

Walks Prove Fatal in Batmen Loss

by Mike Plekaraki

As the old saying goes: "Oh those bases on balls!" And maybe, if there were no such thing as a walk, Albany pitcher Rick Okoniewski just might

have had himself a two-hit shutout over Siena on Tuesday. But those "freebies" are part of the game and part of the reason why the Great Danes found themselves on the short

end of a 7-2 score just 24 hours after their 6-5 squeaker over RPI.

The two-game split left Albany with a 2-5 record this spring and a 1-1 slate in the Capital District Conference.

Okoniewski allowed only two hits in his 8 and 1/3 innings of work but also yielded ten walks which proved to be his downfall. The Danes, after holding off a late RPI rally the previous day to pick up a win, appeared to be within striking range when they narrowed the gap to 3-2, heading into the ninth inning of the Siena contest.

But four Indian runs on four walks put the game out of reach and stalled any hopes the hosts had of winning their first two C.D.C. games of the year.

In all fairness to Okoniewski, it must be noted that the righty senior did not allow a hit from the second inning on. "Rick threw a great game between the second and ninth in nings," said Coach Bob Burlingame. "A fabulous game!" And even with the walks, "it was anybody's game until the ninth."

Rick got off to a shaky start in the first by walking Mark Fryc with one out and then giving up a run-scoring double to Gary Holle. Holle stole third and scored on an errant pickoff throw by catcher Vic Giulianelli to put the Danes down 2-0. Okoniewski later walked two more batters in the inning but escaped without further damage.

Siena upped its advantage to 3-0 in the following frame when Malcolm Kilmer singled, advanced on two wild pitches, and scored on a sac fly. Until the ninth, they were not seriously threatened again.

State got on the scoreboard in their half of the second when Jay Milauskas reached second on a double error by third baseman Fryc, and scored on a wicked single down the leftfield line by Mike Gamage.

The Danes, who incidentally out-hit the winners by an 8-4 margin, cut the lead to one in the eighth when Paul Nelson tripled up the right-center alley and later scored on an infield error.

Okoniewski was obviously tired at this point and after getting the leadoff man in the ninth, walked the next three batters before being removed. Bob Kronenberger relieved and on a 3-2 pitch to Holle, gave up the Danes' eleventh walk of the game, forcing in the fourth Siena run.

Tom Paradise then delivered a two run single for the fifth and sixth runs, while the final tally crossed as the result of a Kronenberger wild pickoff attempt. But the Danes refused to yield in their half as John Trace, a late inning sub, and pinchhitter Glenn Sowsalskie, delivered base hits with one out. When Nelson was hit by a pitch to load the bases with two outs, they still had a chance. But Tom Blair was robbed of a hit by first baseman Holle who flipped to pitcher Mike Ruane for the final out on a very close play.

Ruane pitched a fine game, getting his outs when most needed. Five of his six strikeouts came with runners on base, and with the defense turning three doubleplays behind him, he was unbeatable.

Albany's third baseman, Jim Willoughby, turned in the best defensive play of the game in the

fifth. Holle smacked a vicious shot down the line which was labeled two-bagger all the way. Willoughby dove headfirst to his right, snared the ball in his outstretched glove on a hop as he hit the ground, scrambled to his feet, and made a perfect throw to just nip the runner.

Willoughby Stars

But it was Willoughby's bat which was the key to the Danes' 6-5 win over RPI on Monday. He lashed out three singles and drove in two runs in that contest to back up a fine initial pitching effort by Sowsalskie.

The Danes had scored single runs in the second (on Jeff Breghio's squeeze bunt) and third (on Willoughby's rbi single) to lead 2-0. The Engineers then cut the gap to one in the fourth on a run-scoring hit by Brant Smith, before Albany exploded for four in the next frame, aided by two big errors.

But RPI again cut the lead to one by tallying four times of their own in the sixth. Three singles, a walk, and an error did the trick before Sowsalskie closed the door. "That was the best fastball I've had since the summer league (of high school days)," said the righty.

Sowsalskie Tires

Sowsalskie tired in the seventh and was replaced by Kronenberger who did a superb mop up job in picking up his first save of the young season. Nelson also lended a hand with a fantastic diving catch in deep right late in the game.

So, the Danes are off until Tuesday when they face Hartwick in a home contest at 3:30. Blair is the probable starter with John Dollard slated four days later versus Colgate.



The Baseball team in their Tuesday loss to Siena. Albany tries it again a week from Tuesday against Hartwick.

Tracksters Win

by Jon Lafayette

It all came down to the last event for the track team in Wednesday's meet against Williams at the University field. A scoring mistake of two points made the score seem even closer than it was at the end.

Williams opened the meet by taking the 440 yard relay as a mistake caused an Albany pass to go outside the passing zone, disqualifying the team. Rudy Vido put the shot 497 1/2 to make the score Williams 8, Albany 6. Brian Davis won the mile in 4:22.8, with Tom Ryan second in 4:25.4 but the scorer only gave Albany 6 points (points are awarded 5 for first place, 3 for second, and 1 for third in a dual meet) instead of the eight they had won, making the score Albany 12, Williams 9. This error would not be noticed until after the meet with the two points missing all through the running score until the end.

Dave Cole took the 120 yard high hurdles, but a mix-up between the timers and the starters meant no time was taken. Coach Bob Munsey thought that "Cole's time was probably excellent because the race was very tight, about six inches at the finish." Tom Pardini took the long jump with a leap of 20'7" with Hiram Febles third. Jim Holloway then took the discus by throwing it 133'1".

Brian Davis won the 880 in 1:59.6, scoring a double (he also took the mile) but again Albany would be hurt in the sprints. Two Williams runners, Dave Parker and Michael Read, beat Art Bedford in the 440. Joe Newsome and Regan Miller beat Albany's Alan Zube in the 100 yard dash, and Bob Ashley and Glen Harris of Williams went 1-2 over Roger Phillips in the 440 yard intermediate hurdles. State's Gary Johnson finished second in the 220 which was won by Williams' Newsome, and Bill Mayer and Pierre Beauvoir captured second and third in the pole vault. Albany still trailed (they thought) by 12, 57 to 45.

Albany got tough, winning four of the next five events. Tom Cleary

threw the javelin 174'6" and Perry Hoeltzel threw it 159'2 to take 1-2 in that event. Carlo Cheribino and Chris Burns tied in the two mile, crasing the Williams lead and putting Albany up by 2 at 61-59. Bob Malone collected 5 big points by winning the high jump at 6'0", with Williams coming in second and third. The lead was now 3 points with only the mile and the triple jump remaining.

Williams took the relay, gathering all five points in that event to put Albany in the hole, down by two. All eyes were on the triple jump area where State's Jim Pollard was first followed by two Williams men with one jump left. In that order, everyone thought, Albany would lose by one. Hiram Febles' last jump of 42'11" won the event to give Albany five points, and with Jim Pollard finishing second, the final score looked to be 74-69. No one knew that the score was really tied going into the triple jump so Febles and Pollard really bore out despite being under intense pressure.

Munsey Happy

Coach Bob Munsey said he was "very happy, winning the close ones" are great." Freshman Brian Davis, who won both the 880 and the mile and Tom Ryan who finished second in the mile both looked very good, as did Dave Cole and Stu Finton in the hurdles. He was very happy to see Bob Malone go 6' in the high jump, especially after a foot injury which bothered him all through the indoor season. Jim Pollard and Hiram Febles were impressive also. Munsey calling Febles "a tough little competitor. He was glad to see Rudy Vido and the weight men come through. "Our field events outscored our runners 42-36 in this meet and 140-135 over the season, and remember there are 10 track events and only seven field events.

The next meet, on Saturday will see Oneonta, Oswego, and Plattsburgh all come in and Coach Munsey feels "it will take a mountainous effort to win

Brockport Edges Stickmen

by Craig Bell

In a game that saw the Great Danes lead by as many as three and trail by as many as four, the Albany lacrosse team dropped their first game of the season 11-10 to the very tough Brockport team.

The Golden Eagles opened to scoring in the first quarter as tackman Ken Balsou scored on the end of a fast break. Dennis Walsh got the Danes even two minutes later, and then put them ahead with an underhand blast at 12:03. Pete Connor assisted on the play, while the Danes enjoyed a two man advantage. Brockport's leading scorer

Steve Martucello converted on a nice pass from Balsou to tie the score at two all at the end of one quarter.

Albany seemed unsettled early. They weren't controlling the ground ball as they had against Oswego and weren't taking advantage of their man up opportunities. Twice in the early going State was two men up and couldn't put the ball in the net.

Midfielder Tom Jefferies took advantage of a breakdown on a State clear to start the second quarter and scored to put Brockport ahead 3-2. State came roaring back on goals by Goggin, twice and Schaus Schaus to

take a 5-2 halftime lead. Brockport came out fired up in the third quarter and quickly showed why Dane coach Armstrong likens them to the Brockport team of two years past that went all the way. (ECAC division III champs) Tom Jefferies opened the scoring after Wulkiewicz had blocked the original shot. Then Ken Balsou picked up a loose ball off a rebound of a missed shot and looped around the left side for the score. Wulkiewicz had stopped two shots previous to that. Then all hell broke loose as Brockport hit the nets four more times in the third quarter for a 9-5 lead at the end of three quarters.

Albany opened the fourth quarter with 3 unanswered goals and trimmed the Brockport lead to 9-8. Conrad Domanski took matters into his own hands as he rolled around State defender Dave Ahonen for Brockport's tenth goal. Albany closed to 11-10 on an unassisted goal by Dennis Walsh, his third. Domanski then again went to work as he rolled around Ahonen for the score. Brady got a quick one for State after Kevin Murphy had legged the ball all the way upfield for the Danes.

Albany had one last chance to win it. With 14 seconds left Tom Jefferies was penalized but State failed to get off a shot. Colgate makes it's 1975 appearance on campus Saturday for a 2:00 game. Last year Albany won 11-9 in overtime at Colgate.



The lacrosse team in action against Brockport. Albany lost 11-10.

SASU Meeting Held

by Carl Hudson

The Student Association of the State University (SASU) held a conference this past weekend at the SUNY Agriculture and Technical School in Canton, New York. The meeting was highlighted by the demands of two affirmative action caucuses, one of women and the other by third world students.

At the same time SASU sponsored a Communications Conference that was attended by student newspaper and radio station people from many SUNY schools throughout the state.

The two caucuses presented a policy statement that included changes in SASU's by-laws. They read in part: "Affirmative Action is a positive plan to implement a policy which actively opposes racism and sexism... we recognize that we must ourselves make certain changes

in our policies and in house procedures and that this is the elementary step in furthering a program of Affirmative Action both within the SUNY system and the society as a whole."

Though the affirmative action proposals were at first discussed in an atmosphere of tension and parliamentary confusion, the SASU delegate assembly did approve parts of a substitute affirmative action proposal written by a group of people including Linda Kaboollan, a SUNYA representative. The proposal requires that various measures be taken to insure proper third world and women representation in SASU. Other proposals will be discussed in the future, but by the end of the meeting it was felt that a major step was taken and that the organization would survive it.

SASU is a private organization

that is also, in effect, a student organization under the auspices of SUNY Central, and the Student Assembly.

The Student Assembly and SASU are separate organizations consisting of the same persons in the same positions, with rare exceptions. SASU exists because SUNY Central will not recognize nor fund an organization that lobbies and therefore could endanger SUNY's tax-exempt status.

SASU is funded through mandatory activity fees at each member school. Each school pays sixty-five cents per FTE (Full-Time Equivalent) student.



SASU President Dan Kohene chaired the conference. The delegate assembly approved a measure to insure proper representation by women and third world students.

NYPIRG Referendum Decided By SA Ballot

by Daniel Gaines

A NYPIRG (New York Public Interest Research Group) referendum will be on the ballot in next week's SA elections that, if passed, would provide for an increase in the student tax fee of one dollar per semester and an equal amount to be drawn from elsewhere in the SA budget, to total an estimated \$36,000 Albany NYPIRG budget that would be guaranteed for two years. This assumes that the mandatory student tax fee will be reapproved by the students in a separate referendum next week.

To be binding the referendum will need twenty percent of the students eligible to vote. The only groups to get more money this year than what NYPIRG will probably receive are the intercollegiate sports board, the AAB and Concert Board.

Albany NYPIRG Chairperson Arthur Malkin said: "I'm positive that if a student understands PIRG he will vote 'yes.'"

A similar referendum was defeated last week at SUNY Binghamton by ninety-nine votes. The student government there and the newspaper, the *Pipe Dream*, were both against the referendum partly because of the tactics that were thought to be unethical. At SUNY Buffalo NYPIRG fought unsuccessfully against a clause in the SA constitution there banning binding financial referendums. Buffalo's student newspaper, the *Spectrum* quoted the SA President Michelle Smith as saying that "NYPIRG is playing politics while claiming idealism," and that the group was trying to get its money by "sneaking through the back door". Smith was an original NYPIRG supporter.

SUNYA's PIRG was organized in the fall of 1973, inspired by a speech given by Ralph Nader the spring before. Among its first organizers were present SA President Pat Curran and the SA Supreme Court Chief Justice Patti Maslinoff.

by Daniel Gaines

Most candidates in next week's SA election support the concept of NYPIRG, but a few object to students being the ones to finance it. In other developments, David Coyne has dropped out of the SA Presidential race, indicating that he supported Andy Bauman for the job. The candidates competing for the top spot are now Andy Bauman, Kim Kreiger, Spenser Livingston, Robert O'Brien, and Ken Wax. Nathan Salant, while on the ballot, says his candidacy is "up in the air". There are two Vice-Presidential candidates: Rick Meckler and Jon Levenson.

Presidential candidate Ken Wax opposed having the referendum at all. "I didn't like the way it was worded," he said, "and it's all-or-nothing nature. Student mandatory tax money is raised by students and for students... I'd like to see the money stay on campus." Rick Meckler, a Vesp candidate, said that PIRG is "an excellent idea" and explained that the group proved the referendum was necessary because there was no other way for that six

financial commitment to be made. Meckler thought PIRG surveys were helpful to students, and went on to say that he didn't mind NYPIRG getting into social-type issues unless they went against the feelings of students. Meckler said he would vote in favor of the referendum.

Candidates O'Brien and Bauman said they would vote yes also. "I can't see how someone couldn't agree," said Bauman about the philosophy behind PIRG. "Students are among the more enlightened parts of society and therefore they have the responsibility to help improve it."

PIRG Idea Favorable

O'Brien said that he was "generally favorable" to the idea of PIRG. He urged students to vote yes because of the information PIRG makes available to them. "I'm very much against the public getting duped," he said, also warning the PIRG should always "be applicable to the average student."

Kim Kreiger said she would vote "no" but said she could easily work

with a large semi-independent NYPIRG organization. "The money is a major consideration," she said. Kreiger commented: "I'm one of those people who think Ralph Nader is a schmuck."

Vice-Presidential candidate Jon Levenson said he was against any increase in student tax. "PIRG has done a lot of good things," said Levenson, but said students must ask whether "we want to give them enough breathing space to show us what they can do," or whether they should be judged year by year, making them devote resources to getting funded. Levenson and Presidential candidate Wax did not say how they would vote on PIRG.

Wax said he'd give two bucks to PIRG but was against the mandatory nature of the referendum. "It's something you'd want PIRG to protect you from, not promulgate," he said. "PIRG is a fine group," said Wax, "but... the problem with PIRG is that they're simply a cog in the state-wide [NYPIRG] wheel."

EOPSA's Cultural Phase VI Underway

by Betty Stein

Survival, EOPSA's sixth annual cultural events week began yesterday with this theme as a common denominator for its many events. "We think this is significant, especially with some of the things that will be happening this year... and next year," said Freddie Stokelin, EOPSA President. Stokelin was referring to the potentially serious implications of recently-made gougies in SUNYA's budget.

Cultural Phase VI, as it is officially called, is expected to climax Friday night with an appearance by Angela Davis. Other events will include an acupuncture lecture and demonstration, slated for tonight; a Third World media arts presentation, to be given tomorrow; and a talent show, set for Wednesday.

The two concerts and Burundi Dance Company performance this weekend are expected to draw a racially mixed audience. "White people on campus know what's happening," explained Stokelin, "We've been into B.B. King for a long time; you all are just picking up on it."

Stokelin expects 2,000 to 3,000 people to take part in the week's activities. He cited the fact that \$1,000 worth of weekend meal tickets had already been sold as an indication of this. Stokelin called FSA "great fans" of Black Week ("that's what they usually call it"), asserting that, "Any other time, we have a hell of a hassle. They're very receptive to anything that can be profitable." "I'd like to see every week Black Week," said Stokelin, who claims "We're only thought about when it comes around to Black Week time." He stressed the function of the event as a means of increasing awareness; "The majority of people on campus still don't know what EOPSA is." Stokelin hopes that this can be changed; "We're always viewed as different in a negative sense, but we're always viewed ourselves as different in a positive sense."



Alton Smith's drawing "Survival," serves as the theme of EOPSA's publicity campaign for their Cultural Week.

The demonstrators wormed their way down Washington Avenue. It was a cool, windy non-descript spring day as the crowd—mostly students and recent graduates, marched to the Capitol to protest giving military aid to Vietnam. "Jobs At Home Not War Abroad. Jobs at Home Not War Abroad." They chanted as two policemen escorted the demonstrators downtown last Friday. As the crowd marched in the street, supporters distributed leaflets to passers-by. It was close to twelve o'clock so the sidewalks were full with shoppers and state workers on their lunch break. "What are they saying anyhow," a handyman in a one-piece green outfit said mockingly. Most of the spectators ignored the noisy group.

