

Barnard Bulletin

Vol. LXXX

April 1, 1976

Faculty Planning Committee Cuts Entire Faculty

Students Forced to Attend Classes by Themselves

'independent Study' a Great Success

Story p. 10

Merge Creates Barnard U.



Newly born foals romp in pasture.

A crippling deficit and unrelenting pressure from the other side of Broadway have finally forced Columbia to yield and merge with Barnard, creating the new Barnard University.

After announcing the merger Leroy Bruno, president of the newly-formed university, marched to his new office in Low Library followed by swarms of cheering Barnard students. In a short speech delivered from atop the alma mater Bruno tried to calm anxious Columbia students and faculty.

"It's merely a matter of semantics," he claimed. "(Ex-Columbia President Bill) McDill chooses to call it 'merger.' I prefer the term 'cooperation.' The important point is that they have finally realized they have nothing to lose and everything to gain by taking such a step."

Bruno continued by applauding McDill for finally moving from his "intransigent" position and declared his willingness to "forgive and forget" in an attempt to start afresh under the new arrangement. The speech was received with cheers and applause from the audience.

Under the terms of the new arrangement, Columbia College, an undergraduate college of liberal arts for men, will become just another division within Barnard University. All courses will be co-ed, as will dorms, in an effort to escape what Beter Bouncey, former dean of Columbia College, termed a "feudal anachronism" in the school's social life. In a spirit of cooperation, however, Barnard has permitted Columbia to retain its cherished Contemporary Civilization requirement. "In Victory: Magnanimity," quoted Bruno in explaining this act.

When asked to comment, Dean of Columbia College McDill said sourly, "We tried to avoid it as long as possible but merger was inevitable. However, we have not given up yet—we intend to fight for our independence in this Bicentennial year."

Nevertheless, student response has generally been favorable to the merger. "We now have the best of both worlds," stated Ronald Arolla ('77), "the advantages of a large university and the intimacy of a small men's college as well." Lana Turrey ('78) felt that this solution would satisfy everyone. "The pro-merger people have the coeducation they desire, and for the anti-mergers we have not sacrificed the quality of a Barnard education and the prestige of a Barnard diploma."

There are still some minor adjustments which remain to be ironed out, such as the installation of men's bathrooms on the former Barnard campus and the possible organization of a Men's Center. This will not hold up the institution of the merger which took effect immediately upon the signing of the agreement.

Dorkys Invade McIntosh

An estimated several hundred dorkys invaded McIntosh Monday, March 29th, at noon.

Three security guards assisted Clair Fay, director of college activities, who was beating at the airborne dorkys with a broom borrowed from maintenance, in the attempt to remove the dorkys from the student center. Two students were stricken by a "dork fit" (alternate screeching and sexual exposing) when security used "dork gas" to rid McIntosh of the creatures. By that time there was no chance of physical force being successful in the removal, Head of Security Ray Boiling asserted.

"The sky was blackened with dorkys," one student, interviewed immediately after the attack, commented. "There were dorkys pouring in all the doors—it was horrifying."

"They were like locusts," Barbara Evolic, a '75 alumna, who was passing through McIntosh during the invasion, said. "First there was a siren noise, then I couldn't see three feet in front of me, the dorkys were that thick."

The precise number of of dorkys in the invasion is difficult to determine, according to Boiling, since they range in size from two centimeters to ceiling height. "It's getting worse," Boiling said of the recent increased dorky crisis. Last week a Columbia English professor was flashed by a dorky in the Butler stacks. When asked to comment on the occurrence, the professor said, "Oh, my God" and, hung up.

"The injured students are nearly themselves again," said Toots Miller, the nurse hired by the health service specifically for this problem. "They should be back in class in a week."

Howard Teichmann, Barnard dramatic writing professor, said he did not realize that the consequences of his radio play, "War of the Dorks" would be this serious. When the play was broadcast several weeks ago, hundreds of people in a wild panic killed themselves. Teichmann said a man phoned him while the play was on the air and shouted, "My wife just killed herself! I hope you're satisfied!" Teichmann said there was no reason he should be satisfied.

