a large group work by Rudy Perez called LOT PIECE to be performed on Low Library Plaza at 7:15 p.m. The audience will then move into the Minor Latham Playhouse at 8:00 p.m. to see newly commissioned works by choreographers Hava Kohav, Sara Rudner and Douglas Dunn, and Judith Willis. The final work will be viewed on Altschul Plaza, to be performed by a new group called Movement Projects, with a structure set by choreographer Art Bauman and a score by musician Eleanor Gilbert.

THE SATURDAY EVENING PROGRAM — MAY 13, 20, & 27 — will start at 7:15 p.m. on the Barnard Lawn with a new outdoor work by Cliff Keuter. At 8:00 p.m. at the Minor Latham Playhouse, the audience will see THE BEGINNING OF DINOSAUR LOVE by Toby Armour with her company, a trio choreographed by Sandra Genet, and a quartet by Claudia Gitelman. This program will then move to Altschul Plaza for Lin Lerner's PIECE FOR MAGICIANS MUSICIANS AND DANCER featuring jazz musicians Perry Robinson and Richard Youngstein.

In addition, a performance of Whitney Bergman's GRASS DANCE is planned as a special event for MAY 5th & 12th at 12 noon and 12:30 p.m. on the Barnard Lawn.

In case of rain, Cliff Keuter and Rudy Perez and their companies will perform in the Barnard gymnasium, and the Art Bauman and Lin Lerner works will take place at the Minor Latham Playhouse.

Tickets are \$2.00 and \$1.00 with student ID and will be sold upon entry into the Minor Latham Playhouse at 8:00 p.m. on all evenings. For further information, please call Minor Latham Playhouse 280-2079.

This Tenth Series of DANCE UPTOWN is made possible with the support of the NEW YORK STATE COUNCIL ON THE ARTS.

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## Film Review

# Haymische Ego

By JERRY GROOPMAN

I really don't want to write this review; not that it spoils the mood engendered by the film, only I fear I will fall far short of communicating how much fun Woody Allen is in his new movie "Play It Again, Sam." How often do we spend two hours laughing hard at the unparalleled mishaps of the greatest *nebish* of this century? I had a cramp in my left side after the film, a testament to his creative genius. How often can we go into Radio City Music Hall and give each other electric shocks off its carpets and drink in all that 1930's WPA art on the walls? How often does a GP rated film cause four old biddies who sat behind us to pick up their Macy's shopping bags, straighten their ace-bandage stockings, and storm out in the middle? How often is Jewish humor reworked into a modern, pleasing form?

I go to Woody Allen films with two types of people: either girls I am attached to, or someone with a sense of humor. It is plain lousy going by yourself, because so much of the joy rests in that fast glance at your friend whose face registers the same laughter. Go when you're in a good mood, a bad mood, when exams are bothering you, the day of your last exam, when you're sick of school or when you're romantic about the city. It is a "perfect treat, anytime of the day or night."

I know I shall never be a poet or novelist because I write stories or poems that merely surround one or two appealing lines which jump into my head. This work is three-fourths garbage and one-quarter intriguing. Allen, however, splits at fifty-fifty, in that his previous two films, "Take the Money and Run" and "Bananas," both appeared to have been made for the sake of a slew of gags and one-liners. This one is different; there are still, to everyone's delight, a bushel of funny jokes and slapstick situations; but, for the first time, there is more acting, and a bit more emotion. The *shlump* still picks out a *yahrzeit* (memorial) candle when looking for some intimate lighting to seduce a girlfriend and exclaims, when appraising a voluptuous dancing girl, "I would sell my mother to the Arabs for her," but one senses that the *shlump* can do more than expand his *shlumpyne*s.

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Woody Allen

Allen is awfully good, the way MAD magazine used to be. He is in a typical predicament of being dumped by a woman and now in search of a new one; he "strikes out" as ever, and comes off as the 98 pound weakling, balding, with a big Jewish nose and small *haymische* ego who is thrown around by the unfeeling real world. Yet here we have a spirit to guide the floundering soul, and that is the ghost of Bogart. Allen is looking to recreate the character who, though tough and grimey, reveres human relationships and comprehends how things should be. The film begins with the last scenes of "Casablanca" when Humphrey Bogart peels off his "toughy" mask and is willing to sacrifice himself for the safe passage of two others, one a woman he loves. Allen repeats Bogart's lines verbatim at the end of his film, and, somehow, it fits perfectly. As Woody puts it, "I've been waiting all my life to say those lines." He has; he has been waiting all his life to give form to his essential good nature, a nature that was obscured not by his "tough" exterior but by the *nebbish* facade that most people take as being him.

I made a list of "good" lines, but hold back on them, recognizing that they fall flat when out of context. Take it on faith that the film as a comedy is excellent. It lags at moments, and some of the *shticks* become corny and are overused, but in the end you know it was worth it.

The plot is a simple one. Allan (Woody Allen) is a film critic

of the dreamer variety that spends Saturday afternoons catching old films in half-deserted theaters. His wife, played by Susan Anspach of "Five Easy Pieces" fame, feels "unfulfilled" by him, and leaves. Desolate, he turns to two friends, Linda (Diane Keaton) and her husband Dick (Tony Roberts). They console him, and try to set him up with other girls. From the first, it is clear that Linda and Allan are "made for each other." Though she exhibits a refined non-Jewish beauty, she is a neurotic, hypochondriacal, high strung girl that any Jewish mother would cherish. She is not a princess



Diane Keaton

by any means, being a bit too aware of her condition. Her husband, Dick, is overplayed as the efficient executive type, who calls into the answering service at every change in location. He ignores her and seems out of joint with her feelings; she slowly turns to Allan, a man whose sex appeal does not match hers and whose neuroses tend to be out of control in social situations.

They are an odd couple, but actually a good one. Although the homilies like "I love you for yourself" are dragged into it, there is a sense that they complement each other and achieve freedom of emotional expression in each other's presence. The affair does not force the comedy into pathetic or asinine emotion.

Go see "Play It Again, Sam." It helps if you're Jewish and from New York, but that's only half the game; you have to know how to laugh.

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to hide." They began to explain, to describe, to communicate. And once the channels of communication had been opened, they began to learn.

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