Demonstration Story by Michael Sena... See page three

Former State Dept. Member Hiss to Speak

by Sandy Bodner and Paul Sommer

Alger Hiss, a high ranking member of the State Department during the Roosevelt and Truman administrations, who had a brilliant career cut short when he was convicted of perjury in 1949 after being accused of being a Communist by the then Congressman Richard Nixon, will be speaking on McCarthyism then and now on Wednesday, April 23. The lecture will begin at 8 p.m. in the Campus Center ballroom. The event is being sponsored by Speakers Forum and admission is free with a tax card and fifty cents without.

Hiss was a boy wonder of sorts. He was a graduate of John Hopkins University and Harvard Law school. He was a law clerk for the legendary Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. He went to Washington at the age of 28. He attended the Yalta Conference with Franklin Roosevelt. His many high government positions included assistant to the assistant secretary of State and at the time of his indictment, President of the Andrew Carnegie Foundation for International Peace.

Hiss was accused in 1949 by Whitaker Chambers, a *Time* magazine editor and self-professed Communist himself, of having passed classified state department documents to Chambers. Hiss denied Chamber's accusation. The weight of Chambers accusation on Hiss rested upon what came to be

known as the "pumpkin tapes." Whitaker Chambers had hollowed out a pumpkin in his backyard in which he had stored away a set of microfilms of classified state department documents. He subsequently made the claim that Alger Hiss had given them to him. The FBI upon investigation asserted that the documents were typed on a typewriter owned by Alger Hiss.

Character Witnesses
Though Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter and then Secretary of State Dean Acheson testified as character witnesses on

Alger Hiss's behalf his first trial resulted in a hung jury, Hiss's second trial resulted in a conviction of two counts of perjury.

All along the way, the frenetic voice of Richard Nixon, Congressman from California, was pushing for Hiss's conviction. Joe McCarthy soon after the landmark Hiss case released his red terror on the country.

As for Alger Hiss, he served several years in prison. The Massachusetts Bar Association has recently consented to review his application for re-admission.

Albany State is one of 150 campuses around the nation selected to receive a free travel magazine. *America: The Datsun Student Travel Guide*, now in its second year of publication, contains information, ideas and suggestions for low-budget student travelers interested in finding unusual points of interest to visit in the U.S.

One million copies of the 72-page travel guide will be distributed around the country from late March through May. The SUNYA Alumni Association will give free copies of the magazine to students here on a first-come, first-served basis at the campus center during the beginning of May.

This year a large part of *America* was written by students themselves. Articles by three winners in the 1975 Datsun Student Writing Competition are featured. Also included are seven award-winning advertisements designed by students in a national advertising contest and chosen through on-campus test marketing.

Descriptions of six different adventure trips—from backpacking to a whitewater canoe trip—comprise "Outdoors Getaway," an article which helps students visualize what such action trips are like and plan their own. To introduce students to America's northern neighbor, a province-by-province tour of Canada is featured, with information on Canada's cities, sights, customs, and currency.

Other features include "Sun Sources: A directory of Student Beaches," "Cheap Thrills: A Collection of Free or Inexpensive Things To Do in 15 Cities," and "Radioland U.S.A.," a coast-to-coast list of AM and FM stations.

NEWS BRIEFS

International

BANGKOK Thailand (AP) - Many of the thousands of Cambodians who fled to Thailand were reported going home. Sources in Paris said some important personalities in the fallen government left the French Embassy in Phnom Penh and turned themselves over to the Khmer Rouge.

DAMASCUS Syria (AP) - Eritrean rebels claimed Sunday they had killed 100 Ethiopian soldiers, shot down a military plane and destroyed 18 vehicles last week in their secessionist campaign against the government of Ethiopia.

Eritrea, a former Italian colony on Africa's east coast, was annexed by Ethiopia's deposed Emperor Haile Selassie in 1962. The rebels have been waging a guerrilla war against the Ethiopian government to gain independence for their Red Sea province.

SAIGON (AP) - President Nguyen Van Thieu quit Monday to pave the way for a political settlement of the Vietnam war, but the move was seen as probably too late to keep the Communists from taking the country by force. In fact, Thieu and others predicted more bloodshed ahead as North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces massed almost at the gates of Saigon. Thieu's resignation, in a tearful, nationally televised address that included a bitter denunciation of the United States, removed at least a major symbolic obstacle to a negotiated settlement in South Vietnam. But some U.S. officials were not convinced it would lead to talks.

National

WASHINGTON (AP) - A \$330 million military and economic aid bill for South Vietnam was approved by a House committee Monday after Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger testified the money is needed to negotiate "a humane solution" to the war. After the testimony the committee approved 36 to 1 an appropriations bill including \$165 million military aid for South Vietnam and \$165 million humanitarian aid.

WASHINGTON (AP) - Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger told congressmen Monday that aid for South Vietnam is still needed for negotiations "avoiding a battle for the city of Saigon if that could effectively be done." Kissinger refused to give details on what negotiations would involve, but did tell the House Appropriations Committee that "one of the objectives would be to bring about the most humane solution."

WASHINGTON (AP) - President Ford's military advisers told Congress Monday that South Vietnam is no longer militarily defensible, but more military aid could bring a negotiated end to the fighting. But military aid could bolster the will of the South Vietnamese to fight and thus win a negotiated settlement rather than an abrupt takeover.

WASHINGTON (AP) - The Supreme Court refused to become involved Monday in Louisville and Indianapolis desegregation cases that could lead to busing of students between the cities and their suburbs. The action means that a federal court in Louisville may reach across district lines if necessary to desegregate Louisville and Jefferson County schools. The trial court must proceed immediately to develop a desegregation plan.

ALBANY N.Y. (AP) - Legislators harshly denounced the State Correction Commission on Monday, saying the independent "watchdog" agency has been a bitter disappointment in achieving prison reform.

"Dammit to hell, you've failed," Sen. Robert Garcia, D-Bronx, shouted at one point to Morton Van Hoesen, administrator of the commission.

ALBANY N.Y. (AP) - State Insurance Superintendent Lawrence Keepheus, who had been working unusually long hours in recent weeks to avert a medical malpractice insurance crisis, died of an apparent heart attack overnight Sunday in Colorado Springs, Colo.

ALBANY N.Y. (AP) - Charles R. Gallagher Jr., suspended director of special education in the Albany school district, was sentenced Monday to three years in prison on his conviction on a count of second degree grand larceny. Albany County Court Judge John Clyne imposed sentence on Gallagher, who had been accused of taking more than \$1,400 from the Albany Public School Teachers Credit Union. Gallagher had been treasurer of the credit union.

NEW YORK (AP) - A \$16 million upgrading of standards of dress, nutrition, education, recreation and environment for Willowbrook's 3,000 retarded patients was agreed to by the state Monday, to settle a federal lawsuit. Gov. Hugh Carey said standards achieved at the controversial Staten Island institution, one of nation's largest, eventually will be extended statewide at a cost of \$40 million.

Local

NEW YORK (AP) Convicted Watergate burglar Frank Sturgis says he plotted to assassinate Fidel Castro in 1959 while working with the CIA but dropped the plan after failing to get the "green light" from Washington, the *New York Daily News* reported Sunday. He said he sought approval for this plan through the U.S. Embassy in Cuba, and added: "They couldn't make up their minds. They couldn't decide what to do," said Sturgis in an interview published in Monday's editions.

NEW YORK (AP) - Sen. Edward Kennedy, D-Mass., is the only one of six Democratic presidential potentials whose current popularity surpasses President Ford, the Harris poll reported Monday. However, two others are on a par with Ford. Although he has said he will not seek the nomination, Kennedy is favored over Ford in the Harris survey. Most of his vote comes from persons under 30 and from blacks rather than whites.

Compiled by Matt Kaufman

Demonstrators Protest Military Aid to Vietnam

by Michael Sena

The demonstrators wormed their way down Washington Avenue. It was a cool, windy, non-descript spring day as the crowd—mostly students and recent graduates, marched to the Capitol to protest giving military aid to Vietnam.

"Jobs At Home Not War Abroad. Jobs At Home Not War Abroad." They chanted as two policemen escorted the demonstrators downtown last Friday. As the crowd marched in the street, supporters distributed leaflets to passers-by. It was close to twelve o'clock so the sidewalks were full with shoppers and state workers on their lunch break. "What are they saying anyhow," a handyman in a one-piece green outfit said mockingly. Most of the spectators ignored the noisy group.

The seventy-five protesters waved their placards in the brisk wind. "Out Now." "Rebuild Vietnam." "Long Down, Thieu To Go." "Anti-War Is Peace Conversion."

An old man with a black French beret, yellow turtle-neck, and a Peter Falk raincoat carried a sign which read, "Food Not Bombs, Medicine Not Marines." He stood out from the young crowd. "I want to protest our continual presence in Vietnam," he said. "I don't want to use troops for anything. People will be safer that way. I'm in favor of using money to undo what we did in Vietnam though I don't trust the way Ford would use it. Aid should be furnished through the American Friends of Communism, or the United Nations." He smiled at me as the crowd approached the Capitol steps.

From an unknown source bells chimed, it was noon. As the demonstrators gathered and prepared to hear the scheduled speakers, on-lookers curious about the commotion parked themselves on benches.

"No, no," a man who sat on the bench surrounding the equestrian monument of Phillip Henry Sheridan muttered, when I asked for his comments. Waving his hands he

scurried away.

"Everyone is aware of the futility of the cause—it's only a half-assed gesture," Naomi Friedlander, Albany State student said. "As we were marching you could see people weren't even chanting," her friend interrupted. "It's just a token gesture, really," Friedlander remarked. "We're just laughing at ourselves." Friedlander and her two friends soon left.

Others, however, were more optimistic, or at least felt they had to stay to show some symbolic opposition to military aid to Vietnam. Gene Damm, a part-time grad student at SUNYA is an old-hand at demonstrations; "I've been part of the anti-war movement since the '60's. The war has never ended—so I never stopped being part of the movement. I think it's important that we have a demonstration before we intervene in Vietnam again, not after..."

"Stealing babies...Humanitarian aid...Budget...National year's arm sales...Outcry," a woman speaker belted from the state legislature's steps.

"Congress and Ford want to reintroduce thousands of troops into Vietnam—there's a possibility they'll be fighting both South and Vietnamese people," said Damm. "With troops there'll be more fighting, more death, more destruction," said the balding, bearded protester.

A large white sheet with the words, "Solidarity With The Vietnamese People's Struggle For Liberation" served as the mascot of the protest. The sign thundered in the biting afternoon air.

Joe Kraut also is a SUNYA student. He's one of the defunct breed of activists who is always protesting something. "I see the problem as more than Indochina—it's the political-imperialist system of the United States. We're wasting money on the military that could be used for housing, unemployment, and the environment."



PEACE

"Beginning in 1965 with the step-up in the war our economy started to fall," another speaker said.

"I'm disappointed that more people aren't concerned enough about what's going on in Vietnam. More work has to be done than marching."

"We were supposed to have lost China to the Communists."

"...As we continue putting money into the destruction of Vietnam—with Thieu it's fairly obvious we can't win there. We've wasted our resources when they could be used for constructive things."

The protesters began to thin out as the chilly wind roared. The bystanders lost interest, and they began to disperse.

An old woman, however, remained. She was there before the protesters arrived and would remain long after they left. Most likely she is there every day. She was dressed in typical Brighton Beach attire—scarf,

baggy stockings, and an unfashionable over-coat. "I do think it's a shame that we're sending our money over there when we need it here. You know, I'm retired," she said to me as I knelt next to her with my memo pad. "We should take care of our people over here—we don't have decent places to live in, there's poor children over here."

"The United States with no regard...retains troops on Taiwan province...Shanghai communique..." said Mike Howard.

"...Stuff is so high—you can't buy it. Prices are so high," she complained.

At one p.m. the demonstration ended. The crowd scattered as quickly as it had come together. A few stragglers remained, but basically the benches were reclaimed by on-lookers.

A young man with brown hair and a handlebar moustache sat alone on

the Sheridan monument. Steve Muse had that all-American look as if he should be on *The Waltons*. Referring to the protest, he said, "I think they have their priorities mixed up. The first priority is to get straight with God. He's the one that picks the kings and rulers. You can't have external peace without peace within—that's a contradiction. How can you tell anyone about peace unless you have it inside your heart? That's hypocrisy. I used to be involved as actively as these people but I changed with my experience with Christ." Muse sat contentedly on the wooden bench.

By now, everyone had left. On Washington Avenue the sidewalks were full with shoppers and state workers returning from their lunch break. As I left the Capitol, the old woman was still perched on her seat. She limply smiled at me and said good-bye as I left.

SUNYA Hosts Women's Weekend Activities

by Linda Fried

April 18 marked the first day of Women's Weekend, sponsored by the SUNYA Women's Liberation Group. The three day affair was initiated with a communal dinner in the Humanities Lounge. Approximately thirty women and two or three men attended the smorgasbord, each bringing a place setting along with a contribution to the meal. The feelings of the majority present were as one woman expressed. "There was a nice variety of food and a friendly atmosphere." Another woman's view was not as prevalent. She remarked, "The only problem is, there's men here."

By 8:30, the lounge was completely full, with around seventy women and ten men waiting to enjoy the Coliseum. While the performers set up, *Woman Power* T-shirts, booklets, and refreshments were sold. One woman purchased a T-shirt saying, "I don't have much money left, but I'd like to spend it on something worthwhile." The lights dimmed, and the first act was announced.

Full Circle is composed of six very talented women who have been appearing together for six months.

They presented a variety of skits, songs, and poetry concerning current social problems. Some topics covered were the job shortage for women, the difficulties experienced in seeking public assistance, and the changing of old views as presented in a witty fairy

tale sequence. Following *Full Circle* was guitar playing and singing by three separate performers. One, Gloria Jean, when asked if her repertoire was mostly about women, replied, "I sing about life, and women have to do with every aspect of life, so in a way, it is I

pick my favorite songs by authors, both female and male."

Men were very much in the minority at the coffeehouse, but they did not appear to be discomfited by that. One man who came because he knew one of the performers, observed, "I feel comfortable here. I'm en-



State Senator Carol Bellamy believes women must get involved in government policy making.

joying it. The women performing are making a lot of relevant points."

On Saturday Women's Weekend resumed at noon with a variety of workshops. One of them, "Women and Politics," featured the Honorable Carol Bellamy, a state senator from New York City. Senator Bellamy told how she became involved in politics because she thought she could effect changes. She finds it very frustrating though. When questioned about the Women's Unit, she answered, "Women have to get into the administration, into policy making. The Women's Unit was started by people with good intentions, but it is now mostly a public relations unit for whoever is governor."

A man in the audience asked the senator about gerrymandering, and whether or not she thought her district would be redefined again, leaving her without a district. In reply, Bellamy told of her previous experience with that problem and how women get pushed around in such circumstances. She pointed out, "Bella Abzug, Mary Ann Krupskak, and I have all been redistributed out

continued on page four

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Restored Boulevard Cafeteria to Reopen Soon

by Paul Pelagalli

In 1967 the Boulevard Cafeteria closed down after operating seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day for 36 years. The Boulevard was the place to eat in Albany, anyone of note in the city turning up there frequently. For years older residents walked past Robin Street and Central Avenue, the unused building bringing back memories. Recent arrivals tried to peer through the stained-glass windows, while they speculated about the history of the cafeteria. Due to the efforts of two SUNYA graduates and six current students the public will view the Boulevard from the inside.

Robert Boor (1966 grad) and George Mitchell (1969 grad) decided Albany needed a place that offered eating, drinking and dancing at reasonable prices but with an atmosphere that tells people the proprietors care. However, when they purchased the Boulevard they were faced with a unique problem. The walls and arches were decorated with murals that were covered by grease and soot. A decision had to be made to paint over them or to try some restoration procedure.

Robert's wife Mary Ann, also a SUNYA grad, had been an art minor and George had taken a few art courses. They suggested going to Ed Cowley, chairman of the Arts Department, and ask if he had any students interested in the restoration of art decorations. It so happened that Cowley was teaching a course, Environment as Art, which required a final project. It occurred to him that some of his students might be interested, so he presented Boor's proposal to his class. Six students were interested so Cowley took them down to the Boulevard to experiment and get them started.

The students, William Karpowicz, Heidi Hoppe, Barbara Kropf, Kathy Donohue, Keith Cramer and Bert Schou, are not all art majors, but the project seemed interesting.

After trying combinations of turpentine and petroleum naphtha, furniture polish and a wax emulsion in water and such things, a 1% solution of Tide and water was settled on. Sometimes the simplest things work best.

Since the paintings and oils were on a type of gauze, not canvas, the removal of the caked-on grease and soot was a delicate operation. Using surgical cotton and working on scaffolds, the students worked on and off as Boor and Mitchell repaired water damage to the plaster ceiling. Work on some plaster sections was a delicate operation, the students aiding in the effort.