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Howwid W. Wins Presidency

by Jami Bernard

The returns are in, and another exciting Barnard election draws to a close, leaving Howwid Wagamuffin as our new President of Undergrad.

The campaign was quiet and friendly. Said Wagamuffin of the proceedings, "Everyone was very solicitous. Even though the other candidates are stupid."

When asked why her campaign was more effective than the others,

Wagamuffin replied, "Possibly it was the way I ripped down my opponents' posters. I'm not quite sure." Nevertheless, Wagamuffin is ecstatic about her recent victory. This reporter interviewed her for **Bulletin** over coffee and English muffins.

"My first action as President of Undergrad will be to cut all funding of clubs and organizations, and transfer the money into my private bank



Howwid, moments before meeting Wellington.

account," asserted Wagamuffin vehemently. "Next I will

collect press passes and get into all the theatres for free."

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wagamuffin, Howwid comes from humble origins. "Ill-repute runs in the family," commented Mrs.

Wagamuffin of her daughter's wild tendencies. "She was always an unstable child. I'm sure she'll make a good president," added the elder kleptomaniac.

Wagamuffin further stated her intentions to set up a Bicentennial Howwid exhibit, featuring her most famous

ancestors. These portraits will be hung on lampposts around Morningside Heights and help to uplift the community in an ecstasy of patriotism.

"I will put an end to commuting and peeling paint and cats in the dorms. I will make sure every toothpaste tube has a cap screwed on tightly and I will ace all my courses. I will inspect linen closets never before inspected. I will frequent Ta-Kome." ●

Not For Prime Time Sesame St.

by Bonnie Halper

Interior malt shop—establishing shot.

Pam, a young, high-school-aged coed, is sitting at the counter mulling over something. MEDIUM SHOT—Peggy, who is about the same age, enters, spots her friend and takes a seat next to her. The special guest in this show is the letter P, so every time a p word is spoken a big p flashes on the screen and the word is emphasized.

Peggy

Pam, what's the problem? Why'd you phone?

(Soda jerk approaches them.)

SODA JERK

You ladies like anything?

PEGGY

Two pops, please.

(Soda jerk gives them two soda pops and leaves. Peggy turns back to Pam.)

PEGGY

Pam, you look pale.

PAM

Oh, Peggy, I just have to talk to you in private.

PEGGY

Something's wrong; tell me about it.

PAM

This is very personal. (PAUSE) You know, I went to the prom with Paul.

PEGGY

That pervert?! Did he make a pass?

PAM

Oh, Peggy, Paul has a Pontiac . . .

PEGGY

Oh, no.

PAM

And we parked.

PEGGY

Oh no!

PAM

Peggy, I'm pregnant!

PEGGY

Pam, don't panic. You're not positive.

PAM

Well, my tests sure were.

PEGGY

What a predicament! Are you going to hit Paul with a paternity suit?

PAM

Paul's not the problem. It's my parents; they think I'm pure!

ALL OTHER TEENAGERS IN

SHOP (snickering)

PPPHHHMMM!

PEGGY

Oh, what will you do? (threatening organ music up)

ANNOUNCER (voice over)

Will Paul propose? Will Pam be forced to tell her parents? Tune in for the next program when Pam says:

PAM

Peggy, that's the problem with my life: always a question mark, never a period! ●

news briefs



Commuters

There will be a meeting for commuters this Tuesday night to discuss ways of getting commuters more involved in campus life. Various means have been suggested including a weekly camp-out on Lehman Lawn (bring your own sleeping bag and marshmallows) and a bed board to bring together commuters who need beds and residents with beds to offer.

