

# Barnard Bulletin

Volume LXXXI No. 8

Barnard's Weekly News Magazine

November 15, 1976

## A Dose of Drama, A Comedy of Errors *(See Finis, Page 15)*

**"People ask me how long Barnard will be able to stick it out in the face of the depression, and I tell them, 'Barnard will last forever.' So long as there are inhabitants on Manhattan Island their young will be able to walk to Morningside Heights, and here they will find our faculty ready to instruct them. Professor Braun will still be teaching German, and Professor Mulling mathematics. Miss Wayman will tell them how to sit up straight, and I shall go back to teaching English. And we can all live on the potatoes raised on our new farm in Ossining." — Dean Virginia Gildersleeve**



# Rodriguez-Trias on Women's Health

by Leah Haygood

"The trend now is definitely toward population control and the modality is sterilization," said Dr. Helen Rodriguez-Trias at last week's Thursday Noon.

Concern with population control began in the late 19th century, simultaneously with the arrival of unparalleled waves of immigrants to the United States. Called eugenics, the movement was aimed at improving the human species through control of hereditary factors in mating, and led to talk of keeping the "real" Americans "pure." In the early 1900's, several independent movements began with an interest in population growth and control, including the American Genetic Association (started by a group of very wealthy people), various attempts at dissemination of birth control information by, for example, Emma Goldman and Margaret Sanger and academic discussions of the population problem. The distinctions between the movements gradually

blurred until about 1940 when, according to Dr. Rodriguez-Trias, eugenics and birth control became synonymous.

After World War II and Hitler's actual practice of eugenics, it became clearly unacceptable to discuss population control in the same terms, but the ideas continued in other forms. Planned Parenthood was taken over almost entirely by men, some of whom had written racist tracts. Within the last 20 years in the United States government has become actively involved in sanctioning population control at home and abroad.

"We were told we were overpopulated a year after the U.S. took control," Dr. Rodriguez-Trias explained. Sterilization was begun in Puerto Rico in 1935, long before it was practiced in most other places. It was so successful that by 1968, 35.3 percent of women of childbearing age had been sterilized.

•Dr. Rodriguez-Trias offered a  
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Dr. Helen Rodriguez-Trias, the Women's Center Reid Lecturer, spoke Wednesday on "A Woman's View of Women and the Health Care System." Her topic for Thursday Noon was "Population Control and Sterilization."

## Barnard Given Nobel Poet's Manuscripts

by Gabriella Belson

A collection of manuscripts and books of Gabriella Mistral, a Nobel prize-winning poet, is to be donated to Barnard and will be placed on exhibit in the spring of 1978.

Mistral, a Latin American, was the first Third World woman poet to be awarded a Nobel prize. She taught at Barnard as a visiting professor in 1933.

The books are being donated by Doris Dana, a Barnard graduate and close companion, secretary and collaborator of Mistral. Dana, who possesses the entire Mistral library,

felt that Mistral's career as a leading female poet from the Third World, as well as her affiliation with the College, made Barnard the ideal place to house the works of this renowned poet.

Estimated to be worth at least \$85,000, the collection contains books on philosophy, theology, literature and science. Many of the manuscripts are annotated by the poet, making them invaluable for further study. According to Professor Mirella Servodidio, chairperson of the Spanish department, the collection of books will allow scholars to "evaluate their

significance to her (Mistral) and her poetry." In particular, Servodidio mentioned the books on natural sciences, which served as a "point of departure" for Mistral's last work, which has until now been published only in fragments.

Servodidio is working to prepare an entire program which will be launched along with the exhibit of the manuscripts in the spring of 1978. Along with the permanent collection, Servodidio hopes to be able to display other Mistral manuscripts on loan from the Library of Congress; Mistral letters and memorabilia; favorite books, as well as books that have been dedicated to Mistral. Furthermore, Servodidio hopes to be able to sponsor a Latin American scholar who will give a one-term course on Mistral's poetry during the spring '78 semester. Also planned are a series of symposia on the works of Mistral, a book based on these symposia and a catalogue on the Mistral collection.

The Mistral collection will enhance Barnard's reputation as a center of scholarship. "Receiving this collection makes Barnard the place to study Mistral," stated Servodidio.

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# Freshman Seminars Go a Step Further

by Sydney Coale

This academic year, Barnard is offering its first semester of freshmen seminars in humanities and the social sciences (one was proposed for science, but did not materialize this fall). The seminars, unlike English A, are not a requirement but they do fill general distribution requirements.

There has been some inter-faculty and departmental dispute over the need for the seminars. Some professors were concerned last year that English A might be usurped by them.

There were several expectations for the seminars. One was that they might help fill gaps left by high school preparation, such as teaching students how to read works analytically and how to write an organized exposition. Now that the seminars are in progress, the attitude of some of the professors teaching them as well as the students taking them, is very enthusiastic. Both groups feel that the seminars have accomplished what they had set out to do, and have also gone a step further.



Photo by Rosemarie Fabian

## Serge Gavronsky

Small (generally 8 to 12 students) and informal classes are cited as keys to the success of the seminars.

Professor Robert McCaughey of the history department is teaching one of the social science seminars this semester. The curriculum for this course is designed to present ideological variety. McCaughey felt that the seminars offer students a chance to "try out curricular domain." The material is not necessarily leading

towards their major, or even to the courses they might take next semester; nevertheless, it "is structured enough to be intellectually satisfying yet broad enough to meet purposes with yet undefined specialties," McCaughey said.

McCaughey stressed that the techniques learned are as important as the material. The students are exposed to procedures in critical reading that are necessary for anybody dealing with college level work. "They learn how to confront a book, to understand it," said one professor, skills that many women who have gone through Barnard have really never learned properly.

Initially, some faculty thought that the freshman seminars would be almost a kind of remedial course, to help smooth out the uneven layers of preparedness in the incoming freshman class. This is the concept behind English A, although the results have not been noteworthy. McCaughey said, however, "to my surprise, they (freshman students) are one of the most articulate groups I have encountered at Barnard, or at Harvard where I used to teach." He explained that this is, of course, one particular class, but that it is an unsettling yet satisfying experience.

Professor Maurice Shroder of Barnard's French department teaches a humanities section. He said, "students don't have the kind of grounding they had 20 years ago." He felt that organization and articulation were trouble points. Shroder mentioned, however, that his students were very receptive and that the course was achieving its purpose. The skills Shroder stressed were critical thinking and translation of thought into language. He noted that the small size of the class helped create an atmosphere of relaxed discussion.