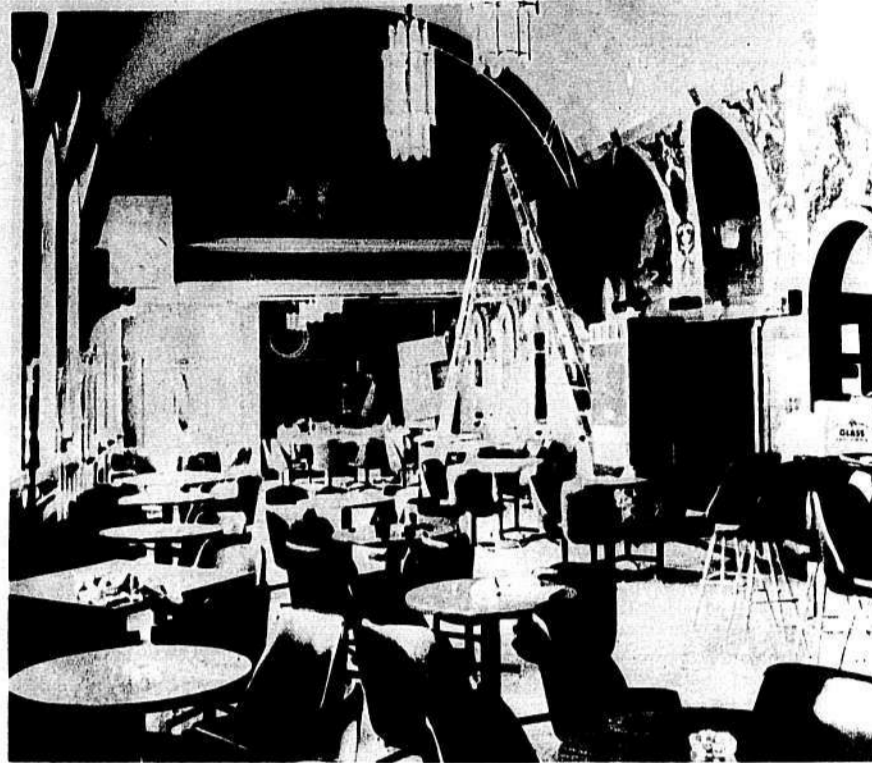
Some of the paintings, representations of scenes from "The Odyssey," were in such poor condition that they had to be removed and repainted. Karpowicz did a good deal of this in-painting, although the others lent a hand in the minor touch-ups on the paintings and the scroll work. Heidi Hoppe, also an art major, retouched a border fresco style. She is interested in art decoration and restoration so this project was an opportunity for her to do work in this area and do something lasting for the community at the same time.

Doing something for the community and the university was one of the major considerations when the Boors and Mitchell bought the Boulevard. While many landlords take advantage of students and merchants often don't appreciate the business SUNYA provides them with, having students do the restoration work seemed like an excellent opportunity to help bridge the gap between the two factions.

The proprietors are pleased with the restoration; it will serve as testimony to the interest of SUNYA students for their temporary community. The resurrection of the Boulevard Cafeteria, now the Boulevard Restaurant and Tavern, will be unveiled to the public on April 25. It will feature casual dining (Joe's type sandwiches and entrees at reasonable prices), taped F.M. style progressive music, occasionally live bands (particularly jazz and bluegrass) and a bar.

George Boor wants it to be "a friendly, mixing place" which won't require gorilla bouncers. The owners feel if they show that they care about their client, the client will care about them.

Finally Albany has a happy medium between the picnic tables of the Salty Dog and the high prices of The Golden Fox.



An inside view of the soon to be opened Boulevard Restaurant and Tavern, formerly the Boulevard Cafeteria.

Women's Weekend Activities

continued from page three

of districts, and now look where we are!"

The senator came out in favor of lobbyists. She explained that although she makes up her own mind, she does allow herself to be influenced by some lobbying groups. She is distressed by the lack of coverage downstate about the State Legislature.

Another question from the audience concerned the State University budget cut letter campaign. The senator explained that she could not really tell, as the supplementary budgets are only beginning to come up before the Senate. She is in favor of letter writing though, and urged her listeners to write to important people such as the majority and minority leaders. "Letter writing is important," Senator Bellamy continued. "It doesn't always guarantee

success, but it makes the wheel

of districts, and now look where we are!"

Another workshop was entitled "Self-defense." In an informal atmosphere, the session began with women describing how they handled, or would handle, various circumstances such as street hassling or being followed. Volunteers demonstrated what they thought should be done in a given situation, after which the two session leaders showed some methods of self-defense.

Fear of Success

Other workshops included "Time for Action" which dealt with issues on campus of concern to women and "Fear of Success" which compared the desire for success of women with that of men. A workshop presented

twice was "Self-Help Health Center" presented by a women's group from Boston. The purpose of the sessions was to increase and improve women's awareness of their bodies. In addition to other workshops, a feminist craft fair was scheduled to be in the Humanities lounge Saturday afternoon. Unfortunately, only one representative appeared at the fair, a women's newspaper, *Speak Out*.

A dance featuring "Friends" an eight piece women's rock band from Syracuse, was held in the Dutch Quad U-lounge Saturday night.

Sunday noon in the Humanities lounge, everyone had a chance to relax at a free brunch. At two o'clock the weekend closed with sports and games in the gym.

ELECTRONIC EYES

The American Civil Liberties Union says it has identified at least 23 separate government agencies which have conducted electronic surveillance against American citizens.

The A.C.L.U. says that these agencies include not only the F.B.I., the C.I.A. and the I.R.S., but other lesser ones such as the Defense Mapping Agency and the Defense Nuclear Agency.

A NOZONE LAYER?

An atmosphere scientist is out with a new study which indicates that the Earth's delicate ozone level is in more trouble than was originally predicted.

Doctor Thomas Donahue warns that the propellants in spray cans may set off a chain reaction capable of quickly depleting the ozone.

Doctor Donahue is the chairman of the Department of Atmospheric and Oceanic Sciences at the University of Michigan. He reports he has discovered a secondary method through which fluorocarbon propellants affect the atmosphere.



Scientists have known that fluoro carbons released into the atmosphere break down chemically and create ozone molecules.

What was not known, Doctor Donahue says, is that the temperature of the stratosphere rises as the ozone level drops. He says this temperature increase causes water vapor from below to rise into the stratosphere, further depleting the ozone level.

Doctor Donahue says this means the fluorocarbons trigger what he

ZODIAC NEWS

calls a "snowball" effect which can deplete the ozone level quickly.

A decrease in ozone, scientists say, will cause a tremendous increase in the number of cases of skin cancer and blindness among humans.

FANATICAL FIGHTERS

The *Washington Post* reports that South Vietnamese and Cambodian Embassies are being swamped with thousands of offers from Americans who want to fight in Southeast Asia.

The newspaper states that the South Vietnamese Embassy alone receives as many as 10 calls per day, ranging from people who claim they are avowed anti-communists to those who merely want money for their services.

As an example, the *Post* quotes retired Air Force Lieutenant Colonel James Akin as saying he didn't really care for the South Vietnamese, but that he wanted to return to Vietnam because he was opposed to "communism" and hated to see America lose a war.

All offers have reportedly been turned down so far. However, the *Post* states that some of the proposals have come from soldiers of fortune who want to organize private armies to help in the fight.

One such man is Bart Bonner, a 34-year-old ex-marine who told the South Vietnamese attaché he had "quiet" or "clandestine" ways to raise a private army of 75,000 American veterans to fight in Southeast Asia.

Bonner explained that he is confident that once he gathered together 75,000 soldiers, the American people would come up with the guns and bullets for them.

PLAYBOY GURU

The Guru Maharaj Ji, the 17-year-old "Perfect Master" and leader of the Divine Light Mission, has been officially deposed by his own mother. There is now a new "Perfect Master."

The "Holy Mother of the Divine

Light Mission, Shri Mataji, declared in New Delhi last week that she had named her eldest son, Bal Bhagwan Ji, to be the new "Perfect Master" because the Maharaj Ji had become a playboy.

Mataji blamed her son's downfall on a handful of American associates who, she says, were using him to get more money and gifts "like a hen that lays golden eggs."

UGLY AMERICANS

The Ugly People's Liberation



movement will take to the streets of San Francisco on Mayday, May 1st, to march on behalf of the world's "not-so-beautiful people."

Ugly People's Lib, which is closed to all people who are beautiful, cute, handsome or good looking, will hold what is believed to be the world's first ugly people's march.

The ugly people's leader, who calls himself Professor Sheldon Cockroach, says that the early morning mass protest is not a joke. Professor Cockroach explains, "Many people think that ugliness is a joke, but ugly people are among the last to be hired and the first to be fired in distressed economic times."

The professor says he hopes the street protest will help to unite all people with "less-than beautiful" faces and bodies. He adds that so-called "beautiful people" may support the marchers from the sidewalks.

ROCK TO DEAF

The American Medical Association

is out with a warning that people should avoid all rock concerts.

The April edition of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* says that the high amplification of music at rock concerts can be dangerous to your hearing.

J.A. Bell of the Am.M.A. writes that members of the audience at rock concerts often suffer permanent hearing loss as a result of the amplified music.

What can be done about it? Says the A.M.A., "Stay away from rock concerts to be absolutely safe."

SCHOOLS SCRAMBLE FOR STUDENTS

Colleges and universities are resorting to unusual cut-throat competitive practices in order to lure new students onto campuses, now that the baby boom is over.

Just a few years ago, it was the students who were competing to get into college. Now, according to

Outstanding Teachers Award Nominations Being Sought

by David Winzelberg

Nominations for the Outstanding Teachers Award are still being sought by the Award's presidential advisory committee. The two faculty award recipients will receive "public recognition" and a monetary prize of \$500.

Students Confused

John Levato, from the University College and a member of the Outstanding Teachers Award Committee explained that "many students were confusing this award with the recent ACT's selections" that appeared in a previous *ASP* issue. Levato explained that the Outstanding Teachers Award has been "on campus for a number of years" and is separate from the ACT's "top ten" listing.

The seven member award committee is composed of four faculty

picked by the University Senate and three student representatives chosen by Student Association.

No date has been set as yet for the presentation of the award, "offered by the Office of the President" but the committee is hoping to give it out before the end of this term.

Awards committee member Levato urges student participation in the selection process and stresses that "anyone can submit a nomination". Nomination blanks are available at the Campus Center information desk and departmental offices, and should be sent to AD244 c/o Dr. Edward Jennings.

Nominations for the award close this Friday.

SA Ombudsman Available to Help Students

by Faith Schottenfeld

Are you having difficulty finding the appropriate agency responsible for repairing your on-campus refrigerator? Was your car ticketed erroneously? The person best able to handle these problems and any others you might have is the S.A. Ombudsman, Jon Levenson. What is an Ombudsman? By definition, he is "a government official appointed to investigate complaints made by individuals against abuses or capricious acts of public officials."

In practice, Jon and the volunteers who work with him handle all types of grievances as well as work on special projects such as open records and later buses to the downtown campus. Other projects include the hopeful establishment of a legal aid system, an office of student litigation, and a liaison with the S.A. lawyers.

The office of Ombudsman, which was one of Pat Curran's campaign ideas, was initiated this semester following confirmation by a 2/3 vote of Central Council. So far, the office has received many grievances and has been rather successful in its results.

"Many of the simpler hassles can be solved by looking in the student directory," Jon says. If that doesn't help, the Ombudsman probably can. Whenever necessary, problems are referred to and handled by the appropriate outside agencies.

Some grievances, such as the inability to get a telephone repaired, are handled by a simple phone call. Others are more complicated; such as the current involvement with the Educational Testing Service (E.T.S.) wherein over 200 students who spent their junior year abroad received incomplete transcripts because the testing service never received certain information. The E.T.S. is a legal monopoly, and therefore, the administration has no authority. In this case, a registered letter was sent, and the Ombudsman hopes with the help of NYPIRG the problem will soon be resolved.

"More than just solving the problems, we are interested in affecting a systems change so that the situation doesn't happen again," Jon adds. "Frequently, the changes are not formal, but merely slight modifications. For example, the layover stop of the downtown bus could be changed. Instead of waiting at Draper for ten minutes, it could wait at Partridge and Western where there are more riders. Kids could sit on the bus instead of waiting out in the cold," Jon says.

When the Ombudsman's office receives a grievance, the first step is that of investigation to research the problem and obtain the necessary facts and information. After reviewing the case, an opinion or recommendation is rendered, and, if the complaint is justified, the ap-



Ombudsman Jon Levenson handles student grievances directed at the SUNYA bureaucracy.

propriate agency is contacted. Using its second tool of persuasion, a logical rectification often occurs. "Professionals want to get things straightened out," Jon says. "They prefer to have the problem resolved in an uncomplicated manner."

Last Resort

If these methods are not successful, publicity is employed as a

last resort. Once cleared with the complainant, the Ombudsman may publicize inefficient, corrupt, or maladministrative situations and procedures bringing pressure upon the offender.

This is an effective system, and Jon thinks that the Ombudsman's office can handle many more grievances than it does now. There

are no specific office hours, volunteers are there at different times, and anyone can get in touch with the Ombudsman simply by filling out a grievance or information request form and leaving it in the appropriate mailbox. (Those interested in volunteering to become assistants to the Ombudsman are encouraged to do so.)

Latin Weekend 1975 is featured in this week's *ASPECTS* centerfold. See Pages 4P-5P.

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FSA To AAB To SA

There has been some debate within Student Association in recent weeks about whether or not the \$185,000 loan money returned to SA from FSA (Faculty-Student Association) in February should be only used for intercollegiate sports by AAB (Athletic Advisory Board). The money originally came from the AAB surplus.

Over the past few years Central Council has regularly approved giving \$7.25 out of each student's \$32.00 semesterly tax fee to AAB, to be distributed among the various sports programs by them. Besides saving Council the trouble of going through all the details of the intercollegiate team budgets, the AAB permits SUNYA to meet the requirement of the NCAA that the teams be under institutional control because there are faculty and students on the AAB. Giving these non-students some control over student tax money has been traditionally thought of as a small price to pay for NCAA membership.

Years ago AAB didn't use all the funds allocated to it by Council (it amounts to a quarter of the SA budget) and so an AAB surplus has been built up. The money has been invested in various ways over the years, the bulk being loaned out to FSA a few years ago and with favorable rates to both SA and FSA. In recent years, AAB has needed to take some money out of the surplus to cover the rising costs of operating an intercollegiate sports program and from various special events.

Now that SA recalled the loan some have suggested that it would be morally wrong to spend the money on anything but AAB. They reason that since it comes from the AAB surplus and can help support AAB when they go into the red; thus it will be unnecessary for AAB to ask for more money in future years. However, this is not a moral issue. Obviously AAB was able to operate successfully and efficiently with less than their allotted money in some years. Though they should not be penalized for being efficient, there is no reason to exempt AAB from the budget cutbacks and realignments of the allocations received by other SA organizations, going on now in the wake of a depressed national economy and changing student priorities.

AAB has no *Moral* right to that money. There should be a presumption in favor of permitting them to use it since it was originally allocated to them. But if Council decides that the many money-starved groups on campus have a greater need, and that students would be better served by reallocation, then by all means they should feel free to distribute the money accordingly.

A decision on the use of this money can be avoided by Council, as they often avoid challenging issues. There has been, however, increasing discussion in recent months about exactly what the one-quarter of SA's budget spent on intercollegiate sports is doing for the students on this campus compared to all the other places the money could go.

The FSA loan money adds a dimension to the issue that makes it imperative that both major branches of SA government carefully evaluate the pros and cons of our intercollegiate athletics program.

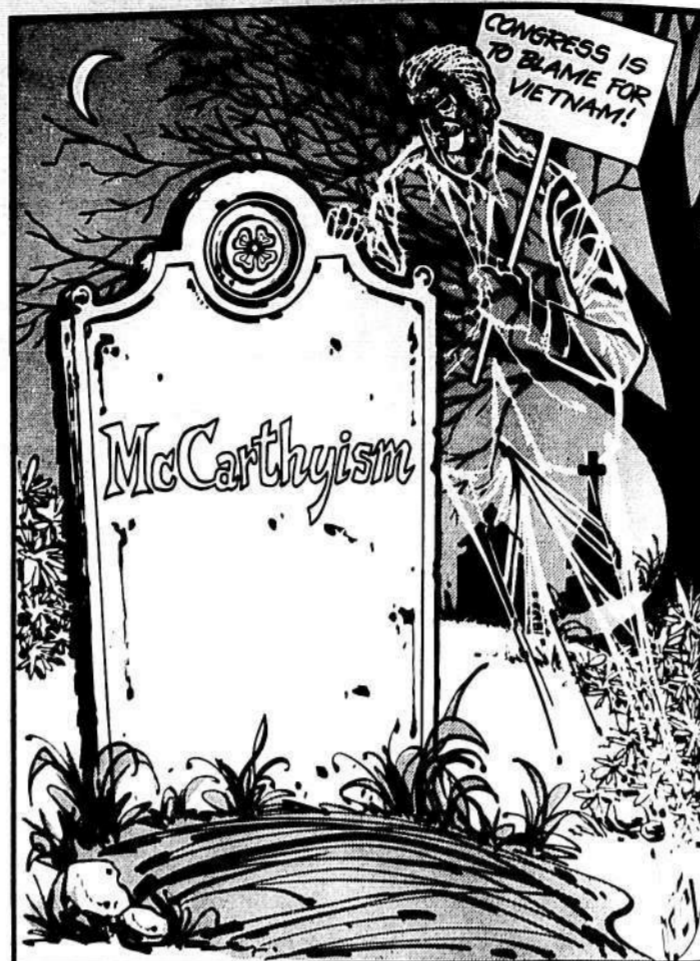
Saving Energy

It is increasingly clear that cigarette smoking is detrimental to a person's health. Because of vigorous advertising campaigns of the American Cancer Society, and the American Heart Association these are few people unaware of the risks involved when lighting up even the most weak and filtered tobacco. For some, it is inconceivable that smokers continue to buy pack after pack of their favorite brands. Some smokers would like to stop, but feel they can't. Many enjoy smoking and are willing to pay the price of the habit.

A twist in the anti-smoking rhetoric has become popular lately. Various scientific studies seem to indicate that people in the same room of the smoker are adversely affected, though to a much lesser extent. As a result cities across the nation, starting with Phoenix and recently New York City, are banning smoking in public places.

