

Barnyard Muckraker



April 1, 1983

by Jane Eager

Early this morning the Bursar's Office in 24 Milbank Hall was raided, and a *Bulletin* reporter was on the scene. Five Barnard employees are being held in the Toddler Center on charges of possession and sale of illegal substances substantially in excess of New York's "personal use" allowance.

Bail has been set at \$25,000 apiece, and the initial hearing is expected to take place on Friday, April 1st.

According to Director of Security Tom Sharpannosy, the Bursar's office located deep in the basement of Barnard's administrative building has been quietly operating for three semesters as the campus' primary supplier of illegal drugs including marijuana, cocaine, and various forms of hallucinogens and pharmaceuticals.

The newly-appointed Sharpannosy, formerly a detective on the NYC police force said, "I know a store-front operation when I see one."

Sharpannosy said his suspicions were aroused the very first week he was on the job, when he witnessed President Eleanor Sputter handing the Bursar a five-dollar bill through the grill and walking quickly away with something clutched tightly in her hand. Sharpannosy's initial investigation was prompted by the fact that the office is notorious for its inefficiency. Said Sharpannosy, "Whatever they were doing in there, it sure wasn't what they were supposed to be doing. And all the time, there was a hell of a lot of money changing hands."

For two weeks he had the office staked out by men disguised as Buildings and Grounds personnel, and received the following revealing report: "about two in every five students who go regularly in and out of that office are severely dazed and confused. Also, they've begun to hand out paychecks in little yellow envelopes."

A look into purchasing records revealed that in August of 1981, the Bursar's office requisitioned one case of Ozium in 3 oz. pocket spray-dispensers. In September of the following year the order was doubled, and in January 1983, a request was made for a smoke-tinted bullet-proof glass window to be installed in place of the present grill.

Said Sharpannosy, "I wanted to catch them in the act, but they're much too sneaky, so I had to take them by surprise."

This morning at 11:30, just after the office had opened, Sharpannosy and his squad of three security guards, armed with walkie-talkies and rolled up *Spectators*, charged in through the open door. In the ensuing scuffle, one Bursar employee, Gladys Peroxide, rose to the occasion and sat on Sharpannosy, disarming him. She then made her escape by hurling her body through the window and out onto 120th street. Police are still searching for her.

BURSAR BUSTED EXPOSED IN DOPE-PUSHING OPERATION



M. Carter (photographer) - 11/1/83

Barnard Security Guard Carlos Menace in action.

Said Sharpannosy of this experience, "I must admit, I feel a bit deflated."

Security guard Carlos Menace was hospitalized immediately following the raid, suffering from shock, and a severe hickey. He was lifted into the ambulance screaming, "She went straight for the jugular! She tried to kill me!"

The woman Menace was referring to was none other than the Bursar herself, Lefty McCann. McCann, as she was led away, said that her only regret was not finding out who tipped Sharpannosy off. "I know it wasn't a student. Students know if

they want to graduate, they have to be cleared through this office. It keeps them cautious."

When reached for comment, Director of Public Relations Sallie Prate defended the illegal drug service, saying that it had been effect in raising revenue for the college, and was invaluable to the students. "Barnard students work hard and play hard. We provide the pain, so we think it's important to provide the pleasure too. Students need to be positively reinforced, and what better reward for a hard week's work than an intensely amazing weekend?"

According to Prate, the idea for the store originated from the Counseling Services' Dr Zero Deepfreeze, herself the largest private distributor of Valium on the Atlantic coast. Dr. Deepfreeze initiated the program, but soon found herself dangerously exposed. President Sputter worried about Barnard's public image, but not blind to the potential profit to be had, had Prate relocate the operation to the business office, where it could be handled more discreetly.

"After all," said Prate, "who the hell knows what they're doing down there anyway."

Toes is Tops



Lara Teeter and Natalia Makarova in *On Your Toes*.

by Dorothy Kauffman

Question Which Broadway musical is currently being revived for the second time, boasts the combined creative forces of some of the most important names in American musical theater history, contains three ballets, and stars one of the world's great ballerinas?

Answer *On Your Toes* at the Virginia Theater

This musical first opened in 1936 and featured a young, unknown dancer called Ray Bolger. Its book was written by that grand man of American theater, George Abbott, along with Richard Rogers and Lorenz Hart. Abbott also directed; Rogers and Hart, of course, composed the score. And, oh yes, the choreographer was a fellow named George Balanchine. *On Your Toes* was the first musical which gave the choreographer separate billing.

The musical was unsuccessfully revived in 1964 with Bobby Van and Elaine Strich. The critics declared that the book seemed dated and labored.

Although its score is not one of the strongest Rogers and Hart collaborations, *On Your Toes* does contain a song, "There's a Small Hotel," which has become a classic. The musical is considered revolutionary in at least one significant respect: it's one of the first, if not the first to integrate dance and song into the plot of the musical. *On Your Toes* contains three ballets: the first, "Princess Zenobia," a take-off on exotic ballets such as *Les Sylphides*; second, a number entitled "On Your Toes" and third, the cult classic "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," with its barroom setting, and seedy but passionate atmosphere.

In the current revival, George Abbott, still indomitable at age 96 after 120 shows and 70 very successful years in the theater, is again the director. In addition to

directing, Abbott has also drastically rewritten the play's dialogue in order to freshen up some of the more-dated lines.

This production has had more than its share of the usual problems before arriving in New York. Balanchine fell ill (he is still in the hospital with an increasingly debilitating disease) and the task of restaging the ballets fell to the famous New York City Ballet dancer and Balanchine's named successor, Peter Martins. In addition, the woman playing the ingenue lead was replaced just weeks before the New York opening. The 25-piece orchestra could not fit comfortably into the pit of the Virginia Theater, so the pit had to be enlarged. And to top everything off, during the Washington try-outs of the musical, a piece of scenery fell on the star and great ballerina, Natalia Makarova, causing a broken right shoulder blade and a concussion. She and her partner were replaced for the Washington run, but she healed quickly and there isn't the slightest visible strain or impediment in her dancing.

