



Orientation Plans Changes

By Susan Bellone

This fall's Freshman Orientation Program will be "more thorough and complete" than past orientations, according to Brian Krisberg, Orientation Coordinator for Columbia College.

Academics will receive greater emphasis this year. The College Academic Day will be "expanded to include more than a dozen" lectures," said Krisberg, and the Barnard College Academic dinner will be upgraded. Unlike past years, when the dinner was served in shifts with only a few advisors present, this fall's dinner will be a catered sit-down affair for over 700 people.

A faculty member, student leader, or administrator will be seated at each table of freshmen to answer their questions about Barnard. An attempt was made by the organizing committee to group the tables according to interests as determined by a questionnaire previously distributed to the freshmen.

The Orientation Committee is also planning to hold a wider variety of parties



Ellen V. Futter

this year, ranging from a "big bash" at the Electric Circus, a discotheque in the Village, to small, intimate coffee houses to be held nightly.

"People didn't want all big parties; they wanted a variety of parties," said Vicky Wozsin, Barnard's Orientation Coordinator, "because big parties are usually loud and that makes it difficult to meet people."

Las Vegas Nite, the Cabaret, and the Boatride will be held this year as in the past, but in addition, a Fraternity Open House has been organized for which, Krisberg said, "several frats have agreed to

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Futter Named President

By Elizabeth Wishnick

In early July, Barnard's Board of Trustees approved the appointment of Ellen Futter, 30, a Barnard alumna and trustee, as interim president for one year.

A seven member search committee unanimously recommended Futter to the Board on the basis of her competence, initiative and ability to meet the requirements of the job, according to Annette Baxter, a faculty member of the search committee. The search committee was comprised of five trustees chosen by the Board, Arthur G. Altschul, Chairman, Helene L. Kaplan, Vice-Chairwoman, Dorothy Weinberger, the newly elected Vice-President for Public Affairs, Robert M. Ebert, M.D. and Frank Newman, and two faculty members elected by the faculty, Annette Baxter, Chairman of the History Department, and Mirella Servodidio, a Professor of Spanish.

The committee was particularly seeking "someone familiar with the institution as it now stands," Dorothy Weinberger commented recently. Futter, an attorney at Milbank, Tweed, was graduated from Barnard in 1971 and the Columbia School of Law in 1974. She has been actively involved in Barnard's affairs, serving as a student trustee and then as a full trustee while still in law school. She was also Chairman of the Student Life Committee as a

trustee.

The interim president's ability to meet the requirements of a complicated institution was also an important criterion. According to Weinberger she further explained that the committee considered Futter "able to negotiate with numerous communities" such as union employees, faculty, foundations and corporations.

"Consensus was in the committee that she was a good choice," said Annette Baxter in a recent interview. Many faculty members, alumnae and students responded to Futter's appointment less enthusiastically at first, though, due to her lack of educational experience and her young age. Dr. Ebert maintained, however, that a president should be selected on the basis of effectiveness, adding that educational experience was not necessarily a "common thing in all university presidents."

As a result of Jacqueline Mattfeld's resignation early this summer new doubts over Barnard's future as an independent institution have also arisen. Although Weinberger recently asserted that Futter's commitment to Barnard can best be described as "total," Baxter also pointed out, "the future is still undecided."

No plans have yet been made for the selection of a permanent president, although a search committee is currently being formed, with Dr. Ebert as chairman.

Futter Comments on Barnard

By Linda Peteanu

Ellen V. Futter took office as interim president of Barnard College on July 21, succeeding Jacquelyn Anderson Mattfeld, who resigned the post this summer.

Futter has served on the Board of Trustees for ten years, first as an alumna representative and then as a full member. She has served at various times on the Executive, Budget, and Finance, and Buildings and Grounds Committees and has chaired the Committee on Student Life. From this experience, she feels she has obtained "an enormous familiarity with the college and with the administration." Because she has worked closely with the administrative staff for so many years, Futter feels that she now benefits in her dealings with them by "not being an outsider."

Futter will retain her trusteeship during her term as interim president.

Before accepting her new post, Futter was an attorney with the firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McLoey. She considers her law background to be "a big plus" because it has made her "accustomed to dealing with problems with discipline and creative analysis." As a negotiator, Futter feels

she has learned to listen well, and skill she will have much use for in her new position.

The experience of a trusteeship is also valuable, Futter believes, because of the focus of the board members on the long range issues confronting Barnard: the relationship with Columbia, financial well-being, and the quality of life on campus. These are the issues which will characterize the college in the future, she explained.

Futter is looking forward to coping with the many critical problems facing Barnard now and she believes that her administration will work towards strengthening the college and clarifying its relationship with Columbia.

"I have an absolute commitment to Barnard as an independent college with Columbia affiliation," said Futter. The trustees, she added, echo these sentiments.

"We at Barnard are offering a unique opportunity in education," said Futter, "because the students at Barnard can draw on the rich resources of Columbia University, as well as those of the city as a whole." She is "convinced of the value of this option to both Barnard and Columbia."

In order to strengthen Barnard-

Columbia relations, Futter hopes to set up a "cordial and productive dialogue" with the Columbia administration. "I'm feeling very comfortable with the Columbia administration," she said. "I'm looking forward to it."

She believes that in order for Barnard to maintain its role as an independent institution, its financial position must be strengthened primarily by augmenting Barnard's endowment.

"We need to do everything we can to bolster our financial position...so we can have the programs that we'd like to have," she said.

One of the College's traditional sources of financial contributions is alumnae gifts. The amount of money Barnard receives from alumnae is smaller than the amounts received by similar colleges.

Futter explained the difference by pointing out that Barnard, unlike other institutions, has "a mix of students from different socio-economic backgrounds, and we can only ask them to contribute as much as they can."

Many alumnae questioned have indicated, however, that they would be willing to contribute more to the school if they felt

Barnard cared about them, one alumnae commented. "I think it is typical for alumnae to feel...that the institution needs to reach out more," explained Futter, "but we as an institution very much do care."

Futter claimed that as chairman of the Student Life Committee, she was aware of past student disaffection with the administration and of the issues which precipitated it. She hopes to remedy this problem by more open communication with students in the future.

Some students, faculty members and alumnae have expressed a concern that Futter is not old enough or experienced enough to serve adequately as an interim president. Because "the thing that one looks at is not years but experience," Futter feels that her years of experience as a lawyer, handling complicated financial transactions and ten years' experience on the Board of Trustees and on various administrative committees have made her fully equipped to handle the responsibilities of her new post.

She accepted the position as "a new experience, an opportunity to cultivate new skills and to grow"

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Why Barnard?

There has been much talk about the 70's having been a "me" decade. Too much talk. Perhaps too much truth in the talk, as well.

We have been described as less radical on campus, increasingly career-oriented and much more self-directed. We spend more time than ever in those college libraries and less time in college extra-curricular activities. We've even found ourselves in situations in which we have confronted one another.

On the Columbia University campus, the cries for a merger of Barnard and Columbia Colleges became somewhat louder and, to some people's surprise, there were some Barnard women's voices also heard amidst the cries. "What has Barnard ever done for me?" was a question often asked.

Barnard underwent another personal crisis in the spring of 1979, the housing crisis. It seemed that despite our new academic fervor, commuters found time and the vocal chords to express their displeasure

with administrative policy. It was an emotional and sad occasion, firstly because the students felt the administration had dealt them a rotten blow. And secondly, one could see how the issue had enlarged the already mammoth gap between the commuting and resident students. While there was support from some of the residents, others resented the delay in the room drawing and saw the commuters as the ones to be held responsible. The crisis ended, but some ill feelings lingered on. The frenzy has died down somewhat, but all has not been forgotten.

But enough has been written about the housing crisis, as well. I have raised it again only as another example in which Barnard women have asked, "What has Barnard done for me? Nothing!" Well, if the answer is "nothing," why have we chosen to graduate from Barnard College? We could have left a long time ago. But we stayed, because in the long run, it doesn't really matter whether we agreed with Barnard's

administration on issues, or not. We didn't choose the school because we liked the administration. One of the main reasons we came here and remained to graduate is because of what Barnard College's whole foundation is built upon — the goal of sending out "into the real world" strong, confident women with the courage and conviction to succeed in life. If that is all Barnard College has done for us, it has done an invaluable service.

For those who don't see what difference it would make if Barnard remained an independent institution or if it merged with Columbia, rest assured that the end product of a merger would not be a school whose main devotion is to the success of its women. As it is now, we've already been in coeducational classes and have had the full liberty to use the University's facilities to our heart's content. We even live in Columbia dormitories. But if the colleges merged, Barnard's women would lose the moral and academic support behind

them, driving them to achieve and to succeed. That's a heavy price to pay with an incredibly poor exchange rate.

Barnard women should not be divided against each other. We've seen it happen too many times, commuters vs. residents, strident women vs. gay women, those who want to merge and those who don't. From a larger perspective, even the ERA can't pass, at least in part because women are divided on the issue.

While women have come a long way, we have an even longer way to go. To succeed and to become co-leaders in this country, we have to close the gaps which divide us, our common bond is that we are all women. In the coming years, we need to support one another. We should hope, for our sakes, that the 80's will be an "us" decade. In the years to come, if we are not for each other, who will be?

