

# Barnard Bulletin

VOLUME LXXIX

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1975



The Emily Gregory Dinner was held Tuesday night in the faculty dining room of Hewitt Hall. It was a great success; the room was filled to overflowing primarily with students. Also present were President Peterson, members of the history department, and other faculty and administrators. The award was presented after dinner to Professor John Chambers, who attended the dinner with his wife and three sons. Shown above is Chambers with Francine Segal, one of the planners of the dinner.

## Columbia Sexism Alleged

by Jessica Zive

In 1970, Helene Hedy Ehrlich first attempted to receive her doctorate in French and Romance Philosophy. Her thesis was rejected. This began one of the most blatant cases of violation of academic freedom to occur at this University. The case has clear undertones of sex discrimination. Her original dissertation entitled

is to assure "diversity in research and presentation of material." Ehrlich's rights as a scholar have clearly been violated; her work was censured and the proper procedure for challenge was ignored.

Ehrlich felt that Kristeller's lengthy criticism of her work was because her "ideas are new, innovative, and contrary to his theories." He disagreed with her, and chose to ignore her rights, as a scholar, to publish her ideas.

The suspension from Rutgers occurred without salary or charges, the explanation being simply that because Columbia assessed that her 1970 dissertation "wasn't good," she no longer qualified for appointment as a Renaissance specialist.

Ehrlich's accomplishments were certainly evident to Rutgers as she has published much and taught in many Universities, including Columbia, yet they paid more attention to Frame's letter than to her credentials. Furthermore, after a Rutgers local chapter of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) resolved that she be reinstated, the Rutgers administration stated that they would not act (to reinstate her) until she drops the charges against Frame. Ehrlich, in regard to the litigation said "I will withdraw the suit once a clarifying letter is sent to Rutgers. I don't want Frame's money, or to embarrass Columbia. I simply want to live in peace, and

(Continued on page 2)

### news analysis

*Ideas and Rhetoric in Montaigne and Charron* was rejected and she received her degree a year later after rewriting this work.

Dr. Ehrlich, holding a tenured position at Rutgers University as a specialist in Renaissance Philosophy, was suspended from teaching in 1972. She claims that her original dissertation, as well as her academic freedom, was unfairly and inappropriately interfered with. The defense for her dissertation was cancelled and subsequently rejected on the basis of Professor of Philosophy, Oskar Kristeller's criticism of her work. Kristeller sent his criticism to Professor of French, Donald Frame. Together they approached Professor Edelman, chairman of the 1970 scheduled defense. According to Ehrlich, Edelman dismissed her sponsor and appointed himself as her new sponsor. Shortly after this action her defense was cancelled.

The purpose of a doctoral defense is to allow for debate and questioning of a doctoral candidate's theory and procedure. At a defense, three of the five members of the panel must vote against the dissertation for it to be rejected. Academic freedom

## Pass-Fail Date May Change

The Committee on Programs and Standing and the Ad Hoc Committee to change the Pass-Fail date have had several meetings to consider several proposals ranging from an early Pass-Fail date option to one that will be much later in the semester. The faculty committee has been considering the pros and cons involved in changing the date together with any implications that a change might have on the academic reputation of a Barnard student.

Some of the considerations deal with how a change to later in the semester would be viewed by graduate schools and prospective employers. There is also the question of what effect any changes would have on a student's work plan and incentive in a course. An important consideration is how to make filing for the pass-fail date

option as easy as possible for both students and administrators. The drop date was originally being considered as part of the same issue, but at present the two are being viewed separately.

The faculty members of the committee are eager to discuss the proposed changes with any student who is interested. They are professors Sheffield, classics; Pius, political science; Sakrawa, German; Lablme, history; Desrovy, physics; Kelling, psychology; and the Dean of Studies Barbara Schmitter.

The committee will bring their proposals to the Faculty for a vote. Although there will be no student referendum, it is advisable to make any student opinion known to the above people, or to the following students: Andrea Katz, Martha Loomis, Nina Shaw, and Diane Price.

## Barnard Profs Given Guggenheim Grants

by Lisa Lapp

Each year the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation awards fellowships to a variety of American scholars, scientists, and artists. This year the grants, totalling \$4,138,500, were distributed among 308 people chosen by the Committee of Selection from among 2,819 applicants. Ten of the 308 chosen are Columbia faculty members. Two of these ten are from Barnard. They are Dr. Jonathan R. Cole, Associate Professor of Sociology, and Dr. Robert A. McCaughey, Associate Professor of History.

Professor Cole has chosen to use his grant for two projects. First, he will finish his study on the discrimination against women in the scientific community, which will be published by John Wiley and Sons. Then, starting in August, he will spend his sabbatical year studying at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Palo Alto, California. There, he will gather qualitative and quantitative data on the growth of scientific knowledge and scientific specialties.

Cole hopes to help to discover why revolutionary changes in scientific knowledge are possible at some times but not at others; he will explore "the process of science as a sociological

phenomenon," rather than as a steady flow of growing knowledge. He hopes that his work will be part of a lengthy study dealing with the actual structure of scientific ideas.

Professor McCaughey will use his grant and his sabbatical year in New York City to do an analytical study of the first generation of American-trained Ph.D.s, a group started in 1861 and comprising some 700 people.

McCaughey feels that these first PhDs were the first to think of academic life and teaching as an adjunct to professional life. Through them he will examine "the origin of the American university in terms of staffing," hopefully finding that the university and its contingency of scholars are mutually and exclusively supporting. His work will culminate in a book, tentatively titled, "The Enclosure of Science and Scholarship in America, 1861-1900."

Other Barnard staff members receiving grants are Frances Schacter, Assistant Professor of Psychology, and Barry M. Jacobson, Assistant Professor of Linguistics. Professor Schacter, whose grant lasts three years, will work on a study entitled, "Early Caretaker Talk: Developmental Socio-Linguistics." Professor Jacobson will work on the "determination of the mechanism of some mild retroreactions."



Robert McCaughey



Jonathan Cole

### In This Issue:

Feminism — p. 3

Race Relations — p. 4

Theatre Pages — pp. 6-7

Arts Schedule — p. 5

## Nobel Prize Called Sexist

(CPS ENS)—The prestigious British scientific journal *Nature* has called for the abolition of the Nobel Prize for science, charging that the selection process is biased and that the \$50,000 award is "inequitable, devious and flattering."

The article, in the current issue, charges that women scientists are under-represented in the membership of the Royal Society

of Scientists and are systematically ignored in the selection of Nobel winners.

Sir Fred Hoyle, a widely respected scientist and commentator, blasted the Nobel selection committee for not giving the science prize to Jocelyn Bell for the discovery of pulsars. Said Hoyle, "One can always rely on the reward system in science to breed controversy."

## Dorm Council Elections

Positions on 1975-76 BHR Dorm Council, which will be filled during the election week of April 21, are open to all 1975-76 BHR residents. The winning candidates will fill the offices of: President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Food Chairperson, Social Chairperson and Special Events Chairperson.

The President is responsible for calling meetings, chairing meetings, acting as representative of Dorm Council to the Administration and all other student bodies and overseeing the functions of other members of Dorm Council. The Vice-President acts as Elections Commissioner and as Fire Marshall in charge of BHR fire drills.

The Secretary takes the minutes of all meetings, posts the minutes in a public place and distributes them to each floor counselor, posts the monthly Dorm Council calendar and handles all Dorm Council communication.