Bulldozers

President Bruno announced yesterday that bulldozers will be coming next week to effect the merger between Barnard and Columbia. They

will begin digging up the Columbia campus Monday and will be aided by administration, faculty and students working with shovels and pickaxes to move Columbia due west. Bruno invites everyone to join in a show of unity and cooperation by participating in the disinterment.

Sneakers

Undergrad is undertaking a new campaign as a result of the rapidly decreasing popularity of sneakers. Tennies with the motto "Our Sneakers Ourselves" will be on sale in the Undergrad office together with matching "Our Socks Ourselves" knee-his. For more information contact Undergrad president Gwyneth MacDonald Murdock.

Chew it at Hewitt

Chew it at Hewitt tonight at the annual "Our muskrat, ourselves" dinner. The meal will feature loaf of muskrat with mustard sauce. Mme Stravinsky, wife of the late Igor, will speak on the role of the muskrat in her husband's operas. Guests who are not residents of BHR must bring their own loins. ●

Student Rearranges Room

by Axel Nosredna and Tad Tendabutt

The toilet paper shortage in the residences of 620 and 616 has reached critical proportions, it was revealed yesterday. Housing director Bland Loafer, drawing heavily on her peace pipe, was heard to comment, "There simply isn't enough teepee to go around."

The rolls (not to be confused with those of Hewitt cafeteria) once distributed suitably weekly, have become such a rare commodity that students have begun hoarding piles in suite closets.

Free distribution is a luxury of the past. 616 directors, Mick and Bianca Houser, hope that the existing t.p. rationing is strictly an emergency, war-time measure.

With the t.p. squeeze, increasingly drastic replacements are being flushed down Morningside pipes. Rosie Whipple '78, expressed a unanimous decision that, "the only rag worth the wipe is the Columbia **Spectacle**—it's free, squeezably soft, and available!"

Buildings and Grounds officials, concerned over the bulging plumbing, have asked students to refrain from using such nonbiodegradable objects as aluminum foil and Saran wrap.

Exasperating attempts to unclog local sewage have detracted from maintenance efficiency on campus. Desperate students are threatening a "shit in" tentatively scheduled for next week unless demands for adequate paper supplies are met.

Jock

(Continued from page 8)

technique at Columbia, you know."

As for the future, X is uncertain. She would like to combine her interest in sports with her pre-med-pre-law studies, but is uncertain whether she should give up valuable job offers she has received from Joe Namath's secretary. "I am interested only in a career that will tax my strength to the utmost. I am an achiever and must continue to achieve in order to survive. X is planning to test herself this summer in a round-trip-cross-country jog this summer from New York to California and back. "I will experience thirst and starvation to an extreme degree but it will be worth it when I return to NYC and get to go to lunch at Gracie Mansion."

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IncitesIncitesIncitesIncitesIncitesIncites

by Jami Bernard

Howwid wishes everyone a Happy April Fool's Day.

What did you expect, a collection of one-liners? I was told if there was something wrong at Barnard, I should not play it up and make it worse. If there was nothing wrong, I certainly should not pretend there was. Well, something is wrong, and it's not a simple matter of remedying the situation with a well-phrased suggestion.

There is no need to defend myself. What is needed is a change of attitude on campus. I am well aware of the strong pre-professionalism and the quiet aftermath of the '68 riots. It has turned us into a bunch of spoiled, overly-serious peer-conscious students in search of identity, finding it in stereotypes of our own creation.

This is not real—this Barnard, this

Columbia, this crossing-Broadway business and overt intellectualism. The algebraic conversations at dinner. The all-night beer brawls. The F.I.T. chicks. This is a world of our making, a lifestyle in which to seek refuge. I've heard silly Barnard "women" in elevators discussing *Cosmopolitan* and I've seen horny Columbia "men" miserably fail at picking up a date for the night, and I've also seen reasonably mature students here find temporary satisfaction in close relationships with one another. Face it. We have primarily lost our senses of humor because we have lost all perspective on ourselves and our environs.