These events are, in principle, encouraging. But placed in perspective they are capable of being absurd. There are thousands of activities that damage both ourselves and other people when performed. Everytime a car is driven, a McDonald's hamburger eaten, a product produced, an aerosol can sprayed, or an unsafe food additive used people's health is affected. To single out the cigarette smoker as the one to suffer in our effort to keep ourselves in existence is especially unfair when we consider that we are being hurt in far more destructive ways than by having smoke blown into our faces.

Quote of the Day:
"The United States led the South Vietnamese people to death."
—Nguyen Van Thieu, former President of South Vietnam, in a bitter speech in which he resigned from office.



'COME, JOSEPH... WE HAVE WORK TO DO!'

Focus

The Last Watergate Column

by David Troeger

Richard Nixon's wish has finally come true, at last we can put Watergate behind us. The last major Watergate trial is over and part of history. Last Thursday, John Connally, former Treasury Secretary, was found innocent on charges of soliciting a bribe. He was charged with having accepted two \$5000 payments from Jake Jacobsen, a milk lobbyist, in return for having helped Mr. Jacobsen's client, the Associated Milk Producers, Inc., and other organizations of dairy farmers win increased Federal milk supports in 1971.

Despite the nefarious deeds of Mr. Nixon and his henchmen one thing can be said: the law of the land proved itself to still be supreme. There was one man and one administration in this country which thought it was above the law. But those men who espoused "law and order" became the highest example of their own rhetoric; they were brought to trial and forced to face up to their transgressions, like any other person who deviates from the law. The courts were fair, most men were found guilty and some, like John Connally, were found innocent.

Though the system worked during the Watergate scandal it did so only partially. As long as the biggest criminal of them all—the President of the United States—gets off scot-free one can not have complete faith in the American judicial system. The mind is still baffled as to why Gerald Ford saw fit to pardon Richard Nixon. Though it's been said one hundred times before it can be said once again: equal justice means equal justice for all. If a poor man has to answer for stealing a material good, then the President should have to answer when he tries to subvert our system of government. President Ford should have at least waited for Leon Jaworski to hand

down an indictment against the former President. It is just not sufficient to have people say that Nixon's acceptance of the pardon implies his guilt in Watergate. What was necessary was not the implication of guilt but rather prosecution and full proof of wrongdoing in a court of law.

Watergate comes down to those shallow temporal values which guide and govern people's lives. The Nixon people were driven by one overriding attribute, power. "Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely," the Nixon administration was absolutely corrupt because they followed, obeyed, and listened to "the way" of the great sun-king Richard Nixon. With apologies to Machiavelli, this is but one of the teachings of our former President: "I verybody sees what you appear to be, few feel what you are, and those few will not dare to oppose themselves to the many, who have the majesty of the state to defend them; and in the actions of men and especially of princes, from which they do not appeal, the end justifies the means."

O, Most Great Master, lowly grasshopper would like to ask a question: "Does the end truly justify the means?" No it does not. An end good can never be condoned if it is achieved through less than noble means. Immorality is like pregnancy, there is no such thing as being a little pregnant, likewise there is no such thing as being a little immoral. You either are or are not.

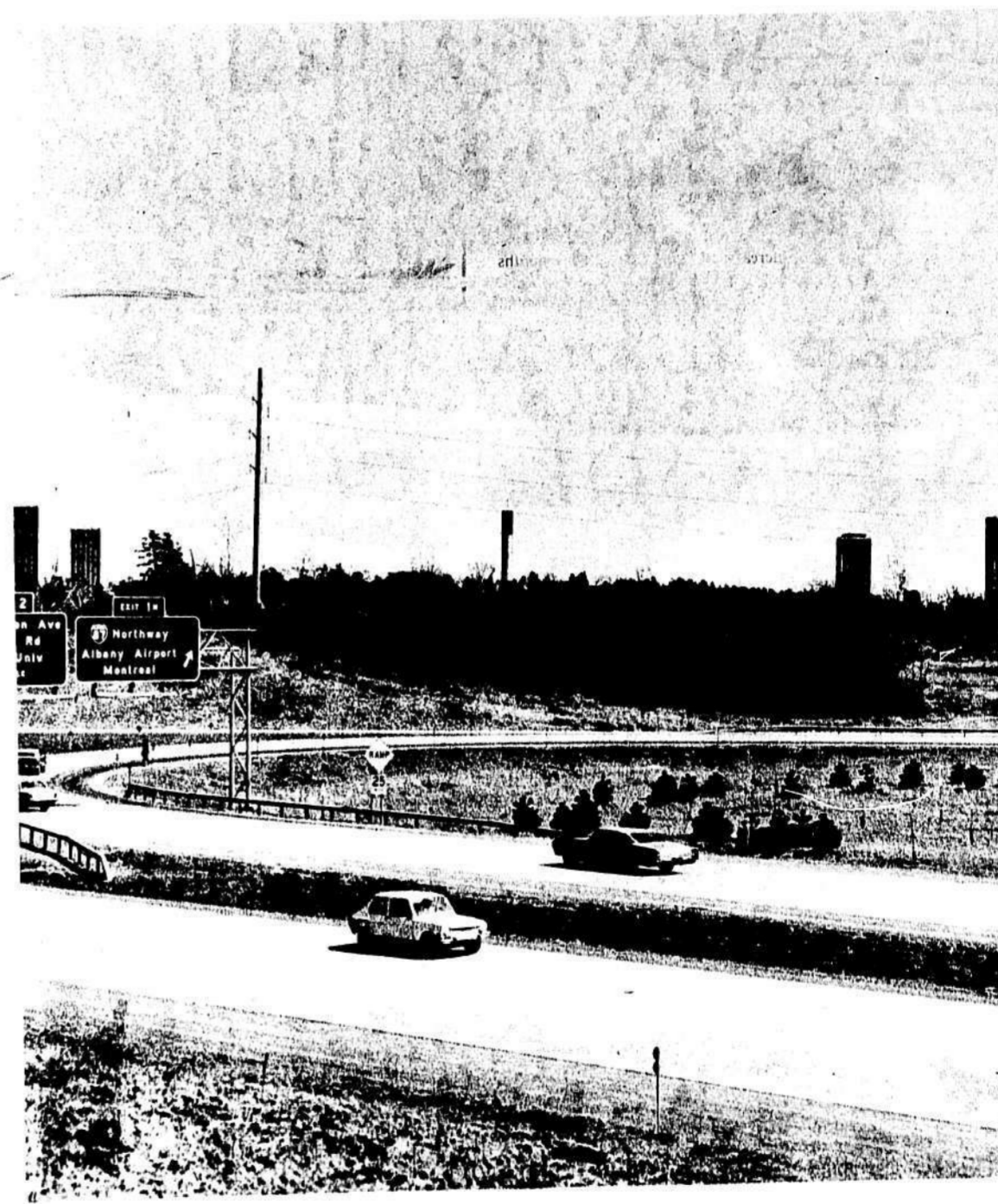
After the Watergate scandal, if the 1976 presidential election does not represent a zenith of openness and rectitude then we will finally have lost any semblance of being a republican democracy. Without a shot fired we will merely turn into a nation governed by four year autocracies. We lived through a regime like that from January 20, 1969 until August 9, 1974. Do we want that again?

ASPECTS

the Albany Student Press magazine

State University of New York at Albany Tuesday, April 22, 1975

Four Years Down,



None to Go

Well, the end is here. Four years here (two on the **ASP**) are ending very soon and it seems the time to reminisce and look back—not without some regrets. Richard Nordwind's story, and my story were written in those types of moods. It has been a long, sometimes frustrating, sometimes exhilarating four years, and about the only thing I can say is goodbye.

A.A.

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Once in a While It All Meant Something

3P

Latin Weekend 1975

4P&5P

Very Little Time Left

6P

The Saga of Betting Sam

7P

Disneyland...Oh, Disneyland

8P

IN THE SIXTIES
WE BELIEVED
THAT ALL WE
NEED DO WAS
EDUCATE
PEOPLE ABOUT
WHAT WAS
WRONG
WITH
AMERICA.



AND, ONCE
EDUCATED,
THE PEOPLE
WOULD
DEMAND
CHANGE.



SO WE EDUCATED
PEOPLE ABOUT
THE COLD WAR,
MILITARY
BOODOGGLE.



AND WE EDUCATED
PEOPLE ABOUT
VIETNAM.



AND WE
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ABOUT
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GENCE.

AND WE
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PEOPLE
ABOUT
RACISM.



AND WE
EDUCATED
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ABOUT
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FAILURE OF
EDUCATION.



AND
NOTHING
CHANGED.



AND FIFTEEN
YEARS LATER
WE FACE
RISING
INFLATION
AND
IMMINENT
DEPRESSION.



BACK TO
THE BOOKS.

4-20 ©1975 THE YERBER

Once in a While It All Meant Something

by Richard Nordwind

Mostly, I remember laughing. The more obscure the joke the better.

There was this time freshman year, my friend Stew and I were sitting in the dorm lounge, bullshitting about future careers when, I don't know how, we started wondering how his name would sound with a title. Up on the wall a magic marker went, "S.J. Bellus, Atty. at Law." We liked the sound so we wrote it on the dorm rooms, and in the bathroom, and on a frenzy we started talking about the lounge and the magic marker. S.J. BELLUS, ATT'Y AT LAW. Then, we moved a desk into the hall and a name tag on it. Stew put on a tie while I tried to do a professional interview. We'll fix any legal problems. I said to students passing by. Stew sat looking very smart, signing the name to sheets of lined paper, and muttering "Hi, I'm S.J. Bellus. I'm a lawyer, defend, or remain neutral." Every time he looked at us like we were social chumps and walked on. I was laughing so hard that I sweat, my tie was dripping beneath me.

Four years later, and it looks like S.J. Bellus, Atty. at Law, will turn into a reality. He's going to law school, so three years from now he can put up that sign in truth. But I can't explain why that night freshman year has more meaning to me, (and maybe Stew), is more real, than all the years of study, pressure, marks, acceptance, rejection, that came in-between.

It's an impossible question to answer, like when my relatives ask me how school is and I say, "fine", because there is nothing else to say. You would think I could come up with a better answer after four years. ("Well, Uncle Bob, school is exactly three parts

studying to two parts partying, to one part each drinking and dope, except when it's nice out then..."), but I can't. The question still startles me.

How is school? School, the place you have been for four years. Yes, now I remember.

If I could ever articulate it, if my uncle wasn't deaf in one ear and impervious to discussion in the other, I might say, "School is a joke. A very pleasant joke, sometimes uproariously funny, but a joke all the same. Let me explain. College has almost nothing to do with my education. Sure, it took up time during the day and a little at night. Mostly, though, school itself was in an endless, a device to get somewhere else—places I know even less about than all the courses that will get me there."

No fun, most here, or even, if my I really do believe school is funny, unnerf and funny. And the State University of New York at Albany is so funny, it's practically witty. Some of my favorite SUNYA jokes are:

with land almost unlimited in every direction, this school enclosed itself in a mass of concrete. A going every hour. White on white architecture, in a style that might be called "early sterility" (like impotence). Kafka would have understood this place well; anybody feel like a bug lately?

great moments for Woody Allen movies in some of my classes. In an English class discussing alienation in the 20th Century, where the whole back row is either sleeping or reading the newspaper. A history class where the teacher says about the years of student disturbances, "I'm glad students are off that relevancy kick now. I've never been relevant a day in my life." And nobody begs to disagree.

registration. Quad parties. The administration. My advisor. ("What's your name. Why are you taking that class? I hope you know what you're doing.")

Once in a very great while, it all meant something.

Sophomore year, in a class in Western Civilization, I had a teacher who taught history as a great dialectic between forces of reason and disorder, and made you feel the conflict like a tug of war going on inside. Or a critical writing class with a teacher who looked on your work as an extension of your own intellect, not hers. The writing itself, even when it was for the ASP, and you sweated blood over each line, only to have people come over to you in the campus center and say, "I liked your article. I only read half, but it seemed very cute." Please, please, anything but cute. Still, it was worth it.

On one paper I wrote for that critical writing class, smooth and very superficial, the teacher noted, "Don't allow yourself the easy way out, don't settle." Two years later, and I have to admit I'm still settling.

But I have an explanation: settling is a way of life here. The State University of New York is a sensible place to go to school because it is a perfect microcosm for the world most of us will enter upon graduation. Passivity is the best lesson I learned here. It is a school of onlookers. Jesus, the stars we all have gotten walking past the library booths or on the podium; the bureaucracy is so deep here, you can never break through. Why try? Accept it. Masses of faces you don't know, all round, blank and a little angry, few of which you will ever know. Why try? Accept it.

So we build ourselves a small enclave with a close group of friends, dig in, and hope the world doesn't get to us too much.

It must have worked in my case, for very little outside ever really affected me. Somewhere in the past four years Vietnam was fought over and lost, a President was removed from office, and I got a 3.4 "grade point average," but I knew nothing about it. What I cared about was who was going out

with whom, or pick-up basketball games, or how to spend a Saturday night when no good movie was on campus. For four years I found my meaning in meaningless forms, while the things that were supposed to have significance: education, the accumulation of knowledge, preparation for a career, turned out to be an extended joke—a giant shaggy dog story without a punchline.

I suppose I should feel silly and wasted after all this, but I don't, and I don't apologize for it either.

Still, I expected more, and the lack of it makes me uneasy. At least a positive statement to make after four years of college. "Think of your life as a road map," my high school pre-college advisor said to me, "so choose your paths wisely in college." I must have made a wrong turn along the line, or been derailed, because my paths lead back to the same place they started from when I was a Freshman. Isn't there supposed to be a pleasing sense of finality about the last days of college, when past and present merge, and out of it you emerge a person? It just isn't happening, and I'm scared.

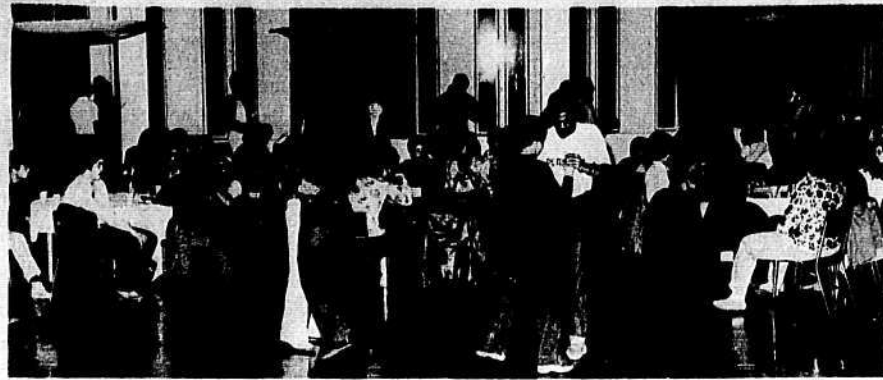
Where I go from here doesn't worry me as much as where I have been. (When you know you are going to be unemployed, a strange calmness comes over you.) I've always been a glutton for nostalgia, even before I had something to be nostalgic about, but the State University of New York at Albany won't let you do that. Try being sentimental with that goddam water tower sticking you in the face.

Sitting around my apartment the other night, talking with S.J. Bellus, the once and future Atty. at Law, we were once again puzzling out our future, trying to be serious. That facade broke down in a hurry. "You have a very weird name, Stew," I mentioned to him. "It has no connections with anything. I think it's religious." We said his name a dozen times quickly, then Stew made up a song about his name, entitled, "Slew Bellus", which was very catchy. Pretty soon we were shouting it down the block, and I was laughing so hard, I swear, I could hardly move.



Latin Weekend '75

photos by Tony Rose and David Slawsky



Friday night's disco.



Nicolosa Mohr—well-known Puerto Rican graphic artist and novelist.



Hilda Hidalgo speaking about gay women in a Latin-American society.



by Vinny Reda

These are people of color bursting forth. They are dark like the African. They are red-haired and pale-skinned as the Irish. They show the creaminess of the Southern European.

Yet they are unified. Latino Weekend, sponsored by Fuerza Latina here this weekend, carried this message: the Spanish speaking people shall bloom together.

They are a transplanted people who have taken root through the love of their native soil. It was powerfully stated in the performance of Pedro Pietri's *Puerto Rican Obituary*, by a theater group from SUNY at Binghamton, called "Sentido" (feeling). They performed Saturday afternoon in the PAC, as part of the Teatro Boriken Activities.

The skit tells of Juan, Miguel, Milagros, Olga, and Manuel. They have died in trying to become Americanized. And so, says the narrator, "They died dead. They were born dead." Yet they rise once more to warn those that come after, that to be Puerto Rican should not have meant shame, but beauty; pride, not exploitation. The equality of the grave, they say, was meant also for life.

"Aqui, (here)," says Juan, "you salute your own flag first." "Aqui," says Miguel, "there are no Dial soap commercials. Everybody smells good." It is wrong, says Milagros, to accept a mechanized pace which is not one's nature: "TV dinners do not have a future."

"Aqui" says Olga, "the men and women admire desire, and never get tired of each other." "Aqui" says Manuel, "Que pasa power" is what's happening. To be called

Negrito (dark) is to be called love!" "Puerto Rico," they say, "is the place you should be—even if you are not there."

The Latin lands were there that afternoon however, during Teatro Boriken. They were in the 14 different performances given in word and song which expressed the talents, desires, and pains of the people present.

They are equally there later that evening in the Campus Center Ballroom, as you see the people dance to the music and rhythms of Orquesta Sabor. The singer is dark with a shirt that exposes a small muscular waist, and a voice which exposes the joyful sensations of love. The people—Equadorian, Puerto Rican, Panamanian, Dominican, Honduran—share his message in motion.

The music here is rarely sad. Horns introduce a blaring tempo as over a hundred dancers seem to flicker across the floor. The women's clothes are bright and tighten to shape them sensually, creating a fullness of body and movement. The men are smooth as well, though conceding the higher radiance of their partners.