McCaughey also pointed out that the small classes were very important to the effectiveness of the seminars. He was concerned that the trend at Barnard might be towards larger and fewer classes as an economy measure. This eventuality, he noted, only increased the need for small, informal seminars at the start of a college career. Four years of sitting at the back of a lecture hall taking notes does not teach someone to be articulate, it also denies them a true education.



Photo by Sharon Horvitz

## Maurice Shroder

Professor Serge Gavronsky, chairman of the French department and director of the freshman seminar program, said that the humanities and social sciences sections of the seminars had already had one meeting that included all the students and professors in those sections. The purpose of the meeting was to establish a kind of status evaluation—to determine what the students were getting out of the courses, and what the different professorial approaches to the material were. Gavronsky felt that the consensus was that the seminars had a "distinct carryover value" to other courses. Some students said that they were less intimidated talking in other classes, and that they spoke more precisely.

Students enrolled in the freshman seminars are perhaps among the most ardent defenders of them. One Barnard freshman said, "everyone I know in the seminar really enjoys it."

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## Bernadette Devlin

former member of British Parliament

## Speaks On Ireland

Nov. 20, 1976 8:00 p.m.

Donations requested

Sponsored by the McAc Lecturers', Barnard Undergrad, and the Militant Forum.

# Amnesty International

by Ellen Saldeman

Amnesty International (AI) is a world-wide humanitarian organization dedicated to freeing "prisoners of conscience," i.e. people who are being punished solely for their race, religion or ideas. These people have not committed acts of violence, and they have not incited others to commit acts of violence. Today more than half a million such people are being punished in more than 100 countries. AI's primary weapon is moral pressure; it demonstrates to both prisoners and their governments that the world cares and forgets no one.

AI members work in several different ways. Some join adoption groups composed of 10 to 20 members. These people write to appropriate officials to secure freedom for the three prisoners that AI's International Secretariat, based in London, assigns the group, and work to focus public attention on violations of human rights throughout the world. Members also write to the prisoners and their relatives to provide moral and sometimes financial support. In order to ensure neutrality, prisoners assigned are from different nations and no group adopts a prisoner from

its own country. As of last year there were 1,592 adoption groups in 33 countries, including one group based in Moscow.

Individual members, who in 1975 numbered more than 70,000 in 65 countries, participate in letter-writing campaigns for specially designated "prisoners of the month." Other individuals belong to the Urgent Action Network which is the most effective means of initiating immediate action. Members are committed to sending telegrams or letters on behalf of prisoners of conscience whose cases are especially urgent. These cases primarily concern arbitrary arrests and torture.

The AI adoption groups exist in the Columbia community. Arthur Danto, Columbia professor of philosophy, leads the Riverside Group and Paul Martin, director of Earl Hall, leads the Morningside Group.

The Morningside Group, almost entirely composed of people who belong to the Columbia community, was founded two years ago. Since then, it has been assigned nine prisoners and five have been released. The group currently has four prisoners, one each from East Ger-

many, the Soviet Union, Malaysia, and Chile. The group has been very successful with Chilean prisoners; three of the prisoners released live in Chile, the remaining in South Korea. Only the prisoner from East Germany was originally adopted when the group was formed.

But the group no longer primarily focuses on adoption. Martin said, "We've reached a watershed. With twenty members, there's just not enough work if we only focus on adoption."

Martin has formed the Metropolitan New York Speakers' Bureau of AI to provide access to competent speakers on topics associated with violations of human rights around the world.

Members of his group also work to help prisoners who eventually arrive in New York. They help in the search for an apartment, finding doctors and babysitting. The group is currently coordinating research in Chile to develop a newsletter specifically relating to the Chilean situation.

Various options are available to students who want to join A.I. Students with language skills are always needed to communicate with prisoners and officials in their native languages.

Students can also join AI's world-wide campaigns. AI is currently working to protest Indonesia's policy of arresting students, intellectuals and families and sending them without a trial to an island, Buru, which now has a population of approximately one hundred thousand prisoners. Students can solicit signatures for petitions and write letters.

Also needed are people to help put out a newsletter. These newsletters concentrate information on a particular area. Finally, students can join the Urgent Action Network by writing to Amnesty International, 3618 Sacramento St., San Francisco, CA 94118.

Since its formation in 1961, Amnesty International has helped secure the release of more than 8,500 individuals. To paraphrase Camus, although we cannot abolish torture and imprisonment of prisoners of conscience, we can strive to lessen the number of tortured and imprisoned prisoners of conscience throughout the world.

**OPTIONS/E.C.B. presents**

**"So you want  
to be a Doctor?"**

A program of

I Film: The Hospital w/ George C. Scott, Diana Rigg  
followed by:

II A panel discussion with Prof. Willy Reinmuth, Chemistry Dept., Steven Shea, 2nd yr student, College of Physicians & Surgeons, Anna Gorelick, 4th yr student, Columbia U. School of Nursing

**Wednesday, November 17th**

**Film: 7:00 p.m.**

**Panel: 8:45 p.m.**

**Lehman Auditorium, Altschul, \$1.00 Admission**

# Peacocks and Prejudice on the Heights

By Abbie Hadassah Fink  
and Carol Shoshannah Fink

"Morningside Heights is dead," said Ron Ross. "You know this place used to be called 'White Harlem'. The name was changed to Morningside Heights to attract the rich. Rockefeller built morningside gardens for the whites who had to live past 120th Street. Morningside Gardens is a large apartment building. "I live there too. If you ask me where I live I'll say 'Harlem'. If you ask my white neighbors the same question they'll say 'Morningside Heights'."

Ron Ross is the Director of community affairs and ministries at the Church of St. John the Divine at 111th

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"If you ask me where I live I'll say 'Harlem.' If you ask my white neighbors the same question they'll say 'Morningside Heights.' "

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St. and Amsterdam Avenue. We found his office in an old stone building behind a cluster of trees. When we reached it, we felt secluded from Amsterdam and the rest of the Heights. Ross waited for us on the second floor landing. He was startled by our identical faces. We stared him down though, being equally startled to see a black face in this waspy church. Ross came straight to the point. Our abrupt beginning characterized Ross's no-nonsense responses to our two or three open ended questions.