Filling the BHR change machines, paying bills, and counting and managing Dorm Council money are the responsibilities of the Treasurer.

The Food Chairperson finds out student opinions on the BHR food service, works on the Food Service staff, and oversees the operation of the dorm kitchenette. The Social Chairperson plans and organizes all social events sponsored by Dorm Council. Finally, the planning and organizing of speakers and all special events are the responsibility of the Special Events Chairperson.

At the time of the elections the Dorm Council constitution will also be voted on.

Anyone wishing to be a candidate for a BHR Dorm Council position please see Judy Levitan or leave a message (871 Reid, Box 458) before Monday, April 14.

—Debl Price

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## Newsbriefs

### BHR Alcove

A reception in Brooks Hall will be held on Thursday, April 10, from 5:30 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. to open a poetry alcove containing the Backus Poetry Collection. The collection was given in memory of Louise Laidlaw Backus, a poet and a Barnard alumna by Mr. Dana Backus class of 1929 along with \$5,000 for its maintenance. It contains poetry of the 1940's and 1950's, and will be available for use by Barnard students.

### McAc Elections

McAc elected a new executive Board on Monday night.

The new officers are Andrea Katz, President; Martha Bakos, Vice President; Casey Garrit, Treasurer; and Mary Ann Frumento, Secretary.

### Abortion

Women in Health Careers Society will present a lecture and discussion on *Social Factors and Abortion* given by Sally Guttmacher, Instructor of Sociology at NYU and Ph.D candidate in the Division of Socio-Medical Sciences, Columbia School of Public Health. The meeting will be April 21, at noon in the McIntosh Recreation Room.

### WBAI

On Friday, April 18 at 8 p.m., radio station WBAI will hold a "Community Center Night" benefit in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Diplomat, at 108 West 43 Street. Featured at the benefit will be bingo, music, a ping-pong tournament, clowns from the Piccolo Circus, and dancing to live bands. Tickets are available at the door or by writing to WBAI Community Center Benefit, P.O. Box 12345, Church Street Station, New York, New York. All proceeds will go to WBAI (99.5 FM).

### Ballots

Ballots for the Spring Elections at Barnard were counted, at no cost, by the Worcester Area College Computation Center (WACCC). WACCC is a company used by colleges to do such things as process student records and handle data for research projects. The company is located in Worcester, Massachusetts.

### Warsaw

The Warsaw Ghetto Uprising will be commemorated on its thirty-second anniversary, Saturday,

April 19, by a ceremony in Riverside Park at 83 Street, at 4 p.m.

The gathering is sponsored by the Jewish Socialist Youth and the SKIF (Socialist Children's Union). For further information call LE5-0850.

### B-C Concert

The Barnard-Columbia Chorus and the Columbia University Orchestra will give a concert of works by Copland, Beethoven, and Monteverdi on Tuesday, April 15 at 8 p.m. The concert, conducted by Gregg Smith will be in McMillan Theatre, Broadway and 116 Street. Admission is free.

### Maison

The Maison Francaise is co-sponsoring a concert Friday, April 11 at 8 p.m. of French jazzman Eroll Parker and his Contemporary Jazz Quintet. The concert, at McIntosh Center, is \$1.50 for students, \$3.00 for all others. During intermission there will be free wine tasting presented by Drie Liquor Corporation.

### Poetry

On April 10, there will be a poetry reading given by Mark Strand and James Reiss. The reading, sponsored by McAc, will be in Barnard Hall at 8 p.m. Contribution \$1.00.

### Discrimination

(Continued from page 1) continue teaching and writing."

At the last meeting of the Columbia University Senate, Ehrlich began presenting her case to the senators. She was ruled "out of order" by President McGill, who proceeded to adjourn the meeting.

### McAc Corrections

A number of pieces of misinformation managed to slip into the McAc article in the issue of March 27. *Bulletin* would like to apologize to set the record straight.

—McAc does not operate McIntosh Center.

—The only time that McAc acts in a tripartite capacity is when the president and

the vice president sit on C.A.P. (College Activities Policy).

—The McAc executive board exercises final authority over distribution of their budget.

—All committees submit membership lists. Members will have voting rights next year.

—C.A.O. sponsors Spring Festival. McAc does not.

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### SPARTICIST FORUM

"All Indochina Must Go Communist!"

This forum will deal with some of the political issues involved in the incident which occurred at the demonstration held Monday, held Monday, April 7, on campus.

Speaker: Charles O'Brien, Editor, *Young Spartacus* Saturday April 12th 7:30 pm; 306 Barnard Hall; \$1.00 donation; Sponsored by Columbia Spartacus Youth League; For more information, call 925-5665.

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## Browsing Library Expands

by Beryl Kaplan

The browsing alcove is a room on the second floor of Wollman Library where students can choose from a collection of 230 paperback books, curl up on a cushion, and leave behind them the daily hassles of student life. A number of plants, including a thriving bamboo, decorate the alcove; and contrary to the standard image of a library as cold and dreary, the browsing room has a cozy atmosphere.

An effort has been made to choose books on a wide range of subjects which the library might not buy for their main collection. Diverging from Library of Congress classification, these books are divided into seven categories: Feminism, Looking Inward, How To, People, Places, Diversions, and Miscellaneous. They are available for seven-day loans. There is no fine for overdue books but contributions are requested. The money received to date was used to buy the latest copy of *WomenSports*.

New books in the browsing alcove include the script from

*Scenes From a Marriage*, Ti-Grace Atkinson's *Amazon Odyssey*, and *The Massage Book*.

Suggestions (for which there is a box in the alcove) have ranged from requests for blankets for cold winter days to books on macrame and farming. Notes are often left just to comment on students' enjoyment and use of the room.

By far the most popular section of the browsing room is *Diversions*, which provides a means of escape for those who can't face their schoolwork.

At present, all acquisitions, cataloging, and upkeep of the browsing room is done by a student volunteer. The library is now searching for a student, preferably a sophomore, who could help out next year. The commitment entails only a few hours a week to buy new books (two or three times a semester) and about one hour a week for the rest of the school year. Interested persons should leave a message for Beryl Kaplan at the circulation desk on the second floor of the library.

## Students Avoid Loan Debts by Bankruptcy

(CPS)—A move to road-block the growing number of recent graduates who have claimed bankruptcy on student loan debts is underway in Congress.

Declaring bankruptcy—where financial liabilities exceed assets—is a small but growing part of the national student loan default picture, according to student loan specialists. Some of these specialists claim increasing use of bankruptcy procedures could eventually destroy the student loan programs.

"While it is true that, so far, only a small proportion of student loan defaults are attributable to bankruptcy procedures," warned United Student Aid Fund President Charles Meares, "this proportion is growing rapidly as more and more student loan borrowers become aware of the availability of the bankruptcy route."

Meares, along with

representatives from five national higher education groups have supported a proposal before a Senate subcommittee to suspend for five years bankruptcy privileges for student loans. A bill permanently amending the Bankruptcy Act to provide for this change has already been introduced in the House.

"Practically any student just emerging from college with a burden of student loan debts can demonstrate that his or her liabilities exceed his or her assets," said Meares.

Meares argued that "a proper distinction ought to be made between student loans and other kinds of loans" because student loans carry especially low interest rates, the lender is a non-profit institution and the money is loaned without collateral in the belief that the student will have high earnings in the future."



There will be an important meeting for all *Bulletin* staff members today in the office at 5:00 p.m. Plans for the final issue and for next semester will be discussed. Everyone please come!