A piano and flute carry the melody in a manner both flowing and passionate. Suddenly the trumpets and trombone extol a more violent and rapid pace which shall die out and yet repeat again. The dancers, however, continue as before. One thinks they must go faster together, apart, around, back. Yet it is fast enough, and they blend in their flow.

It is the Conga which holds them above all. You feel it at your feet. The couples pirouette in air as the beat drives up from the floor. It is theirs. It echoes from the din of

110th Street voices and Bronx El's now abandoned.

It echoes from bars where numbers-running filters in from the street corners and Tito Puente and Ray Barreto filter out from the juke box. It echoes further still, from the towns of Orocovi and Morovi; from the posh nightclubs of Louisa Street in New San Juan to the lush elevations of Cayey. It is within the Jibaros mountain people. It is Huracan, the god of storm brought from African jungles by the Yorubas, the tribe used as slaves by the Spanish, in Puerto Rico; all now assimilated into the island people.

You watch the dance floor. "Aqui," you seem to hear, "the men and women admire desire."

But their music and words are now saying much more. On Sunday in Brubacher Hall, with a Puerto Rican flag behind them, performers spoke and sang of the need for Puerto Rican independence and unity of Spanish peoples.

Ramito, famous Jibaro singer and dancer, called the Latins a "rainbow people," and as such they were beautiful. There should not be racial differences amongst them, he urged, because to be Puerto Rican is to be united in cause.

For over three hours the performers sang of a need to drive the capitalist exploiters from their land. The audience of about one hundred supported vehemently. "Long live Puerto Rico—free and socialist!" was the final cry, in Spanish, from protest group Sangre Joven. "Que viva!" ("Be it live!") echoed back, with the strength of many, from voices sharing cultural growth as one.

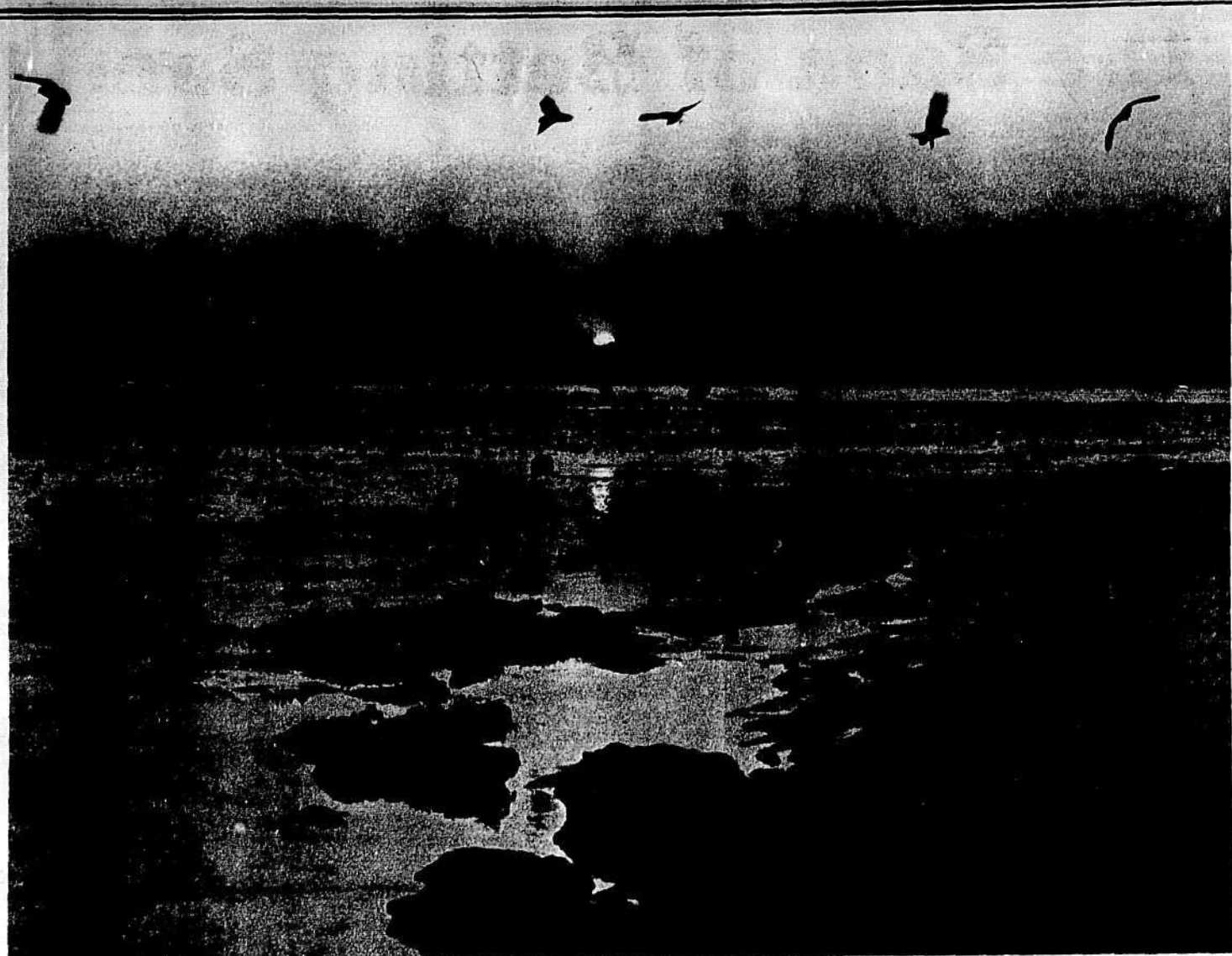


Festival of theatres.



Recital and commentary of Puerto Rican music with Sangre Joven singing protest music (above) and Ramito singing folk music (below).





Very Little Time Left

by Alan D. Abbey

They had very little time left together. He had to go. Somewhere. It didn't really matter . . .

She kept on worrying out loud about "after". He didn't worry out loud but bit his fingers off silently. It hadn't started out this way, and neither of them had foreseen they would get so close. It just happened.

One day they finished a project they had been working on together. When it was completed they just stood there and looked at it. He finally realized what that meant. Her large brown eyes glowed wetly, and he pretended he was looking for something in his pocket. When his eyes stopped burning he looked up at her again. She was standing in the corner of the room, facing the wall. He went over to her, put his hands on her shoulders, but she shrugged him off with a shudder she felt through her entire body.

"This is one part, one level of our relationship that's already over. I mean we'll never be able to work on this together again," she said, her face still turned into the dark corner of the walls. He just stood there, hands on her shoulders, and bent to kiss her on the side of her neck.

Later that day they were in her apartment, lying quietly on her bed. The only sound in the room was her clock. It was a large windup Baby Ben, with a round face, which glowed pink in the gray darkness. Each tick sounded like a footstep, as if someone were closing in, coming to take him away. They reached out for each other

and both spoke at the same time.

"You're so important to me."
"I love you."

They both laughed.
"Stepping on my lines again, huh?"
But it was a mirthless laugh, and it died quickly.

"Instead of just sitting here moping, let's do something."
"Alright."

The trail up the mountain was not very steep, but they took their time anyway. The mountains around them rose up quickly and strongly, their rounded, snow-covered tops gleaming like golden domes as the sun reflected off them. On their right a brook gurgled

like a happy baby, and the trees rang with the songs of the birds of spring.

Her hand gripped his tightly as they strode their way up the incline. The ground under their feet was soft and dark. It was the moist, fecund earth of the time of spring. Time was bringing a new beginning to the forest, but to them time was a thief-giving them a short time together, and then taking it away, running past them too quickly to be caught. They wanted to fight time, bend it to their wills, but they knew that was impossible.

"The less we sleep, the more time we have together," she had said late one night, while they were lying warmly

and sadly in each other's arms.

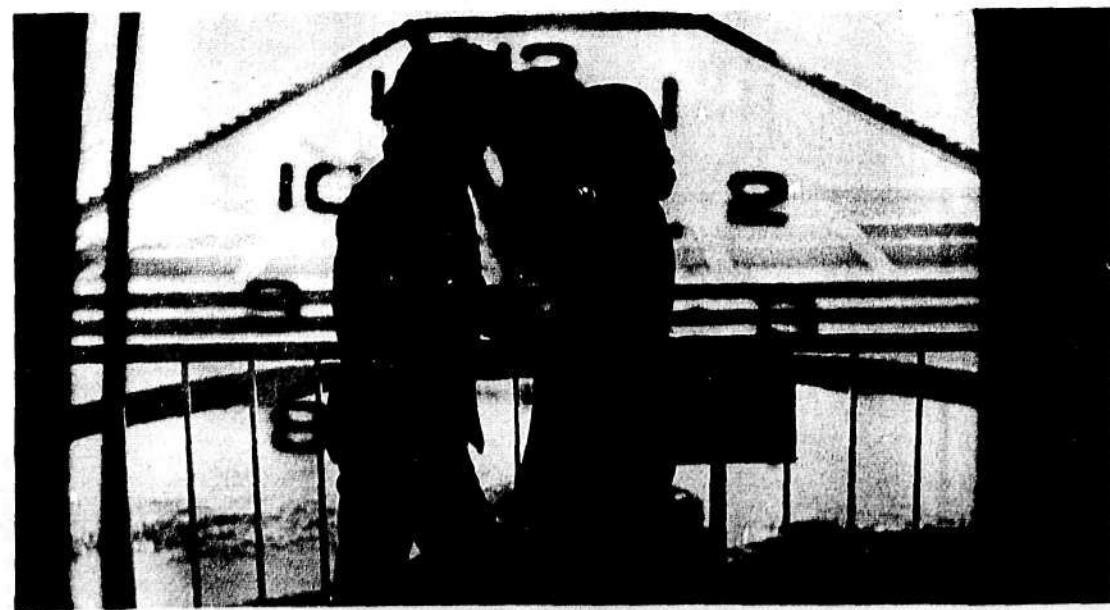
They both knew they weren't the first people ever separated, and that millions of people on earth were much worse off. Those facts didn't console. It just hurt so much.

As the sun sank behind the mountain in a burst of fire they headed back down the trail. He glanced at his watch—it had stopped sometime during the day.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Why its . . . my watch has stopped too."

Their laughter echoed through the mountain valley as they ran, hand in hand to the waiting car.



The Saga of Betting Sam

by Michael Smith

Inflation, deflation, why, what this country needs is flation!" Samuel Jason Lyman, a.k.a. Betting Sam, is a self-proclaimed philosopher, wealthy, unemployed 78-year-old who spends his Mondays through Saturdays swapping stories and placing wagers with the boys at Schenectady's Off Track Betting Parlor.

On Sundays, Sam rests.

"The Lord didn't make me a time-clock pusher," says Sam, "I never worked cause I never liked work. Too many bosses and rules and backaches, that's all work is. Besides, I don't need no income, never did. I make my money here, safer and more fun this way. And Uncle Sam don't know nothing about me."

If Betting Sam appears to be loose on logic, you better check with his accountant before you accuse him of speaking with forked tongue about his consistent and rewarding success playing the horses.

Fact is Sam Lyman is the most respected handicapper on the Central Avenue premises. E.F. Hutton would marvel at the attention the old man receives on his way to the mutual booth.

"I figure I made about \$15,000 or \$20,000 last year, never betting more than \$50 at a time," Sam says. "I don't claim to be no prophet or no fortune-teller. I just follow my hunches, live clean and don't eat no meal on Fridays."

Before you stop cheating on your wife and invite Charley the Tuna to dinner at the end of each week, let Betting Sam tell you a few more palpable items which might also have something to do with his success.

"Every morning I get up at 7 and eat breakfast while looking at my Racing Form, my Armstrong, my Trackman, my Mirror, and my 'Tou' Sheet."

After interrupting Sam here to wonder if all those dailies were "food for good thought," he raised his walking-cane in salute and began



laughing violently.

"That sounds like something my first wife would say. What a lady. You know, I married Clara on a Saturday night. That afternoon I made \$120 betting on a horse named Death Sentence. The horse that finished second was My Bnde Clara."

Anyway, Sam Lyman works harder at his trade than most horseplayers, especially ones his age.

I spend my mornings going over my charts, looking for that one nag to set my day right. I take out a few minutes to walk my hound, Sham, and to watch leopardy on TV. I never lose. I

always bet everything I got in Final leopardy. It's more exciting that way."

By 12:45 Sam is sitting in his favorite green beach chair, stroking his snow-white beard, in his beat-up flannel shirt with the button missing, his "Shelter Bay Country Club" straw hat supporting him on top and his platform, orthopedic shoes on bottom. By 1:15 he lights up his famous El Producto and leans back to enjoy the company that gathers in the cramped betting area.

"No doubt about it, I'm the king around here," he says with no false pride. "And why not. I can hit 6 out of 9

aces easily, every day. I was the one who predicted Cordero would burn Aqueduct up last week."

A check of leading jockeys at the New York track shows Angel Cordero with 22 wins in 45 mounts, an incredible feat.

"I like Angel, I like the way he seems to know when to ask a horse to run. I used to watch Angel in the paddock. I'd say, 'Hey, Angel, mi amigo, win-o this one-o por favor,' and Angel'd just laugh and say, 'Anything for you, Sam.'"

Betting Sam doesn't make it to the track anymore. His worsening leg condition—he calls it, "My handicapper's handicap"—restricts him to his short walk with Sham as his only exercise.

"People see me on the streets with my cane and they think, 'Look at that old man, living on social security and memories. Well, when I come here (O.T.B.) I make it my business to scoff at those young whippersnappers when I flash my winning tickets around. Then they ask, 'Hey old man, whose gonna win the next race,' and I tell em, 'See that booth down the hall with the sign that says, INFORMATION, go ask them.'"

A quick wit has always been a trademark in Betting Sam's character.

About tips and licks he says, "There ain't no such thing as a sure bet, I only tip my barber and a boat race is a contest for outboards on the Hudson." How long will he keep betting? He laughs. "Has Hank Aaron retired from baseball, Fred Astaire from pictures or Robert Moses from building cities?"

And how does Sam Lyman see himself fitting into this world of ours? "I'm the guy who shows everybody that you don't have to be young or good-looking or have legs that work or a job you like or a nice family or be very smart to enjoy this life. Just do what you like to do and you'll be happy. Like me."



Disneyland... Oh, Disneyland

by Gary Aderman

Sing me a song of Southern California—sunny Southern Cal in the summertime, when the winds blow and the women are better looking than anywhere. Tourist haven of the West Coast, Mecca of the rich and runaway alike, stomping ground of Hell's Angels and "Economy" rent-a-car dealers, who do a thriving trade in Rolls Royces.

Southern California—home of the world famous Disneyland. Disneyland, the flag bearer of Middle America, the defender of cleanliness and good taste in body and mind. America's only legal hallucination.

Disneyland looked good to me that morning last summer as my Greyhound pulled into the small Anaheim terminal, considering the fact that anything looks good after a long night on a Greyhound. Tossed my bags into a locker, a tab of LSD into my mouth, an ounce of grass and some clothes into a rucksack (in case a young lady with a motel room should fall victim to my charms), and walked over to the park. Disneyland—monument to imagination and creativity, as long as a buck can be made out of them.

I finished my third joint roughly a hundred feet from the main gate, got on line, paid my money, and passed through those pearly gates.

My tab of acid told me that I was in for quite an experience that day. Before I left the park that night I found myself inclined to agree.

Disneyland—1001 employees with rancidly short hair and plastic smiles, 1001 security men (complete with walkie talkies) dressed up as trees and park benches, 1001 people telling you what to do before letting you on 'their' rides.

The people who run the rides do so with an air of parental condescension, and after they've told you where to line up, how to line up, how and when to board, and after strapping you in, even if you'd rather be imaginative and fly without a belt, you just don't feel like going on the goddamned ride anymore. "We'll be nice to you tourists, but if you don't do things OUR WAY we'll scream for the brain police."

Disneyland—home of Tom Sawyer's Island. I said to my friend Acid, "What better place is there to smoke another joint than on that secret hideaway island? I'll bet that's what ol' Tom used it for!"

However, there are some drawbacks to getting high on Tom Sawyer's Island. First off, every single spot on that island where you could possibly hide out and smoke is labelled with an enormous sign, "Secret Hideout"—and all of a sudden there are a million kids running around and hiding out. The security men dress like mounted policemen without their mounts, and cast suspicious glances at everyone. They certainly rubbed Acid the wrong way, and he in turn caused them to appear odder than they already did. And that was a pretty rough job, even for Acid.

Stoned and tripping, I bopped into the john, locked myself in, and rolled a few joints, still hoping to find some place to smoke. Acid just laughed at me, and made the entire john tremble with the force of his laughter. Some little kids started knocking on the door...

"Hey! Come outta there awready, willya!"

"In a minute, OK, in a minute." "Out on the island again. Where can I smoke? Nowhere."

So I jumped onto the Skyride. Where else?

The rest of the day slipped by, and I slipped along with it. In order to increase the intensity of my trip I didn't eat anything the day before, nor did I eat much during my trip. I watched a lot of bald-headed Marines humping through my field-of-view. They all looked like pure, thoroughbred American Youth, the kind you'd expect to see in Disneyland. Acid, however, turned each one of them into Dennis the Menace. I watched a rock band that was so horribly clean-cut it made me want to cry. Acid told me that when their gig at Disneyland ended, each of them would resume his regular job of pledging allegiance, full time.

Actually, I hadn't exactly worn the jacket on my way into the park, but he didn't know that...

"Of course I came in here with it. What's wrong with it?"

"It's in violation of our dress regulations. Those patches don't belong in a family place like Disneyland. You'll have to come with me."

"Where are we going?" "To the Security Office."