"They want to curb the crime rate? Hiring more security cars ain't gonna do it. Maybe more rehabilitation programs will, instituting tutoring programs will help, and so will uniting races and generations." Then he mentioned looting, and glanced up at the opulence all around us. The room looked like the English royalty had come and gone. It was lined with straight backed victorian chairs. But the plush upholstery is beginning to tear, and the paint on its walls is chipping.

Ross claims that the rich patronage of St. John the Divine ranks lowest in making contributions to the neighborhood, second only to Columbia University. "There are abandoned buildings only a stone's throw from here. Poor families are living in some of them. Who is going to feed these

people if the church doesn't? Where can the hungry and lonely go for shelter and clothing? This church hasn't accepted that kind responsibility. My God, if I had two million dollars I could change the entire neighborhood." His tone of voice was more ironic than understanding as he questioned the reasons for the inequity. He lamented that the church had gone "corporate." Like so many other institutions professing 'for the people' tenets, St. John the Divine has its share of hypocrisy and politics.

But Ron Ross hopes that through the church, he will be able to work out some solutions to the problems facing blacks. We must admit that some of

our skepticism of Ross's militancy is somewhat clouded by our respect for his sincere faith in the church as an American institution.

We were curious about the term "militant." One of the most outspoken Black militants that came to mind was Eldridge Cleaver. He rejected the American institution (the church) as a viable road to reconciling race relations. For one thing, he was an

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'My God, if I had two million dollars I could change the entire neighborhood.'

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atheist during his militant stage, suspecting all priests of being insipid fakers. After all, his atheism was "Practical." So was William Sanders' of 113th St., who said to us: "Tell your friend Ross to put in a good word for me with the almighty so I can get a job."

"The rich wasp families will donate thousands for erecting a new wall for the church so they can see their names engraved on it. It must be difficult to justify his presence among this wealthy congregation from which he claims to be so separate. It is difficult for us to accept his self-claimed militancy. On the other hand, two hours hardly gave us the tools or the audacity to judge. We asked him what he considered his

most challenging responsibility. "Establishing trust among my fellow blacks." His battle against "Uncle Tomism" must be perennial.

Ron Ross doesn't claim to be a spokesman for the blacks in New York. "I'm not a martyr. I'm not a hero. That's spelled F-O-O-L; Got it? I am not an international nigger. I live in Harlem. When I was approached to run for political office, I asked my wife what I did wrong."

Besides, he said, "I don't know how to lie." Ross is very sympathetic to the needs of this community, and at the same time cynical about the Episcopal Church's capacity to fulfill them. Richard Wright or Eldridge Cleaver might ask him what the hell he's doing here. After all, if this church is not responsive to the black community, what is Ross's fight all about? And Ross might answer that he is not even paid for this "29 hour a day" job at the church. And in fact he did say, "Sometimes I feel that I'm more spiritual than some of the Bishops here."

In other words he is hopeful. In fact, Ross is uncommonly hopeful.

We asked him to clarify his opinions about Columbia. "Columbia is an affront to this neighborhood." Up until this point we were writing furiously, unconcerned with his conspicuous cliches and Eldridge Cleaver poetics.

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His angry indictment of Columbia University was malignant. This last criticism bordered on personal vendetta.

But Ross believes that Columbia has a more substantial responsibility to this neighborhood than simply educating its students. "The institution could help support the rest of this area

both financially and educationally, but it remains aloof." Of course, says Ross, "in a capitalistic society, someone has to lose." The students and faculty of Columbia must be Ross's winners. Those who live outside the iron gates have already lost according to Ross.

We did not really discuss any solutions to racism. As a matter of

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# Notes From Undergrad

by Mary Ann LoFrumento  
and Suzanne Bilello

Now, when the posters have been removed, the robes have been packed away, and a record of the festivities has been preserved in the archives, it's time for Barnard students to reflect on what the inauguration of Jacquelyn Mattfeld as our new president will mean for Barnard's future.

To "inaugurate" means to make a formal beginning. For Barnard, the inauguration is symbolic of the new era we are embarking upon. President Mattfeld comes to Barnard with the strength and experience to lead our school through its crucial period. She has already begun with a strong assertion of Barnard's independence.

Barnard, like the rest of the Seven Sisters, was created to provide for women a college education which was denied at the Ivy institutions. Today, however, with economic and social pressures forcing these traditionally

male institutions to open their doors to women, the Sisters have been forced to find a new justification for their existence.

In a time when women are assuming roles and responsibilities previously denied to them by society, there is an urgent need for the education of women in an environment which is supportive of their efforts and goals. Barnard provides much of this support because of the high percentage of female faculty members and administrators who can serve as role models and because of the availability of resources of special interest to women, such as those at the Women's Center.

But Barnard must reevaluate its present resources and must provide even more special services in order to keep up with the growing needs of women in today's world.

An example of some of the special services which Barnard could provide more of are exposure to career opportunities and job experience before graduation, such as the January internship program and increasing assistance in placement after graduation in graduate schools and careers. Barnard could also expand upon its current course offerings in the field of women's studies and create a formal interdepartmental major or concentration.

The inauguration symbolized a beginning and it is up to the students, administration, faculty and alumnae to determine the direction this beginning will take. We need to think creatively and in a unified spirit of the possibilities and alternatives for the future.

## news briefs



## 65 Talks Resume

It seems that the stalled Barnard-District 65 negotiations will proceed this week. After messages between the 65 negotiator, Leslie Roberts, and Barnard lawyer, Joseph Parauda, are verified and clarified, talks will hopefully resume sometime this week, according to 65 negotiating committee member, Gail Klement.

## Concerts

On Saturday, November 20th there will be a concert given by the Columbia University Collegium Musicum, directed by Paul Hawkshaw at Saint Paul's Chapel on the Columbia campus. The program will consist of vocal and instrumental music by the Renaissance composer, Josquin des Pres. Admission is free.

The following day, November 21st, for the Eve of the Feast of Saint Cecelia, Patroness of Music, there will be a concert at the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine premiering a composition written for the occasion by Robert Russell entitled "Antiphon for Saint Cecelia's Day." The concert will be held at 4:00 p.m. in the Cathedral and admission will be free.