Even though some of the dialogue was re-written, the plot of *On Your Toes* remains nevertheless corny and contrived. It centers on Junior Dale, the son of professional vaudevillians, who instead of pursuing a career on the stage, becomes a mild-mannered music teacher. He falls in love with one of his pupils, Frankie (a woman), but temporarily deserts her for a glamorous and tempestuous Russian ballerina, Vera Baronova. Vera, in turn, believes her lover and dancing partner, Konstantine Morrosine, to be unfaithful, and seeks revenge. Another one of Junior's pupils, Sidney Cohn, has composed a jazz ballet (rather shocking for that time), but the demanding impresario of the ballet company, Sergei Alexandrovitch, refuses to mount such a project, declaring that one could not possibly dance to such "modern" music. The rich financial backer of the com-

pany, Peggy Porterfield, is eager to give this new ballet a chance and convinces (actually "threatens" would be more accurate) Sergei to produce it.

The ballet is performed with Vera and Junior in the leading roles (Junior had temporarily returned to the stage out of his attraction to Vera who was only using him to make Konstantine jealous). Meanwhile, the provoked Konstantine, who has underground connections, arranges for a hit man to shoot Junior at the end of the ballet "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" when, at the final moment, he is supposed to collapse onstage anyway. The police arrive in the nick of time and everything ends happily. Junior returns to the ever-faithful Frankie; Peggy and Sergei, go off together, Vera, who has always loved Konstantine, is reunited with him. The happy ending for Vera and Konstantine is somewhat jarring: this man had just arranged for the cold-blooded murder of Junior but Vera doesn't seem to hold that against him.

It should be emphasized that even though the plot is contrived, in the context of the musical it works nevertheless very well. The musical has been directed and is played with the right mixture of gaiety, good-natured humor and forthrightness which overcome almost all criticisms about the plot.

The musical, while not prime Rogers and Hart, does contain several memorable numbers: the haunting "Quiet Night," the humorous "Too Good for the Average Man," and the aforementioned romantic "There's a Small Hotel" which sends smiles of reminiscence to all members of the audience over the age of fifty. The music was conducted superbly, with a great sense of excitement and enthusiasm by John Maurer, primarily known as an opera conductor. (He led the triumphant production of *Candide* at the New York City Opera last season.)

The dancing is distinctly above average in comparison to the current Broadway fare. Much of the criticism levelled against musicals in the recent past has been that they contain little music and even less dance. No one could possibly say that about *On Your Toes* which brims with good music and energetic dancing. Perhaps the highlight as far as dance is concerned arrives with the *On Your Toes* number which involves a friendly competition between Russian ballet dancers and American tappers. The number is invigorating, and like the rest of the show, bristles with fun.

The plumb role of Junior is played by newcomer Lara Teeter. He is enjoyable to watch and thoroughly professional in both his acting and dancing. He does, however, lack a certain charisma or flashiness that could have made this role a real gem. Christine Andreas is Frankie, Junior's long-suffering beloved. I have previously seen her in the leads of *My Fair Lady* and *Oklahoma* in which she has always displayed a rich and lovely soprano voice. Her acting is at best tentative, at worst simplifying. At the performance which I attended her singing was unaccountably inaudible (I was in the second row!) and many of the last words of the songs were lost. Admittedly, the role doesn't require great acting skills, but her "I'll suffer-through-this-and-win-the-guy-in-the-end attitude eventually becomes wearing.

That adorable bear of a man, George S. Irving, does another one of his wonderfully ethnic performances as Sergei Alexandrovitch. His acquired full-bodied Russian accent could make a Romanov weep. When he sings a few bars of the lovely "Quiet Night" with his beautiful deep voice, one wishes that he could have had an

entire song to himself.

Dina Merrill, sophisticated and classically beautiful as ever, looks appropriately wealthy in her series of stunning outfits. The role Peggy Porterfield, however, calls for more of a comedic touch, and Merrill retains a somewhat aloof stage presence.

The dancer-turned-actor, George de la Peña (who played the title role in the film "Nijinsky") has the thankless part of Konstantine. He is called upon to look passionate, disgusted or menacing and little else. Fortunately, his dancing is fine—if only there were more of it!

Natalia Makarova, in her "speaking" debut as the volatile Russian ballerina, Vera, steals the show. It's true that her petulant outbursts smack of the acting novice, but what the heck! Makarova, a defector from the Soviet Union, has been a prima ballerina for many years. Her dancing is a model of perfection and grace. She has a thick and funny Russian accent that you could cut with a knife. ("I didn't know that dancers could speak!" exclaimed one delighted member of the audience after the curtain fell.) But most unexpected of all is her comic flair and timing which proves highly enjoyable. When Makarova berates her faithless lover, she mocks him for wearing two-inch lifts on his shoes to make himself appear taller. "Two-inch liar! Two-inch liar!" she screams. And then, looking pointedly at his pelvic region, adds with mock-serious disgust: "Everywhere."

On Your Toes is one of the few plays or musicals on Broadway which makes you feel that your money has been well spent. The music, dancing, and high spirits result in a winning combination and I haven't seen such a smiling audience since *The Pirates of Penzance* several years ago. *On Your Toes* is three hours of pure entertainment and fun.

by Nancy Carson

What do soap operas, Valley girls, Star Trek, Walkmans and sex have in common? If these are the concerns of today's youth, then college students might as well be added to the list. That insult under your belt, you should have no objection to LaZoo, the perfect college band.

This ensemble of five men and two women, playing at s.n.a.f.u. every Friday this month, are less rock 'n' rollers than they are actors and actresses, comedians, or simply the people you thought you'd left behind in high school. Which isn't to say their act isn't professional—it is, so much so that you have to wonder what happened to good old-fashioned spontaneity. LaZoo puts on a rigidly choreographed performance, replete with cute 'n' comic intros to every song (which the bartenders and many among the audience are able to mouth word-for-word). If their press release is to be believed, "outrageously wacky," "eccentric," and "inspired insanity" are synonymous with knee-jerk commercialism, and a rare brand of automatic dementia. These people are not into subtleties. They could just as easily scream at their audience, "DON'T YOU THINK WE'RE CRAZY?"