And that's where it hit me. I wouldn't have minded if he'd asked me to simply take the jacket off. But the SECURITY OFFICE! Shit! If he could take me there then I'd probably get searched, and I knew what would be found. But how could he do this? Dragging me in and interrogating me for dressing wrong? Could that be done in America now? Nixon was still President, then, so one could never be too sure when the Bill of Rights would be outlawed. But DRESSING WRONG?

Anyway, I couldn't talk little Himmler out of it. Of Acid couldn't, either. So it was off to Security for the

outside the main gate. He firmly informed me that Disneyland was PRIVATE PROPERTY, and that I was just being ALLOWED to use the facilities. Who I casually brought up the fact that I happened to have paid to get in, he shrugged me off and said that it didn't matter.

Broderick then asked me if I'd been drinking, but before he could finish his question I got up and breathed a long one right into his unscrupulously ugly face. The stagnant breath of two days' fasting and a day's tripping nearly knocked the old storm trooper out of his chair. It even made oil ooze out of his skin. Obviously I hadn't been drinking. I sat down again, but my stoned-out shape had begun to take its toll on me. I sat on the edge of the chair and trembled a bit. Acid apparently brought along his friend, Speed.

Baldy asked me, suspiciously, why I was trembling. I thought fast, and told him point blank that I had never encountered his breed of prejudice before, and that I was afraid he had something up his sleeve. Something like an ax handle. But he just smiled, and assured me, in a fatherly way, that political buttons of any kind, even Nixon buttons, were banned from Disneyland. I pegged that one as a lame attempt on his part to keep me from picking up his phone and dialing the local American Civil Liberties Union.

Anyway, after some more verbal ping pong, skin head told me that the half-wit who brought me to his office would now show me the way to the lockers. As I rose to leave, though, Broderick made a swift grab at my rucksack, and asked me very seriously if I had any knives or guns in there. I picked up my jacket and proudly asserted that the patches on it should suggest pacifism, if anything. He stared at my pot patches, and said solemnly, "I hope you don't believe in this, uh, Marijuana. You know its possession is a felony in California." I looked him right in his lat eye and told him that when one travels, one does not bring along drugs.

And I left. Outside the main gate I saw a few surly Anaheim policemen and a couple of Disneyland officials, standing around. I walked over to them, and politely asked where I could secure a copy of Disneyland's dress rules for myself. All their heads turned and stared at me at once, hungrily. One of them asked me, coldly, why I wanted a copy. I told him I wanted it for a souvenir. One of the cops said I should look around and see for myself what everyone else was wearing. But it was the Disneyland official who told me, smugly, that the code "isn't down in writing."

Hail to you, O'Disneyland—land where one can visit the American Propaganda Pavilion (bankrolled by some multi-million dollar corporation) and be surrounded by a circle of impressive movie screens depicting the greatness of our nation, with emphasis placed on our Constitution and Bill of Rights. Then, one can drop into the new, "Life on Walt Disney" attraction, and listen to the old man himself, speaking from beyond the grave, extol the virtues of imagination, creativity, fantasy, and innovation.

And then you get busted for violating an unwritten law, enforced at whim, just because you happened to exercise your own imagination, creativity, fantasy, and innovation. Only in America.



Anyway, my debut wasn't scheduled until after sunset.

Disneyland at night, all lit up and sparkling. Me and Acid hanging out, watching the girls go by. Acid showed me a trick of his, in which he turned beautiful girls into hideous witches, and plain girls into sensuous demons.

"Cut that out, Acid. How'm I supposed to know who to try and pick up?"

But Acid just laughed and said that I didn't know the difference between beauty and ugliness, anyway.

And then it came. I was standing in the middle of some cowboy town when all of a sudden the Marshall walked over to me. He was, as you'd suspect, tall, blonde-haired and broad shouldered, not to mention clean shaven to the point of not even having a hint of a nub on his face. He smelled as if he'd squeezed the essential oils out of an apple pie and into his cologne bottle.

"Did you come in here with that jacket?", he asked in his best Randolph Scott voice. The Marshall was referring to my denim jacket, copiously decorated with colorful patches, none of which Mickey Mouse would ever be seen with. Among others, there was a "Legalize Pot" patch on my arm, a large round patch on my back picturing a pot plant with "Mary Jane" inscribed above it, and one that read "Fuck For Peace" cleverly designed so that "Fuck" was made to look like a dove, hung on another arm. A patch featuring a rooster wearing a super-suit and cape, flexing his muscles and looking real determined, read, "Super Cock," and was prominently displayed on my front pocket. I was the very picture of patriotism.

both of us. My escort didn't know Acid was with me, and the road to interrogation certainly pissed Acid off. All during our walk, Acid did his utmost to make me obstinate...

"Walk ahead of me, please," the Marshall always gave orders.

"Why can't I walk next to you?" "Just keep on walking, will you. Follow the beam of my flashlight."

"What flashlight?" "Turn right, up ahead there."

"Which way?" "I said right!"

"Turn right where?" "Will you keep walking!"

"I still don't understand why you're taking me in."

"We'll talk about it when we get there."

"Where'd you get those cowboy boots?"

"Why do you keep putting your hand in your pocket, there?"

"Well, you see, I like to play with myself."

The Security Office, housed in a menacingly-low-slung building that is hidden away from the usual, luxury model tourist. I certainly wasn't travelling first class, though. And for all I know, that was the reason I was being taken in.

Hustled into a back office, I faced my interrogator. There he stood—short, fat, sinisterly bald, and without even a trace of oil on his skin. Indeed a staunch, upright, citizen-on-the-go. I sat down, and Broderick Crawford proceeded to ask me the usual where-do-you-come-from-and-how-did-you-get-here questions. He told me that I was in violation of the dress code, and that if I wanted to stay in Disneyland I'd have to put my jacket in a locker just

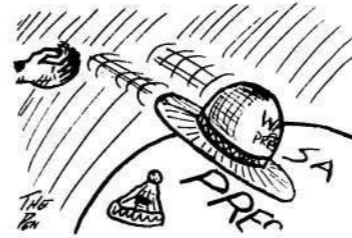
letters

Wax in the Ring

To the Editor:

At the risk of losing the election, my campaign for SA President will have no simplistic "Vote for Me" posters. There will be no cutesy slogans, no foothigh letters spelling my name, no ridiculous promises to triple everybody's budget. Instead, I'm going to try the unconventional ploy of presenting my views on various topics, as well as the criteria I weighed to arrive at those views. Some friends have quietly told me I'm crazy to try to do this.

I feel I have the experience for the job. Over the years, I've served as Finance Committee



Chairman, SASU Delegate, University Senator, and Central Council Member (2 years). There hasn't been a significant issue that I haven't spoken out on. With SASU, I demonstrated in NYC against the Board of Trustees' room rent hike proposal. I've lobbied with legislators down at the Capitol to restore SUNYA's budget. And when a group tried to get their budget passed by taking over the SA office, I publicly spoke out against those threat tactics. No other candidate can say that.

Everyone has their own view of how SA should operate—who should get funded, to what extent, what priorities are, and all that. Over the next week you will find my ideas

available for your reading pleasure. And if you agree with my point of view, well, I hope you'll vote for me.

There'll be no 16" x 20" posters assaulting you on every pillar you pass. All my literature will be on small Xeroxes, my campaign budget shouldn't go over ten dollars. I have neither the money nor desire to try to buy the election with "professional" advertising.

Hopefully, when I get done, no longer will I didn't know anything about any of the candidates, be an excuse for not voting.

Ken Wax

20th Century Genocide

To the Editor:

With amazing regularity genocide has repeated itself throughout history. Despite all advances in our civilization, the twentieth century must unfortunately be considered as one of those most guilty of the crime of genocide. In an effort to prevent future atrocities, a major international-interfaith conference has been organized to explore how religious institutions can become more informed and stronger deterrents to mass violence.

April 23-25, 1975, marks the days in which the United Nations will host a Convention on Genocide and Human Rights. The theme will be "Religion's Role in a Violent World." Sponsors include: the Armenian Church of America, Eastern and Western Dioceses; Archdiocese of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America; United States Catholic Conference, Dept. of Social Development and World Peace; American Jewish Committee, Interreligious Affairs Dept.; Islamic Center of Washington, D.C.; National Council of Churches of Christ of the U.S.A.; U.S. Conference of the World Council of Churches. The objectives of the conference are a review of the realities of a world of pluralistic societies that increasingly breed mass conflict situations and an identification of common goals for religious institutions so that they are better able to deal with mass violence in the future. The conference is in observance of the 60th

On Grades and Competition

by Denis Leahy

"I'm sick and tired of trying to please that god-damned professor. I've been working my tail off trying to get an 'A' in his course and I just can't do it. The grading system in this school is terrible. The people here are robots, living and breathing their courses just to try to beat out the other guy. This competition is absurd. I just can't take the pressure anymore. What am I learning here? I don't want to be a robot. Why don't they throw these stupid grades away and give us a pass-fail system? Then we'll see real education."

That's an interesting question. Why don't we use a pass-fail grading system at the university level? Suggested we are all here of our own accord solely for the purpose of learning. Why then do we need grades? The University imposed a complete pass-fail grading system for freshmen and sophomores a few years back. Now, once again, students are savagely competing with one another to achieve the higher grade. What happened? Why did the majority of students suddenly change their views?

To answer this question, one must first realize a few of the twisted values which our society has chosen to condition in us. Americans are probably the most competitive people in the world. Everything we do has to be reflected in some sort of material gain. We work over-time to pocket a little extra cash that week; perhaps we can put a down-payment on that Zenith set we've had our eye on. We work hard in school to get good grades. In grammar school, these good grades are rewarded through praise and maybe a slight increase in that weekly allowance. At the university level, we are also seeking rewards;

these rewards are in the form of better jobs after graduation. Go to a school that had a pass-fail grading system for four years and graduate with 120 credits of passing grades. Then go look for a job. Or better yet, apply to medical school. Just see how far you get.

Another important aspect of the grading controversy is that of motivation. How many people in this school are so highly motivated that they would continue to do as much work for a course after it has been changed from traditional grading to a pass-fail grading system? I've met those who are so convinced that they are only here to learn and supposedly care little about their grades would lose a great deal of their motivation. With the traditional grading system, however, one always has that driving force to be motivated all the time. If we suddenly dropped the current grading system, how many people would strive for perfection on that 10-page paper for "freshman comp"? In the back of his mind the student knows that he is capable of passing the course with very little effort, why should he slave over something which he finds so tedious and boring?

Despite the many complaints which are currently being voiced across campus, the University's grading system is here to stay. Of course it has its faults and needs its revisions. From it, we are learning too many of those traits which we so fervently despise in the members of the previous generation; on a smaller scale, we are as competitive as they. The idea that someday we may become motivated enough to abolish all grading systems is floating about; but society has a great deal of changing to do before such a policy could possibly be instituted. Perhaps we can make these changes; it's our duty to try.

Open Up The Classroom

To the Editor:

I have read the scurrilous attack made upon SUNYA by ex-SUNYA English Professor Curtis Smith who berates the English Department for neglecting undergraduate education in favor of graduate students. Nonsense! Anyone who has taken courses in either the M.A. program or the Ph.D. program knows how low the level of graduate education is at this institution! There aren't more than two courses in either program which are worth the graduate student's time or money.

On the other hand, when the graduate level courses were open to undergraduates as well, they provided first-rate undergraduate education. All that is needed to upgrade education at SUNYA is to once again throw open the graduate courses to the undergraduates, while at the same time exempting the graduate students from taking them. The undergraduates will get an excellent education, and the graduate students will be free to complete their education through load equivalents.

That should take care of everybody.
Lester Heverling

Armenian Student Association



The Albany Student Press reserves the sole right to print or edit letters to the editor. Submit letters TYPEWRITTEN to Campus Center Room 326.

I Love My Car

by David Lerner

Today there will be no drudgery of a capitol report. There are issues much closer to home, which, it is hoped, more people can relate to. So, don't think, don't interpret, just sit back and empathize.

It's very difficult to part with something close and personal, something that causes a weling of the emotions when one realizes that all things must pass. For some, the death of a pet can be a traumatic event, and it is certainly not uncommon for formal burial rites to accompany the death of a beloved dog, or bird, or even a goldfish. No one looks at the aggrieved with curiosity, or contempt. We find it perfectly natural to feel sorrow for a lost animal.

Yet Americans probably have more possessive love for their automobiles than for their pets. It is true that pets aren't traded in every 2.6 years for the latest model, immediately condemning the old to the shelves of the antiquated and outmoded. Yet while we own our cars, we take total and unbroken possession of it, hesitating to take it to the mechanic (who knows where the mechanic's hands have been?), not really wanting to let it out of our sight. We are wary of sending it to an untried garage, or use an untested gas.

We give our cars names, and we measure ourselves against our cars. "Hey, what have you got under the hood?" "Hey, I've got a 440 four barrel, how 'bout you?" "Well, I got a 350 four... but it's brand new, just put it in." In this period of economizing, such a dialogue may seem fresh out of *American Graffiti*; the only change would be, "Hey, what do you get with this thing?" "Oh, about 24 on the highway, and up to 18 in the city." "Yeah? I just got 29 coming up on the Thruway, and there was no wind at my back, not bad, huh?"

Macho identification does not explain the entire picture. Case in point: my family has a '66 Chrysler New Yorker. Big as a boat, but rides like a raft. The ruts and potholes of the city come through unfettered and uncensored, and poor Betsy's (the car obviously) joints creak at the strain of their absorption. Betsy (my folks call her Green Hornet, though at times, mom calls her a tank) has a 440 four barrel, but big deal, it has to be begged to eek out 11 miles to the gallon on the open highway. It can be quite expensive driving her around, after all, filling up a 26 gallon tank at 60 cents a gallon once a week is a very wallet-lifting experience.

She's got 40,155 miles on the odometer, which sounds excellent for a nine year old car, except that the odometer stopped marking time about four years ago. Even then she knew that to continue in working order would only hasten her age, and thus, her death. She even stopped her clock. Every minute counts when caught in a struggle to stay young. Being conservative, we've put some 75,000 miles on her.

Some might say I am a male chauvinist pig (how original) for referring to the car as a she. I'm trying hard to resist the urge to say, "that's tough," let it be known that my car is called "Spock" which is universally known to be a Vulcan male.

Six months ago, as I was desperately trying to convince my folks that I was sufficiently solvent for them to extend me credit to buy Spock I began to ingrain in their minds the notion that they too should look for a new car. Devious, as my ulterior motive was to take possession of the Chrysler as soon as their backs were turned. It wasn't soon after that the Tank started going into her death throes. Actually, it coincided with my purchase of Spock and she knew that if my parents bought a new car, she would no longer be in friendly hands.

Poor, poor Tank, she didn't know that by her protest, she isolated herself from my mother's protective wing and convinced her that a new car was the only answer. We needed a new transmission one week \$300. Then another regulator \$35. Then our fifth starter \$52. Two new tires, a water pump. I knew she was crying out, trying to tell us that we shouldn't leave her to the elements. I understood, but I knew it was no good. Cruelly, coldly, without heart, I turned my back on the Chrysler. "You're too big for me, I can't afford you anymore," a complete reversal of my stand of just six months earlier.

My mother has given up, she simply won't drive it anymore. Now it sits in our driveway, as mom refuses to let anything else go wrong. But my father, Betsy's last patron saint, will not part with his precious. He's pumped in hundreds in repairs, argues in vain with mother to drive it, but it sits, getting older every minute, without admitting it internally. Oh, he'll have to come around eventually, but meanwhile, we have our memories, and dad can anthropomorphize to his heart's content. Betsy's had it. Move over.

columns

The Price of Meat and Potatoes

Vicious Rumors

by Donald R. Seidel

Caution—if you believe any of the following vicious lies, you could get me in big trouble. Use them cautiously and discreetly, whispering them as best, but above all, don't mention my name. Besides placing my creative abilities in a questionable light, you will open the road for me to be named as principle in a very large libel suit. We don't want that now, do we? Happy slandering.

The A.M.A. has secretly made an agreement with 10 large Eastern seaboard universities to increase the number of seats in their respective medical schools by 10,000. This recent development coupled with a previous announcement which stated that the A.M.A. has submitted a plan to Congress for complete socialization of all health services is seen as an attempt by the A.M.A. to improve its relations with the American populace.

A bill to reduce pot penalties to a ten dollar fine for possession of an ounce or less has just entered a New York State Assembly subcommittee. The bill, introduced by Canton Assemblywoman Rhoda Bote is expected to

easily pass both houses of the State legislature and be signed into law by the governor within five weeks.

At a closed door session with his cabinet today, President Gerald Ford announced that the recession which has plagued the economy for the last year, is now officially over. Industrial production and trade are expected to increase dramatically and should reach pre-recession levels within the month. President Ford indicated that the quick turn-about in the economy had nothing to do with a comment he made last week to the effect that he would "sell his soul" to see a speedy economic recovery. Rather, Ford attributed the timely reversal to the drastic measures instituted on the advice of the President's new economic advisor, B.L. ZeBub. The steps taken, including Ford's appointment of Vice-President Rockefeller as Prince Regent and Ambassador to the Black Realm, and requiring all money barons to swear fealty to the Dark Lord, caused hardly a ripple on Wall Street, as business continued as usual. Said one observer, "it is as smooth a transition, as if no transition had taken place."

The Psychology Department of the State University of New York at Albany, in conjunction with Masters and Johnson are undertaking an experiment to study the effects of smoking marijuana on sexual activities. The Psychology Department announced that student volunteers will receive up to 15 credits towards their graduation, in return for their participation in the semester long research study, scheduled for the fall of 1978.

Spokesmen for the State University at Albany are still vigorously denying that the disappearance of the Biology and Chemistry Buildings from the academic podium had anything to do with the nerve gas research being conducted on campus. FBI agents on the scene have been quoted as saying: "What Biology Building? Do you see a Biology building?" "What do you mean somebody spiked the orange juice with organic mescaline?"