## Lit Mag

The Barnard Literary Magazine is now accepting submissions for the Spring 1977 issue. Material must be typewritten and in duplicate. It must be submitted by January 31st in the Literary Magazine Box on the first floor of Barnard Hall opposite the Security Office. Poetry, short stories, essays, criticism, translations, drama, art work and photographs will be judged for publication. For more information call Carol (866-3456), Susan (x1261) or Gabe (x5259).

## EASY GOIN' BANANA



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# 'Where is Minor Latham?'

by Elena J. Leon

Mention the Barnard College Theater Company to any self proclaimed theater lover on this campus and what image is evoked? Aspiring actresses and actors busting their britches on roles they cannot handle? Oh, how can the public be so misinformed? College theater is repertory theater at its finest, for the enthusiasm and freshmindedness of the participants and their eagerness to present excellent but lesser-done pieces without misgivings or pedancy. The opening night of William Congreve's *The Way of the World* was greeted by an enthusiastic but only half-filled auditorium. Whereas on Broadway one is prey to mediocre and even bad performances, over-produced yet half-baked dramas, insipid musicals and sappy comedies (all in the name of "newness") one is virtually guaranteed a fine evening of theater (and the price is unbeatable!)

at any production at the Minor Latham Theater.

And where, one asks innocently, is the Minor Latham Theater? A much too frequently asked question: it is on the first and second floors of the east wing of Milbank Hall. Highly accessible, it is a small theater with superb acoustics and optimum visibility from literally every seat in the house.

Why then, should one risk disasters (don't see *Threepenny Opera* at the Vivian Beaumont) and disappointments (such as *My Fair Lady* at the St. James Theater) at an overpriced downtown theater when one has a gem of a company right here on campus? Directed by Professor Kenneth Janes, the Barnard College Theater Company is an ensemble of fine actresses and actors, students at Barnard and Columbia, from whom, one gets the distinct impression, higher things lie ahead. The obsession



Kenneth Janes, director of Minor Latham Playhouse

of city audiences for the up-and-coming, eagerly queuing up to get a glimpse of Clive Barnes' idea of the Katherine Hepburn or Richard Burton of tomorrow, could more easily be spent on a campus production. They come fast and furious, one production

*(Continued on page 11)*

## *Moonchildren Never Grow Up*

by Freda Cushner

"Ill never grow up, never grow up, never grow u-up..." sings a taped Mary Martin in the opening music to the Columbia Players production of *Moonchildren*, by Michael Weller, as a blatant hint to the play's theme of (you guessed it folks!) growing up. We watch seven students (six in their last semester, one grad student) living together and growing apart. But by the end of the play, when they are supposed to have grown up, one finds oneself wishing the author had too. At least grown enough to be able to write a coherent (dare one ask for sophisticated?) piece of theater. Yes, their production, acted in the intimate (read "miniscule") arena of room 07 Ferris Booth, is supposed to be experimental. But aside from the closeness of the audience to the actors (so close in fact, it occasionally appears as if they were yelling at you), I see nothing experimental about it, just an overcrowded melange of lives on stage.

The play pretends to be a nostalgic look of student life in the turbulent sixties, satirizing the peace marches

and the draft. However, these episodes are not the major portion of *Moonchildren*. They take their place along side or are even obscured by, scenes of one student experiencing the death of his mother, scenes of a love triangle, even scenes of an Archie Bunker-type landlord who believes that these seven sharers of his apartment hold the future of America in their fourteen little hands. Along with the seven is the grad student's hippie girlfriend, one with brains under the table, a place where she frequently reposes.

To complicate matters further, there are frequent visits from the noisy, half-crazed downstairs neighbor and an investigation by the police at the time when some of the students are enjoying a couple of joints. Put them all together with Weller's notion of comedy and the Player's notion of delivery and it spells too much. Although everything is done in the name of growing up, there is not much else to link the lives of these people together. Too many problems of too many characters make the play overdone.

It is not without its redeeming

feature, though, and this ironically stems from one of the play's flaws. It does not carry with it much of the sixties air as it should to make it a truly nostalgic piece. This enables it to become, at times, an amusing picture of student life in general. The problems of sharing an apartment are portrayed well, such as the effect of personal relationships on grades. The students cover a range of types, from the "hurdy" math major, forever immersed in books, played convincingly by Todd Cazarus, to a pair of clowns, who wind up graduating Cum Laude, played by Christopher Ford and Michael May. The set design was effectively designed by Andrew Alef and director Spence Halperin, but Halperin's selection of music should have been focused more directly on the play's own time period, rather than the idiosyncratic Peter Pan music juxtaposed with jazz and rock. This added to the play's incoherence. Had the playwright and director worked a bit harder on making the play a tight unit, it might have been a more entertaining piece, but even so, would fall short of its mark.

# Ragamuffin: What's Yer Centrex No.?

by Jami Bernard  
Howwid has heard it all before.  
Between grubbing at the libraries and bitching about the condition of the dorms, Columbia University students wish to develop their social lives. They see it as part of their daily regimen, something as basic as eating and sleeping for which a certain time period must be set aside—say, half an hour before midnight. In this short time slot, they must learn to move quickly. Therefore, much of their free



Jami between naps at Holly House

time is spent searching for the perfect Opening Line.

The problem with Opening Lines is that they started out as a selection of mundane conversation-starters and became overused. Now a guy takes his life in his hands and is accused of being "on the make" if he approaches a girl and says, "Haven't we met?" If the girl has been previously introduced to him, he'd better carry that secret to the grave, rather than risk the icy reply, "Don't tell me. Let me guess. The Riviera?" A young lady without a watch suddenly becomes a wanton hussy when she asks the gentleman to her left if he has the time. "I got all the time in the world, babe," he drawls. "How's about now?"

However sincere your motives were for asking a simple question, better to hightail it out once you get your answer than have the person think you were insinuating some sexual activity or long-term relationship. It is safer to avoid the more cliché Opening Lines and thus not risk looking like a fool.

Take the case of Jim Nasium, an athletic-looking Columbia student

who's pretty sure of himself and bets his friend Ad Nauseum that he can charm any girl off her feet. They go to the Pub and spot the beautiful Nas Turtium, a Barnard student.

"Lemme at 'er!" breathes Jim. "I'll show her what Columbia is all about!" Already we can see that Jim, despite his build and full moustache, has the wrong attitude. He saunters over to Nas and swells out his chest. His blue and green rugby shirt strains across his rippling muscles. Nas looks him up and down and bursts out laughing.