### opinion

by Leah Nathan

Is Barnard a feminist institution? The answer to this long discussed question depends on how one defines the words "feminism" and "Barnard". We assume some relationship exists between the two, the fact being that Barnard is a women's college. What does it mean to be a women's college? We know that women's colleges produce a larger percentage of successful women than coeducational universities. Is this the kind of success women really want and is it worth the humiliation it costs? Barnard represents a

microcosm of the women's movement in society at large. How do the various women's groups at Barnard define feminism? What kind of personal and political change are they working for and why? By looking at the internal dynamics of the prominent groups on campus since 1971, one can reach some understanding of the movement as a whole.

In addition, one must include in the definition of Barnard the administration, faculty, trustees, and the structural framework of the curriculum.

Barnard's character, or her

lack of character, influences us daily. Who is this mysterious woman? An uptight conservative Victorian spinster or a Fifth Avenue debutante type? We each have a subjective view of Barnard yet our overall educational experience follows clearly defined patterns.

Barnard was born in 1889 and is still in the process of resolving her identity crisis. It is a fairly serious conflict since her very sexual, political, and economic essences are at question. Barnard is a man's name, that of the benevolent gentleman who created our fair alma mater. His aims were noble, to offer women an equal educational opportunity. Yet, we can be sure his ego overshadowed his nobility in much the same way Barnard is still dominated by Columbia.

Barnard's economic autonomy is her only defense, yet Mr. Barnard undoubtedly separated Columbia and Barnard for reasons other than concern for her independence. When women's intelligence could no longer be denied, they were allowed to leave home for four years, under the strict supervision of her maternal grandmother (horrors) in a curfewed dorm, find a husband and return to a different "home" for the rest of their lives.

How much has the character of Barnard changed? It is pretty hard to outgrow the stigmas of one's youth, especially when the young Ms. Barnard had such a strict upbringing.

The relationship between Mr. Columbia and Ms. Barnard is a crucial factor in Barnard's history. The bond has developed from the accepted male-female roles of brave knight, fair lady to a tense, antagonistic hostile

relationship without any defined roles.

This attempt to evaluate the progress and accomplishments of Barnard's women's movement is especially relevant today in light of Columbia's contemplated plan to accept women. They will accept women as soon as they see they can make money from the arrangement.

As usual, Barnard is prey for the overpowering bureaucratic brawn of an economically insecure tyrant!

Finding answers to these questions of identity become even more pressing; will Barnard be forced to merge with Columbia? What will happen to Barnard's already fragile existence as a college, in theory, committed to women's mental health? If women began going to Columbia, what would happen to Barnard? Would her schizophrenic personality, composed of such divergent, factioned elements, be able to remain united? Barnard is the last hold out of a women's college within a male university and rumor has it that women are having serious emotional and political problems at Yale, Harvard, Brown and Princeton.

One must also take into consideration the tremendous changes going on in higher education today. The institution is no longer a preserve of a small elite aristocracy. The number of people in colleges today has expanded logarithmically. This has changed the quality and social function of higher education. Think of the university as an industry, like a shoe factory, that turns out a set number of standardized products in accordance to the current market demands for labor. Education is no longer

seen as a period of discovery or expanding of intellectual and cultural horizons, but rather a means to an end. (The incoming raw material, I mean freshmen, at Harvard-Radcliffe are told how much 95 per cent of them will be making after they graduate, an average of \$40,000 dollars a year! I wonder if the women in the orientation audience are given a realistic estimate of how much they can expect to earn. If they make it to graduation that is. Women at Radcliffe-Harvard have a tremendous attrition rate!)

On the other side of the coin, Barnard women come from diverse backgrounds. Does a working class, public school, black woman from Harlem necessarily have anything in common with a white East side private school woman? Their concepts of liberation and their expectations and motivations are totally different.

One fact does unite them. They are both discriminated against as women in a male controlled society. Barnard has accepted a large responsibility in trying to meet all women's needs. I become more suspicious of Barnard's active commitment to feminism with every conversation with a classmate who is socially or intellectually alienated, frustrated, sexually misinformed or abused, or disappointed academically.

Next weeks second part will include a look at the major women's groups on campus such as The Women's Center, Lesbians at Barnard, The Women's Collective, Women's Studies and the now defunct Barnard Strike Coalition. Also answers to questions raised as to salary differentials at Barnard.



Essential to a well-rounded feminist education is the development of poise and posture.

# Barnard Bulletin

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## Academic Equality

The University must realize the case of Dr. Helene Hedy Ehrlich as more than a violation of academic freedom. The gross injustice done to her original dissertation as well as the multi-sided repression she has been subjected to makes us wonder if a male scholar would receive such disrespect and censoring of his work. We think not. However, this situation exemplifies cases of discrimination against women. The bias against women is expressed in ways that are not permissible in a court of law. Excess criticism, rudeness, refusal to assist or acknowledge basic non-receptiveness to ideas and work of women are such common ways of expressing sexism. By the nature of "prejudice," its subtle subjectivity, women find themselves working against forces beyond their control.

However, when fighting the world, one must start small. We see no reason why Dr. Ehrlich should be treated as she is by Columbia. The exhibition on the Senate floor at its March 21 meeting was appalling. McGill's blatant censoring of Dr. Ehrlich, by ruling her "out of order" and adjourning the meeting while she was still speaking, subjected Dr. Ehrlich to undue humiliation that no human being deserves. Perhaps, as a woman, she was not entitled to these common courtesies that are so essential in human relations.

The University must realize the equal rights of women scholars and rectify this situation immediately. Surely it is embarrassing that two Columbia professors have exhibited discrimination in their academic field, but by protecting them and following their example the University denies its existence as an educational institution.

Of course Rutgers is not innocent in this affair. Recently sued in a federal class action suit for discrimination against women faculty members, they have repeatedly been shown to be unresponsive to women scholars. Their refusal to reinstate Dr. Ehrlich, on AAUP recommendation, until she drops the charges against Donald Frame is inexcusable. They have created for her a catch-22; in order to be reinstated she must drop her litigation, but realistically, if she drops her litigation what power does she have to enforce reinstatement. In the words of Dr. Ehrlich "I have been discriminated against at my department at Columbia because I am a woman, only because I am a woman."

The just and proper thing for the University to do is to stop defending their male professors and start defending academic freedom for all scholars. They can begin with Dr. Helene Hedy Ehrlich by clarifying the circumstances of her cancelled defense, publishing the abstract of her now published dissertation, and publicly apologizing for the insult and personal damages this woman has so unfairly received.

This situation makes us realize what we may eventually face in our own careers. If equal rights exist, shouldn't they be found first in the intellectual sphere where scholars work and publish side by side? At Barnard we are "all created equal," but we are really being prepared for the kind of abuse and prejudice Dr. Ehrlich has encountered in the real world?

—Jessica Zive

## Letters: Bulletin, Race Relations

To the Editors:

After looking at today's editorial (April 3), we hope that it must be an April Fool's joke. If not, the *Barnard Bulletin* is in sad shape. After having perused the entire paper we realized that, unfortunately, it was not. Life's bad enough without picking up the *Bulletin* and making it worse. But let us not dwell just on the editorial, there's a wealth of material to deal with. For instance, if *Howwid Wagamuffin* is supposed to be funny, why is it none of us could tell until the second to last paragraph? If serious, how does Ms. Bernard support her charge that "the self-same students" who rip things off are the ones who are "getting themselves arrested?" This is known as libel. And, informationally speaking, if you're going to write an article on faculty pay raises, why not give the facts? How can anyone know what the term 8.5 per cent pay raise means if the original salary is not even mentioned? And where will all the money come from?