LaZoo's ring leader, Lory Lazarus, considers the band too off-beat to have much Top 40 potential, or so he says. The fact is, performers with a Top 40 hit use the same form of innovative banality to make millions every year. And many of them don't carry it off half so well as LaZoo. By combining Elton John and 50's riffs, melodic Manhattan Transfer-ish vocals, Saturday Night Live's sporadic tastelessness and the soundtrack to just about any musical you can think of, LaZoo arrives at a sound bound to be revered by people who

"Don't You Think We're Crazy?"



like to have current trends affirmed in popular music and teeny-boppers everywhere. But that's the worst of all possible outcomes.

LaZoo is a visual band. They'd rather you looked and listened, because if you were dancing to their tunes you might miss some of the heavily contrived mayhem.

When the show begins, Lory is in top hat and tails, and the two women (Rosemary Margherita and Monica Hayes) are clothed in Pat Benatar fashion-wear (spandex, what else?). The number of costume changes are mind-boggling, not to mention baffling: aprons for "Let's Make Love in a Microwave," bathtowels for "Jack Cuzzi, Brother of Bob" (get it?), Japanese robes for "Shogun" (I got connections/I got a plan/I think I'm gonna rule Japan). And of course, for "You're Never Gonna Make It As a Vegetable," a few raw carrots were in action, artistically waved by lead guitarist Mark DeSimone, the Benatarites, and piano man Donald Backer. Sexual gestures further contribute to LaZoo's adolescent pull. Rosemary and Monica enhance the content of "Prematurity" (guess what that one's about) with their rubs and grinds—or, I should say, their parody of rubs and grinds.

Parody is what LaZoo's all about. Rick Springfield is out ("You don't need talent to be a soap opera star"), and LaZoo comes up with a brutal condemnation of religious cults: "You're called Hare Krishna, but you got no hair." If you think hairy Krishna is bad, "The Animal Man" is, you got it, "scarier than the Ku Klux Klan." Well, they rhyme, don't they? Find them a trend and LaZoo will do a take-off on it—the only number missing from their repertoire was a song parodying a rock band. Needless to say, LaZoo's material probably doesn't have the durability of, say, old Rolling Stones tunes.

For a preview of regressive pop, catch LaZoo at s.n.a.f.u. this month or on April Fool's Day. Bring your mother, if she's in town. A member of the s.n.a.f.u. establishment summed up this band in a distinctive way: "Barnard would like them. They're a little too safe, a little too pretty for me." So, if you're feeling safe and pretty, by all means, come on down.

RED CARPET
BUY
TRADE
704

Director Marco Ferreri.

Life in the Surreal

by Suzanne Barbeau

Marco Ferreri's *Tales of Ordinary Madness* is a film of extraordinary capacity to astonish, confuse, and repel. It is based on the autobiographical writings of derelict poet Charles Bukowski, and as such Bukowski comes off very well, played with antithetical sensitivity by Ben Gazzara.

Ferreri, according to Scanlon, Skalky and Menken Ltd Public Relations, is a man who has spent a lifetime striking blows "at the moralistic veneer which covers hidden vices and reprehensible behaviour," a man who seeks "to reach and to bother the public" with his "rigorous analyses of the social mechanism." Bukowski, who writes of the pain, the struggle, the very stupidity of survival, is his literary match. Their combined genius borders on the horrifying. The two were made for each other.

Tales of Ordinary Madness deals with a world in which people's lives defy the intellectual and violate the emotional. These are people who live every day of their lives dangerously, helplessly indifferent in the hands of a very sarcastic and debasing fate, stripped of the will to be anything other than what they are, and the ability to do anything but gorge their increasingly insatiable physical appetites. These are people whom society has left morally bankrupt.

Charles Serking is yet another mod-

ern day Don Quixote, whose quest is only, constantly, the will to continue. His life is a series of sordid and perverse adventures which lead him to Gas, a stunningly beautiful and suicidal prostitute, played by Ornella Muti. In his attempt to rescue Cass from herself and the world, he is confronted with the crucial challenge; his struggle is not with his own death but with Cass' desire to die. After Cass' suicide, he tries to drink himself to death but is roused from his drunken desolation by the fortunate intrusion into his life of a young girl on the beach, in whom he finds something to sustain him, and to inspire once again his poetry.

In 1982, *Tales of Ordinary Madness* won Italy's Golden Grail for Best Picture. It also received Donatello Awards for Best Screenplay, Director, Photography, and Editing. I would like to nominate Ben Gazzara for Best Actor, and for Best Supporting Role, Susan Tyrrell as the sadomasochistic Vera who, says Serking, "chewed me up and spit me out into a police car."

It is impossible to describe the impact this film will have on you. You will leave feeling disgusted and fascinated, and torn a thousand different ways. *Tales of Ordinary Madness* has tremendous power to inscribe itself on your memory, with a vividness besides which real life pales.

Bathroom Graffiti Shows Academic Superiority

by Natalie Whatchmacallit

Have you ever read the graffiti on the bathroom walls in Butler library? Certainly everyone has encountered it at some point. Most of us look at it and laugh—or even get a little sick—but a recent study shines new light on the subject of graffiti.

All of those penciled hearts with recognizable initials of prospective lovers, those coined phrases like "Sally has herpes so don't sleep with her," or "Andy has V.D." or "Howard is a child molester" never ring true in our eyes. We imagine those destitute intellectual vegetables who waste precious Paper Mate ink on the walls of bathroom stalls, and pity them while we laugh at them. We wonder why their parents are wasting their hard-earned money sending them here when all they can do with the fluff inside their brains is condemn other people and make fools of themselves. Well—wonder no more. The psychiatric center at Mount Sinai hospital has been investigating the mentality of graffiti artists and poets for a long time and has finally found that the answer lies in the genes.