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The DNC

To have the sports editor covering the Democratic National Convention may seem something of an anomaly but I have a friend who has a friend who is a reporter, and you can guess the rest. What impressed my somewhat one-track mind was that politics and sport have a lot in common. There was nothing at the Convention that I haven't seen before...on the playing field. It was just like all the athletic contests I'd seen before. It was a game. Politics is a game.

Parallels exist between sports and politics. The season for politics lasts over a year, and occurs only once every four years. There is only one league, and two teams in that league. Although there are other players on other teams in the league, they don't really count for anything, because they don't have enough times at bat to qualify for the batting championship.

Truly a team sport, politics can be played by a huge number of people, and, unlike sports, these 'fans' can do more than just root for the home team, as they are even allowed to help the team win the 'big game' in November.

There are ways in which politics doesn't even measure up to sports. What athlete ever got to the top by making promises, looking pretty or hurling verbal sturs at the opposition? In politics, you don't have to be the best to win; you only have to be the loudest.

Athletes pride themselves on their accomplishments, and for those things which distinguish them from others. Politicians, on the other hand, has a certain penchant for trying to be the 'common man'. For

stance, in a recent issue of *Time* magazine, President Carter was quoted as interrupting his own Houston speech to remark that he'd really be much obliged if someone could honestly tell him "Who really shot J.R. Ewing?" Chances are Carter has never even seen the T.V. show which features this character, but he got a big round of applause because he sounded like an average, every-day sort of guy.

The politicians themselves made much use of sports "lingo". There were so many references to sports at the Convention, that one had to feel that the speeches would have been better suited for Howard Cosell than Maynard Jackson, Mayor of Atlanta, who compared the Kennedy attempt to free Carter's delegates to giving Ted "a fifth ball, a

American public by using sports terminology because Americans like and understand this language and because it helps make things appear simpler than they are. Instead of spending extra time outlining complicated plans for restoring America to its former position of world leadership, it's much easier to get up on the stump and to yell 'America is falling behind and we must rally to the cause!' Perhaps when the President tells us that we must 'make the sacrifice and conserve energy', he's saying that because he hasn't got any better plans. Wouldn't it be a cruel joke if after all the 'Americans will pitch in' slogans, there really wasn't anything more substantial set down somewhere?

But the Democrats took the cake by having the National An-

Willie Nelson... Made me feel just like being at the

fourth strike, a tenth inning."

Another comparison to sports was apparent in the evaluation politicians got from their peers. The introduction of Kentucky Governor John Y. Brown focused on the fact that Brown had re-vitalized the Boston Celtics with his ownership. The same politicians referred to Brown's wife, former Miss America Phyllis George, as "the former football broadcaster." The implication was that their background in sports had made them the All-American couple.

Here is the crux of the issue. Politicians win points with the

ballpark. He left

out half the words.

them, at the most important gathering in four years, sung by country-western star Willie Nelson, looking as incongruous as possible in braids and red bandana. It made me feel just like being at the ballpark. He left out half the words.

Special Thanks
to Vicky Woisin

Bulletin

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Autumn

Because it is autumn and time for new presidents at Barnard and Columbia (autumn, however, being no different from spring or winter for this sort of thing), we are once again drawn to consider several issues: among them, Barnard and Columbia. On each side of Broadway new classes of freshmen are arriving, individuals as yet without prejudice or contempt for their fellow students. Yet it is feared that this will change, as it has changed for each of several previous years and must change again if the newest students have any contact with the upperclassmen. For some reason, students on Morris Heights who while acting out either traditional or nontraditional male/female roles, express a hatred for the opposite sex, and for a life without the other sex. And this attitude, sadly, permeates life at Barnard.

Barnard women have been noted for identifying themselves with contemporary feminism. In women's struggle for equality, many women here realize that one way to foster their equality and independence is to remain separate — that by associating primarily with women in an atmosphere dedicated to the education and nurturing of women, successful women can be bred. But one thing is overlooked, and that is that these wonderful women will not spend their lives only among women but will have to deal with the rest of the world. And the rest of the world includes men. As intelligent, intellectual women, we must learn not only to deal with men, but also with people as a whole.

Incarcerating ourselves completely in an institution designed to protect us from this world could ultimately harm us regardless of the bliss we might enjoy in the meantime. This does not, however, imply

that our education has to mimic that of men, nor is it sufficient reason for the two schools to merge. It is a reason to continue an association between the two schools. In our quest for a correlative to the locker room, we have set up a symbiotic existence with other women. And as much as we yearn to keep such a female enclave to ourselves, we can best be prepared for the world awaiting us by remaining, for a while, in an environment which nurtures and encourages us *as women*, while we remain in contact with men in an environment like Barnard, to be specific.

To make the ultimate decision of whether Barnard and Columbia should merge, fiscal and academic concerns must temporarily be put aside. We must consider the effects of such a merger on the students of the University. In Barnard's struggle for autonomy, and the resulting opposition from Columbia, an unhealthy situation has developed. If it can be proved that a merger would form a more coeducational, less sex-competitive environment to the benefit of the students, then the two schools should merge. We fail to perceive that the merger will achieve any such intended benefit.

The competition between the two sexes and the two undergraduate schools seems to have grown out of a fear of each other, an insecurity on the part of those students perpetrating the practice. Some are still so afraid of being proved inferior they would rather change the rules of the game than compete. Our prized autonomy and independence becomes so very much more precious.

We will be sorry to see Barnard fail. As a women's college it does its best work educating women to a

greater understanding of themselves and a greater understanding of their relationships to the rest of humanity: an education which works toward a historical and social perspective on women.

Legal and social inequities remain for women; a great many of the problems of identity facing women are quite possibly due to their problems of perception and interpretation of roles: a matter of perceiving a role as degrading vs. perceiving a degrading role. We find ourselves in a precarious position, as we realize that there are women who oppose our goal of equality. Women who are not even aware that such goals exist; women who find that their roles in society are degraded, *even by other women*. There is dignity in all work, whether it be an executive position, a pink-collar job or child bearing. As intellectual women we do not always respect that which is alien to us. These complexities remain unsolved. We must not eliminate any forum which works toward their solution.

It seems there can exist female bonding in the presence of men. We seek to establish this bonding by doing so and role in nature to celebrate all the roles of women. A special intimacy exists between any two women by the fact of the biological and historical differences separating us from men. The bond should exist without eliminating men from our lives. To discredit men, to attempt to establish an existence apart from them with our jobs and our homes and children — (somehow conceiving these children without men or by using them only as machines, and in our anger reducing men to sexual machines in the way women were for so long used as baby machines, and thus purging ourselves of our anger at men, collectively, vindictively, by

proving that they are unnecessary) — to do this is to discredit and demoralize fully half of humanity, half of the world's intelligence and goodness. We cannot do this. It is not to our credit as women if we cannot tear down the existing discriminatory structures without resorting to the same prejudicial methods used against us for so long. We cannot claim not to need men, just as Columbia cannot claim to have no use for a separate Barnard with its widely divergent emphasis. It is against individuals and institutions that we must act. Behind our insistence to strike out against men lies our fear that once we acknowledge the value of men they will gloat over us, over our needs and desires for a coexistence with them.

Barnard, as a miniature example of a world where this would take place, must continue to exist. But not if it seeks competition rather than cooperation, with Columbia with fully recognizing the differences between people and fully appreciating these differences. The respective colleges each year graduate a group of men and women with neither true understanding of nor respect for each other. We are fools if we think this can be solved in a board room by combining the administrations. The only true impetus existing for a merger, unfortunately, rests with those individuals who seek personal financial gain, or who view Barnard as a trophy to be conquered at any price.

We, however, are still so idealistic that we want to believe all those concerned have our best interests at heart, and that they will allow Barnard, the basis for so much of our intellectual and personal growth, to remain a future haven for others like us.

Unfortunately, and disgracefully, we don't believe it.

Commuting From Ethiopia

When I applied to transfer to Barnard from the University of Addis Ababa, I was informed that the College's housing situation was rather tight. So tight, in fact, that I was awarded commuter status.

At first I objected to flying from Ethiopia to New York four times a week (my freshman advisor arranged my schedule so that I would not have classes on Fridays or weekends), but now I have settled into a routine. Every morning I bid my family farewell, taking two pounds of coffee beans for the long trip. Our tent is three miles south of Addis Ababa, so I have learned to do my calculus homework while riding our family camel to the airport. I have named her Georgie Gatch, because the Director of Residential Life was

kind enough to guarantee a Hewitt single for my Kirkegaard, my milk goat. This cuts down on the cost of food in McIntosh cafeteria. In return, Mrs. Gatch asks only one pound of my coffee and two thousand dollars.

I have wondered why I cannot share the room with Kirkegaard, but I am told that I would have to pay much more for double occupancy. The Housing Office also tells me that Kirkegaard is one weapon in their arsenal of housing solutions. Already two students down the hall have complained of an unpleasant scent, and are preparing to move to Connecticut. This, the Housing Office says, is one way to provide rooms for other commuters. They say also that it would be dangerous for me to be

seen visiting my goat too often. It is hard on me, but I am eager to help out the administration.