Also, if "a puny sports program" is a vital concern of the Barnard community, why is there no page dedicated to the sports activities we already have? Here's another one. Why is the John Chambers dinner given three articles in the same paper? Wouldn't one be sufficient? Or are we all "retards" like our so-called advisors? Does *Bulletin* assume we don't read the articles at all, (perhaps a good idea)? Then there's the ad that is headlined "Special Girls Only." Where is *Bulletin's* feminine consciousness?

And why didn't *Bulletin* cover Peter Pouncey's statement that Columbia College is considering admitting women? Doesn't that have an effect on Barnard and shouldn't it be written up by our conscientious news staff? We don't mean a rehash of *Spectator's* news, but it really is an issue that concerns Barnard. We could go on like this forever, but we hope you can see our point. If *Bulletin* is really looking for new talent, as your ad says, we can only hope that someone with talent will take enough pity on *Bulletin* to instill some creative life into the paper.

Cindy Werthamer—  
graduating senior  
Martha Ellen—graduating senior

Jean Lichty—graduating senior

Vicki Leonard—departing junior

Monica Roth—unhappy freshman

Although *Bulletin* thinks somewhat more highly of itself than these five letter-

writers, we would like to take this opportunity to emphasize our openness to criticism and constructive suggestions. The lack of an adequate number of responsible staff members is a major difficulty; consequently *Bulletin* is especially anxious to hear from people who would like to work on the paper.

To the Editors:

In the April 3 issue of the *Barnard Bulletin*, there is a most interesting sociological study done for the benefit of all of us, concerning the position of black students on 7 Brooks at Barnard College.

The view expressed by Ms. Lapp and her "Columbia student" friend discussed their right to free speech—as a matter of principle—even on such a floor as 7 Brooks. Both students feel it was their duty and right to question a Brooks resident at 1:00 a.m. on the morning of March 20, 1975, concerning the significance of her actions. (She was caught "kicking the door" of an unknown student), and these two students believed if necessary to have an immediate explanation.

The Columbia student believes that there was a genuine need to defend his right to free speech. Granted. But have either of these two students considered that there was another right to be defended and upheld? That being the right of privacy of a black woman resident of 7 Brooks?

Ms. Lapp, in relating the "incident" treats it as "pretty much an everyday occurrence." She also quotes what other (white) students feel concerning the situation. The typical reply was:

"It's a sad situation, you can't really blame the blacks for reacting as they do (and why are you trying to make trouble?)"

Such a statement is quite pathetic. It sounds like another bleached apology for what their white ancestors have done to black people in the U.S. and around the world. It is so reminiscent of raps from white sociology and psychology college majors who go into minority areas and or talk to third world people about their personal, economic, social conditions. They can understand so deep and personal—which they have never experienced and can never experience in this lifetime or in any other—unless they are genetically related to us.

But, getting back to the incident. We are tired of these "general feelings" and opinions so ambiguously voiced and categorized. It

takes the incident way out of proportion.

We sincerely hope that there will be no need for further incidents, or intrusions upon our privacy. Plainly speaking, and in the interest of all concerned, we do hope that we will be left alone. There is as much of a communications barrier as people want to make. If you wish for it and work towards it, it will exist.

Therefore, if all people wish for and work towards peace and harmony it will exist.

I know my own

The noise, the language,  
the music—  
the Mind.

I see much beauty  
there. . . .

Resident  
7 Brooks

To the Editors:

We recently read another installment in the continuing melodrama of life on 7 Brooks. We will admit that the writing and stories are action-packed, but hardly representative of the situation. Upon reading the articles, we have wondered how people could live there; but we are two white students who do live there, and have not been attacked, had our doors kicked down, or in fact experienced any trouble at all.

Seriously, one of the main problems throughout the year has been continuing analyses of the "racial relations" on the floor by students who do not live on the floor. The last person who came up to write a follow-up article for *Spectator* was informed that her article would not be printed because there "was no news."

We were very upset by your (Lisa Lapp) article in the Thursday, April 3rd edition of the *Bulletin*. The incident referred to as "a first degree crossing of interpersonal racial barriers" was actually an illustration of what happens when one person can not mind his or her own business. In this case, a Columbia student saw a black woman from our floor kicking a door and thought it was his business to find out why. It was obvious that she did not want him to know. When she responded in a hostile manner, he assumed that the issue was a racial one.

We do not feel that the issue was a racial one, but even if it had been, you (Lisa Lapp) were not justified in saying "On 7 Brooks, the everyday

(Continued on page 8)



## Howwid Wagamuffin

There is a plot underfoot to obliterate the name of Barnard. Columbia has been meticulously conspiring to remove Barnard from the vocabulary of English-speaking people. Their latest plan is to go co-ed.

"Our boys need a little recreation after all," commented a flushed Low Library spokesman. "Can't blame 'em really. I was that way myself when I was young." When asked what possible advantage Columbia would gain from having female students, he explained that co-education was a better semblance of reality than co-existence with Barnard. It is reasoned that what is really behind Low Library's imminent decision is an inbred hatred, scorn and general dislike of Barnard.

"I hate it!" fumed McGill, when the name Barnard was slipped into an after-dinner conversation. "I scorn it! It isn't the American way." McGill, while indulging in yet another aperitif, proclaimed, "Barnard is out to undermine the university with their snotty, liberated clientele. By going co-ed, they can keep their old independence. Just let them try!" (This said with a hearty guffaw.)

Meanwhile, Milbank administrators are cowering in

fear under their desks. "We'll lose dorm space in Furnald!" complained one. In face of the impending crisis, President Peterson was calmly scanning the classifieds. She found the situation to be a distasteful and inconvenient one, at best. "And yet," she said, "I have a plan. How about if we allow cats in the dorms?"

When one reporter did not quite understand the rationale behind this move, she elaborated, "Don't you see? Cats in the dorms! Cats in BHR, in 616, in Plimpton... can Columbia boast of that?" Faculty members agreed heartily that the admitting of cats would attract more applicants, especially from Omaha. The plan is to be implemented in the near future.

When McGill was informed of Barnard's counter-action, he exploded, "Now why didn't we think of that? This will endanger Columbia College's application pool, as well as social life among GSAS students." In retaliation, McGill plans to throw an anti-Barnard tea. The theme of the tea will be "I hate Barnard," and dollar donations will be accepted. When informed of this President Peterson merely commented, "Oh jive."

—Jami Bernard

## 'Great Maria': Medieval Tale

by Margaret O'Connell

*Great Maria* is an engaging tale of one woman's eventful life in eleventh-century Italy. Maria, only daughter of a Norman robber baron, is married at fourteen to the ambitious older brother of the man she really loves. Despite an often stormy relationship with her husband, Richard, she goes on to play an important role in his and his brothers' efforts to conquer new territory and overcome their political rivals. After many adventures in which Maria's adversary is almost as often her husband as it is his enemies, Richard is finally forced to openly acknowledge her political acumen and grant her a position of power equal to his own.

In much of the book, author Cecelia Holland seems to have deliberately chosen to emphasize the grimmer side of life for most women in the often-romanticized Middle Ages. Maria's husband Richard is no chivalrous knight out of an Arthurian romance. He persuades Maria to marry him by means of the twin tactics of appealing to her ambition and telling her that his intentions toward her are honorable, while his

younger brother's are not.