Graffiti artists, researchers have hypothesized, are actually very intelligent, as are their parents. The brain waves were tested among graffiti writers and non-writers and were found to be much stronger in writers. "It's really hard to believe," said Henry Getrel, a doctor currently working on the investigation. "We ourselves did not believe it. We tested twenty people and when we got the results we just laughed and sent all our neurological scanners and other equipment to be checked for repairs.

Bridge Collapses From Commuter Crush

By Barbie Doll

Can we talk? I have to tell you that the big news this week comes from, you got it, New Jersey. The Jersey suburbanites are just having the darndest time getting into the city. In case you missed "Jive at Five" with Susie and Jackie, the George Washington Bridge has made tremendous history. I hope all you history majors and prospective Columbia and Barnard History professors are paying close attention to this article. You might want to use it in your first publication. I hope I don't have to tell you how very important publications are for promotion within the world of academia.

Getting back, yes, it finally happened. The good ol' George Washington Bridge has collapsed from sheer exhaustion. Being in the right place at the right time is where it is at and so it was when I happened to be scooting toward the entrance to the bridge from the heart of glorious Fort Lee when I saw it. I could really relate to dear old Dorothy's feelings of awe when she set eyes on cat-eye green Emerald City. I tell you when I saw, what I saw, I was awestruck like her.

The bridge was slowly parting like the Red Sea. I like my audience to be able to relate to my writing so that last analogy, bad as it may be, is dedicated to all you Charleton Heston buffs. Behold, what a sight. The George Washington Bridge, split into two, floating out to sea.

According to an investigation conducted by Lizzie Grain of the Columbia *Spectacle* (what an appropriate name for that paper if I may say so myself), the bridge had been deteriorating for quite some time. But did anybody think to fix it? Noo!!!!

Some theorist theorized that the pres-

Q: What's the difference between a Barnard girl and the garbage?
A: The garbage gets taken out once a week.

Studies show that graffiti writers have very high IQs. This is an example of a particularly perceptive graffitist.

We figured they were faulty, but when we found they weren't, we tested forty more people and got the same results."

"It was like black and white" one neurologist remarked. "The people who admitted to writing large amounts of obscenities and other graffiti in public places actually proved to have more rapid brain function. It seems that the cellular development inside the brain is quicker and the thought process is more keen in people who have obsessions fro writing graffiti." Another

doctor added—"The IQ of these people is also remarkably higher. Those who like to write graffiti frequently scored higher on IQ tests than those who didn't." What is this world coming to?

The question is what is the explanation for all this? The team considered the mystery. "Perhaps they have a need to get their thoughts and agressions out of their systems and thus write wherever they feel like it," one intern from Cornell Med school suggested. "They think they are intellectu-

ally superior, so it doesn't matter to them."

Anyhow, the team is still working on it and they plan to try and find out why this phenomenal discovery is so. Now, when you look at graffiti on the walls, you can think to yourself that the person who wrote it is really ten times smarter than you are. It's a great feeling, isn't it? No more social superiority. If we can't look down on graffiti writers—who on earth can we look down upon? I'm taking out my felt tip pen and heading over to Butler library right now to scrawl it out—"An April fool was here."

sure being exerted on the bridge would be eased if Barnard College would finally, after 94 years, offer housing to *all* Barnard students and not just to those who live in Siberia. Let's get serious ladies!!!! In fact, I was surprisingly surprised to learn of yet another fact from Ms. Grain. Get this people, Mother Futter's decision to offer housing to all those lucky entering freshman—freshwomen *pardon*—was greatly influenced by the Bridge Authority's passionate desire to get those Barnard girls—women, pardon—off the road.

But to no avail, On April 1, 1983, the George Washington Bridge was, alas, no more. One distraught onlooker from Morningside Heights said to Richard Feder, a native Fort Lee-er, "Oh noooo, How will I ever get to Mickey Finn's, my absolutely favorite place in the whole wide world?" And tricky Dick Feder coolly replied, "Buy a can of Sugar Free Pepsi Free and call

your dad. I think that will suit you just fine."

From high atop her Central Park East apartment, one native New Yorker and Barnard student commented about all those suburbanites who would be unable to visit Manhattan, "Oh, thank goodness, no more worms in the apple."

We will all remember The George Washington Bridge. What a spectacle it was. For instance, I can remember one boat ride and the only thing that really touched me that night was the sight of Miss Liberty and the sight of the Bridge. Listen, for those of you who think the link connecting Barnard Hall to Milbank Hall is like wow, the end, think how far out that slab of concrete was that connected two cities or shall I say—suburbia with urbania.

Finally, for all you theatre goers, as Artie Miller would say, "It has been quite a 'view from the Bridge,' guys."

Altschul To Be Used For Parking

President Sputter announced today that Altschul Hall will be hollowed out and ramped to make a garage for Barnard commuters. This answer to the cries of so many driving commuters came as a surprise but was nonetheless well received. Commuter Luna Tunness '84 stated, "Wow, it's just wild . . . so great. The George Washington Bridge was really disgusting."

The administration and nearly all of the faculty were pleased with the decision. Those few who spoke up in protest at the emergency special meeting called by Sputter were pacified by the news that the auditorium, offices, labs, and classrooms will be moved by next Christmas to the lower level of McIntosh.

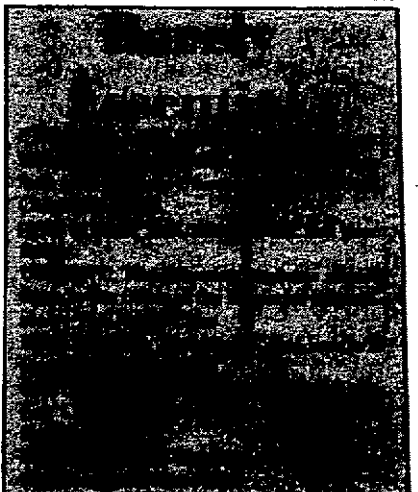
An administrative source revealed new plans that call for what is now TJ's cafeteria to be transformed into a multi-University computative System. When asked about Barnard's deployment of the world's most sophisticated computer system, Dean of Faculty Charles Omen commented, "It's current and what we need to meet the needs of today and tomorrow. It's reality."