All is not bad, though, for some friends have offered me occasional quarters. One friend has some space to lend me under her sink in Livingston. It is more cramped than my tent at home, but I have made friends with the cockroaches. Another friend lets me sleep sometimes in her storage closet, where she is growing funny plants and keeps a great quantity of magenta shoes. I only use this space occasionally, for my friend is given to fits of odd behavior. Once she told me I resembled a "monstrous green slug" and tried to impale me on one of her heels. This did not make me as uncomfortable as the offer I got from a person named

Phil. I met him in an underground cavern called "The Pub", and he claims I can have the key to his John Jay single if I provide him with what he terms "necessary services". I am not sure what these are, but I feel I would not like to find out.

Sometimes I stay in Barnard's commuter lounge, but since so many singles have been made into double and triples, all the mice have moved into this lounge. Fortunately, they are more polite than Phil.

Though it is time to catch my plane, I feel I should offer some advice to other commuters. It will not get you anywhere to complain, so perhaps you should all live with Phil or learn to like the smell of goat.

Muck: Summer Theatre at Columbia

By Leslie Ostrow

The basement of Horace Mann, home of Columbia's Center for Theatre Studies, is rapidly becoming a real theatre. Its productions have been reviewed by *Newsweek* and the *Village Voice*; its staff has become increasingly professional. The three productions featured in this summer's offering, *MUCK: A Festival of American Political Plays*, has been very well attended. Unfortunately, all of them are seriously flawed.

George Ferencz highly stylized production of Amiri Baraka's (Leroi Jones) *Slave Ship: A Political Pageant*, while visually fascinating, blunted the effect of a potentially searing drama. The play traces the history of American blacks from the inhuman squalor of the slave ship to their eventual solidarity (at a nebulous point in time).

It begins, as did American blacks, in darkness. Intermittent darkness. Soon the sounds of wood creaking, chains rattling and the inarticulate cries of human misery fill the dark theatre. Occasionally the cries grow into shrieks as drumbests sound.

This should have produced silent anticipation in the audience, if the darkness had not been prolonged beyond the average human's patience. The audience giggled, lit cigarettes and expressed their confusion. When the cries and chains reached a crescendo, it sounded more like a Coney Island roller-coaster than the plaintive cries of human agony. The sound effects added to the confusion: where were the characters? If they were being rounded up in their villages, why the sound of a creaking ship? If they were already aboard ship, why the sound of tribal drums? When the lights suddenly go up, they are clearly aboard ship, beaten and abused by white captors dressed in identical costumes. The captors are as faceless and impersonal to their cargo as the future slaves must be to them. The captives are despondent, some commit suicide. The tribal gods they call upon continually fail them. Eventually they turn to the white man's god, but he, too, does nothing.

Throughout the drama, the slaves' rebellions are suppressed, their families cruelly broken-up, their individuality stifled, and always there is the mocking laughter of the white man. When black leaders seem to appear, they willingly turn on their brothers in exchange for liquor or a larger pork chop.

This is one of the most poignant statements presented: the inner resistance to real advancement by those of the oppressed who profit from the system. The blacks pretend compliance, but ultimately organize sufficiently to silence the horrid laughter of the white supremacist. This would have been tremendously moving if awkward staging had not nullified the message. Surely there could have been a better way to portray black compliance than by having the ensemble boogie in their chains to disco music. Although the white oppressors were symbolically portrayed as laughing

atop a wheeled ladder, they were not overcome by having the ladder toppled. Instead, the blacks removed the sound system which is not as effectively symbolic.

The stark lighting by Steven Ehrenberg (all yellow, white or darkness) effectively emphasized the inhumanity of the white man, but its lack of warmth and distinction made the black man appear just as impersonal. It is difficult to sympathize with the rebellion of enslaved human beings when the slaves look as animalistic as their masters. The unfortunate detach-

ment of a new nerve gas which causes paralysis, blindness and death. Unfortunately, the gas backfires and affects American rather than Brazilian troops. Back at home, it is six weeks before the presidential election and the White House staff is anxious to hush up the matter. The First Lady has other ideas and is found murdered before she can call the *New York Times*. Whodunit? The ambitious Post Master General who is tired of seeing the President and his wife mess up the party, of course. The President promises to make

...darkness...prolonged beyond the average human's patience...

ment of the audience could have been avoided by a judicious use of colored gels that would have made the production less allegorically black and white.

However, as flawed experimental theatre is better than good but uninspired conventional theatre, *Slave Ship* was worth seeing.

The second play, Jules Feiffer's *The White House Murder Case*, was a rather lackluster version of a choppy black comedy. While fighting in the jungles of Brazil, an American lieutenant illegally authorizes

him Secretary of State if he won't confess the murder. This is all rather pointless. *The White House Murder Case* is apparently intended as a scathing attack on U.S. involvement in Viet Nam, but Jules Feiffer's script is too uneven to be sufficiently vicious or even funny. There are moments of slapstick, as when the blind and maimed commander of the army divisions in Brazil, General Pratt (looking annoyingly like a burnt Dr. Strangelove), keeps tripping over desks, chairs, and anything handy. There are also moments of

grave seriousness, as when First Lady Hale confronts her evasive husband with what she knows to be the truth. But these scattered moments of comedy and tragedy never mesh into either a funny or a poignant whole. It does not help that all the actors' timing was off. Despite the white powder in his hair, John Goodwin as Professor Sweeney looks and acts much too young to be the inventor of such a sophisticated weapon as nerve gas. As First Lady Hale, Jane Sabina Gennaro seems neither formidable nor sincere. A good dose of valium would have quieted her; there was no need for murder. Bill Bartlett's President Hale is not as self-conscious as an incumbent should be six weeks before an election. His alternate fits of rage and lunacy seem to come from nowhere except his lines. This would be bad enough if the staging were not likewise inconsistent.

The scenes jump from the White House to the jungles of Brazil. Sometimes the American soldiers amble onstage as the White House scenes were dimming; sometimes the White House personnel leave the stage before the soldiers came on. This could have been done one way or the other but staging it both ways alternately looked dreadful.

Below: Janyce E. Jones, Soyuni Robles, Yusef Iman, Toy Cooke, Lubaba Ahmed, James Van Pelt, Thomas O. Atovic, Judith Douglass, Rob Ashley Bowles in "Slave Ship: A Historical Pageant," by Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones) Right: Joshua Worby, Terry Swarts, Andrew Armaut, and Zachary Grenier in "Cheap Shots," an original political vaudeville.

Photos by Michael Zettler



Perhaps most of the problem lies in Feiffer's script. It is more likely, however, that Director Arnold Weinstein did not have a clear concept of what message he wanted to convey. Some direction should have been taken. The purpose of theatre is first and foremost to entertain, but beyond that, it should make you pause to think, at least for a moment. The White House Murder Case makes you think of the happy time when you will leave the theatre.

The final offering, entitled *Cheapshots: A Political Vaudeville*, was mostly pretty cheap. The various tidbits by numerous contributors ran the gamut from clever and cute to absolutely awful. There seems to be a shortage of good, humorous political writing in drama today, and this show serves as a sad mirror for the times. A few skits, such as Tim Liebe's *Mr. Bear's Neighborhood*, in which Mr. (Soviet) Bear want to annex the whole world with Mr. (Carter) Peanut powerless to stop him, are delightful. The majority of pieces are somewhat inaccurate and silly, like Peter Hirsch's *Davis* where only one vote is cast in the 1992 Presidential election — for Angela Davis (Wouldn't the Congress decide that election?) or an almost powerful

skit featuring the more questionable comments of Ronald Reagan sung back to him by a choir. Certainly type casting is one of the banes of the acting profession, nevertheless, Reagan probably should not have been portrayed by a black actor.

In another bit, an elephant-eared Reagan promenades down to the stage dressed in a Nazi brownshirt. Exaggeration is funny when it's not too far from the truth — this gambit was not merely unsubtle, it was downright offensive.

A few other bits, particularly those by Yusef Amin, sounded like they were written during dress rehearsal. Oppression, feminism, and ignorance are worthy topics, but as presented here they often seemed like some off-hand discussion by Mork and Mindy.

This is not to imply the Centre for Theatre Studies produces uniformly bad plays. As a showcase for new works, and, frequently, campus talent, it has a vital function in the University. A few years ago, not one respectable newspaper in town would have journeyed to Columbia. But surely we are capable of much better quality theatre.

How to Tell If it Stinks

By Leslie Ostrow

Theatre criticism may look complicated when it appears on the pages of the *Sunday Times*, but it's only someone telling you "I liked it" or "it stunk" in multisyllabic vocabularies.

So don't take anyone else's word for it — go and see if you like it.

Here are some useful guidelines for telling good theatre from bad:

1. If you fall asleep — it's bad.
2. If you look at your watch every five minutes — it's bad.
3. If you can't tell the actors from the scenery — it's bad. (Except when the actors are the scenery.)
4. If you laugh during moments of extreme pathos, either it's bad or you are a creep.
5. If you haven't the foggiest idea of what's going on, although the action has been resolved at the end, and you've even gone home to read the play — it was extremely bad.
6. If the only comment you can muster is "well, it was interesting," — it was probably well staged — but bad.
7. If you went for free and think you wasted your money — it was bad.
8. If a funny pain creeps over you during the rising action and you moan uncontrollably throughout the denouement — it was either horribly bad or you should see what's in those peanuts.
9. If you just don't like it — trust your judgment!