Jim is undaunted and approaches Chris Santhemum. Hey, baby," he says in his very deepest voice.

"There's no one here under 18," Chris replies.

Jim next tries the gallant approach on Nar C. Cistic. "Wanna dance with me?"

"I certainly will not dance with you. I'll see you in hell first." Nar sure knows her Dorothy Parker.

Jim next tries a string of possible opening lines, none of which has any effect. "Come here often? Hey, you're kinda cute. Wanna go out for some pizza? C'mon honey be a sport." Until he finally hits on, "I'm on the football team. Second string." By this last comment Nar has considerably altered her position, and replies, "How very nice for you."

Jim flexes a muscle or two. He knows this chick is his—it was meant to be. "C'mere, woman. I wanna get down."

"Why don't you get lost?" Nar replies. For Jim Nasium and those men like him, here is a complete list of the Opening Lines most favored by Barnard women.

**I feel your vibes.** She may reply, "Just don't feel my ankles and we'll get along fine," but do not be deterred. Just continue being far-out and funky.

**What's yer major?** This is the all-time favorite. An instant turn-on.

**I'll bring my etchings right down.** This is a truly subtle invitation.

**I can't seem to keep my tie straight.** Although it may look suspicious that a Columbia student is wearing a tie at all, women like to fix ties. It makes them feel marvelously domestic and will provide an opportunity for further familiarities.

**I don't usually open my soul to anyone.** You of course must proceed

to open your soul. If the lady yawns, open it to someone else immediately. Do not at first open anything else, like your pants or her shirt. Wait a few minutes.

**You're different from the others.** That may be so but don't stare.

**You remind me of my mother.** This makes a girl feel swell. She knows she has a great tradition to live up to.

**I'm sorry I spilled beer all over your shirt. Proceed with this one cautiously.** She may permit you to hand-wash the shirt while she waits in your room wearing your bathrobe, or she may flick cigarette ashes into your breast pocket.

There are many other ploys that will work. Practice your delivery in front of the medicine chest mirror, and remember to wink broadly. Never let it be said that Barnard women are not receptive. It is simply a matter of the proper phrasing.

# Frayn's "Alphabetical Order": Sharp Wit

by Dan Hulbert  
Nowadays, the best of the new British plays do not always fling themselves on the pyre of Broadway, where quality does not always mean commercial success. Instead, some new works are sheltered under the understanding wing of Arvin Brown, the gifted artistic director of New Haven's Long Wharf Theater.

The problem seems to be one of expectations. Neil Simon can crank out gags and living-room philosophy, and his plays attain an unquestioned—if qualified—dignity. But Frayn, who is just as funny, makes enough false starts at poignancy that people like Kerr (oops, it slipped) apply Chekhovian standards to his play, and overlook the fact that it is hilarious and provocative comedy.

How well we recognize the situation of the heroine, Leslie: it is her first day

in the homey chaos of a small-time British newspaper. The introduction of the office's indigenous weirdos is exposition for exposition's sake, so that when ideas begin to pop up in Act II, they seem incongruous and a trifle too late.

In fact, all these weirdos are plausibly human and sane. Frayn has captured each mothlike character so adroitly that it is irrelevant whether he consummates his theme of Terrible Modernization—which he admittedly does not.

The actors apply their incredible vocal talents to get maximum mileage out of Frayn's trim dialogue. John Horton, as the craze-eyed John, stretches the simple word "yes" into a long, lewd incantation. This is ripe, witty acting and the quartet of Horton, Roderick Cook as the senselessly bustling Geoffrey, Valerie French as

bustling Geoffrey, Valerie French as the sardonic Lucy, and Josef as the exquisite. One truly believes these people are growing old and crazy together.

Mary Fogarty as Nora and Richard Matthews as Wally are more than adequate, and Jeanne Ruskin as Leslie admirably handles the challenge of being unobtrusively obtrusive, a pretty tyrant.

The one proviso we must append to all this praise—as Kerr much too elaborately points out—is that there is a sense of nagging dissatisfaction at the very end of *Alphabetical Order*, a feeling that potential insights have suddenly evaporated. It's true, but one would be hard put to find better characterizations and sharper wit on the Great White Way. Long Wharf tries harder, and it shows.

## Letters to the Editor

### WKCR

To the Editor:

As a staff member and disc jockey of WKCR (590 AM), I would like to respond to Aminata Kabia's article in the October 25th issue of the *Bulletin*. After reading the article, I found it quite obvious that Ms. Kabia never bothered to listen to KCR-AM this fall before she condemned it. If she had taken the time to tune in, she would have found that all the newly trained DJ's were in fact quite competent, that they had excellent taste in music and that they catered to the needs of the Columbia and Barnard campuses.

WKCR-AM, which is on the air from 12 noon to 12 midnight Monday-Friday, offers free form rock programming, where you will never hear the screaming disc jockey of WABC, and where commercials and interruptions are kept at a minimum. WKCR-AM also offers various services to the Columbia and Barnard campuses. For instance, WKCR-AM broadcasts New York's most complete concert report every day at 4:15 and

8:15. At 6:15 and 10:15 each night, the campus report is aired, consisting of events on and around the Columbia and Barnard campuses. In addition, the DJ's broadcast special events and happenings in New York City at various times during the day.

WKCR-AM is also very responsive to the listening audience. It is one of the few stations in New York that has the capability of playing many listener requests (current, old, well known or obscure), due to its vast record library and the fact that it broadcasts only to the Columbia and Barnard campuses. WKCR-AM also offers special programming, from a disco show on Saturday nights to live Beatles recordings (to be aired on November 9th at 8:30 p.m.).

I would not classify WKCR's disc jockeys as "people with extremely limited talent," nor would I classify its performance as poor. Perhaps if Ms. Kabia had listened to the station before unjustly criticizing it, she might have come to the same conclusions.

Richard Balekdjian C '80

### More Rag

To the Editor:

What! Can this be true? a *Bulletin* editor who opposes abortion on demand, even provisionally? ("Confessions of an Editor of a Feminist Rag," *Finis*, November 9th). Can this mean that there are other non-party line feminists on campus—and even in the *Bulletin* office, where I least expected to find them?