We may not all be affected by the "poor social life" here, but we all have the potential of loneliness in this self-centered college world, and in playing our scornful, sarcastic games we are, perhaps, afraid that something has

gone wrong in our lives. Something has gone wrong. The subjects I choose to write about are not meant as startling exposes, but as examples of situations invented by us and which we not only refuse to enjoy but to relinquish as well.

Don't laugh at my articles, you eejits. Laugh at yourselves. ●

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Letters to the Editor

Howwid

Dear Bulletin:

I was originally planning to write to you contesting the recent Undergrad elections, but since I seem to have won I take it all back. However, I was very upset that **Bulletin** neglected to endorse my candidacy.

Bulletin has served me well these past two years. Even when I was having financial difficulties and hitting the sauce too often, and Mom said she'd cut off funds, **Bulletin** kindly provided moral support and several sheets of typing paper. But this is an unconscionable and flagrant misuse of editorial privilege.

I think you're all rotten anyway and back in my youth when I was cATTin' around (that was before the illness) I used to dream of being President of Undergrad, although I wasn't sure Barnard was ready for me. Now that I have power, I will not allow private messages to appear in public places. (Sorry Mutt, I didn't mean to miss your show.)

Bye bye,
Howwid Wagamuffin

Dear Howwid:

.. You are irresponsible and ridiculous and we will not endorse either your candidacy or your personal checks. We are sorry about the illness.

Love,
the Editors

Howwider

Dear Howwid:

Your recent campaign speeches have confused me. I heard you at a pep rally in Van Am where you came out in favor of increased trade with F.I.T. Yet later that day in a talk to the west of Broadway you declared that the "menace from Seventh Avenue would not sleep while we practice one-sided detente." Are we to read this as an inability on your part to clearly state and define your positions? And is it not true that you offered to put the name Jessica Jive into nomination during the last campaign?

A cute smile and wavy hair will get you only so far, Miss, but as to your chances, well, as always I have no opinion.

A pleasure,
Georgia Boy

Dear Georgia Boy:

Lies, lies. I did no such deeds. But now that you mention it... well, I won't do it again. Promise.

Howwid

Howwidest

Dear Howwid:

We are the ones who write in as Tim Burks' roommates, actually we're freshmen here at Barnard and if there really is a Tim Burks it's news to us. But seriously we all want you to know that either way you look at it you're just plain unfair to the

F.I.T. folks. We mean what's wrong with a little fun once in a while? Why should we have to go out with all those assorted stiffs from across the street? The smart ones don't

leave their rooms on Friday night and only eat tuna fish and the blond ones can't talk and can't hold their liquor. So why not go for a sure thing? And if your tastes run to the

exotic, why what's wrong with an F.I.T. chick? Sure it's kinky... But hell, Greece wasn't built in a day. Lay off your own kind, Howwid.

Some Frustrated Freshmen

InsertsInsertsInserts

by Howwid Wagamuffin

A scene from a high-class low-budget feminist pornographic movie, starring Howwid Delite.

She'd noticed him before, on the Broadway local, hurrying down College Walk, studying in Burgess-Carpenter. And now here he was, sitting across from her in this seedy bar, his mug of beer almost touching hers.

He was slim and well-built, with a husky voice. He wore a low-cut jacket and form-fitting trousers, a silk tie draped loosely and seductively around his neck, symbolic, no doubt, of his desire to be captured and tamed. She looked piercingly into his eyes. His gaze faltered and he licked his lips wantonly.

"Come here often?" she asked, eyeing his chest appreciatively. He shook his head.

"No, really I don't. I usually sit at home and play bridge with my high school friends."

She was skeptical. A hot number like this doesn't sit alone at night, she bet. He probably bar-hops and tries to get picked up. An easy lay if ever she saw one.

He prattled on about his quaint interests, downing his drinks quickly and holding out his glass for more. She reached under the table and stealthily placed her hand on his thigh. He looked surprised and then smiled coyly.