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Barnard's Past: Herstory

Most colleges start with something tangible: a gift of buildings, an endowment, or at least a tract of land... Barnard College started with nothing except the most irresistible and indestructible thing, an idea. Barnard carries the name of a man whose insights and judgements have left a permanent impress on the history of American education. He gave the college nothing but ideas. But so relentless is an idea that now, 91 years later, his dream of equal education for women has grown into a college that has stimulated, disciplined, and nurtured over 19,000 young women.

The Columbia Trustees approved by resolution the establishment of Barnard College on April 1, 1889 and the first circular of information contained the long-awaited words: Barnard College will open Monday, October 7, 1889 at 343 Madison Avenue and will receive only students fit for admission to the classes of the Freshman year.

Fourteen liberal arts students mounted the steps of 343 at last. There were also twenty-two students who came to do special work in science but were not enrolled for the degree. Although other candidates for nonmatriculated status had been turned down, science "specials" were accepted because Barnard College was the only school in the metropolitan area where young women could get such training.

Barnard authorities found to their dismay that the mathematics questions were different from those about to be asked at Columbia. This was because Professor John H. Van Amringe refused to let his examination leave his office for any reason whatsoever. The candidates were to be examined in a few minutes. In this emergency, Mrs. Meyer, the Dean, who had struggled to achieve the opening of the college, burst into "Van Am's" office, too indignant and excited to be afraid of his well-known sarcasm. In the exchange that followed she agreed with him that it was a good examination paper — perhaps even, as he suggested, harder than the one destined the men. "But," she asked, "if tomorrow's newspapers say that the Barnard girls did not have to pass the same examination in mathematics as was given the Columbia boys, what will the world think? That they were more difficult, or that they were easier?" Without another word the professor turned to his desk and handed over a copy of the Columbia paper.

During the years at 343, the College expanded not only its academics but its extracurricular program. The Undergraduate Association was formed in 1892 and from the first made practically all the rules which governed the student's extracurricular life. The association had a self-governing committee to which one girl

men to an informal athletic contest, of which the main feature was to be a tug of war. The costumes were an interesting combination of muddy blouses and Psyche knots. These first Greek Games gradually evolved into another form, as the cultural elements were given more emphasis. Students learned to throw the discus, hurdle for form and race while carrying a burning torch.

Certain courses became classics. One of these, the daily themes course, was taught by William Tenney Brewster for some thirty years. Edna St. Vincent Millay later expressed the alternating anxiety and relief of many fellow students when she wrote: "Last week, being hard up for a theme to send in, I dug up Interim and submitted it. I hated to, because Mr Brewster usually reads the verse themes. He read it beautifully, he really got hold at last of something he liked, and he was a changed man. He seems to understand every bit of it. Nothing struck him funny."

As soon as two classes had been graduated from the college, their members began to plan the organization which was set up in 1895 as the Associate Alumnae of Barnard College. It had two aims to keep graduates in touch with the College and with each other, and to provide some financial help for the College. The next year they asked for alumnae representation on

the Board of Trustees. In 1898 that request was granted. Thus the graduates moved easily into a responsible position in their college.

By the terms of the agreement signed in June 1900, the President of Columbia University became an ex-officio President of Barnard College and a member of its Board of Trustees. Barnard retained its own internal administration. Its governing body was its own faculty (all professors who gave instruction at Barnard) its dean and its president. In accordance with the agreement, Barnard placed into the hands of the University the graduate work of women and turned its whole attention to women's undergraduate work.

It was Mrs. Anderson, the donor of Milbank Hall, who recognized the need for a campus for the College and filled it. In 1903 she presented to the College a large tract of land, immediately to the south of the original three buildings. These three and one-half acres were bounded by the Boulevard, or Broadway, and by Claremont Avenue, 116th Street, and 119th Street. Barnard's four blocks lay safe an oasis in the cement stretches of the city. A dormitory, Brooks Hall, named after the Reverend Arthur Brooks, the first Chairman of the Board of Trustees, was built in 1907.

Barnard started with nothing but the most irresistible and indestructible thing, an idea.

Frederick A.P. Barnard, President of Columbia University, said of the downtown location:

"... the temptations of the City although different in character, are no more corrupt than ... (those) of the country, and whatever advantage there may be in a country place is dearly purchased... at the cost of sacrificing the conveniences, the intellectual stimulus, the opportunities of observation, and the many other advantages which students enjoy in great cities. It is my well-settled belief that in the selection of a site for a college, the most populous town should be preferred to any location in the country, however apparently tempting."

President Barnard unfortunately did not live to see the opening of the college which bears his name.

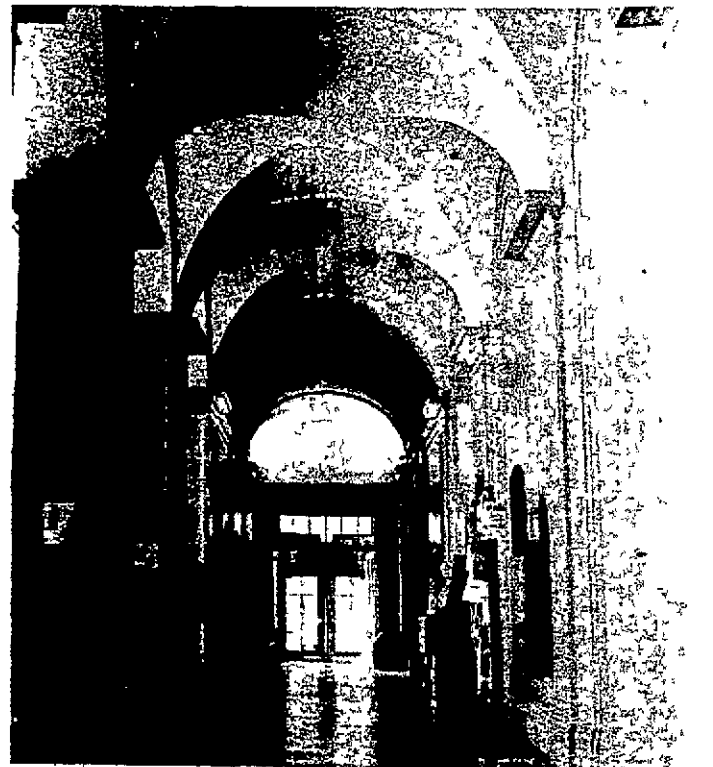
The physical facilities were poor. Two rooms were fitted as classrooms, and the butler's pantry served as a locker room. Six subjects were offered to the first freshman class: Mathematics, Greek, Latin, and English, all required, and a choice of either French or German. With these limited facilities and a total budget of \$7,500, which exceeded the expected income, Barnard College began to develop the spirit and tradition which we have inherited.

The education at the new college was to be exactly the same as that at Columbia, not something just as good. Accordingly, entrance examinations were identical. But when the September test papers were received for that first entering class, the

from each class was elected. The first student publication appeared in 1894 — the *Annual*, precursor to *Mortarboard*.

In 1896, Barnard moved to new and larger quarters on Broadway, between 119th and 120th Streets, opposite the new Morningside Heights campus of Columbia University. Fiske Hall served as a dormitory, while the adjacent Brinckerhoff and Milbank Halls contained the academic and administrative facilities. The atmosphere was much more favorable to the growth of the college than the previous cramped conditions. The *Mortarboard*, which succeeded the *Annual* as a yearbook, was the work of the Class of 1898 in its junior year. *Bulletin*, the college newspaper, is mentioned for the first time in 1902's *Mortarboard*. Its editor was Amy Loveman. The Banjo Club, Hockey Club, and Baseball Team were flourishing organizations. Chapters of seven national sororities — then called "fraternities" — were formed. After a few years of existence, the need for fraternities was reconsidered, and they were abolished by student resolution in 1912.

Originally a strong Greek flavor permeated the whole undergraduate life, even before Greek Games made their appearance on the campus. The Greek Club was one of the early ones on the campus, the first dramatic society was AIAI HU, and the inevitable hazing of freshmen culminated in Eleusinian Mysteries each fall. In 1903, the sophomores challenged the fresh-



In 1910, Barnard came of age when one of her alumnae, Virginia C. Gildersleeve '97, was appointed Dean, in which capacity she served for thirty-six years. Under her guidance and leadership, the College expanded, despite the Great Depression and two world wars. Summarizing the financial situation of Barnard in 1928, Dean Gildersleeve wrote:

The problem of financing a college for women will probably always be more difficult than that of financing a college for men, because our graduates can contribute but little to our support. — Even now the occupations into which most educated women go are not ones which bring any large cash return. Surely the trained intelligence and spiritual force put into these vitally important occupations "pay" the community a thousand times over for the cost of the higher education that developed them...

It was because all women's colleges faced the same financial problems that they allied themselves in 1929 to make their services and their needs better known to the world. Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Mt. Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith, Vassar and Wellesley joined forces as "Seven Women's Colleges of the East" to lay their case before the public.

At that time the Athletic Association was gingerly approaching the question of academic eligibility for team play. Barnard teams often played the alumnae and Teachers College and sometimes outside schools such as Bryn Mawr. Basketball was a sport taken very seriously and hockey and baseball were nearly as important. The College never made any great name for itself in the athletic world, but its undergraduate members had fun. Later, the department of physical education focused on interclass contest, so more students could participate. The appointment of Marjorie Greenberg as Athletic Director in 1977 again placed emphasis on intercollegiate contests.