Once the marriage has taken place, Richard seems to regard his new wife as little better than a servant to be brusquely ordered around and punished—sometimes violently—when she refuses to do his bidding. He still plots to play his overlords off against each other to gain the power he so ardently desires, but he is no longer willing to even tell Maria about his plans, much less listen to her opinions. He drags her from one newly-conquered fortress to another with complete unconcern for her wishes, then goes off to fight the Saracens. When news of Richard's capture in battle reaches her, Maria is left in agonized suspense about his fate long after his escape, of which he callously neglects to inform her.

Maria, a forceful personality in her own right, quite unlike the pale, passionless damsels of medieval stereotype, is left virtually powerless to do anything on her own initiative until Richard rides off to the wars, leaving her in command of one of his captured castles. Despite the inadequacy of the garrison he leaves her, Maria manages to defend Richard's lands against his self-

proclaimed overlord so well that her husband unhesitatingly assigns her the task of maintaining order at a succession of newly-won towns and fortresses, though he is continually annoyed by her tendency to disobey his orders when making urgent on-the-spot decisions.

Although Maria is discontented with the subservient role her husband tries to thrust upon her from the earliest days of their marriage, and challenges his authority more and more openly, her consciousness is not raised beyond the level of what is credible in a conventionally-reared medieval woman. In reality, she is just as power-hungry as Richard is, but she has been raised to rule over nothing more important than the living arrangements at the castle, and only gradually realizes that she wants something more.

Despite the way she chafes at Richard's frequently tyrannical behavior, Maria actually seems to enjoy even the more tedious and routine aspects of being the chatelaine of a castle—ordering supplies, supervising the servants, and having babies as often as possible. She is genuinely fond of children and worries that she is being punished for her sins when she still is not pregnant again more than a year after the birth of her second child, a son. Maria's problem is that while she derives considerable satisfaction from her traditional wifely duties, she doesn't see why her decision-making should be limited to the household level when she is just as capable of understanding the political situation as her husband is, given a chance. It is to Cecelia Holland's credit that this dilemma is presented in such an engrossing and unanachronistic manner and that both Maria and her husband emerge as credible and all-too-human personalities.



One medieval woman, not unlike the one depicted in *Great Maria*.

## 'Drop-In 1975' Schedule

The Columbia School of the Arts is sponsoring its second annual Spring Festival Monday through Friday April 14-18.

The following is a calendar of events for "Drop-In 1975:"

Monday, April 14—5-7 p.m.—Art show opening and reception, Painting and Sculpture Division, Low Rotunda. Through Friday.

Tuesday, April 15—11 a.m.-6 p.m.—Electronic and Computer Music-Dodge Hall. Through Friday.

11 a.m.-6 p.m.—Continuous film and slide showing. Dodge Hall. Through Friday.

Noon-1:30 p.m.—Readings, music and mime for children Low Library steps. Through Friday.

2 p.m.-3—Sweet Harmony, a singing quartet. Dodge Hall. Also Thursday.

3-5 p.m.—Theatre workshop production. Women's Faculty Club.

5-6 p.m.—Student music selection. Dodge Hall.

8 p.m.—Colloquium: *Art and Popular Taste. Humor and sexuality in Art.* Low Faculty Room.

8 p.m.—Columbia University Orchestra and Columbia-Barnard Chorus McMillan Theatre.

Wednesday April 16—2:30-4:30 p.m.—*Architecture and Design Through Theatre Techniques*—Earl Hall.

2-2:30 p.m.—Sweet Harmony, a singing quartet,

Earl Hall.

4:30-6 p.m.—Resources for the Arts: Coffee and Career info. Dodge Hall.

7:30—Reading by Writing Division students from their works. Dodge Hall.

8 p.m. Luciano Berio Retrospective Concert. McMillan Theatre. \$2.50 (\$1.50 with CUID).

7 and 9 p.m.—Film: *San Juro*. SIA Auditorium. \$1.25.

Thursday, April 17—2-4 p.m.—Resources For the Arts: Career Information Exchange and Coffee. Dodge Hall.

4:30-7 p.m.—Colloquium: *Art and Popular Taste: Art for Whose Sake?* Low Faculty Room.

8 p.m.—Reading—*Another Night At Columbia*. McMillan Theatre. \$2.50.

7 and 9:30 p.m.—Film: *Repulsion*. SIA Auditorium. \$1.25.

Friday, April 18—1:30-2 p.m.: Sweet Harmony, a quartet of Singers. Women's Faculty Club.

2-4 p.m.—Student Theatre Scenes. Women's Faculty Club.

9 p.m.—Reading by Writing Division women from their works, followed by reception. Dodge Hall.

8 p.m.—Concert: Columbia Wind Ensemble. McMillan Theatre.

7 and 9 p.m.—Film: *Tout Va Bien*. 511 Dodge. \$99. All events free unless indicated otherwise.

## The Incredible Resurrection of E. Race

by Robbie Brager

I walked over to the local cemetery the other day and asked them to dig up the contents of lot 458.

"458, 458," the mortician mumbled. "Ah, here it is. Edward Race. Why do you want him dug up? He was so hard to bury."

"I just want to make sure he's really dead." I replied, noting his suddenly flushed face. "I was told that he had escaped death and was parading around Morningside Heights, dressed in a mysterious, transparent garb. It makes everyone see through him, he can't be recognized."

"What good would digging him up do," the mortician replied, slightly perturbed. "We had so much trouble burying him in the first place, that, who knows, he might escape! I don't know why the doctors insisted Race was

dead, when his coffin kept bounding out of the grave as fast as we could shove it back in."

Can we check it out anyway?" I persisted, staring him straight in the eye. "You know what it means if he is still at large and we don't know about it. He has magical powers, especially over residents in BHR, and we'd hate to see the young people caught off guard again. They are so susceptible to novel

ideas, and should know what they're up against."

"You know," he volunteered condescendingly, "we don't normally do this type of thing. We like to leave the likes of Race dead and buried for good. He is covered with dirt for a reason. Even if he has escaped, and is roving about at large, it might be better for people to pretend he isn't there. After all, if he's

not dead yet, there's not much more we can do to get rid of him."

"That's not true," I replied bitterly. "We can try and communicate with him. Maybe we can get him to change his evil ways by understanding how he got them in the first place. Maybe we can show him why his actions hurt us all, including himself. Maybe we—"

"All right, all right. I don't give a damn. Let's go see if he's still buried."

We picked up shovels and went to the grave marked "E. Race, may he stay in place." After digging for more than ten feet, it became evident that Mr. Race had, indeed, escaped from his grave.

"Shoot," spat the mortician forcefully, "that was a one thousand dollar coffin." It was evident he was not about to give any consideration to Race, dead or alive.

# The Play's the Thing — Theatrical Insights and Insults by Michael Musto and Jane Jones

## Your Pants are Down *Victoria: A Bore is a Bore is a Bore*

*P.S. Your Cat is Dead!* is not a musical about a taxidermist. It's much weirder than that. It's a love story of sorts, by James Kirkwood, about two single men who are brought together in sado-masochistic bliss by the agonies of their respective lifestyles.

