

BARNARD BULLETIN

**Barnard Bulletin**

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**FORTY-FOUR POSTERS**

Forty-four posters advertise AA Sports Week at the time this editorial is being written. On some bulletin boards there were as many as five or six works of art advertising one or all of the Week's events. But forty-four posters! We walked around and counted them, just out of curiosity. And we didn't go to the basement or to the campus poster spots, where we have no doubt there were more.

This is funny? It's a riot. Four or five girls spend about twenty-two hours of their precious time on advertising a traditional college event and it's a big laugh.

There is one fact that the students of Barnard should recognize and that is that the posters would not have been made if it hadn't been necessary. Lawrie Trevor and her hard-working AA publicity committee knew that an advertising campaign of huge proportions was necessary in order to get anybody to appear at the AA Board's carefully planned events.

After all, the Political Council Town Meeting for new students last Tuesday was advertised by only six or seven well-placed posters (three and a half hours of time) and when we looked in on the meeting there were seven students, only seven, before whom five leaders in extra-curricular affairs were describing the work of their clubs. Bitter experience has taught publicity chairman that Barnard needs banner headlines and bulletin-boards full of posters to attract its attention to anything but the most glamorous of activities, or required assemblies.

Barnard would be a better place if there were no necessity for putting forty-four posters in the halls to publicize its extra-curricular events. Academic work demands a lot of time, a lot of book-reading and paper-writing. But what would college be if everyone sat in the library and pursued her personal social interests?

We get sick of bulletin boards that are so loaded with posters that practically nothing impresses us. But the poster chairman's rule (we heard about it somewhere) limiting the number of posters to "one on a subject on each floor" is unfair as long as college organizations must lay a barrage of publicity if they wish to receive the interest of more than a handful of the students.

We hear many students saying that Barnard would be a much better place if there were more social life, more "spirit." But where does spirit originate if not in participation in college activities.

**Barnard In Fashion On Columbia Campus**

By Rita Dresner

On April 9, 1950, according to the "King's College Eye-witness" of that date, a King's college student, Matthew Lionhearted by name, was heard to remark, "Zounds, what an ugly female that is yonder." This, we believe, was the origin of that popular Columbia sport known as Barnard-baiting.

Either the sport atrophied for several decades, or the "Eyewitness" news coverage was sketchy. At any rate, the next records we found were from the year 1900. At that time Charity Strongarm, who was AA poster chairman at Barnard, wrote to a friend at Vassar, "A Columbia man passed me on the street today, and distinctly muttered, 'Barnard girl—ugh!'"

Wishing to know what foundations there were, at this date, for the still-popular Barnard-baiting game, BULLETIN reporters set out to investigate. Learning that the Lion's Den and SPECTATOR office rank as the most important spots on the campus across the street, we straightened our stocking seams and summoned courage to visit these places.

The Den came first. Adjusting our eyes to the darkness and crawling carefully through the smoky haze, we bought our root-beers, lit our cigarettes, and prepared to meet The Columbia Man.

"At the last Columbia dance, there were very few Barnard girls—a significant observation, I think" were the first words that greeted our ears. They emanated

from a studious sophomore across the way. He seemed to feel that the rest of us must have been home crying in our pillows. After pointing out that: a) one fourth of the Barnard girls were home with their husbands, and that: b) fully half of our classmates find the off-campus material much more promising, we told our young friend to be thankful that he could get a Barnard girl to date him.

Out of the Depths

To sum up, the men in the Den, or at least we think there were men behind all that smoke, are the ones who once read in Jester that Barnard girls were not worth looking at, and have been repeating it ever since. The fact that they have not been out of their noisy little cellar in many months, and have never seen the healthy young beauties who cavort behind high green fences, should allow us to question the validity of their sentiments.

The next point in our itinerary was the office of the COLUMBIA SPECTATOR, which is, like BULLETIN, a college newspaper. Confronted by not one but several offices, we boldly entered the editor's sanctum sanctorum. It was empty, so we spent a few minutes looking over a sample issue of the paper saying Columbia beat Army, which would have been printed—except that Columbia didn't beat Army. Soon the editor himself, a nice chap in case you didn't think Columbia had any, came in, and was followed by various and sundry.

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**From The City Of Veils Comes Shirin Devrim**

Girl Fascinated by New York Harbor, Barnard Dating System, U.S. as a Whole

Shirin Devrim, who came from Turkey in March, knew Sabra Follett Meservey in Istanbul. Sabra Follett, who was Barnard's Undergraduate president in 1944-5, taught at the American Girl's College in Istanbul. Mrs. Meservey had a son in September.

By Betty Pohanz

"Shirin, can I borrow your black suit with the gold buckles tonight?" queried the girl from next door as she burst into the room. "I have a date with Jim tonight." "Of course you can wear it," replied the attractive owner of the suit on her way to the closet. "Except I should warn you," she smiled impishly, "I wore it when I was out with him last week."

This is the Shirin Devrim who only a year ago was living in Baghdad, the city of veils and female seclusion.

Arrived on Liberty Ship Shirin arrived in New York City in March of this year after thirty-two days on a small Liberty ship which, incidentally, had no accommodations for passengers and no ballast. Therefore, the passengers slept in the gun crew's quarters and the ship rolled terribly in the storms.

"I had thought of New York City in connection with skyscrapers, subways and rushing people," she remembered. "But what impressed me most was the majesty and greatness of the port. It is one of the most beautiful in the world."