In 1915, to commemorate his fiftieth year in America, Jacob H. Schiff, first Treasurer of Barnard, donated funds for an additional building to house student organizations, athletic, medical and lunch-room facilities. The lobby of Barnard is called "Jake" in fond remembrance of the man who was so instrumental in the development of the College. An additional dormitory, Hewitt Hall, was built in 1925.

As the pressures of the Depression mounted, there was some speculation that Barnard might have to close. On February Alumnae Day in 1933, Miss Gildersleeve disposed of that idea:

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 on Morningside Heights, and here they will find our faculty ready to instruct them. Professor Braun will still be teaching German, and Professor Mullins 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 at Ossining.



"Don't ever dare to take your college as a matter of course — because, like freedom and democracy, many people you'll never know anything about, have broken their hearts to get it for you."

In 1939 the College celebrated its fiftieth birthday with 1400 friends and alumnae at the Hotel Astor. Alice Duer Miller sent a telegram consisting of one sentence which remained in the minds of those who were present:

Don't ever dare to take your college as a matter of course — because, like freedom and democracy, many people you'll never know anything about have broken their hearts to get it for you.

After Dean Gildersleeve's retirement, Millicent Carey McIntosh was installed as the fourth Dean of Barnard in October, 1947. On July 1, 1953, Mrs. McIntosh became President of Barnard College and the title of Dean for the administrative head of the institution was dropped. It was immediately apparent that the college was in need of a great deal of money, and Mrs.

McIntosh immediately set to work on "operation bootstrap" as it came to be called on campus. By the close of the campaign in June, 1951, a total of \$1,700,000 had been raised from about 4,000 donors — twenty-eight percent of this money from Barnard alumnae.

Gradually, Barnard's buildings and campus began to take on a new look. The Student Annex was added to the north end of Barnard Hall in 1948-1949, and Brooks Hall lounge, the Hewitt sitting rooms, and both dining rooms were completely redecorated. Brinkerhoff Theatre was remodeled and renamed in honor of Professor Minor Latham and in 1957-1958 the music penthouse was built atop the west roof of Milbank Hall. By 1958, two million dollars had been raised for a new library and classroom building, which was named Lehman

Hall.

Since Mrs. McIntosh's retirement, the presidency has changed hands several times. Jacquelyn Anderson Mattfeld took office in 1976 and resigned the post this past June. Barnard's newest president will have to deal with several matters of concern to the College at this time, such as the need to increase housing for students, the need to provide long-awaited maintenance on aging buildings, and the question of the relationship of the College to Columbia University.

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Why Not The Best?

Shopping

Orchard Street is one of those New York phenomena which you've probably heard about and have been trying to find since you came to the City. It is characterized by street hawkers with grating voices, size 18 women squeezing into size 10 clothing, and no decent place to have a cup of tea.

Its one redeeming quality is that it is the home of some of the best shopping bargains in town. Because most of the merchants are Jewish, don't bother shopping Friday evening or on Saturday — Sunday is an ideal time and the day on which we viewed the wares. We were not looking for cheap clothing, or cheap designer clothing, but for well-made items that can be worn post-graduation: blazers, suits, comfortable shoes, skirts and blouses. The clothes and stores favored reflect the excellent tastes of the reviewers more than anything else. We rounded prices to the next higher dollar.

None of the stores we visited knew we were reporters; we dispensed with the press credentials in order to provide a consumer's view of the shopping available. Publications such as the *Shopper's Guide to NYC* and the *Underground Shopper* can give the further listings on a greater variety of items.

The lower East Side can be reached from campus by taking the number one IRT to 59th Street and changing there to the D-train. Take this two stops to Rockefeller Center and change to the F for Delancey Street. Walk two blocks north and Orchard Street stretches out east and west. (There are other ways to get there. We just haven't figured them out yet. Forget the bus. It will take forever.) If you're on the East Side, take the number 6 to Bleecker and change for the F.

Note: Harve Benard is everywhere on Orchard Street — this is one of the quintessential courtiers for the corporate woman. The clothes are conservative, well-made and always in the best taste. Not only that, they're nice. This is also a good place to buy lingerie if you know what brand you want.

Breakaway Fashions. 125 Orchard Street. Reasonable prices for Orchard Street, and cheap by any other standards. Harve Benard abounds. A camel haired jacket was priced at \$168 (we did see this jacket more cheaply elsewhere); a sumptuous gray velvet blazer was \$109; wool tweeds ranged from \$85 to \$178, including a gorgeous Harris tweed at \$168. The essential gray pinstripe wool suit was priced at \$229. A camel hair skirt was \$99; Aldofo women's silk blouse \$99; calf-length down coats \$156. We were not impressed with the dresses; the sales help was polite but slightly pushy.

Feminique. (Sorry we didn't note the address, but it doesn't matter anyway.) Upon entering this store one is greeted by

the tacky Studio 54 jeans ad featuring a naked male putting on his pants. Our perusal of the merchandise was cut short by several rude clerks who refused to let us record the prices or take any other notes. Evidently a feeling of paranoia runs rampant among several of the Orchard Street merchants; we're not sure why they're afraid of merchandise and prices being recorded, but they are. At this shop we were told that "we let magazines do this sort of thing," but not consumers. Evidently we would have been able to continue if we had shown the press passes, which we didn't want to do. Personally, we don't have much use for a store that won't let a woman do some comparison shopping. Before we walked out, however, we did notice that an Evan-Picone two-piece wool suit was \$99, silk dresses were \$89 and Breamar wool coats were \$135. This store doesn't receive one of our higher recommendations.

Fine and Klein at 116 Orchard sells handbags, briefcases, wallets and other accessories, and shoes. We didn't look at the shoes, but there is an extensive selection of the other merchandise. A small leather clutch purse was \$15, a leather briefcase was \$33, a charming hand-embroidered petit point evening bag could be had for \$40, a small leather Oleg Cassini handbag sold for \$22 and Anne Klein French Clutch purses were \$25. Nice stuff, and the salespeople were helpful and polite. They don't mind if you go behind the counter to look before they get to you because the store is usually mobbed.

The Designer Connection 102 Orchard. It was hard to miss this one; there was a young woman on roller skates handing out leaflets on the sidewalk in front. Other than that, it is easy to overlook both because it is located up a flight of stairs behind a not-to-well-marked door, and also because the merchandise runs to such things as irregular pastel colored Beene jeans (\$11-\$15). There were some Beene corduroy jackets for \$50, Beene polyester blouses, including satin polyester, for \$20. Not bad bargains if the only designer you know of is Geoffrey Beene. Most of the clothing is for men, anyway.

Martin's Ladies Wear 96 Orchard. It is the home of the Wicked Witch of Women's Wear masquerading as a salesclerk. Before the ogress threw us out, we did notice some nice things. Unfortunately, this is another of those paranoid places where they were outraged at our audacity of recording their prices, screaming at one reporter, "You've got one hell of a nerve." If you don't show up with pencil and paper, you will find the same two piece Harve Benard gray pinstripe wool suit mentioned before for \$189, the Harve Benard Harris tweed wool jacket for \$129, and Harve Benard camel hair wool coat for \$195. Another place where we'll never shop again, but you might want to take a look.

The Fashion Plaza 71 Orchard. Staffed by a pair of nice, helpful Hasidic Jews, this place is yet another that specializes in Harve Benard, and is probably the cheapest. We recommend them highly

for their Harve Benard two-piece wool suits at \$129, Harve Benard camel hair blazers at \$149, heavy wool blazers at \$89 in a variety of muted colors, wool trousers at \$55 and silk blouses at \$54. Our favorite.

The New Grand Street Bootery 65 Orchard. Not a large selection of shoes and boots, but mostly top brands. Cowboy Fryes were \$96, other Frye boots were \$79, Sperry topsiders and Clark wallabees were each \$50 per pair, and Jacques Cohen espadrilles were \$18.

Aly's Hut 85 Hester Street (corner of Orchard and Hester). The other good place to get comfy shoes. Actually, both of the shoe stores we found were like shopping at George Boy's during a sale, but since George Boy's doesn't always have a sale. All styles of Bass loafer were \$34, other Bass styles were \$25 to \$35. Olaf Daughters clogs were \$25, and Jacques Cohen espadrilles were \$16.

Burgers

Finding a good hamburger on the Heights can take you months if you don't know where to look. To make dining out more palatable, *Bulletin* took to the streets to do the searching. Our impressions in no particular order follow. We judged the hamburgers on the basis of size of burger, quality of meat, how it was prepared and whether it was cooked to order, its juiciness vs. greasiness, the taste of the bun, service extras, and of course, the price.

Happy Burger: one of our two favorites. They serve a good sized burger (they say six ounces before cooking). This one could have come off your grill at home: good quality meat, charcoal broiled, crisp on the outside but not burnt, although both burgers were served on a toasted bun. Service is fair to quick and rarely obstructive. The atmosphere pleasant but for a few flies, and we loved the bucket of pickles at each table. Prices are \$1.90 for hamburger, \$2.00 for cheeseburger. An all-around excellent burger and well worth the money.