Big Brother is Knocking on the Door

by Richard Preminger

As the clandestine and covert operations of the F.B.I. and C.I.A. are coming to light, it becomes increasingly important that the people redefine and reevaluate the exact purpose and nature of these organizations. Is the purpose of the F.B.I. to tap phones of citizens without probable cause? Is it the function of the C.I.A. to carry out domestic spying? Are the F.B.I. and C.I.A. to be used as instruments of the president? As the infringement upon our civil liberties becomes more and more apparent, the answer to these questions becomes exceedingly more important.

Our government is one of checks and balances. Each branch of government checks the other making sure no one branch usurps power not delegated to it by the Constitution. This is what makes the problem with the F.B.I. and C.I.A. so crucial; who checks them? Who regulates their activities, and more importantly who regulates the methods that they use? One could point out that the president and attorney general regulate their activities, since both organizations fall under the jurisdiction of the executive branch.

However, the fact that the president and attorney general have the power to regulate the F.B.I. and C.I.A. provides little comfort to most people, nor should it comfort anyone who witnessed how Richard Nixon manipulated and used both organizations. Under ex-president Nixon the C.I.A. and F.B.I. were tools at his disposal. Tools Nixon arrogantly wielded to obstruct justice, tap phones, and spy on citizens. We would be only kidding ourselves if we thought that Richard Nixon was the only president to use the F.B.I. and C.I.A. for his own purpose. Yet, Nixon is the perfect example of what happens when organizations that have as much power as the F.B.I. and C.I.A. are left responsible only to the executive.

This leads us to another problem. Should the president have his own police force? Although he is the commander in chief of our armed forces, does this entitle him to a domestic army? This argument has merit on both sides. One side could cite that it is the president's job to administer the law, therefore he needs organizations like the F.B.I. and C.I.A. to help him enforce the law. The other side could cite cases of wire tapping, and domestic spying where neither national security or enforcement of the law were at stake, but rather just negligible abuses of citizen's constitutional rights.

The need for the people to have more control of the F.B.I. and C.I.A. is an absolute necessity. No longer must the people allow themselves to be kept in the dark as to the activities of the F.B.I. and C.I.A. This is not to say that every citizen must be aware of these organizations activities, but rather citizens should be appointed to a committee, selected by both the president and Congress to overlook the activities and methods used by the F.B.I. and C.I.A. In this was citizens could have a larger say in these organizations operations.

Our founding fathers feared centralized power. They feared creating a government so powerful that it could have the strength to tighten the rein of individual freedom. The F.B.I. and C.I.A. represent the strength that the federal government can exhibit, organizations designed for the purpose of helping the federal government maintain its power. However, time and time again the F.B.I. and C.I.A. help the government keep power by abusing our rights. Unless we act in a strong manner we shall soon start to feel the already tightening of our individual freedoms, and the time to act is now.

Women Question Tradition In 'Home to Ourselves'

by Kim Sutton

"Ladies don't belch!" "The girls become wives and mothers." Millions of girls have encountered these rules in the process of growing up and have never thought to question them. *Home to Ourselves* did just that.

Presented at the SUNYA Performing Arts Center in The Studio Theatre on April 18, 19, and 20, *Home to Ourselves* was described in the program as "A dramatic revue of poetry, plays, dance, songs; conceived and compiled by Carol Clas, Mary Dornbush, Joni Goldberg, Vicki Kichman, Elaine Mara, and Barbara Zapp." It dealt with the problems of women's identity and individuality versus role.

The opening vignette entitled "Pretty" by Alta, was an ironically humorous sketch consisting of four women lamenting about their physical features and their preoccupation with the "game" of seeing how many women in a given place are prettier than they. Of course there is always one. In a not too subtle way the absurdity of the situation was aired and the closing line, "...Leave me

the fuck alone!" was a powerful way to set the mood for the rest of the revue. Lois Chaber, Joni Goldberg, Vicki Kichman, and Maria Makis were marvelous in this scene directed by Barbara Zapp.

The second sketch, *Family, Family* by Sally Ordway was an interesting idea. The characters were those found in any nuclear "Middle American" family with one twist; the roles were reversed. Mother was played by Ralph Babcock; Father, Robin Stern; and their children Margaret and Ted were played by Reginald Thompson and Patty McInnes, respectively. We briefly follow the upbringing of Margaret in the traditional female fashion. But Margaret has more intelligence than that to accept the submissive role a woman is socialized for and self-conflict ensues. In the middle of the scene the males revolt, disliking the female parts they are playing. We are told rather strongly that the woman's position is not a desirable one. Lois Chaber was the announcer as well as Margaret's various boyfriends. This was a very amusing sketch.

The final scene of Ibsen's *A Doll's House* was performed by Joni Goldberg (Nora) and



A Scene from "Home To Ourselves", a dramatic revue by and about women. ^{wong} Steve Albrezzi (Torvald) and directed by Barbara Zapp. It was a disappointment. Overall, the scene lacked the polish it should have had and the movements were too stationary, which created boredom. Here, Nora tells Torvald of her decision to leave him. The strength and conviction of this decision were lacking. Goldberg was too meek a Nora. Torvald, a man who is very much concerned with proper social conventions and institutions is suddenly slapped in the face. Albrezzi gives the appearance of not being as totally destroyed as a man like Torvald would be. However, Torvald is a hypocrite and this was brought across well.

Other highlights included "Rape", written by Adrienne Rich and performed with spine-chilling intensity by Vicki Kichman. She beautifully brought forth the desparation a woman feels when suddenly the friendly "cop on the corner" is transformed into an accusing male-figure who thinks that "she must have asked for it." This, coupled with the humiliation of being forced to reveal oneself to a much-hated stranger, made "Rape" a most powerful narrative.

"Look", from *Our Bodies, Ourselves* by Boston Women's Health Book Collection, was an interpretative dance with Elaine Mara and Vicki Kichman, choreographed by Elaine Mara. It portrayed the beauty and closeness between two women in excellent taste. It was exquisite to watch.

"Home to Ourselves" by Melissa Manchester was sung soothingly by Maria Makis. Her clear, sweet voice was backed by slides of the east which proved to be an innovative alternative to the traditional curtain calls.

The production was a simple one with a minimum of costumes and props. The audience is made to sympathize with the feminist movement. The direct confrontation between women and society's values gave the revue an "agit-prop" quality. *Home to Ourselves* made for an enjoyable and introspective time.



A scene from "Pretty", the opening segment of last weekend's production "Home To Ourselves". ^{wong}

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Arts and Sciences Dean

The Search Committee requests student-faculty reactions to the three candidates interviewed:

Professors:

- Seymour Geisser
- Ivo Ledener
- George Stein

Please send the responses to Mr. McFarland, SS 112 by Thursday, April 24th

A Chance to Laugh

by Hilary Kolbick

The Black Ensemble presented the play *String* written by Alice Childress this weekend in the Arena Theater. Unfortunately, publicity for the show was virtually nil around the campus and the theater was half empty during the performance I viewed. Although the sparse crowds tended to dampen my enthusiasm, the play turned out to be not only entertaining, but also an enlightening experience.

The program read "in cooperation with experimental theater;" however, much of that cooperation was lacking, according to members of the all-black cast.

The plot action centered around some black people attending a picnic sponsored by their neighborhood association. The characters represented various black stereotypical roles ranging from the young, slightly arrogant, flashily dressed cavalier to the played out grandfather figure who has long since outlived his usefulness in this life. There was also the young, light skinned black woman, both the organizer of the picnic as well as the social worker type. The cast was completed by two "neighborhood" women as well as a third who played the part of a preadolescent girl.

The old man, Joe, played by James Adams, was always in the

way. The other characters shoved him around and accused him of stealing the wallet of the younger flashy L.V. Craig (played by Michael Barker). Their accusations were based solely on circumstantial, trivial bits of evidence; yet I too was led to believe he (Joe) stole the wallet. Even the organizer who wanted everyone to get along and believed in the goodness of people was convinced that Joe had stolen the wallet. She tried not to let this on to him but her efforts were useless. What did come through was an attempt to shame him into guiltily returning something he hadn't taken at all. The two characters interacted extremely well with one another at this point and one was left with a disturbing sense of reality from this scene.

The quality of the acting in the play was not very high. The actors for the most part gave adequate if not exceptional performances. Mrs. Beverly, one of the neighborhood women (played by Stephanie Stewart) had the potential to be better but she started her performance on such a high tense note that she was left with nowhere to go as the play progressed. Joe, the old man was by far the best actor in the show. He spoke his lines with ease and when he performed a dance on stage his movements were completely natural and flowing.

The script of *String* was mediocre. Much of the dialogue was stilted but the actors did their best to create a degree of authenticity on stage. It was by no means a heavy intellectual drama, but worked well as a means for the blacks involved to laugh with and perhaps at one another without malice. The play showed the way in which the members of the neighborhood treated one of the elder men.

Stereotyping worked well to create laughs throughout *String*. The most memorable line was L.V. Craig lamenting the loss of his wallet, exclaiming dismay at how he

wouldn't be able to keep up his Cadillac payments with the loss of \$450.00 (who carries \$450.00 in cash to a picnic anyway?)

The actors explained that the play was not meant merely for observation and analysis but for the sheer pleasures of laughter and enjoyment. I got the opportunity to speak with all of the cast after the performance. My original intent was to interview the director, M. Debra Gilmore, but she insisted that I speak with the entire cast as *String* was completely a group effort.

No one seemed concerned with upstaging anyone else, and conse-

quently the play's success was more important than that of any of the individual performers. Backstage, after the show, this group feeling was evident, as all the actors were friendly and relaxed, unlike previous experiences with most experimental theater groups.

String was by no means a first rate theatrical success; yet it offered something entirely different to the audience. A chance to laugh and enjoy oneself without fear of missing the important themes of the play. More than anything, it was a social commentary on the relationships between some ordinary people.



The entire cast of *String*, one of last weekend's experimental theatre offerings.

ASO's 'Fantastique' Farewell

by Steve Ganz and Elizabeth Mascari

The Albany Symphony Orchestra concluded its 1974-75 season with a colorful program. The two works, Berlioz' Symphony Fantastique and Benjamin Britten's Spring Symphony, as different as they were, were similar in that both were highly imaginative orchestral showpieces, the latter employing a full chorus. Julius Hegyi, the "renowned" conductor was, as usual, in fine form; hair and jacket tails flowing, in between the lavish curtain calls. To the tune of the applause of his appreciative audience and the flashing lights above the maestro's head, the season closed successfully. Berlioz' piece was truly a means to that end.

The "Fantastic" Symphony is indeed just that—a programmatic symphony depicting an artist on a bad opium trip as a result of an unhappy love. She reappears in each movement symbolized by an awkward melody, molded and cleverly disguised in the development of each of the five sections. Wherever our sensitive artist finds himself—in the country, at a hall, etc., she appears. The story ends as he dreams he kills her and he himself is condemned to the scaffold with an ultimate Witches' Sabbath for his burial.

Hegyi's interpretation and the symphony's performance of it was virtually flawless. The recurring love

theme (musically called an idee fixe) was played with appropriate tension and harshness. Paradoxically, though, the melodic and lyrical qualities of the theme were illuminated as well. For example, the



An artist's conception of Berlioz' opium-induced vision of the Symphony Fantastique

"Scene in the Country" illuminated Hegyi's fine interpretation of the story: described in the program notes as, "...a summer evening in the

country...the gentle rustle of the leaves softly swayed by the wind...unite to fill his heart with a long-missed tranquility." The movement was virtually hypnotizing; it seemed to drag, but in retrospect, serenity and an underlying sweetness might be a more appropriate description. "The Ball," was handled with a large degree of mock elegance. She appears, and her theme, originally in "4" in the first movement, becomes a waltz juxtaposed against the main theme of the movement itself. The intended anxiety was clearly perceived upon her entrance.

Balance, intonation, and dynamics were outstanding throughout the work. Hegyi capitalized upon all of the moods of the piece.

Unfortunately, the same could not be said of Britten's Spring Symphony, a work of twelve poems forming four movements. We were

unable to understand most of the texts which ranged from 16th century to contemporary English. The tragedy of this performance was the fact that the text should be the primary force of the work, the music and orchestral colors, merely supplements to the chorus. At times, as a result of the poor diction, the reverse was true. A copy of the text was properly included in the program but was impossible to read in the dark theater. We were frustrated to no end and relieved at the end of the piece.

The soloists, Jane Bucci, soprano, Marjory Fuller, mezzo-soprano, and Joseph Porrello, tenor, were adequate; Bucci emerging as the strongest and most dynamic of the three. Diction was again weak, causing us to wonder if the problem was the text itself, the awkward atonal intervals utilized by Britten, and/or

the acoustics of the Palace Theater.

The full chorus, the majority of which were from the SUNY music department, did a commendable job on all other counts. At certain moments the intended effect was obvious and well portrayed. Steve Osmond, director of the SUNYA Chamber Choir, along with the directors of the other participating choruses, stood up at the conclusion of the work, accepting a much deserved but restrained applause.

Throughout the evening emphasis was placed upon the upcoming bicentennial season, from symphony president Frederick deBeer's opening remarks soliciting subscriptions for '75-'76, to the wine and cheese served to all after the concert. We applaud the Albany Symphony's efforts this season, and greatly anticipate the concert series of the upcoming year.

Circle K

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For additional information contact Barry Sandberg, 457-8755.

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'Turtle Island': Poetry Of the Wilderness

by Erica Marcus

At Professor Chung's home Mei-Li tried to make her point. She waved her chopsticks in the air, the string bean which was caught wagged its tail to the rhythm of her voice. The poet, poised like a praying mantis suddenly lunged forward and captured the displaced bean. The room filled with laughter as Mei-Le blushed.

"Mock on, Mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau," he said as he tested the mike. This began an evening featuring Gary Snyder, alias Snyder, the logger, seaman, mountaineer, environmentalist, scholar, and last but certainly no least—poet. "Poetry is for all men and women," says Snyder, "the more you give, the

more you will have to give."

Snyder appeared on Thursday, April 17 and gave a reading which was sponsored by the Chinese Studies Club. Interspersed with his reading he spoke of Chinese influences on his poetry.

As a child Snyder lived in the Pacific Northwest. He remembers being unable to define the beauty of the distant mountain landscape—the Cascades. He remembers seeing Western art depicting this landscape and feeling unfulfilled. Yet upon seeing Chinese landscape paintings he recognized his mountains of the Pacific Northwest.

PINE TREE TOPS
in the blue night
frost haze, the sky glows

with the moon
pine tree tops
bend snow blue, fade
into sky, frost, starlight,
the creak of boots,
rabbit tracks, deer tracks,
what do we know,

As a graduate student at Berkeley in Far Eastern Studies, Snyder began to read many Chinese poets. He mentions Tu-Fu of the Tang Dynasty as a particular influence. Tu-Fu, at the age of twenty went wandering; he was hardly ever to cease wandering as long as he lived. He suffered and felt the suffering of others—he shared all disasters. "Tu-Fu," says Snyder, "captured my attention because he wrote about and knew what it was like being out early in the morning and being out of

work."
WHY LOG TRUCK DRIVERS
RISE EARLIER THAN
STUDENTS OF ZEN
In the high seat, before-dawn
dark.

Polished hubs gleam
And the shiny diesel stack
Warms and flutters
Up the Tyler Road grade
To the logging on Poorman
creek

Thirty miles of dust
There is no other life.

Snyder was also influenced by Chinese poetic style. He spoke of the five and seven character lines and the song-like quality of Chinese verse. He was so intrigued with this style that he took on the translation of Han-Shan. Snyder describes Han-Shan as the "type of fellow that would hang out at logging camps today." Han-Shan was a poor man, a crazy character. He lived alone at a place called Cold Mountain (Han-Shan). He wrote poems on bamboo, wood, stones, and cliffs. More than three-hundred of these have been found. At the reading Snyder read some of his translations of Han-Shan's poetry. Professor Chung then chanted a Han-Shan poem in Chinese.

Men ask the way to Cold Mountain

Cold Mountain; there's no
through trail.

In summer ice doesn't melt
The rising sun blurs in swirling fog
How did I make it?
My heart's not the same as yours
If your heart was like mine
You'd get it and be right here.

When the students got to
Professor Chung's house they noted
that the house seemed to breath a
tranquil silence. Professor Chung
greeted them at the door and they
made themselves at home. The poet
was in one of the bedrooms. The
door opened, the poet came out, and
the evening began.

After Professor Chung recited
Han Shan, Snyder noted, "You see
Chinese poetry doesn't sound like
modern verse. The chanting of
poetry gives the poems a whole new
flavor, a certain spice that Western
literature sometimes lacks." With
this he quietly began to chant a
poem, The Wild Mushroom. The
poem ends with this stanza.

So here's to the mushroom
family

A far flung family clan
For food, for fun, for poison
They are a help to man

The Wild Mushroom is in
Snyder's latest book, *Turtle Island*.
"Turtle Island," explains Snyder, "is
the old/new name for the continent,
based on many creation myths of the
people who have been living here for
millenia."

As he sipped the pale dry sherry
the poet told of the time he went to
Stockholm with a Hopi Indian. The
Hopi had a passport from the Hopi

nation made on a piece of leather.
The poet marveled, "They just let
him through—it was so easy."

Gary Snyder, unlike many other
poets, has a constituency, the
wilderness. In his role as en-
vironmentalist he speaks for nature;
he seeks to raise men's consciousness
about their land and the ways by
which men can stop acting like new-
comers and invaders, and instead
become natives of Turtle Island.