Not all of the play is as intriguing as the title. After the curtain opens to the annoying strains of "New York, New York, it's a wonderful town," we find that Jimmy Zoole, played by Keir Dullea, is an actor who has just been kicked out of a movie and killed out of a soap opera (a funeral is good for the ratings). He returns to his Greenwich Village loft on New Year's Eve to find his girlfriend leaving him and a burglar under his bed. At this point, the play threatens to become another "New York is rotten" tragi-comedy of the type that Neil Simon delights in cranking out. But Zoole doesn't contract bronchitis, his building doesn't burn down, and he isn't convicted of murder. Rather, the rest of the play concentrates on his relationship with the burglar.

To Zoole, this burglary is the last straw. All of his

frustrations are directed against Vito, the burglar, who he straps to the sink and feeds Kontented Kitty cat food, among other torments (I told you it was weird). Tony Musante, who plays Vito, spends most of his on-stage time on the sink, without pants. (You see, Jimmy cut off his pants because... Well, see the play if you really want to know). A love-hate relationship develops between the two, as they conspire to freak out Jimmy's friends, who are astounded by his bare-buttocked buddy. Vito is so persistent that Jimmy lets him stay in his apartment—but just for one night. And so ends this love story with a twist.

The play is intermittently funny, if you can accept the absurd premise. The beginning, centering on Jimmy (who is not likeable enough to be a leading character) and his problems with his one-dimensional girlfriend, is routine situation comedy fare. The cynical view of life presented here, and all through the play, becomes tiresome; one wishes Jimmy—and even Kirkwood—would commit suicide, thereby ending his, and our, agony.

(Continued on page 8)



Keir Dullea and Tony Musante—love at first sight.

by Jane Jones  
*A Letter for Queen Victoria* is a classic example of the welcome-to-my-subconscious school of theatre. It's a series of stage images set to music; the dialogue consists largely of old movie clichés strung together at random. Couples in white sit at white table and say, "Chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter," dropping dead at intervals. One actor flies across the stage in a harness, repeating "Sky, sky, sky..." Several figures in aviator outfits lean against a wall—later they gesticulate wildly towards the window, for no apparent reason. Though *Victoria* has received favorable reviews, it's about time someone pointed out the nakedness of this particular Emperor.

Some of the images are striking, there's no denying that. The curtain opens on a fog-enshrouded scene, as one of the two robbed women onstage emits a shattering scream. Victoria herself (the author's grandmother, in a ruffled dress and sunglasses) possesses the slightly bizarre visual charm of a Ronald Searle cartoon.

But there is something meretricious about this production, with its screaming actors and mock deaths. Screams and deaths are the staples of sensationalism in any kind of theatre, no matter how ostensibly avant-garde. Which is not to say that good theatre can't encompass such things—obviously it often does. But after a while one suspects that such gimmicks are used to recapture the audience's flagging attention. The attempt fails; after one prolonged interlude of screaming, one disgruntled audience member shouted, "Aw, shut up!" Another annoyed comment: "Intermission time!" The crowd thinned out—considerably after

the first three acts, though the remainder seemed enthusiastic.

The casting of an autistic boy (Christopher Knowles) is interesting, but not in a constructive way. One is fascinated by his strangeness, by his inability to master the language. His presence inspires a kind of freak-show mentality in the spectator; he is conspicuous by virtue of his absence of skill.

It's difficult to assess the merits of the other performers, since there are no characters as such. Nevertheless, Sheryl Sutton displayed unusual style and composure, and Cindy Lubar's expressionless readings have a grotesque hilarity all their own. Her line, "Well, you have to have someplace to put your popsicles!" drew one of the few huge laughs. Alma Hamilton is fine as Victoria, though her part is, to say the least, minor.

*Victoria* is boring, pretentious, and meaningless—yet there is something seductive about the images themselves, and their superb irrelevance to anything but each other. But theatre should never be an endurance test, and to expect an audience to sit through three endless acts without an intermission is the purest kind of self-indulgence.

And self-indulgence is, finally, the keynote of this production. A few unusual ideas, actors of varying degrees of competence, and a transcendently silly script do not add up to the kind of theatrical genius presently ascribed to Mr. Wilson. In their lust for meaning some men of the theatre tend to forget that a play does, in fact, require an audience, and that even the greatest theatre entertains as well as instructs. In an odd way, Mr. Wilson condescends to his audien-

ce—he offers a few sensational devices as compensation for his own theatrical aridity.

*Victoria* is a depressing play to see and a disastrous one to write about. It's almost impossible to describe, and its failures are so complicated and various that they, too, defy description. It's sad to see this accepted as the latest in profundity; people's willingness to accept this theatre piece becomes not so much touching as pathetic.

Wilson is reminiscent of Stein, although the two are incomprehensible in different ways. Wilson's individual sentences have meaning; Stein puts the words themselves together in unusual combinations. Neither of the two live up to their theatrical reputations, but if your taste runs to the abstruse you might enjoy them. One thing, at least, is certain; if you like Gertrude Stein, you'll love Robert Wilson.



## Lampon Show Holds Nothing Sacred — Except Humor

by Michael Musto

Good evening and welcome to *Masquerade Party* shouts the obnoxious game show M.C., as the three guest panelists—Archbishop Makarios, Jackie Kennedy and Hank Aaron—file in. The object of the game is to guess the identity of the celebrity in disguise. A shot is heard, and Jackie dashes out of the room. She is comforted and told that gunshot is merely a signal for the beginning of the game. The panelists ask the celebrity questions ("Were you at any of Princess Grace's cocktail parties," asks Jackie. "No," replies the celebrity. "Then I wouldn't know you," says Jackie.) Finally, the celebrity—a short, young man—is uncovered and turns out to be Kate Smith. She says that she will donate the money she won to the cause of getting

illegal aliens out of the U.S. Upon hearing this, Makarios runs out.

This is typical of the irreverent, offbeat and funny skits that comprise *The National Lampon Show*. The show is like National Lampon magazine come to life, but with more laughs and less lapses. Some moments are utterly offensive, some downright stupid, but for the most part it is an unrelenting laugh riot.

Nothing and no one is spared the Lampon's no-holds-barred satiric touch. Among those lampooned are Carlos Castaneda, Tom Snyder, Barbara Walters, Patty Hearst, Hall Holbrook, Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger. The humor is not especially pointed or political, even when the skits are about political figures. The objects

of the satire are the staples of urban life—T.V. shows, women's lib sessions, crime, standup comics, singles bars. These subjects are so recognizable, and are usually taken so seriously, that with a slight twist they can be hilariously funny. For example, a teenage boy timidly admits to the priest in the confessional "I was in the car with a girl."

The priest quickly replies, "Did you screw her?"

The funniest sketch is called *The Rhoda Tyler Moore Show*, in which the title character is a blind person in love with life. ("Who poked her, eyes out with a cane?" drone the opening lyrics.) As Rhoda squeals about how wonderful life is, her husband manipulates her into fulfilling his desires. The scene is utterly tasteless, but utterly

hilarious.

Another funny scene is *Raisinet in the Sun*, a parody of Loriane Hansberry's by now overworked drama. The scene, played by *The Octoroon Players*, all of whom are one eighth black, uses every melodramatic device and every cliché about blacks.

Every revue has its low points, and this one is no exception. A rambling, unfunny song about the agonies of living in New York and a skit in which a weirdo defies members of the audience to give him a dollar to save the life of a plant were among the least memorable segments.

The writing, by the cast, is crisp and topical, wisely relying very little on improvisation. The transitions between the sketches were handled remarkably well: The show flowed from one satire

logically into the next, eliminating the need for pauses or introductions.