L&M Burger Shop: If your grandfather ran a luncheonette when you were a little kid, it would have looked like this place. Small, with stokepiles of soda and styrofoam cups in the back, it's just a nice friendly place. A juicy, delicious burger was cooked on a flat grill and nestled bet-

...as much as we've come to hate hamburgers...

ween two halves of toasted bun with sesame seeds. We liked it. L&M is a bit dingy, but the service is friendly. The burgers are slightly smaller than those at Happy Burgers, but the meat is high quality and very tasty. As much as we've grown to

hate hamburgers, we wolfed this one down. L&M is a fairly clean, unpretentious establishment, which serves its fare on paper plates, with only a pickle for adornment. A hamburger is \$1.45, a cheeseburger was \$1.60. It was a thoroughly yummy experience. Go early—L&M closes at four.

Decent but not great burgers can be had at the next three places.

Mama's Place: Situated suspiciously next to L&M. The pungent odor of detergent assaulted our nostrils as we strolled in. Fortunately, the plastic smell of the menu alleviates this somewhat. When ordering, try not to let the picture of the beefburger deter you from eating the beefburger. Upon ordering the "beefburger with cheese" as listed on the menu, our charming waiter asked whether we were from out of town. Explaining that a "beefburger with melted cheese was something that New Yorkers called a "cheeseburger." All of the food is served skewered on rapiers of bad wit. We were pleased by the two cheese slices on the burger, but we like to be asked how we want our meat cooked. As it is, every burger sampled turned out medium to medium rare. The medium sized burger, cooked on a flat grill, was served on a warm bun with sesame seeds. The liquid dripping from the burger was about half juice and half grease. Burgers are served with pretty good cole slaw and a nice pickle spear. If the quality of meat was not outstanding, it didn't make us sick, either. (Which is more than we can say for some other burgers.) The "beefburger" is \$1.35, and the "beefburger with melted cheese", otherwise known as a cheeseburger, is \$1.45. The decor runs remarkably bad paintings of Low Library circa 1850, or the artist's imagination, whichever came last. The piped in Muzak from WROT was sickening. This was a truly mediocre burger in its natural habitat.

Mill Luncheonette: This neighborhood establishment incidentally, claims to serve the best egg creams in town. They don't ask you how you prefer it (your burger, not your egg cream) to be cooked, and it's prepared on a flat grill. You can actually taste the meat, and this compensates for the fact that the burger is of only medium circumference and is rather thin. It was served piping hot, with a large slice of pickle and a toasted bun. This burger is not greasy but not too juicy either. Some might find amusement in the pornographic magazines displayed discreetly on the wall. A hamburger was \$1.00 and a cheeseburger \$1.10.

Tom's: When Betty is no longer able to move, she will be bronzed as a landmark. The atmosphere is one of fairly homey neglect, not very clean, but no mice under your feet. Cheeseburgers are served with clouds of fragrant onion, the cheese is only slightly melted, the bun neither toasted nor warm, but Betty's there so you feel good inside. We were not asked how we wanted the meat cooked, but it did not matter because the burger was uncontaminated by flavor. A thin, fair quality burger is embellished with delicately spoiled

cole slaw. One of us felt personally slighted because she did not get a pickle. The burger is dry, and from the stripes on its back, we determined that it was either flayed or charcoal-broiled. A cheeseburger is \$1.40, a hamburger \$1.20. Say hi to Betty for us.

Poor to leperous burgers are served at the next few places.

The West End: It doesn't matter how bad we rate it, you're going to eat here anyway. The *New Yorker* describes this place as having "student food at student prices." I don't know any students with taste this bad. You could take the LIRR to Huntington and back before you get served here. But the help does arrive, at least it's basically friendly. You could scrape the filth off the tables with your fingernails. Thus, the lighting is judiciously low. A dry, charcoal-broiled burger was somehow burnt on the outside and raw on the inside. We suggest they cook the meat before they torch it. This innovative cooking method made it difficult to judge the quality of the meat, although the size was good and the bun was nicely toasted. It was served with particularly offensive cole slaw. We finished this burger only because neither of us had eaten, and we were, after all, paying for it. Had we had more energy, we would have taken this burger to the Supreme Court.

probably the result of a revolt by the regulars. There are no extras and no guarantee for your health.

Chicken Gourmet: Since when is a hamburger served with mayonnaise? The service is hostile unless you are a regular, i.e., a winged insect. This place provides a cozy haven for famished flies. Human customers are not as well treated. We are not asked how we wanted the thing cooked so we got all sorts of yummy extras such as mayonnaise, ketchup, and pickles on our orders. A wide, grey and ugly burger was thinly spread over an ugly bun. As far as we could deduce, this burger was perpetrated on a flat grill, and had a distinct quasi-meat taste. No waiter, water, or kindness at the tables. The management rudely insisted that one gentleman vacate his booth so that someone else with a larger party could have it. We would have thrown our mayonnaised burgers back at them. To fully ensure our negative impression, our dishes and drinks were cleared without any query as to whether we were finished eating. One of us was not, and therefore did not get even the pathetic money's worth available here. Prices are \$1.35 for a truly awful hamburger, and \$1.45 for an unpleasant cheeseburger. As previously stated, this place is friendly only to vermin, so come dressed as a fly.

small, rather reminiscent of Woody Allen's observation that life is a banquet where the food is horrible and the portions are so small. Absolutely no extras here on the pre-made patties of heaven-knows-what. In fact, the hamburger itself has little to recommend it. It is lacking in hamburger taste and the cheese on the cheeseburger is more sadly processed than most. It this is meat, there is no god. A hamburger is \$1.15, a cheeseburger \$1.35.

College Inn: We were served by a character out of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* — a female transvestite whose hair had a mind of its own. The waitress displayed an unparalleled feat of coordination — balancing five cheeseburger deluxes on her arm. Are there openings in the circus for this? To complete the ambience, two dead flies lounged gracefully on our booth seats. They must have been to Chicken Gourmet. Much to its credit, a College Inn burger is made of real meat. A small pool of grease floated atop one hamburger. Our advice is to order the cheeseburger. It offers some camouflage. The bun is raw, stale and without seeds. Our orders supposedly came with onion, but none stayed edible long enough to make it to the burger. A small, thin burger could have been cooked any number of ways. Bet you won't want to know which. The complimentary cole slaw

strength. But they are low priced, and that is a considerable plus.

The white Russian, supposedly one of the House specials, was nice, strongish and smooth. The cream was actually milk, but there was plenty of Kahlua and mercifully little vodka. The gin and tonic was also smooth, if slightly weak, and served with a choice of lemon or lime. (Hint: no one orders a gin and tonic with lemon.)

Apricot sours are notoriously tricky drinks. The Marlin's version proved to be the bar's downfall. It was too sweet, too thin, and had neither any sour taste nor any decoration. All three drinks were \$1.75 each. The Marlin's jukebox features pop/rock, some disco, and some token Frank Sinatra. There are two pinball machines.

The Third Phase: What a nice surprise! Charming and homey with sawdust floors, Escher prints on the walls, and a delightful waitress. The drinks were fairly large, strong, smooth, and properly decorated. The service is fast, friendly, and polite. The juke box has a good selection, and there is pinball available.

The white Russian was particularly smooth, the apricot sour attractively served (even though it was made from a mix), the gin and tonic limed and strong, and all at the same prices as the Marlin. This is a good place to come and daydream.

If this is meat there is no god.

Broadway Restaurant: The Service here is very polite. Now for the bad news. The bun is stale and untoasted, the cheese unmelted, the burger unappetizing, and the cole slaw unholy. These Thomas' Toast-R-Burgers were not cooked to order, ours or anyone else's. Let's hope no horses wander into the kitchen. For \$1.35 you can purchase a horrid cheeseburger. For \$1.25, you get slightly less impressive hamburgers.

College Dining Room: Food is served here so that the drinkers do not get sick. People who like to eat, however, had best be wary. The lack of table service is an advantage: at least you don't have to tip for a bad meal. The cook neglected to inform us which was medium rare and which was medium well. It didn't matter, as we couldn't tell the difference. The tables lacked such niceties as ketchup. A small, odd-looking rather spartan burger was served on a toasted bun and a paper plate. As for the quality of the dry meat, well, it was dead when we ate it, however, it launched a lively attack on our stomachs five minutes after we left. One could eat in this restaurant alone, we just don't know why you'd want to. The decor (peeling plastic on the table, pool table in the middle of the room) reminds us of a scene from *Bus Stop*. Burgers are understandably cheap. The prices

Le Broadway: A bum approached a neighboring table, a seemingly typical occurrence at this restaurant's outdoor cafe. The outdoor atmosphere leaves you completely vulnerable to the hoi polloi. This restaurant has a definite identity crisis — Italian tourist placemats featuring "Historia Italia," a French name, and cuisine of no particular character. The iced tea tasted like Italian sausage, probably the result of a communal dishwasher. Come prepared to wait. We never could figure out which waitress was ours: this, too, appears to be a communal effort. The hamburger is served with potato chips, an uncommon touch. A large burger was served with excellent cheese on a toasted bun with seeds. Unfortunately, it was both greasy and raw despite the fact that we ordered it cooked medium. If you like steak tartare, this is the burger for you. The meat appeared to be of good quality, but was certainly not cooked to order, in fact, it was not cooked. A cheeseburger is \$1.50.