The administrative source also revealed statistics showing that only one half of the people and materials from Altschul Hall will actually fit into the space in McIntosh. According to Director of Security John Loussisacal, "The rest of 'em will just have to keep circling the area."

The Muckraker: Creative White Space At Its Best

This Week's Apologia

There were no photos reverse in printing in last week's issue. Everything was correct. Sorry, we'll try to do worse.



Faculty Lineup Looks Tough For Spring Season

After a number of late-season trading losses to Harvard, the Barnard Faculty Bears is beginning to spell Trouble with a capital H. But the books haven't closed on this one yet, and as Nabokov once said, it's not over till it's over. In the meantime, everybody's in the driver's seat speculation-wise, about who'll come in to fill out bench, and when the wind's not blowing from Jersey, you can smell the controversy hanging over Barnard Hall like last night's tofu kabob over T.J's.

But just to keep those blood-pressures to a minimum, here's an (un?)educated look at the way things are shaping up for next semester: Still hanging tight from last season is Clyde Wudgesone-Smith, the 6'2" Spenser specialist. Though a lot of water has passed under the bridge since his 1962 bombshell, *Images of Non-Commitality in the "Epithalamion"*, the big W-S is still strong in the forwords department and sources say there may even be a few encyclopedia entries forthcoming.

At age 39, Claire de Siderata is the team's hardest feminist hitter. Only weeks after finding "repressive-coercive, patriarchal" language in the PMLA articles of 5 UVA profs, de Siderata published *The Chintz-Covered Ottoman. The Victorian Woman in Khurdish Comic-Books*. It's this kind of one-two punch that send the fur flying in the over-65 crowd.

Some of the Bears' heaviest losses last season were sustained at the hands of Michel Avoirdupois, Yale's blue-eyed structuralist boy. This may, however, have been Avoirdupois' last year of reigning supreme at the Indo-European Bibliomancy Convention, since the Lions' spunky young David Spangle Spurious is set to come out fighting with his new *Taking Apart the Text and Putting It Back Together in a Sort of Pig-Shape*, which will be published next fall by False Idol books in an innovative self-destruct binding. You could say the hard ball's in Yales's court now.

Marvin Mingleman, the team's veteran Freudian, has been on the bench for two seasons because of injuries sustained at a certain east-coast convention where mobs of gloves-off Jungians opened enough cans of theoretical worms to keep the price of psychoanalysis down for the next few centuries. The Bears are ready to glue



Marv to the bench, though, if necessary, because what with the economy, the weather, and the shape of things to come, who knows but a Freudian revival might be just around the corner, and that would spell "comeback" in more ways than one.

Gordon Blitzman has been on the sidelines for so many semesters that he doesn't own a single tie without chalk marks. More than a few colleagues have been telling Gordon that if he doesn't get a little ink on his fingers soon he may find himself traded to Wyoming Vocational for a Ugaritic Studies major. Hope you like the weather there, Gordo.

Speaking of the minor leagues, the Bears just *might* be acquiring that dark-horse from Down South, Carolina's Kenneth What. With enough publications out to swamp a good-sized desk, What's on first, draft-wise. The Bears had better start dangling those fringe benefits soon or they're going to find themselves in a no-Romanticism situation.

So, even though the Harvard bug bites, the Bears are far from admitting defeat in the crucial spring draft. Their locker-room still boasts heavy weights like Bentwood Apotheosis and James "Dr. J" Slither. What's more, there's still plenty of room on the bench and, with a little wise funding, the Bears should be ready to rip by fall. In the meantime, though, it's spring, and who knows what the first tulips in front of Milbank will bring.

From Ivory Girl To Ivy League:

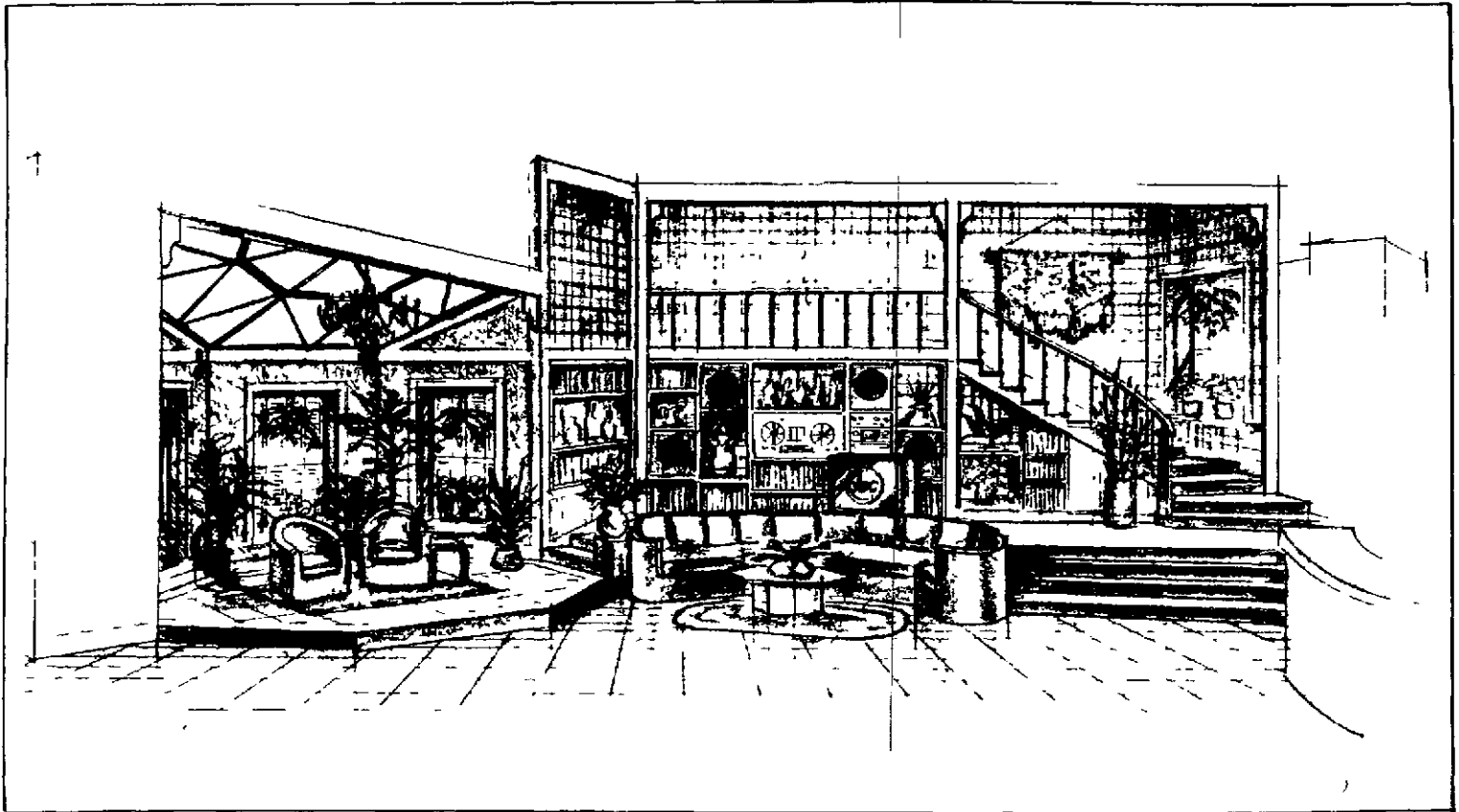
Do You Know This Woman?