The cast of five (four guys and a girl) was lively, though a few lacked versatility. The few songs were not up to the level of the spoken material, and were not abetted by the screeching voices of the cast members, who made up for it with their impeccable comic timing. Exceptional were John Belushi and Gilda Radner (who did a hilarious impression of a comedienne called Phyllis Diller.)

The New Palladium is a classy and intimate cabaret style theater, perfect for a revue. The informal atmosphere, however, prompted some of the audience members to call out comments whenever they felt like

(Continued on page 8)

# When Tragedy Becomes Travesty: 'Hello Hamlet!', A New Musical

by Michael Musto

The works of William Shakespeare have provided the basis for a number of successful Broadway musicals. The upcoming theater season will see a new musical entitled *Hello, Hamlet!* or *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Alive and Well and Living in Denmark*. The *Bulletin* is happy to be able to present a condensed version of the script of this "musical tragedy," based unrecognizably on the Bard's great play, with music by the accomplished team of Subotnik and Hammerstein.

Opening number, sung by chorus of servants, gravediggers and courtiers:

Hello, Hamlet—Well, Hello Hamlet—It's so nice to have



Hamlet (Bobby Van), Olivia (Debbie Reynolds), Horatio (Ben Vereen) and Fifi (Liza Minnelli) sing the rousing "To Life, L'Chaim."

you back at Elsinore. So how's by you, Hamlet?—Nothing's new, Hamlet—Though your mommy married daddy's brother, nothing more. You're lookin' frail, Hamlet—And so pale, Hamlet—Like you've seen the ghost of your dead father dear. Well—Don't be sad, Hamlet—Denmark is not that bad, Hamlet, Things ain't as rotten as they may appear.

Exeunt, except for Hamlet, Claude and Gertie.

Claude: Come hither, Hamlet, and receive again these tidings of joy; that though the memory be yet green o'er the death of your father—my brother, you, mother's sometime husband and present brother-in-law, though deceased, and you cousin's erstwhile uncle—it befits us not to persevere in obsequious sorrow. For I have been joined in holy incest—I mean matrimony—to your mother—my sometime sister-in-law and the aunt of your erstwhile cousins (henceforth your brothers and sisters, though not your siblings) and at present, their stepmother. Understand, Hamlet?

HAMLET: (intensely) Yes. What all this seems to mean is that I shall receive less birthday presents this year.

CLAUDE: That's not precisely the interpretation I had in mind. But come, Hamlet. Be not so sorrowful. Sorrow suits a person ill. Take thy mother. Please!

HAMLET. (aside) Oh, lowly king so less than kind and more than kin and not so keen!

GERTIE: (to Claude) Dear, thy Youngman impression seemeth not to have cheered young Hamlet. Why not tryeth thy Harpo Marx?

CLAUDE: Why don't you jumpeth in a lake?

GERTIE: Because you were too cheap to buy a castle that has one.

(They continue bickering, as Hamlet soliloquizes)

HAMLET: Alas, what dark and dismal dreggs I find

superb,—But had a bit much arsenic.

After an all-too-brief soft-shoe routine, the ghost vanishes, leaving Hamlet to think he has had a bad trip. Meanwhile, Gertie, stunned over Hamlet's rejection of her butter pecan ice cream, suggests that perhaps Hamlet might better forget his father's death if he starts dating again. The obvious choice is Olivia Newton-Kowalski, the captain of Wilson High's cheerleader squad. Olivia has a sweet singing voice, which she has a chance to display in her solo, *I Honestly Loved You*, sung when she breaks up with Hamlet. Unfortunately, space does not permit the inclusion of the lyrics of this song here, but the ensuing dialogue will be enough demonstration of the way in which Shakespeare

myself in. Both parents criminals be—Claudius, a lowly murderer, Gertrude, a Jewish mother. And what becomes of poor Hamlet? (after a dramatic pause) To be, or not to be . . .

GERTIE: Hamlet, I left some butter pecan ice cream in the fridge for you.

(Hamlet, frustrated, storms off stage)

GERTIE: Funny. I thought he liked butter, pecan.

In the next scene, Hamlet is smoking a waterpipe, when the ghost of his dead father appears (in the person of Fred Astaire). Hamlet, frightened, asks what he wants, prompting the ghost's rollicking reply (to the tune of "Give My Regards to Broadway").

GHOST: Give my regards to Gertrude—Who mingles with by brother Claude.—Tell her that though I used to love her, she's a wise-ass, two-faced broad. Your mother didn't love me—A thing she had a right to do—But when you give my regards to Gertrude ask her, Did she have to kill me too?

Say hi to uncle Claudius—Forgive him for his naughty fling.

Tell him I'd rather be deceased than have to see him rule as king.

Tell him I like the party He threw the night that I got sick. Tell him the cocktails were

has been desecrated, I mean decorated in this delightful show.

OLIVIA: Canst thou have forgotten, Hamlet?

HAMLET: Forgotten what, madam?

OLIVIA: (extending her hand) This! the symbol of your false affection—your high school ring! Hamlet, hast thou no recollection left of me? The football games? The Sweet-16 parties? The drive-ins? (He doesn't react) Thou art insane!

HAMLET: (aside) Insane is but in vain, inane precludes "in pain."

OLIVIA: What are you muttering about, Hamlet? If this be your game, I can play it too. Take back thy ring and with it every syllable of affection I ever uttered to you.

HAMLET: Get thee to a nunnery!

OLIVIA: I might as well have been in a nunnery for all the fooling around we did! (aside) Oy, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! (She storms out)

HAMLET: O, what a peasant slave and rogue am I. A dull and machismo-mettled rascal. To be or not to be . . .

GERTIE: (entering) Hamlet, Hamlet. I have searched everywhere for you. Look at what I got for you—banana ripple ice cream!

HAMLET: Ice cream! (He

# Toast of the Town

"We were in the garden. You said I had a beautiful smile. I wanted somehow, to describe my sensations at that moment, to tell you exactly what that careless compliment meant to me. But to capture that experience would have been to destroy it. It would have lain in my hand, like a crushed bird. And, the funny thing is, I, too, would have been that bird. Like the seagull in the play. This isn't a play. . . is it, Rudolf . . . is it?"

"John Iredell Allen was the ugliest little boy I ever saw. Right from the beginning he was ugly—why his mother let out such a whoop when she first saw him, I thought she'd die on the spot. And to think that he married Ellie Anderson, the town beauty! There's no justice in this world or the next. Not that I mean to be rude about—uh—physical deformations—but ugliness is ugliness and that boy had the worst case of it I ever saw."

These are two excerpts from *Merely Players*, by the new Southern playwright Jefferson Keene. The play, which opens Wednesday, is rumored to be a smash, and Keene is fast becoming the hottest young American playwright since Tennessee Williams

Basil Sherfey—tall, ascetic, with a strange tic in corner of his eye—was the greatest actor of our time. His death at the age of twenty-seven (after an unusually strenuous performance of *The Critic*) is a tragedy for the American theatre and the theatre of the world. His Macbeth is remembered for its vulture-like quality,

faints.) GERTIE: Why God cursed me with such a picky child I'll never know.