Chock Full of Nuts: The lunch crowd breathe down your neck while waiting for a counter seat here. We don't know why. This hamburger exudes grease. It is cooked on a flat grill, and is not overly large, but it did come served on the only toasted bun we found that was flecked with poppy seeds. The greaseburger is rather

could be used to kill garden pests. A cheeseburger was \$1.45, and a greaseburger was \$1.20.

Bars

At some time during the grueling semester ahead, you will probably want to imbibe a pleasant alcoholic beverage in a warm, cozy setting. The following bars have been visited and evaluated for your future — and immediate — reference. We judged the bars on the size of their drinks, their decoration (does the martini come with a cherry?), smoothness, prices, and the cleanliness, service and atmosphere of the establishment. We generally ordered a selection of potions, including gin and tonic, white Russians and apricot sours.

The Marlin Cafe: a simple, down-to-earth, workingman's bar. The only people who dared use the back tables were other students. Regular clientele keep up a lively chatter at the bar, especially on week-nights, but this is not a place to come alone. If you can figure out how to turn on the lights at the tables, go ahead, but they're blue. Drinks are rather small, and fair to weak in

The West End: If you come here alone, you will meet everyone you know. Raucous, very collegiate atmosphere attracts few locals. This place is none too clean, and the service dreadfully slow, but most people go there to socialize. Serious drinking, after all, can be done in one's room. The West End serves good size drinks. As for their strength, well, there's liquor in there somewhere. The white Russian can catch in your throat; the apricot sour goes down much too tamely and is decorated only half right — cherry but no orange slice. The sour was \$1.75 and the white Russian \$2.00. We couldn't get anyone to order a gin and tonic, since any amateur could mix up a better one in his room. The jukebox and pinball games are infamous here.

College Dining Room: caters to a nice mixture of students and locals. Drinks were thin but smooth and had a pleasant bite. The sour wasn't quite sour enough, but it was better than most. The white Russian was made with milk, but the bartender said he was out of cream and asked whether milk was acceptable. Drinks were on the expensive side, each cost over \$2.00 (Sorry, we forgot to note exact price). Boring jukebox and a pool table dominate the ambience.

Le Broadway and Cannon's: Do yourself a favor. Order the beer.

Sports

RAA Seeks Greater Recognition

By Mary Withereil

The Recreational Athletic Association (RAA) is a campus organization which serves the needs of the student university athletes and sports enthusiast. Each club must have a representative to attend RAA meetings, but it is self-sufficient and governing in all other matters, such as practice times and competition outside Columbia University.

The basic differences between 'clubs' and 'intramurals' are duration, governance and competition. While clubs meet, practice and play all year, intramurals are held for six weeks at a time, in two sports: volleyball and basketball. Both clubs and intramural groups are financially sponsored by RAA, and competition is limited to all teams formed through the RAA intramurals program.

RAA is perhaps best known, however, for its special events, which take place throughout the academic year. A few of the events sponsored were the Frisbee Fling and Swim clinic, the Student-Faculty basketball and volleyball games, and the New Games Festival which featured such events as jump-roping, medicine ball tossing and tug-o-war.

One of the most successful RAA special events has been the annual Fun Run, a one-and-a-half mile job through the Columbia-Barnard campus. The Fun Run, according to Jean Pedersen, President of RAA was begun two years ago "because we had some money left over in our budget and we wanted to spend it." Looking for something special that everyone could enjoy, RAA members decided on a short jog

where there would be no winners and no minimum speed. As an incentive for the participants, RAA offered a free t-shirt to all who ran (or walked quickly) the course. The event was quite popular; over 250 people came out on an April afternoon to run.

RAA members decided that this year two Fun Runs would be held, one in the fall semester and one in the spring. This term's run is scheduled for this weekend, as part of the Orientation Weekend Festivities. Also planned for September is the Frisbee Fling and volleyball intramurals.

Both past president Claudia Campbell and 1980-81 president Jean Pedersen have stressed that improving the intramurals program should be a top priority this year. Pedersen said that problems have always seemed to surface with leadership, organization and scheduling but she also pointed out that there are only 10 members on RAA's governing body and that the responsibilities of each member were great. Pedersen added that RAA's other goals for 1980-81 is to create more publicity to get more recognition and more members.

"RAA is one of the oldest clubs on campus," said Pedersen. "One thing I can't understand is why no one has ever heard of us. When I think of how many people thought last year's Fun Run was sponsored by the Physical Education Department... We're an Undergrad club, but we have to have a Physical Education department representative to act as a liaison and screen for clubs to protect students from physical danger. The relationship is an unusual one."

Claudia Campbell has another theory for RAA's anonymity. "We used to be called the Athletic Association. That was back in the 1920's, when we were one of the biggest clubs on campus and we sponsored a great deal more than we do now. We were even part of the Greek Games Festival that they had every year. With the advent of intercollegiate athletics, however, we took a sort of backseat position. Now people don't know about us anymore."

The advent of intercollegiate athletics' certainly has had a lot to do with a change in the function of RAA for each one of the eight varsity sports was a RAA club at one time. When the athletic program was begun, the varsity teams gradually broke from RAA.

After RAA agrees to sponsor a club, it must prove it is stable and it must have a non-undergraduate supervisor. Then, if it receives permission from the Physical Education department, it becomes a 'varsity club', and begins to compete on a small scale with other college teams. After a good showing at this level of competition, it has a good chance of becoming a varsity sport.

If RAA is to escape the shadow of its past, it is sometimes difficult, however, for a fledgling club to become organized.

Sitting idle in the Columbia boat house are Barnard's crew shells. Until last year, Barnard had a crew team but it was disbanded because it had no coach. Pedersen said that one Barnard woman came to her last year to complain about this condition. She was invited to form a crew club and 25 women joined, enough for a team. They practiced every day but they could not find a non-undergraduate with advanced life

saving to supervise them, because they could only offer a small stipend to any prospective supervisor. The club disbanded without even getting into the boathouse.

Luckily for RAA, not all clubs turn out this way.

The soccer club has been so successful that Pedersen believes that of all the clubs RAA sponsors, this one will have the best chance of becoming a sport in the future. The water polo club, a brain-child of swim coach Lynda Calkins-McKenna, is doing well, as is the gymnastics club, although it uses Teachers' College equipment at an additional fee. Once a club has a supervisor and at least 50 percent Barnard membership, most of the battle is won. Pedersen is adamant in her belief that, should a supervisor be found, crew will "unquestioningly" become RAA's sixth club.

In the meantime, says Jean Follansbee, RAA Physical Education Representative, the only faculty member on RAA, "anyone can participate in RAA activities. We're here to provide an intramurals program for non-elite athletes and to provide the opportunity for students to participate in athletic clubs. You don't have to be super-talented. The idea is to have fun."

Introducing The Athletic Department

By Mary Withereil

Archery. To Be Announced
Basketball. Nancy Kalafus
Residence: Mineola, Long Island
College: University of Tampa '73 Degree: B.S. in Physical Education; Lehman College '79 Degree; M.S. in Physical Education

Last Year's Record: 4-15

Years at Barnard: one

Fact: Kalafus was the Assistant Basketball Coach at Fordham University in 1978-79, under the present Women's Basketball Association (WBA) New Jersey Gems' coach, Kathy Moslino, who is the only woman coaching in the WBA.

One Goal for This Year: "We've never beaten an Ivy League team in basketball. This is the year that we'd like to accomplish that."

Fencing. Semyon Brover
Residence: New York City
College: Kharkov Pedagogical College '70

Last Year's Record: 11-5

Years at Barnard: one

Swimming/ Diving. Lynda Calkins-McKenna

Residence: New York City

College: Adrian '72 Degree: B.S. in Physical Education,

Art and Education: University of Massachusetts at Amherst '73

Degree: M.A. in Physical Education

Last Year's Record: 3-8

Years at Barnard: one

Fact: Calkins-McKenna is the former head



women's swim coach at Brown University.
Tennis: Marian Rosenwasser
Residence: Somerset, New Jersey
College: CCNY '68 Degree: B.S. Education; University of Massachusetts at Amherst '69

Degree: M.S. Physical Education; Rutgers University (in progress) Degree: M.B.A.

Last Year's Record: 5-6

Years at Barnard: five

Fact: Rosenwasser is the former Athletic Director at Barnard, during which time she was responsible for the rejuvenation of the defunct tennis intercollegiate athletics program.

One Goal for This Year: "We should have had a winning season last year so I hope that we can maximize our potential this year to place higher in state competition. My other goal is to have every player feel she's improved. If I can do that, then I believe the other goal will come as a consequence of that improvement."

Track & Field & Cross Country. Kate Moore

Residence: New York City

College: University of Michigan '77 Degree: English Languages and Literature; Columbia University (in progress) Degree: Ph.D in Linguistics and Finnish

Last Year's Record: 5-4

Years at Barnard: three

Fact: Moore was an All-American middle distance runner at the age of 14.

One Goal for This Year: "One aspect I would like to emphasize more this year is special instruction for the less experienced runners on the track team. I'd like to present a program to service not only those who are most talented but also the developing athletes. They need different training and more expertise from a coach."