I, too, oppose abortion on demand. I don't go into strong hysterics when people address me as "Miss" instead of "Ms.," or address my mail that way. And to top it all off—and this is really going to make me a social pariah—I disapprove of lesbianism. I hasten to add that I also disapprove of legislative persecution of lesbians, but I do not personally think that lesbianism is an acceptable lifestyle, and I am one of that benighted group of women who considered Jami Bernard's "Ragamuffin" article about it "in bad taste." Contrary to the belief expressed in Patricia Sterling's letter in the last issue, this does not mean that I still need to be told that being a feminist

does not necessarily mean being a lesbian. It does mean that I'm sick of hearing (not just from *Bulletin*, of course) that people who don't believe in lesbianism are by definition more neurotic and less feminist than those who do.

I am also sick of opening the *Bulletin* and finding that nearly a quarter of the issue has been devoted to analyses and editorials about "What Happened to Bella (Abzug)?" a politician whom I don't even like, despite her sex. Or that this week's offerings include a long article about Susan Saxe, a "lesbian, a feminist and an Amazon" currently on trial for robbery and murder, in which the author (someone from the College Press Service, to be sure) seems to find the reluctance of many feminists to rally to Saxe's cause more disturbing than Saxe's own violent actions. I didn't like the "Join *Bulletin*" ad with the clenched fist/female symbol either. Do you want people to write articles or woman the barricades?

By now everyone reading this is probably convinced that I'm not a feminist at all. Well, unlike Sarah

(Continued on Page 12)



# Volley Ball

(Continued from page 16)

straight points to bring the game within reach for Barnard. But Post refused to give up their lead and scored the single point necessary to win.

In a quick, post-game analysis, McHarry remarked, "We have the individual skills but we need the teamwork, which will come in time. We're a one-year team and haven't had the advantage of playing together."

# Ping Pong

(Continued from page 16)

As a freshman, I used to get juiced a lot and walk on ping-pong tables. I finally had to stop when I started to trip on the nets. Apparently this is a common syndrome in Carman Hall, where ping-pong tables are frequently attacked by drunken savages who masquerade by day as jocks.

A Barnard woman once curled up on a ping-pong table in Carman late one Saturday night, having imbibed too much something or other. Two jocks came out of their room.

"Hey, something's on the ping-pong table."

"What is it?"

"I don't know."

"Well, let's look."

"Hey man, it's a broad!"

"What is a broad doing on the ping-

This, it should be noted, is something of an understatement, since teams members come from Yugoslavia and Hawaii as well as New York. "We are also, she added, "using a 'switch' technique which we've practiced for three or four weeks. It creates a new way of defense and offense which we have to get used to."

The attendance at the match was a record crowd of 17.

pong table?"

"I don't know, man."

"Well, what are we gonna do about it?"

"You mean the broad?"

"Yeah, I mean we gotta do something. What if someone wants to play ping-pong?"

"You're right man, we gotta do something."

They scratched their heads and thought about the problem for several minutes. Finally they decided that the broad on the ping-pong table probably belonged to a loud party down the hall. So they knocked on the door and said "Hey man, something's gotta be done about the broad on the ping-pong table." It was then agreed that they would all try to wake her up. All 13 or so of them surrounded the ping-pong table. They whistled and clapped their hands and delicately threw ping-pong balls at the sleeping figure, until she finally woke up. Horrified at being surrounded like a campfire by a wagon train, she ran from the scene screaming "Eggs, eggs, I must have eggs." She has not been heard from since.

That's about all I know and care to know, about ping pong.

From Hunger

I would like to add, however, that Bull desperately needs sportswriters. Anyone interested in joining the great tradition of Ring Lardner, Tom Stoppard, Red Smith, Jimmy Breslin, Hunger Thomson, Big Roy Merkin and Heywood Brown are welcome, in fact implored to join the staff.

There will be a general meeting for all Bulletin staff on Thursday, Nov. 18th at the office, 107 McIntosh at 5:00 p.m. Articles will be assigned and editorial elections will be held.

# Reid Lecturer

(Continued from page 2)

number of explanations for this, the highest incidence of sterilizations in the world: the existence of a consistent policy dictated by large sums of U.S. money which made sterilization widely available while birth control and abortion were not; neglect in informing women of the irreversibility of the operation and certain realities of the social situation. "In Puerto Rico poverty is a coercive," she said. "Illiteracy is a coercive factor."

Sterilization as a government policy is not limited to the third world, the audience soon learned. Forced sterilization was legal in the United States from 1920 on for inmates of prisons and mental hospitals. Abuse of this practice led in 1973 to nationwide establishment of certain guidelines: that the person to be sterilized must give her or his informed consent, that there must be a three-day period between the consent and the operation, and that no coercion can be used, including the threat of withholding benefits.

Although this sounds like a positive step, a year later only 3 percent of institutions performing sterilizations were in compliance, and by 1975 this number had only increased to 15 percent. The situation is as grim for vasectomies as for hysterectomies and tubal ligations. As Dr. Rodriguez-Trias said, "It is not a woman's problem, it's a human problem."

In the discussion, Dr. Rodriguez-Trias voiced and clarified her own convictions. "I'm not speaking for population growth, I'm speaking against population control," she said. "You have to look at it in terms of social stratification. It's not a pure issue at all."

Yet to oppose population control is not necessarily to oppose attempts to deal with population growth. Dr. Rodriguez-Trias continued, "People have to develop population policy. I developed my own. Those ought to be in the context of group decisions. Just telling people that having no children is going to solve their socioeconomic problems to me is a big lie. Countries ought to develop population policy, and women ought to be there. No country has the right to say the women have a right to breed or not to breed."

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# Minor Latham

(Continued from page 7)

closely following another, with the college population hardly partaking of its treasures.

The productions are, as is necessary at the college level, short-running, playing rarely more than a week. One must therefore look keenly for them, as they have little time to establish their fame (a well used advantage of Broadway). More importantly, the plays are often lesser-done repertory gems, such as the recent *Way of the World*, which one frequently encounters on reading lists but rarely on the stage. Although the next production in Minor Latham will be

the Gilbert & Sullivan Society's *Yeoman of the Guard*, playing from November 16th through the 20th, the Barnard College Theater Company will be performing T.S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* at St. Paul's Chapel (an ideal setting) from December 1st through 3rd at 7:30 p.m. After that the company will perform the *Play of the Annunciation* also at St. Paul's and at other churches around the city.