"I think you're quite charming," she whispered.

"Oh I'll bet you say that to all the guys."

"No. I really care for you. Let's go up to my place."

She paid the check, leaving a generous tip, and led him up to her room over the bar. She mixed him another whiskey sour and they sat together on the divan. After some small talk she kissed him.

"Please don't," he said, without resisting her advances. "I don't often do this."

She smoothed his brow and reassured him that it wouldn't hurt. They made mad passionate love by the fireplace.

"How was I?" he asked.

"Tolerable," she answered.

"Oh you're horrible," he snapped.

She got up and threw on a pair of pants and a sweatshirt. Then she threw a 20 dollar bill on the bed. "Go buy yourself a hat," she said, and left. ●

Notes from Undergrad

by "Barnard, Our School, Ourselves" Murphy, alias Gwyneth MacDonald Murdock

Return to Normalcy

Now that the elections are over, we are returning to our normal column. At our last meeting, we put our heads together and came up with four excellent concussions which were recorded in triplicate and spread in full upon the minutes. Our efforts to leak a copy of the agenda to **Spectacle** were thwarted by their inability to do such an unethical thing twice. In lieu of acquiring a copy of our agenda, a **Spectacle** reporter dumped a gin and tonic on my head claiming "it is time to be honest about the Undergrad/**Spectacle** relationship." Copies of the gin and tonic are available upon request.

Undergrad

Some of this year's candidates claimed that if elected, they would make the student bodies aware of what Undergrad stands for. Well, we decided we wanted to know what UNDERGRAD stands for. This was the most difficult part of the meeting. By the time we came up with a solution, we had smoked all the roaches in the ashtray. But now we know what Undergrad stands for, and we would like to pass it on to you.

- U—nderstanding and ignoring Barnard's problems
- N—ewly formed subcommittees
- D—epartment of redundancy department
- E—arnest energetic effort
- R—eassessing our priorities
- G—raduating magna cum bullshit
- R—eallocation of Resources
- A—nti Turkeyism
- D—egeneracy

BYSOSOS?

We discussed what to do about the many requests we have received from you, our constituency, for autographed copies of us in our famous t-shirts. We decided to sell them for \$17 with a BCID and \$27 without. They are available only upon request. We only need 33 and one-third percent, but we would like a much larger turnout. And remember, if you don't request, don't bitch. For a parting gift to Barnard, we have ordered "Barnard Your School Your Problem" lace underwear, color coordinated to go with the t-shirts. We

will not autograph these. However, Beryl Kaplan, vice-president in charge of vice, did state that "I have never felt inhibited about having my body in a barrel." Robyn agreed.

After much discussion, Undergrad has agreed that the Emily Gregory Dinner was. We had nothing to do with it. This was recorded and spread in full upon the minutes.

Columbia

Next we discussed the Columbia problem. We decided that the term "Columbia problem" is redundant. At a recent meeting of one of the 32 committees on Barnard/Columbia relations President McGill agreed that Barnard does in fact exist. Peter Pouncey denied the allegation that he had anything to do with this decision stating, "I had nothing to do with this decision." All 32 committees have agreed not to communicate with one another about their decisions. This would only confuse the issue.

It was suggested that the 32 committees merge into one big committee, to be called the Big Committee. However, we have agreed that the term "merger" shall not be used when discussing Barnard/Columbia relations. Anyway, this move would only cut down the number of committee meetings. And, as Stu Miller said, "a problem without a committee is like a day without orange juice."

Barnard

The time is ripe for a new excuse for Barnard's existence. (That it is a damn good school is not enough for the people across the street.) It was decided that, since Columbia is looking for a new model of the Atom, we will look for a new model of the Eve. Only a women's college could do this.