**We DON'T want you
to write
SPORTS**

**If you are not interested
don't come to 107 McIntosh
or call x2119!**

**SPORTS?
Who Cares?!**



(Design by the firm of Tom Dick and Harry) The recent release of the new Bulletin office. Plans include space for a jacuzzi, a super screen TV, polo ponies, an isolation tank, typesetting machines, word processors, working electric typewriters, a Mr. Coffee, tables, chairs, desks, paper, pens, pencils, rubber cement and other unnecessary luxuries. An added feature: wallpaper from old *Bulletin* newspapers! It is already a year overdue—do you think we could have it before we graduate?

THE DIARY ON SALE NOW

at The Barnard Store (Lower Level
MacIntosh)

\$5 and IT'S YOURS—The Diary that will go down in History.
The Diary that bought Barnard College a place in the Eyes of
Contemporary Womanhood.

*Copies have Just Arrived and
One Can Be Yours Today*

Friday, April 1 there will be a special Book
signing with President Futter and “those Three
Artists,” who made it all possible.

Summer Session On Board the Sailing Gull

Spend your summer skimming the oceans and seas sifting
change from fat tourists on *The Gull*, 45m Spanish Galleon with a
re-built engine and cabins, completely gentrified for today's
Social Lifestyle.

Spend 30 of your Hottest days working with people much like
yourself in the harsh rays that follow the route of the equator to
the East African port of St. George.
ITS YOUR CHANCE TO TAKE THE HORN.

***And an Added Adventure . . .
KEYHOLING at no extra cost to you. Yes, you
will Keyhole too.

Write Sailing Adventure Inc
30 Plymouth Plaza
Ellis Is., NY 13141

"Don't You Think We're Crazy?"

by Nancy Carson

What do soap operas, Valley girls, Star Trek, Walkmans and sex have in common? If these are the concerns of today's youth, then college students might as well be added to the list. That insult under your belt, you should have no objection to LaZoo, the perfect college band.

This ensemble of five men and two women, playing at s.n.a.f.u. every Friday this month, are less rock 'n' rollers than they are actors and actresses, comedians, or simply the people you thought you'd left behind in high school. Which isn't to say their act isn't professional—it is, so much so that you have to wonder what happened to good old-fashioned spontaneity. LaZoo puts on a rigidly choreographed performance, replete with cute 'n' comic intros to every song (which the bartenders and many among the audience are able to mouth word-for-word). If their press release is to be believed, "outrageously wacky," "eccentric", and "inspired insanity" are synonymous with knee-jerk commercialism, and a rare brand of automatic dementia. These people are not into subtleties. They could just as easily scream at their audience, "DON'T YOU THINK WE'RE CRAZY?"

LaZoo's ring leader, Lory Lazarus, considers the band too off-beat to have much Top 40 potential, or so he says. The fact is, performers with a Top 40 hit use the same form of innovative banality to make millions every year. And many of them don't carry it off half so well as LaZoo. By combining Elton John and 50's riffs, melodic Manhattan Transfer-ish vocals, Saturday Night Live's sporadic tastelessness and the soundtrack to just about any musical you can think of, LaZoo arrives at a sound bound to be revered by people who



LaZoo

like to have current trends affirmed in popular music and teeny-boppers everywhere. But that's the worst of all possible outcomes.

LaZoo is a visual band. They'd rather you looked and listened, because if you were dancing to their tunes you might miss some of the heavily contrived mayhem

When the show begins, Lory is in top hat and tails, and the two women (Rosemary Margherita and Monica Hayes) are clothed in Pat Benatar fashion-wear (spandex, what else?) The number of costume changes are mind-boggling, not to mention baffling: aprons for "Let's Make Love in a Microwave," bath towels for "Jack Cuzza, Brother of Bob" (get it?), Japanese robes for "Shogun" (I got connections/I got a plan/I think I'm gonna rule Japan) And of course, for "You're Never Gonna Make It As a Vegetable," a few raw carrots were in action, artistically waved by lead guitarist Mark DeSimone, the Benatarites, and piano man Donald Backer. Sexual gestures further contribute to LaZoo's adolescent pull. Rosemary and Monica enhance the content of "Prematurity" (guess what that one's about) with their rubs and grinds—or, I should say, their parody of rubs and grinds.