At this point, Gertrude sings the touching *Come to me, my melancholy baby*. She leaves Hamlet in indecisive despair. Five songs and three dances later, he is hit with a brainstorm—why not determine Claude's guilt by testing his reaction to a play which deals with the same vile deeds he may have performed? Hamlet rejects the traditional murder play, *The Murder of Gonzago* in favor of *Kiss Me Kate*. In the middle of *Another Opening; Another Show*, Claude is heard to mutter "What royal triple!" confirming his guilt.

In the final scene, Hamlet tap dances off to the graveyard, where he is reminded of the good old days when he finds the rotting skull of his father's jester, Yorick. Hamlet, deeply moved, is prompted to sing the sentimental, *I've Grown Accustomed to His Face*, in the middle of which the skull (played by Alice rye, in a comeback performance) speaks, to Hamlet's dismay. He tells Hamlet to forget

unusual in so young a performer. His Hamlet displayed a remarkable lack of motor control; a direct illustration of Mr. Sherfey's thesis that the "sweet prince" was in fact retarded.

Mr. Sherfey was notorious for his off-stage peculiarities, such as his refusal to enter his dressing room until it had been sprayed with *Flit* and his insistence on having his psychiatrist backstage every night. His habitual costume (black leotard, tights, and tie) was thought unusual by those denizens of Broadway to whom Danskin is hardly the height of sartorial savoir-faire. His wife (the poetess Ondine Rosenberg) informed our correspondent that she hadn't seen him in ten years and wouldn't have recognized him anyway. "He was an ACTOR," she snapped. "When I first knew him he wore a crewcut and called himself 'Butch the Beach Troubadour.'"

The lovely Selina Thorne received a Tony for her performance as Arabella in the haunting *Love's Captive*. The award caused some dissension among critical ranks—one exasperated scribe was quite vehement in his dismay. "They might as well have given it to Rin-Tin-Tin," he remarked peevishly. "At least, he's SUPPOSED to bark!"

Watch for more back-biting, cruelty, and friendly dissection in the next edition of *Theatrical News and Notes*. Love from JJ, your Correspondent On The Scene.

whatever his parents have done.

HAMLET: But why should I, Yorick?

YORICK:—Because if you don't, this play will drag on forever.

HAMLET: Yorick, thou art the wisest man that ever I have encountered.

(enter Claude and Gertie, with a chorus of gravediggers and cheerleaders)

HAMLET: Kind mother and father—Welcome! My love for you is unbounded.

CLAUDE: What's with him?

GERTIE: Maybe he liked the banana ripple ice cream.

HAMLET: My beloved parents, Yorick has convinced me of your innocence.

I am now reconciled to all. Call Olivia and tell her that I'm her steady again—if she promises never to sing again. And call forth my friends Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

GERTIE: Who the hell are they?

HAMLET: I don't know, but they're in the title.

Continued on page 8!

## Smoking Dangerous To Pregnant Women

(CPS)—The recent dramatic increase in smoking by women has evoked the concern of health experts.

Lung cancer is now the third major cancer killer among women, according to Dr. Mahlon B. Hoagland of the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts.

Smoking can be especially hazardous to pregnant women. An American Lung Association study of babies born to mothers who smoked during pregnancy showed that:

—Infants are twice as likely to weigh less at birth than babies of non-smokers. The death rate for babies of less-than-normal weight is higher than for babies of normal weight.

Babies with lower birth weights have been associated with below-normal intelligence and slower physical development in later years.

Pregnant women who smoke one to two packs a day have significantly more stillbirths than nonsmoking mothers do.

Smoking increases the risk of spontaneous abortion and premature birth. Experts have pointed to nicotine as the prime cause of the harmed fetus.

Luckily, however, when the mother's smoking stops, the danger to the fetus stops. There is no danger to the fetus at all if a woman who has previously smoked quits when she learns she has become pregnant, according to the American Medical Association.

## 'P.S. Your Cat is Dead': Interesting Love Story

(Continued from page 6)

At the heart of the play is the relationship between the two men, which has a truth and crudeness that tempers their otherwise alienated existences. Each shows promise of being improved by the other. This type of relationship has been rehashed many times, including in *Midnight Cowboy*, but rarely in such an offbeat context and with such humor.

The best thing about the production is Tony Musante's endearing, believable and funny performance as Vito. Whether sprawled out on the sink begging for mercy, or defending Jimmy against his mocking friends, he always makes Vito's motives clear. Musante is the most likeable gay burglar that's likely to appear on Broadway in a long time. Keir Dullea is not as intelligent an actor as Musante. He doesn't have

enough range to make Jimmy interesting, but he displays a surprising sense of comedy. The supporting players give stereotyped performances in stereotyped roles. Vivian Matalon has wisely directed the play for a maximum of laughs. The set, by William Ritman, is workable, but not very attractive.

*P.S. Your Cat is Dead!* is an interesting love story for the post-Erich Segal generation. Every romantic convention is used, but in an updated context. All that's missing are the violins.

*P.S. Jimmy's cat—a mangy creature named Bobby Seale—died. That explains the title.*

## 'Hello Hamlet!': Musical Tragedy

(Continued from page 7)

CLAUDE: Let us prepare for the feast...

HAMLET: Yes, but first I have something to say. (dramatically) To be or not to be, that is...

(Before he can finish, everyone hastily begins singing the finale)

Hello, Hamlet—Well Hello, Hamlet—It's so nice to have you back at Elsinore. Life ain't so hot, Hamlet—But so what, Hamlet?—There are certain things that it's much better to ignore.

Murder's taboo, Hamlet—Incest too, Hamlet—But you

have to overlook them now and then. So—

HAMLET: Wow, wow, wow, fellas, Look at the old Dane now, fellas.

EVERYONE: Hamlet will never go away again!

## Lampon

(Continued from page 6)

it. This led one of the actors to retort, "Shut up. This is a theater." Normally, the remark would be offensive and uncalled for, but in this case he was right. *The National Lampon Show* is so funny that one shouldn't want to miss a word.

## Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 4)

situation between blacks and whites is simple noncommunication. Hostile outbursts happen only when someone disrespectfully crosses the communications barrier." This is not true. We were hurt by this since we have many friends on the floor. The whole floor was once again shocked by having someone else tell us how we felt.

We would like to conclude with two requests. Please do not generalize about our entire floor by the actions of one or two students. This is not done on other floors. Secondly, please let us live the rest of the year in peace without additional in-depth analysis.

Kim and Michelle  
7 Brooks

Dear Sports Editor:

I have repeatedly been disappointed at your failure to mention the archery team in your column. In your coverage

of sports week you mentioned all the other sports activities but failed to write that archery students participated in a number of novelty shoots.

Although there is not much to report (we are not as active as the fencing or basketball teams), women should know that Barnard has a team and physical education classes in archery. The team has two meets a year: against Brooklyn College and has met with other women's schools such as Bryn Mawr. Members of the team participated in the New York State championships.

I'm sure there are people who are interested in hearing about all athletics at Barnard. Many women have expressed surprise when I have mentioned archery, for they were unaware of its existence at Barnard. Please be more careful in the future.

Mary Graves  
Beryl Kaplan  
Archery chairwoman

At the Maison Francaise of Columbia University, B'way & West 113  
Thursday, April 10, 8:00 p.m.

## A. Kibédi Varga

(Professor at the Université Libre of Amsterdam—visiting  
Professor at Yale  
will speak on

### POETIQUE ET POESIE AUJOURD'HUI

Tuesday, April 15, 8:00 p.m.

Paul Zumthor

(Professor of Poetics and Theory of Literature at the Univ. of Montreal) will speak on

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