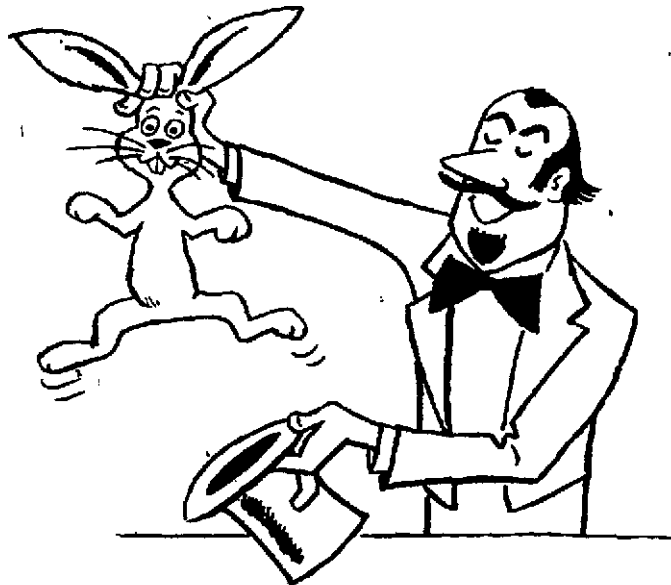
The Bear is a Woman

Although it looks as if the Honey Bear is here to stay, sexism in names is not. We decided to put an end to sexist names. Since this decision is retroactive, last year's presidents shall be renamed Debra Hirshperson and Martha Peterdaughter.

The End

We entertained a motion to adjourn. After two hours of discussion the motion carried. This was recorded and spread in full upon the minutes. ●

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Sports

Coming Events And Game Results

Crew

Saturday, April 3... Connecticut College, away.

Sailing

Saturday, April 3... MAAWS Women's Invitational at Georgetown.

Saturday-Sunday, April 3-4... MAISA SUNYMC Minor at Maritime, Friday, April 2, 3:30 p.m. ...Marymount College, away.

Competition Results

Fencing

March 18...Pace 9...Barnard 7.
March 23...Pratt 12...Barnard 4.

"Let Me Live it As a Jock"

by Jack A. Keyhole

Because of her extreme modesty, Barnard's foremost jock agreed to be interviewed only incognito. The *Bulletin* editors are proud to present an exclusive story on the life of one of America's infamous female athletes.

"If I've only one life, let me live it as a jock," Laural X proudly proclaimed in her BHR room. Looking out over the campus, X gesticulated broadly, "All this is meaningless without muscle." A champion weight-lifter, X is a heavyweight in more than one area. Coming to Barnard at the age of fifteen, the sixteen year old sophomore has already reached the pinnacle of athletic fame by sweeping the annual Regional Antics Association athletic awards. She walked off not only with the high-prized Hogan punch bowl, but with all the matching cups as well. An all-around achiever, X was also the first freshman to be elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

X did not come easily to fame. She has had to battle the sexist sports establishment all the way. "The only path open to a female athlete in my

high school was to go into cheerleading." X set the New Jersey record in frogkicking, but staid officials refused to count her effort because she dove into the men's race with her saddle shoes still on. Sexism continues to plague X. She is now bringing suit against the Columbia football team for refusing to allow her equal access to the team's massage table. X was named to the team after far out-distancing all the Lions in the Punt, Pass and Push contest.

A rigorous training program is necessary to keep a top jock like X in shape. She skips twenty miles a day in Morningside Park ("the environment makes me improve my speed"), plays ping pong eight hours a day, unicycles fifty miles a day and works out with a dart board in her free time. X has received special permission from the Registrar's Office to take her courses via correspondence. Her professors tape their lectures and send them to her through the campus mail. She plays them while sleeping. "I absorb a lot more that way. It's a time-proven

(Continued on page 4)



PETE SEEGER

In Concert
April 3, 1976



Barnard College
116th and Broadway

Tickets can be purchased in the College Activities Office. \$3.00 with CUID, \$3.50 at door. Non-CU Community: \$3.50, \$4.00 at door. All profits go to the Hudson River Sloop Inc.