Parody is what LaZoo's all about. Rick Springfield is out ("You don't need talent to be a soap opera star"), and LaZoo comes up with a brutal condemnation of religious cults "You're called Hare Krishna, but you got no hair." If you think hairy Krishna is bad, "The Animal Man" is you got it, "scarier than the Ku Klux Klan." Well, they rhyme, don't they? Find them a trend and LaZoo will do a take-off on it—the only number missing from their repertoire was a song parodying a rock band. Needless to say, LaZoo's material probably doesn't have the durability of say old Rolling Stones tunes.

For a preview of regressive pop catch LaZoo at s.n.a.f.u. this month or on April Fool's Day. Bring your mother, if she's in town. A member of the s.n.a.f.u. establishment summed up this band in a distinctive way "Barnard would like them. They're a little too safe, a little too pretty for me." So if you're feeling safe and pretty by all means, come on down.

Life in the Surreal

by Suzanne Barbeau

Marco Ferreri's *Tales of Ordinary Madness* is a film of extraordinary capacity to astonish, confuse, and repel. It is based on the autobiographical writings of derelict poet Charles Bukowski, and as such Bukowski comes off very well, played with antithetical sensitivity by Ben Gazzara.

Ferreri, according to Scanlon, Skalsky and Menken Ltd Public Relations, is a man who has spent a lifetime striking blows "at the moralistic veneer which covers hidden vices and reprehensible behaviour," a man who seeks "to reach and to bother the public" with his "rigorous analyses of the esocial mechanism." Bukowski, who writes of the pain, the struggle, the very stupidity of survival, is his literary match. Their combined genius borders on the horrifying. The two were made for each other.

Tales of Ordinary Madness deals with a world in which people's lives defy the intellectual and violate the emotional. These are people who live every day of their lives dangerously, helplessly indifferent in the hands of a very sarcastic and debasing fate, stripped of the will to be anything other than what they are, and the ability to do anything but gorge their increasingly insatiable physical appetites. These are people whom society has left morally bankrupt.

Charles Serking is yet another mod-

ern day Don Quixote, whose quest is only, constantly, the will to continue. His life is a series of sordid and perverse adventures which lead him to Gas, a stunningly beautiful and suicidal prostitute, played by Ornella Muti. In his attempt to rescue Cass from herself and the world, he is confronted with the crucial challenge; his struggle is not with his own death but with Cass' desire to die. After Cass' suicide, he tries to drink himself to death but is roused from his drunken desolation by the fortunate intrusion into his life of a young girl on the beach, in whom he finds something to sustain him, and to inspire once again his poetry.

In 1982, *Tales of Ordinary Madness* won Italy's Golden Grail for Best Picture. It also received Donatello Awards for Best Screenplay, Director, Photography, and Editing. I would like to nominate Ben Gazzara for Best Actor, and for Best Supporting Role, Susan Tyrell as the sadomasochistic Vera who, says Serking, "chewed me up and spit me out into a police car."

It is impossible to describe the impact this film will have on you. You will leave feeling disgusted and fascinated, and torn a thousand different ways. *Tales of Ordinary Madness* has tremendous power to inscribe itself on your memory, with a vividness besides which real life pales



Marco Ferreri.

Columbia Players Experiment With Smack

by Wendy Dubow and Barnie Stevens

The Columbia Players Experimental Theater Workshop's production of Lanford Wilson's *Balm in Gilead* proved that direct communication between spectator and spectacle is possible. In this case, the "experiment" is a success.

Balm in Gilead is forceful and timeless. Taking place in New York City in the late 1950's, we see an amalgam of heroin addicts, whores, hustlers, queens and lesbians. All victims, all prostituting themselves and giving up in some tragic way.

Under the direction of Peter Cuch, *Balm in Gilead* takes shape in shapeless fragments. Cuch's acute understanding of modern theater prevails throughout. It

is not through the narration itself that we sense the destruction and futility of the characters, but through gestures, sounds and movement. Words are joined with physical motions and it is through this relationship that the spectator is able to understand and recognize his own reality. We feel the disorder of the play through simultaneous actions, as different conversations occur at once, forcing the audience to constantly shift focus. The disjunction and aimlessness of the action itself is meant to confuse us. The difficulty in concentrating on one particular conversation at a time makes them all relevant. At one point we find a character acknowledging our confused state with, "Are you getting any of

this?" Our only answer can be yes and no. This indecision comes from the haze created by heroin. The spectator is taken into this hazy world by the unrelenting rhythm that the actors create. We too have had our fix. They show us a place where "you see a better picture if you look at it backwards instead of straightforward."

The roles of Darlene, played by Susan Trout, and the Prostitute, played by Emily Wasserman are particularly well acted. Both performers exhibit creativity and skill as well as a crucial understanding of the type of experimental theater they are dealing with. Both use their bodies effectively as a dramatic device. We feel the energy or lack thereof from each twitch, expression and gesture. The other performers, too, interact convincingly and never leave the stage. Even when not "acting" directly in front of us, they move to the aisles, always confronting us with their presences. We also hear two singers in the

"There is a Balm in Gilead." The combined energies of the actors produce the unnerving ambience which is so much a part of the play and the experience of seeing it.

The repetition throughout the play of "aren't we even moving?" hits hard. The only energy we see in these characters has no chance of forward movement. There can be no progress in this vicious circle. All energy is in effect wasted, spent merely in up and down motions, waking, taking drugs or having sex, all actions without goal. There is only enough energy to maintain the static status quo. This play is a sad commentary on life where dreams have been shattered and despair prevails.

Balm in Gilead ends where it began. The "script" has come full circle. The futility of the characters' lives is reflected in Darlene's evolution from an "innocent" Chicago girl to just another person in the desensitized crowd. Her lover Joe is ironically killed by the drugs that he hustled and never took.

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ELECTIONS

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SUMMER GRANTS

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These grants are for student projects and internships. Guidelines available at the Undergrad Office, rm. 116 McIntosh

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— Wednesday, April 6

Lower Level McIntosh
Reception at 6-7 PM
Dinner at 7-8:30 PM

Bear Pin awards to be presented honoring Student Leaders at Barnard

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\$5: Students

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Saturday, April 30

A carnival-type event to be held on the Barnard Campus.

—Balloons—Barbeque—Caricaturist
—Astrologist—Music and much more.