Volleyball. Mary Curtis

Residence: New York City

College: Western Montana '74 Degree: B.S. in Physical Education and Art; University of Iowa '79 Degree: M.A. in Physical Education with concentration in Athletic Administration and Coaching

Last Year's Record: 14-17

Years at Barnard: one

Fact: Curtis was named Western Montana's first Sportswoman of the Year in

JOX BOX

By Mary Withereil

Fall Sports Organizational Schedule

Meeting of all athletes in all sports

takes place on Thursday, September

4, 4-6 pm, in 304 Barnard Hall.

Practices for Fall Sports Only

Cross-Country

Open workouts: Tues.-Thurs., Sept.

2-4, 7-9 am

First Practice: Fri., Sept. 5, 7-9 am

Place: Barnard Gym

Tennis

Open workouts: Tues.-Thurs., Sept.

2-4, 7-9 am

Try Outs: Fri., Sept. 5, 7-9 am and

Sat., Sept. 6, 9 am-12 noon (if

needed)

Place: Columbia Courts on Main

Campus (120 St.) or Barnard Gym (if

raining)

Volleyball

Open workouts: Tues. & Wed., Sept.

2-3, 5-7 pm

Thurs. Sept. 4, 7-9 pm

Try Out: Fri., Sept. 5, 4-6 pm

Sat., Sept. 6, 10-11 pm

Place:

1974 for all-around contribution and involvement in the development of the athletic program: While at Montana, Curtis was a four-year athlete in three sports: volleyball, basketball and track.

One Goal for This Year: "My primary goal is to put together an experienced team that will qualify for State Championships."

Director of Athletics: Marjorie Greenberg
Residence: Fort Lee, New Jersey
College: Douglass College, Rutgers University '69 Degree: B.S. in Health, Physical Education and Recreation; Teachers College '70 Degree: Physical Education
Years at Barnard: two

Fact: Greenberg is a former Physical Education instructor, head field hockey coach and Assistant Athletic Director at the University of Iowa. There she served under Dr. Christine Grant, Director of Athletics and President of the Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women (IAIW).

One Goal for This Year: "I'd like to see our program gain greater exposure and continue to meet the demand for an intensified athletic program for the women that choose to attend Barnard because we are now attracting more scholar-athletes than ever before who wish to pursue and enhance both their athletic talent and their academic interests. I hope to make our program increasingly better able to meet their needs."

Cross-Country Begins New Season

By Claudia Campbell

This year's cross country team, guided by third year coach Kate Moore is currently prepping for its upcoming fall schedule.

Last year, the team won almost all of its dual meets and achieved a much better record than in previous years. Although it lost only one meet against a metropolitan opponent (Montclair State College, which has a more established cross country program years), Barnard is weaker among Ivy League opponents because the Ivy squads are more experienced, and their programs much older. Moore is hopeful, however, that with some recruiting, Barnard can acquire more experienced runners and narrow the gap.

The Bears are an experienced squad, with three key runners returning. Although Pat Severson, former co-captain, has graduated, there is still plenty of talent on the team roster. Senior Mary Evans is a notable veteran. Evans improved greatly in the latter part of the track season last year and hopes to carry her momentum into the cross country season. She competed this summer in the Burke Five Mile Run and the Leggs Mini-Marathon competitions, and according to Moore, she is one of the better team members. Evans also placed second in a statewide three-mile race this year. With such intense training behind her, she should be very strong in the 3.1 mile, or 5000 meters, cross country distance.

Sophomore Jenny Norris also should help the team immensely this year. Norris was the track team's best half-miler and miler last year, and also has a year's experience of running at home meets on the

difficult Van Cortlandt Park course behind her, an inestimable asset. Team co-captain senior Julie Levin has been training in an enviable spot, Albuquerque, New Mexico, this summer, so she should bring a well-conditioned and sun-tanned body to the first workouts, to be held next week.

Barnard will experience another first this fall when the cross-country team will be hosting the Ivy Cross-Country Championships on October 24. This is the first Ivy championship Barnard has ever held, and Moore expects it will draw ninety to one hundred Ivy women runners. The competition, sponsored by Lily of France, will be held in Van Cortlandt Park, located in the Bronx, where the woods section of the course is treacherous. The favorite, Moore states, will be Princeton, which has a nationally-ranked track program, and some of the top-ranked collegiate runners.

This semester's schedule will provide more opportunities for competition by all members of the team, as Moore hopes to install a "recreational squad" that novices and students who didn't make the team could join in order to train with the team. Moore encourages all interested students to try out. "Even someone that is starting to train could be ready for competition within a year".

On September 13, Barnard will compete against New York State colleges in Purchase, New York. Although the Ivies will be tough, the Bears will be ready for the Metropolitan competition, and also hope to do well in their trips throughout the east coast.

If you can't get along with your lover you can get out of bed. But what do you do when your country's fucking you over?

Nancy Mann

What a minority group wants is not the right to have geniuses among them, but the right to have fools and scoundrels without being condemned as group.

Agnes Elizabeth Benedict

I have not ceased being fearful, but I have ceased to let fear control me. I have accepted fear as a part of life — specifically the fear of change, the fear of the unknown, and I have gone ahead despite the pounding in the heart that says: turn back, turn back, you'll die if you venture too far.

Erica Jong

A person who buries his head in the sand offers an engaging target.

Mabel A. Keenan

Registration Procedure September 1980

1. Check to be sure you are cleared to register by the Busar—lists posted Upper and Lower Level McIntosh, Dean of Studies Office, Registrar's Office, Bursar's Office.
2. Pick up registration packet, September 2 and 3, 9:30 to 4:30; September 4, 9:30 to noon, Lower Level McIntosh.
3. If you have never filed a medical report, go to Office of Health Services, 202 Barnard Hall.
4. Mailbox assignments will be included in registration packets for all students except residents of BHR, 616, and Plimpton.
5. Complete forms in your registration packet.
6. Submit completed forms to the appropriate person, Upper Level McIntosh.
7. Obtain student I.D. card from Security Office, 104 Barnard Hall.
8. Any further questions, come to the registrar's office.

Request to Prevent Disclosure of Directory Information

The Family Rights and Privacy Act of 1974 gives Barnard the right to make public, at its discretion and without prior authorization from the student, the following information: name; class; home or college address; at Barnard; degrees, honors and awards received; previous school most recently attended; weight and height of student athletes; participation in recognized sports and activities.

The law also gives students the right to place limitations on the release of any of this information. A student who wishes to do so must file the appropriate form with the Registrar, 107 Milbank, each year by September 15. In practice, the College does not indiscriminately release information about individual students.

Wilma M. Borneman
Registrar

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Orientation

continued from page 1

hold Open House parties simultaneously on Saturday night."

"But what will really make this year's Orientation stand out from the others," said Woisin, will be the appearance of the new wave group, "The Shirts". The group, which drew a large crowd when it played at Columbia this past year, will give two performances on Friday night, according to Woisin.

Another change in this year's Orientation concerns the Freshman Directory. Nearly double the size of its predecessors, the new directory will contain histories of both Barnard and Columbia Colleges and articles on the sports programs at each school. In addition, there will be a special feature piece entitled "Why Barnard?" which was reprinted from last year's *Motorboard*. The directory is dedicated to Michael I. Sovern, the incoming president of Columbia University.

"Last year we felt that the Directory was Columbia dominated," said Woisin. "Now we feel Barnard has finally got a say in it." The Directory is now part of the Orientation package and is financed by the Orientation fee.

In an effort to improve security and ease confusion, the traditional Orientation wrist tickets have been replaced by I.D. cards. These cards will feature a photograph of the student and the student's address during orientation, the name of his sponsor, and an identifying number.

The new cards were designed because, according to Woisin, the bracelets are easily lost or transferred. In addition, Krisberg said there will be "a more stringent monitoring of Orientation sponsors" in an attempt to eliminate delinquency.

The sponsors are responsible for doing the legwork of Orientation — moving food and equipment and setting up and serving at events. Crew chiefs are now responsible for keeping a record of each sponsor's attendance at his assigned event and account of how many sponsors organize regular floor meetings with their charges, according to Woisin.

The fees for Orientation this year were \$60 for Barnard freshmen and \$65 for Columbia freshman, an increase of \$10 over last year's fees. These fees provided the Orientation Committee with a budget exceeding \$100,000.

Futter

continued from page 1

"I care deeply about this institution, and...I feel I can contribute something to the college," she explained.

A perfectly normal person is rare in our civilization.
Dr. Karen Horney



Undergrad Proudly

Announces:

CLUBS' CARNIVAL:

September 3
11:00 am-3:00 pm
Barnard Lawn

CLUBS' ORIENTATION:

September 19
in the James Room
1:00 pm-3:00 pm

All Club Presidents and Treasurers required to attend.

Announcing the Opening Events of the 1980-81 Academic Year

Convocation

Thursday, September 4, 1980

Noon — 1 pm in Barnard Gym

Speakers: Ellen Futter, Acting President;
Elizabeth Janeway, noted author and feminist.

The All College Assembly

Tuesday, September 9, 1980

7:00 pm in the Barnard Gym

Introducing: President Ellen Futter

Guest Speaker: Rosa Beth Moss-Kanter, internationally known sociologist.

Reception immediately following