The ensemble is working harder than ever. Barnard has developed a dedicated core of talented and versatile actors of both genders, the names of whom you are guaranteed to see often in the future.

# Freshman Seminars

(Continued from page 3)

She went on to say that I get more out of that class than all my others put together." Freshwomen polled emphasized that the classes were a distinct help in their work for other courses. They mentioned, among other things, that the seminars gave them a chance to get to know other freshmen and at least one professor well at the start of their four years here. Freshwoman Elizabeth Smith commented that her seminar was the "only course that really excites me—I would be very disturbed if they were discontinued."

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# Letters

(Continued from page 9)

Gold, I do intend to take some women's studies courses—next semester, in fact. And large portions of Renaissance literature inspire me with an intense desire to write "Male Chauvinist Pig" in the margins and spend the next class period complaining. One of the things I dislike about the religion I was brought up in is the image it presents of God and his representatives on earth as exclusively male. One of the things I dislike about the women's movement is that I always feel I have to present my credentials in order to disagree without being disowned.

If I want to know how feminism directly affects my life at college (e.g. through women's studies, Women's Center activities, etc.), I'd like to be able to find out by reading the *Bulletin*. But if I want the tragic history of Bella Abzug and assorted female terrorists, directions on how to find the Medicaid abortion picket line, or the National Organization of

Women's official stand on everything under the sun, I'll read *Ms.* or some other publication dedicated to that express purpose. Narrow-minded of me, no doubt, but I think there are some limits to how many far-flung feminist issues a college newspaper can fill its pages with before it becomes a "feminist rag" first and a college paper second. After all, unlike the readers of avowedly feminist publications like *Ms.*, the Barnard student body is not specifically preselected for an interest in women's issues in general.

Kathleen O'Houlihan '78

*Just one comment: I did not find Jami Bernard's column on lesbians at Bulletin in bad taste, nor should anyone have who does not approve of lesbianism. Ms. Bernard's column had nothing to do with the question of the propriety of lesbianism as a way of life. It was a long overdue response to the puerile rumors of the past few years that all Bulletin staff members are lesbians. I resent being stereotyped in*

*any way, whether as a feminist or as a lesbian, because of my association with Bulletin. I addressed myself to one stereotype in my own column; Jami addressed herself to the other in hers.*

—S.G.

## Blatantly Belligerent

To the Editor:

As Barnard's representative to the Columbia University Senate, I find your editorial comment exhorting Barnard College not to trust Columbia University "under any conditions" extremely counter-productive. While I do not believe that Barnard should abdicate her identity, or place herself body and soul in Columbia's hands, I consider such a blatantly belligerent attitude damaging to any sort of reasonable discussion between the two schools. *Bulletin* is perfectly free to consider Columbia ruthless and unscrupulous—in fact, I'm sure that a majority at Barnard think that axiomatic. However, for the sake of

(Continued on page 13)

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# Letters

(Continued from page 12)

mutual respect and productivity, I think such antagonism should be kept in the closet and off the editorial page. If you do intend to express this hostility, then support your allegations with more facts so that Bulletin retains credibility. The issue is too important to be lost amidst mud-slinging.

**Merri Rosenberg, '77**

We do not advocate "open hostility" as opposed to a rational, sensible examination of the facts by both Barnard and Columbia and then subsequent action; unfortunately, Columbia, while often arguing that this is the only way to approach our "problem,"

has abused the trust of our faculty, students and staff to the point where no one knows where to turn or whom to trust. I personally have an aversion to closets; stashing away actual reactions to maintain an agreeable appearance can only result in a lack of communication and the manipulation of one group of people by another. The "antagonism" you refer to did not begin on our side of the street. The Barnard Bulletin looks for Barnard and Columbia to constructively, with mutual respect, decide on our futures; until this occurs, we will not be found with our heads in the sand. —J.B.

**To the Editor:**

A Message for the Barnard Varsity basketball team: We are ready to provide another lesson in the art of

roundball at your convenience, and are never too busy to accept a challenge. It was our understanding that your team wanted to play the game next semester, but if that is not the case we can arrange a mutually acceptable date in the next few weeks. Our team also takes this occasion to wish your team luck and success in its schedule of intercollegiate competition, and to hope that interested students will turn out to watch you compete.

**Richard M. Pious**  
Barnard Faculty Basketball Team

The photo credits for the Presidential inauguration were unfortunately omitted. They were taken by Dan Feuchtwanger.

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strawberry.



**The Portable Party:**  
**Kickers**

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# Peacocks and Prejudice

(Continued from page 5)

fact, our mouths hung open most of the time while Ross asserted his love for life. But we though it was a little curious that he remained cynical throughout the interview. "I know I'm beating a dead horse," he said three times, "but its got to be beaten."

"Maybe they should turn the city over to the Harlem Blacks." We asked Loretta Sanders if she agreed. "Sure, turn the city over to us? Whoool! I'm as

afraid to walk these streets as you are." But Ron Ross was a bit more philosophical. "If they gave it to us, we would give it one last hope. Blacks have the greatest capacity to love." It seems that Ross's self-claimed responsibility to unite the neighborhood is a rationalization for his self-professed militancy. We are not sure that he would agree. "When I speak out, I'm arrogant. A white man who raises his voice against the system

is assertive. And while I'm called militant, a white man will be said to possess inner drive." He spoke fast, and at times he was almost unaware of our presence.

Once he even tried to apologize for his punctuated monologue. But he really didn't need our reassurance. He would have gone on any way.

His Hobbesian vision is un-sentimental. He is a realist. His relentless dogmatism and energy can obviously be explosive. He has made an abstract contract with hope to solve this neighborhood's problems, wonder what oils his perserverence. Who and what is his inspiration for continuing to beat this so called dead horse? For some people in Morningside Heights Ron Ross may turn out to be the only cheerleader.

We were escorted out through the gates of (what one resident called) this candy coated castle. Before hitting the streets, we saw four multi-colored peacocks strutting across the premises. When we crossed Amsterdam Avenue we met a woman playing with a coterie of turtles. Still amazed with the beauty of these beasts, we pointed them out to her.

"Have you seen the peacocks across the street?"

"Listen hun, whatever doesn't cross that street ain't there for me. Do you think those are God's peacocks," she asked.

"Probably not."

"And who do those turtles belong to," we asked.

And she said to us, "Let me tell you, we've all gotta live under the same roof . . . ."