Shirin's mother, a prominent Turkish painter, is at present in Paris where she is exhibiting in the universal exhibition of art from all the countries. Her step-father, Prince Zeid of Iraq, was recently appointed first ambassador of Iraq in London. And, with her younger brother remaining in Baghdad, Shirin wonders when it

will be possible for them all to be together again.

After having been born on the shores of the Bosphorus, Shirin began her education at a school in Berlin. Therefore she speaks German as well as Turkish, French, English and some Arabic.

Loved the Rhineland

"Bärin was a big, dull," she described candidly. "But I like southern Germany, especially Nurnberg. And I loved the Rhineland which seemed to retain the mysterious and mystic atmosphere of the Middle Ages."

Shirin also attended school in Istanbul and last year she was in Baghdad while her step-father was Acting Regent for his nephew, the King of Iraq. She visited ruins of Mesopotamian civilization such as the ancient city of Babylon and Moslem cities such as the holy city of Karbala.

"Although Baghdad is a beautiful city, and," she laughed, "I want to stress this, it is nothing like the city of One Thousand and One Nights as shown in the Hollywood films. And there are no magic carpets."

She went on to emphasize the fact that since 1923 and the Turkish Republic, Turkey has become increasingly modern. She pointed out that the very fact of her presence here demonstrates that fact. When her mother was a young girl, the wearing of veils and the practice of polygamy was still the custom in Turkey. But all this has changed and many modern schools have been established.

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**About Town**

**'DUCHESS' PRODUCTION LACKS CONVICTION**

("The Duchess of Malfi" was produced at Barnard last year.)

By Ruth H. Murphy

The failure of Paul Czinner's production of "The Duchess of Malfi" by John Webster can be summed up in a few words: it lacks dignity where it is called for and magnificence of characterization throughout. Furthermore, many of Webster's brilliant passages were deleted or changed in favor of an appeal to a modern, Broadway audience.

The curtain rises on a room in the palace, and unless one is thoroughly familiar with the play, the relationship of characters to each other remains obscure. Canada Lee, in the role of Bosola, and John Carradine, as the Cardinal, are discussing the debt which the Cardinal owes to Bosola. Delio (Richard Newton) and Antonio (Whitfield Conner) stand off to one side chatting.

Bergner Spoils Illusion

The heralded entrance of the Duchess is spoiled as soon as she speaks. She appears as a queen and acts like a naive child, nor does Miss Bergner's high-pitched, shrill voice aid her in portraying majesty. It is true that she may have been widowed when scarcely out of childhood, but even by that time she had been exposed to the social responsibilities and conduct of the court.

Although she portrays the part as a child, her opening lines bespeak the wisdom of a soothsayer. Her sophisticated speeches to her imploring brothers who beg her never to marry again are inconsistent with Miss Bergner's performance. As the play progresses, she does achieve a certain maturity, but one never has the feeling that she understands the lines she speaks. And she certainly does not feel them. Some of the most brilliant passages fall on a dead stage because they are not built up to a climax in any way.

Antonio Outshines 'Noble' Duchess

The marriage scene between herself and Antonio borders on being ludicrous. She speaks of her brother's treachery with full intelligence, and it is not likely that she would have the lines in a play if there were not a degree of realization connected with them. Yet, she makes a poor showing of herself in front of Antonio who is far more concerned, reserved, and dignified than the Duchess. The scene lacks charm and a sense of true sincerity which is necessary to carry the play through the treachery which follows.

After the Duchess has behaved so naively, Carola's closing speech following the marriage of the Duchess to Antonio seems tremendously ineffective. After they have left the room, she says, "Whether the spirit of greatness or of women Reigns most in her, I know not."

Whole Performance Lacks Conviction

Even in this scene, however, the audience is never thoroughly convinced of the fact that Bosola has won the confidence of the Duchess.

And Ferdinand's ranting comes from his egotism rather than from his heart. Only the greatness of Webster's lines and the insertions in W. H. Auden's adaptation convince one of his obsession.

Even the death scene is a disappointment. When the Duchess answers Bosola with, "I am the Duchess of Malfi still," she announces it with such casualness that the audience finds it hard to believe that she is making her last stand.

No Sympathy, No Tension

Because the whole play lacks conviction, there was no feeling of tension in the audience and there was little sympathy aroused. The Duchess is not portrayed as a great character. Ferdinand is not convincing enough either to arouse anger or pity, and the Cardinal, though well-done, is not a major enough character to influence the proceedings of the play to a degree that he could stir an audience even to anger.

Bosola and Antonio are pitied, Bosola for his weakness in selling his conscience, and Antonio for his love which is the most convincing aspect of the whole play, but the part itself is weak. Canada Lee did his part well but failed to play the role shrewdly and subtly enough.

Good Touches Fail to Compensate

In spite of its shortcomings, the play had some excellent features. The actual production, sets, lighting effects, and costumes, was superbly handled. The inter-scenic music was a noble attempt to jolt the audience in the right frame of mind, and the guards who appeared between scenes in front of the closed curtain were precise in action and intelligent in their speech. Another commendable thing was the handling of the scene wherein Bosola exposes the dead bodies of Antonio and his son to the Duchess. Instead of using wax figures, the bodies were cased in a cabinet and fell out dead upon the stage thus eliminating the somewhat anti-climatic Milan scene. Furthermore the sequence of scenes was far more logical than the way the play was written, and incongruities of time in the original script were eliminated. The madmen are also well-done.

But unfortunately, the good touches in the play can never compensate for the lack of conviction or for the lack of feeling of greatness with which the audience was left. It was horror without the slightest recompense.