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SPORTS

Netwomen Go to Deuce in Spring Season

by Maya Marin

Returning from an excellent fall season record of 5-1, the Barnard tennis team began their spring season competition against Division I schools Manhattanville and Lafayette. Being Division I, these two colleges posed a great threat to the Bears. However, they performed well under poor weather conditions that increased the difficulty of the game. The tennis team defeated Manhattanville 6-3 on March 25 but yielded to Lafayette on March 26, and lost by the same score of 6-3.

In the Barnard versus Manhattanville match, Leesa Shapiro '83 overwhelmed her opponent 6-4, 6-0. Shapiro is number one player of the Barnard team and was undefeated in singles play during the fall season. Freshwoman Philippa Feldman, who was also undefeated in singles play last season, lost to her opponent 4-6, 3-6. Karen Pantan '85 had a slow start in the first game which she lost 4-6, but then returned in the last two games to defeat her opponent 6-2, 6-3. Ruth Kaplan '85 lost 3-6, 0-6 while Amy Briguglio '85 played excellently, winning 6-0, 6-1. Kay Diaz '85 won her two matches 7-6, 6-3. Winning her first match by such a close score gave Diaz a boost of confidence to win the second match. A new addition to the Barnard team is freshman Debbie Dziertzeski who played an exhibition match and won it with a score of 6-3.

The doubles team of Shapiro and Feldman defeated the Manhattanville opponents with a score of 6-2, 7-6. This doubles pair is a new formation on the Barnard tennis team. Coach Debra Abshire commented, "Leesa is smart and knowledgeable in her game and helps Philippa with the strategy and aggressiveness" necessary in a doubles team. The two work well, according to Abshire, when Shapiro is at the net and Feldman lands a good serve.



Philippa Feldman '86

Pantan and Ruby McDonald '85 lost their matches 3-6, 3-6 as did the team of Briguglio and Diaz with a score of 4-6, 1-6.

Last Saturday, against Lafayette, Shapiro lost her match 5-7, 6-1, 6-2, however, Feldman won hers 6-3, 6-4. Pantan lost 6-1, 6-2, Kaplan yielded with a score of 6-1, 6-1 but both Briguglio and Diaz won their matches. Briguglio was down 2-5 in the first set but then came back with five straight points to win that match 7-5. Amy won her second set 6-2. Diaz also added to the drama of the match and came from behind 3-love to win back her matches 6-3 and 6-2.

There was less luck in the doubles matches. Shapiro and Feldman lost 6-1, 6-1, Briguglio and Diaz lost also but they struggled a little bit with scores of 6-1, 6-7, 6-0, giving the opposing doubles team a

Continued on page 11

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 of the Pre-Law Society.
 12:00 in the Jean Palmer Room (McIntosh)
- * **Wednesday, April 6th-CAREER PANEL**
 - the United Nations
 - Real Estate Law
 4:30 in the James Room (Barnard Hall)
- * **Monday, April 18th-STUDENT-FACULTY RECEPTION**
 sponsored by E.C.S. Pre-Law Society
 the Dean of Studies Office
 4:30 in the Sulzberger Parlor (Barnard Hall)

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Financial Aid

(Continued from page 1)

eral grants and loans. Before the policy change, any student's guaranteed grant could not exceed the cost of tuition and fees.

Guard said that with the sharp tuition hike, it will be very difficult for some students to meet the enormous expenses if the guaranteed grant stops are \$8,930, the cost of next year's tuition and fees, when total expenses will amount to something like \$11,000.

The federal allocations of the National Direct Student Loan (NDSL), the Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grant (SEOG), and College Work-Study will remain the same next year, which, according to Guard, indicates an actual loss in real dollar terms. These changes in policy are to make up for the loss in federal aid and the soaring college costs.

The new policy will also benefit transfer students. Sophomore transfers who were denied aid when admitted can become eligible under the new policy for grants after completing one year at Barnard. At present they can only apply for college

loans and are not eligible for grants until they are seniors. The policy for transfer juniors will remain the same; they will still have to wait one year before they can apply for grants.

Guard estimated that there will be approximately 20 sophomore transfers who will be able to receive grants next semester. She said the funds required for this new policy are made available chiefly by the \$1.5 million gift donated by the Dana Foundation last January.

Guard pointed out that the college funds are enlarged not only because of the income generated by the capital campaign and the College's increased commitment to financial aid, but also by an unusually large outgoing class of seniors this year.

The financial aid office will cooperate with the Barnard Career Services to start a Career Services Assisted Placement program in which the Career Services will help place students in jobs where the students will be paid directly by their employers. This program, together with Barnard campus jobs and the work-study program, should increase students' ability for self-help and reduce their need for financial aid, said Guard.

Health Services

(Continued from page 1)

der observation more easily and for longer periods of time than is now possible. The examination rooms will have adjoining rooms so that patients may prepare themselves while the doctor is examining another patient. Mogul said that this arrangement would give privacy to the students, unlike the crowded situation they are now experiencing. Mogul also expressed the hope that they might be able to expand their laboratory in order to get test results quicker.

Mogul said that in drawing up the plans, very careful consideration was given to wheelchair-bound students. As a result, after many changes, 100% of medical services will be available to them. Mogul stressed that the plans are still in formation. Health Service will be holding an open forum on Monday, April 25, 1983, at 12:00 in room 205, Barnard Hall. The plans will be discussed then and any student who would like to contribute her ideas and comments, or would like to ask questions, is welcome to attend.

Tennis

(Continued from page 1)

little fight before they finally lost. There was no third doubles pair from Barnard that day due to an illness of two members of the team. Barnard had to default the last match to Lafayette, making the score 6-3 in Lafayette's favor.

Compared to last year, the team has made remarkable progress in their depth and experience. Each member of the team

contributes her share to the strength of the Barnard tennis team. This will become increasingly important in the later half of this spring season as the Bears confront four Division I schools and two Division II. This is in comparison to the fall season when the team usually played Division II and III schools. Today, the Bears will face Division II State Champs, Fordham University.

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