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Photos by Daniel Feuchtwanger



Freelance writer Marcia Cohen (affectionately known as "Dorothy's Guest") tells Bulletin staff members how she found the hand of Starsky (of Starsky & Hutch) on the ankle during an interview.

Brainstorming Session Under the Influence.

A Panoramic View of Holly House.



## The Bulletin Goes to Holly House

The **Bulletin** staff went off to Holly House last weekend to do some planning for **Bulletin**, anticipating a couple of days of peace and quiet. Every cliché of a weekend in the country—drinking hot chocolate and roasting marshmallows by the fireside, long walks through the woods, tea made from freshly dug sassafras roots—all were present and they all (pump and outhouse included) converged to create that rustic atmosphere to which city people so often dream of escaping. Feasting on quiche and bagels and salad with blue cheese dressing, we voiced our reluctance to return to New York.

But a small dose of drama and a comedy of errors lent a sense of the absurd to our quiet retreat. Making a phone call from the train station to the taxi dispatcher only to find that the dispatcher was a few

yards away, inside the station; a 45 minute drive from the station in an attempt to find the way to Holly House, after which we found ourselves back at our point of departure, created considerable excitement Saturday night. The next day, the sudden appearance, in the middle of nowhere, of a woman conducting a magazine poll, asking to see the one man among a group of eleven, raised suspicions for some that perhaps she was acting as a front for a horde of pillagers who were busy ransacking our rooms as we all hovered around watching her conduct her poll.

But the **Bulletin** must go on and we have returned to Barnard. We're still thinking nostalgically, though, of our weekend at Holly House and in an attempt to sustain its mood, we dedicate this week's **Finis** to Holly House.

# Volleyball Team Whapped Again

by Leslie Miller

The large portrait of President Mattfeld which dominates the gym like a poster of Mao failed to inspire the Barnard volleyball team to a win last Wednesday evening. Instead, they lost a disappointing match to a brawny C.W. Post team, 18-16 and 15-13. Team member Anna Matranga commented after the game. "We should have won. We were playing our worst. Somehow it was just an off-day for everybody." A quick poll of the rest of the team indicated that this was the consensus of opinion.

At the beginning of the first game it looked like a romp for Post, who

quickly piled up a 9-2 lead. Barnard gained control of the ball and the game, however, with star center Aksemia Krog serving. Tense, exciting volleys brought the score to 16-15 in Barnard's favor when a controversial "out-of-position" call by the referee gave the ball to Post. They quickly capitalized (with all due respect of course) on the referee's mistake and went on to win 18-16.

The advantage in the second game teetered back and forth, until Post's powerful serves and Barnard's mistakes brought the former ahead 14-8. Laney McHarry then served up five

(Continued on page 10)

# Skateboard

by Leslie Miller

The Bull editors have really been busting my chops lately. They want me to write an article about skateboarding, and I rather dislike the sport. I prefer walking down The Great White Way in a cheerful (or otherwise) haze to dodging the hordes of little brats on wheels that are bent on knocking me over.

So I decided to write about ping-pong instead.

The most interesting ping-pong activity that I know of occurs in McIntosh. Yesterday, for example, 21 people were crammed into the ping-pong room. Fourteen were watching a soap opera in monochromatic fuchsia on T.V. Four were firemen in full gear trying to find the roof of Altschul. One was a neopsynephrine addict going through withdrawal. Two were nobly attempting to play ping-pong under those trying conditions.

My colleague Joan Storey complains that some turkey approached her at the John Jay Pub and said "you're the girl that walks by the ping-pong table. Wanna dance?"

(Continued on page 10)

## Are the Trekkies Invited?

# R.A.A Sports Week

by Leslie Miller

"What the hell is SportswEEK?" I grumpily ask myself every time I see an RAA SportswEEK poster that insults my inactivity and my general physique. "Is it anything like National Buffalo Chips Day? Is it for people who look like the 'before' picture in an Ayds advertisement? Is it required for graduation? Will Jack Lalanne be a guest speaker? Are the Trekkies invited?"

Silly me. I found out that the purpose of SportswEEK is to have a good time, by getting together and having small co-ed sports tournaments and, most importantly, to have a big party for the winners when it's all over.

Those who are interested in this affair have a choice as to how they will work up a good sweat. The archers

arch, the fencers fence, the sailors see a film and talk to the local Navy Recruiter. Diana Nyad teaches the correct way to use the Universal Weight Machine at Columbia. The volleyball, basketball and tennis people do what they do. The swimmers hold a highly competitive disrobing relay in which the losers win ten free disrobing lessons at FooFoo LaVoo's massage parlor. Another kinky event is the dog paddle relay, in which participants paddle across the pool with a rose between their teeth. This event is characterized by "lots of super mouth action" and, by the way, this event is co-ed.

So, if you're interested in getting a free meal at the Victory Dinner, you can compete for it in the following events:

## Sports Week Schedule

Mon. Nov. 15:		
archery	Barnard Gym	7:00-8:30
basketball	Barnard Gym	8:30-10:00
sailing movie	Rec Room; McIntosh	7:30-9:30
Tues. Nov. 16:		
swimming	Barnard Pool	7:00-10:00
tennis	Barnard Gym	7:00-10:00
Wed. Nov. 17:		
volleyball	Barnard Gym	7:30-10:00
fencing	Studio II	7:30-10:00
crew	CU weight room	7:00-8:00
Thurs. Nov. 18:		
VICTORY DINNER	Faculty Dining Room (BHR)	6:30-8:30

## Sports

### Game Results

#### Volleyball

Wednesday, Nov. 10:  
Barnard at C.W. Post  
16 - 18  
13 - 15

#### Swimming

Tuesday, November 9... Barnard  
Adelphi

### Coming Events

#### Basketball

Wednesday, Nov. 17 at 5:30 p.m. ...  
C.C.N.Y. away

#### Swimming

Monday, Nov. 15 at 6:00 p.m. ...  
Fordham, home  
Friday, Nov. 19 at 7:00 p.m. ...  
Manhattanville and Vassar, away

#### Volleyball

Tuesday, Nov. 16 at 6:00 p.m. ...  
C.C.N.Y. away  
Friday, Nov. 19 at 4:00 p.m. ...  
Baruch, away  
Tuesday, Nov. 23 at 5:00 p.m. ...  
Student-Faculty, Home