In Snyder's "Tomorrow's Song,"
he tells us that a day will come soon
when people shall return to devotion
of Mother Earth.

The USA slowly lost its man-
date

in the middle and later twen-
tieth century
it never gave the mountains and
rivers,

trees and animals,
a vote.

all the people turned away from
it
myths die; even continents are
impermanent...

Dinner was finished, as were three
bottles of wine. The students sat
around the table listening, talking,
and laughing. Refreshed they started
to collect themselves and made their
way toward the door. The poet put
on a jacket over his ranger shirt. Shi-
Duo-Gu offered the poet a cigarette
as they left for Lecture Center 23 to
do the real work...

I WENT INTO THE MAVERICK

BAR

I went into the Maverick Bar
In Farmington, New Mexico.
And drank double shots of bour-
bon

backed with beer.

My long hair was tucked up under
a cap
I'd lit the evening in the car.

Two cowboys did horseplay

by the pool tables.

A waitress asked us

where are you from?

a country and western band began
to play

"We don't smoke Marijuana in
Muskokie"

And with the next song,
a couple began to dance.

They held each other like in High
School dances

in the fifties;

I recalled when I worked in the
woods

and the bars of Madras, Oregon
That short-haired joy and
roughness

America your stupidity,
I could almost love you again.

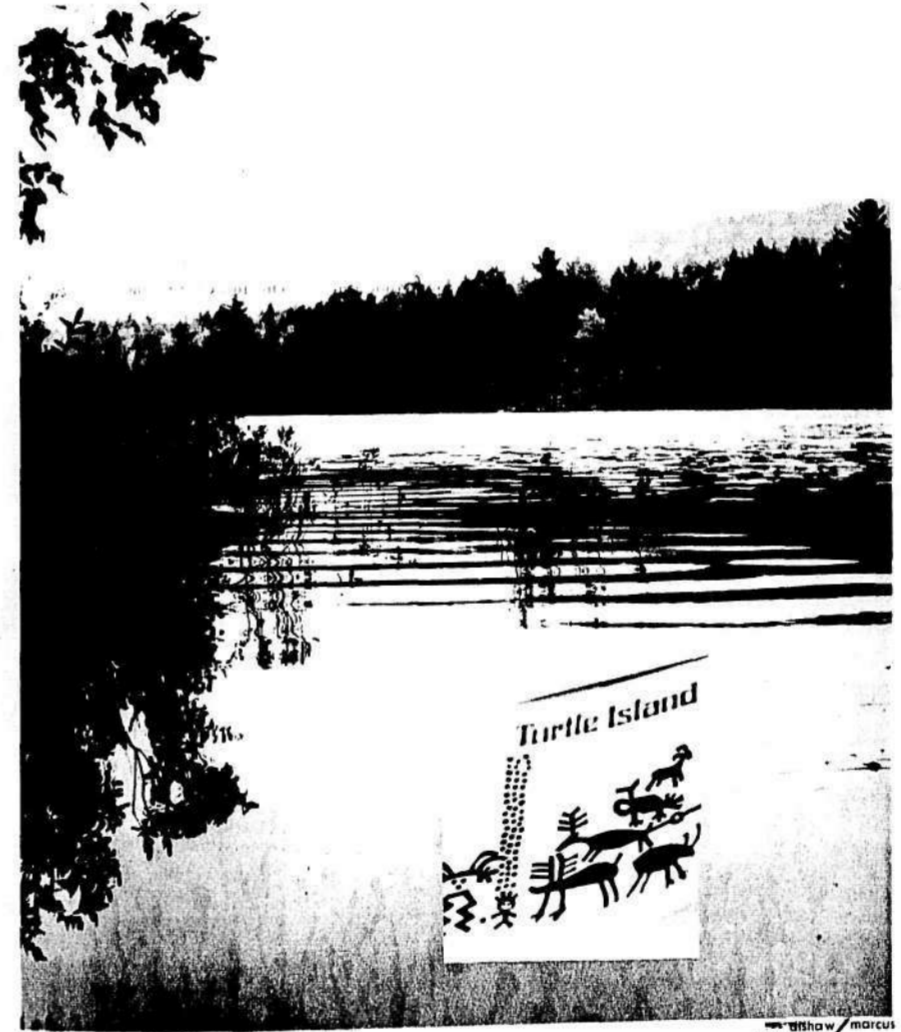
We left onto the freeway
shoulders

under the tough old stars—

in the shadow of bluffs

I came back to myself,
To the real work, to

"What is to be done."



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Language of the Gods

Greek mythology gives us a number of words derived from the names of heroes and demigods. The most common of these is "herculean." A herculean task is not necessarily an impossible one, but it is one of extreme difficulty and danger. King Eurystheus imposed upon his brother Hercules twelve seemingly impossible tasks, commonly called the twelve labors of Hercules, but Hercules, by means of his shrewdness as well as his strength, performed them all.

Let us hope that we shall never be confronted with a sisyphian task, for that is one that is truly impossible. Sisyphus was a very clever chap and was able to outwit both men and gods, among the latter even Death (for a while). But Death finally caught him and when he was taken to the Lower Regions, Pluto, the ruler of the Underworld, set him the task of rolling a huge stone up a hill. As soon as he would get it to the top it would roll back to the bottom, and he would have to begin his toil again. So far as anyone knows, he is pushing his stone to this day.

If one should speak in stentorian tones his voice would equal in power the combined voices of fifty ordinary men, for that was the record of Stentor, a Grecian warrior at the siege of Troy. He was the original "loud speaker."

A procrustean method is one that seeks to enforce uniformity any cost. Procrustes was a highwayman of Attica who used to tie his captives to an iron bed and stretch their legs or cut part of them off, as each case required, to make them fit it exactly. Procrusteanism is a failure to recognize the natural differences among men.

Proteus was a sea god who could change himself at will to various forms and substances. Hence "protean" means "variable." An actor who plays many parts is sometimes humorously spoken of as a protean actor.

King Tantalus displeased the gods and was punished by being placed in the middle of an Underworld lake, the water of which reached his chin. But as often as he bent his head to drink, the water receded and he was unable to quench his thirst. Boughs bearing choice fruit bent above him, but whenever he put forth his hand to pluck the fruit, it eluded his grasp. The meaning of "tantalize" should be easy to understand.



A French engraving depicting Tantalus as he reaches for the fruit that is forever out of his reach.

Baseball and Bust Developer?

by Andrea Herzberg

The corruption of Tammany Hall, Sears Roebuck catalogues, man's first attempts at flight, and a game called baseball were all "MADE IN USA"—a musical kaleidoscope focused on bits and pieces of 19th century America. The Taconic Project Acting Company gave an open PAC dress rehearsal last week. It provided 30 viewers a little taste of the days when Casey was at the bat and typewriters liberated women.

"It doesn't send any messages... just pure entertainment," said Michael T. Sheehan who originated the idea for "MADE IN USA." The man is right. The show is different and relatively entertaining.

The cast of seven is eager to please, but some of the skits although funny, were too long. The singing wasn't great and a few performers let flubbing their lines visibly upset them. Tom Hord is to be commended for his comic and mime abilities. Delores Farrell's clear unstrained mezzo is the only voice worth noting.

The music is a combination of old time classics such as "Yankee Doodle," and original ballads and ragtime parodies by ex-SUNYA student Stephen Hirsch. Mr. Hirsch is to be congratulated. His ballads are pretty and the comical lyrics to his songs, such as "Princess Bust Developer" satirizing mail order catalogues are genuinely clever.

This is Taconic Project's third production of "MADE IN USA." Much of the script is incorporated from improvisations made by the group. The troupe is made up of young actors just starting out on professional careers. This summer the group will be touring locally with "Oh Coward," "The World of Carl Sandburg," and "Androcles and the Lion."

Managing director Sheehan has off-broadway plans for "MADE IN USA." If they can work the kinks out, he may have something there.

been and how most people in the field are making more commercially-oriented films. Mr. Morris assured us that he will continue making his collages of beautiful images as long as the studio costs don't become prohibitively high.

Mr. Morris' art is the art of the new movement in electronically oriented art and music. I found it entertainingly different from the traditional art and music we see and hear day-to-day. The music department deserves some applause for maintaining one of the few forums on this campus where new art such as Morris' can be presented.

ISA: Edible Exotica

by Nora Gallina and Spence Raggio

Cambodian chicken salad? Only one of the many exotic delights available at the International Student Association dinner Saturday night. Over a dozen countries were represented, each dish prepared by the students of the ISA and served by them buffet style in the Brubacher dining hall.

Joe Enerio (Philippines) and Elizabeth Bron (France) coordinated the annual event that serves to expose the students, faculty and friends of Albany State to an experience in international dining. The warm, congenial, candlelit atmosphere served as a background for the dinner, and for the awards and music that were to follow. Attending were several faculty members and international student advisor Dr. J. Paul Ward, as well as the international students themselves.

Included on the menu were dishes from the Philippines, China, Nigeria, Hungary, France, Korea, Bangladesh, Brazil, Finland, Puerto Rico, the Middle East—even the US was represented with Coke, brownies and instant coffee. Unfortunately, by the time we reached the end of the buffet line, our plates were too overloaded for us to keep track of what we were eating. Overall, though, it didn't matter for

everything was excellent.

After dessert, Dr. Ward swore in next year's ISA officers: President John Stapleton (Ireland); Vice Pres. Wing Keong Chan (Singapore); secretary Atsi Atsain (Ivory Coast); and treasurer Bill Collins (US). Current president Enerio later awarded certificates of appreciation to Mrs. Ruth Spruck, director of Sayles International House, ary Westervelt, assistant Dean to graduate studies and Dr. and Mrs. Frank G. Carrino, director of Inter-American studies and former international student advisor.

The awards ceremony lasted only a short time. The tables and chairs were cleared away and the remainder of the evening was devoted to music and dancing. The students (most of the faculty had retreated by this time) were treated to the evening's highlight, Ruby. They were excellent, one of the best dance bands we've ever seen, and everyone took advantage of the opportunity to dance until exhaustion.

Put in terms of time, exhaustion occurred at about twelve thirty, at which point the band left but many people stayed on to finish up the coffee and beer. For the ISA, it was just another in a long series of yearly successes. As for us, well, it was interesting, unusual and we had a great time.



ISA president Joe Enerio speaks with some guests at the international dinner last weekend.

Electronic Collage Of Sound and Light

by Glenn Verdi

Franklin Morris, the head of the electronic music lab at Syracuse University, visited the Performing Arts Center here last Thursday afternoon and brought with him six of his videotape works. The works were presented in another of the Music Department's "Free Music Store" afternoon concerts. Morris' works were kinescope films accompanied by electronic music.

Mr. Morris attempted to explain the technical end of his artwork before he showed the films. He said each work was filmed with a camera placed in front of a T.V. monitor. The camera filmed all the wildly abstract images Morris was able to put into the T.V. monitor using his special effects generator. Each film was made in this way, live and unedited. Whatever happened on the T.V. monitor was filmed. Morris controlled the progression of the images to some extent with a T.V. studio control board.

Once a film was completed he either composed an electronic music soundtrack for it or mixed voices and other sounds together to form a sound collage backdrop for his abstract video work.

Stopping between each of the six works on the program, Morris told of the special characteristics of each specific film. One film was a collage of slide pictures of things like the Manhattan skyline, a box of saline crackers and the American flag. The slides were juxtaposed and combined with some special effects to produce a colorfully artful visual experience. The sound accompanying the film was engrossing electronic music produced in Morris' synthesizer lab.

Another film was a political satire of sorts. Though very abstractly produced and filmed, the images of ex-President Nixon came across well. The sound behind the film was a combination of Nixon speeches, popular music and electronic sounds.

The remainder of the works Morris screened for the fifty of us assembled in the PAC Recital Hall were strikingly colorful collages of rapidly changing visual images. During these four films I could concentrate more on the soundtrack which I found interesting and different. Mr. Morris said that he had little or no concern for any continuity between the sound and the visual images; however, the sound seemed to fit the visual images very well. I believe the overall continuity of the audio and visual aspects of each work lay in their similar avant-garde nature. Since both the sound and the images were basically abstract, they fit each other rather naturally.

On the whole, Mr. Morris' works were refreshingly inventive and tastefully synthesized. They were as well organized as any edited abstract film I have ever seen. Since Mr. Morris creates the works totally live, with no editing, his skill in both audio and video electronic manipulation was more evident.

After the concert some students and faculty members questioned the composer-filmmaker. He remarked how neglected videotape like his has

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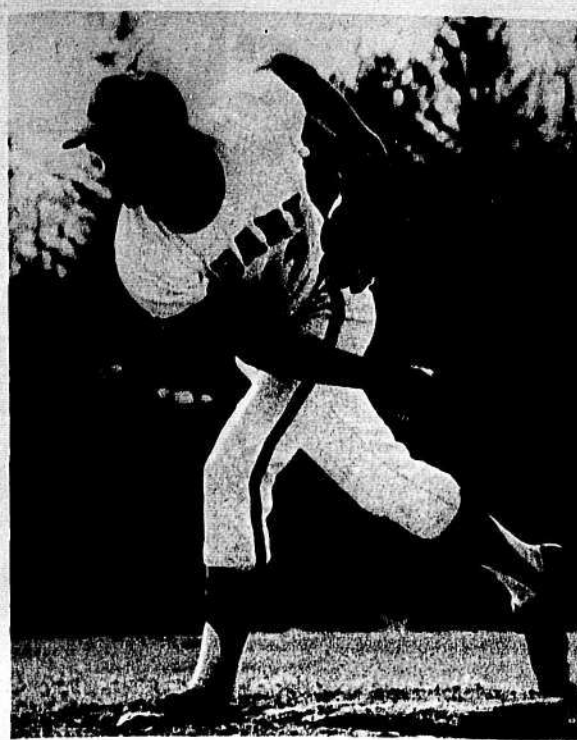
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Albany's pitching staff will be put to the test this week, as the batmen face Hartwick on Tuesday and Colgate in a doubleheader on Saturday.

Dane Pitchers Impressive Starting Rotation Set

by Mike Plekaraki

"To arms! To arms!" No, the red-coats aren't coming, but the Great Dane varsity baseball pitching staff is. And coming on strong.

"All the pitchers looked good," said leftfielder Mike Gamage, commenting on the way the all-righty Dane pitching staff handled the Vermont bats in the two-game scrimmage held here on Friday. The final scores show Vermont with a 1-0 win in the first game and a 1-1 tie in the second. But in scrimmages, it's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game.

Coach Bob Burlingame purposely used all six of his pitchers in the two seven-inning contests to keep the arms well-oiled in anticipation of the upcoming games with Hartwick and Colgate.

John Dollard started the opening game and allowed only one run in his five frames of work. Unfortunately, his Vermont rivals did not allow any as the Dane hitting attack was

stalled. But Dollard's pitching performance was the encouraging news.

Dollard "looked sharp again," said the coach, and conceded that the strong sophomore would open today's game against Hartwick. "He (Dollard) might even go Saturday if he looks good out there on Tuesday (today)."

Dollard is now coming off two strong pitching performances in a row. Besides his work on Friday, he turned in a masterful five-hitter last Saturday against Cortland in winning 2-1. In that contest, he picked up eight strikeouts in seven innings, while not allowing a hit over the final three.

Burlingame, obviously pleased, said, "He looks the best (of the staff) right now."

Relieving Dollard in that first scrimmage game was relief ace Bob Kronenberger. Krone pitched scoreless ball over the final two frames and continues to impress. His only subpar effort of the season came in last week's Siena tilt when he contributed heavily to the Dane's 7-2 loss in the ninth.

Rick Okoniewski started in the second game of the Vermont scrimmage and threw fairly well in his two innings. His arm bothered him slightly but it was understandable because the hard-throwing righty had pitched eight plus innings on Tuesday.

Tom Blair also pitched two frames worth in that second game and gave up the only Vermont tally by walking in a run. Blair is the number two starter in Burlingame's mound corps right now, but may be in jeopardy because of a bidding Glenn Sowalskie.

Sowalskie pitched two fine innings on Friday and looked good in his only start last week in a winning effort against RPI. "If Glenn comes on, he can take Blair's place," mused Burlingame. Blair, incidentally, is a converted infielder from the fall campaign. His forte is hitting and is one of the Dane's "big three" hitters along with Vic Giulianelli and Jay Milauskas.

Possible Starter
If Sowalskie can produce, Burlingame hopes that will free Blair for full-time hitting duty. Sowalskie is also a possible starter in Saturday's home doubleheader and it could be his big opportunity to take over the number two job behind Dollard.

Jim Willoughby saw limited action in the Vermont scrimmage but turned in a scoreless inning of work. Willoughby is the "emergency" pitcher, when not seeing third base duty.

All in all, the scrimmage showed Albany's pitching staff is capable of bigger and better things. Now we'll just have to see how much better.

Women's Track Opens

The Albany State Women's Track and Field team opens its first season as a varsity sport with a home meet today against Fitchburg and Hartwick.

Although a small squad, this team looks stronger than last year's team. Nene McCormick returns from last year with her valuable services as a shot putter and high jumper. Already this year, she has thrown over 40 feet in practice. Vicki Girko will continue to throw the discus and Julie Favreau and captain Mary Ellen Foley are returning in the hurdling and relay departments.

A welcome addition to this year's team is freshman Doretha Brown, who will fill a big gap in the sprinting department. Brown brings valuable

experience from her efforts as a member of her PAL team in New York. Brown also shows promise as a long jumper.

Also in her rookie year for Albany, sophomore Nancy Paffrath is looking strong in the distance events as well as the high jump and javelin. She has had strong showings in both the mile and the half mile in exhibition races with women from other schools in the men's track meets.

The team's schedule is a tough one with Albany going against such powerhouse as Cortland State and Southern Connecticut. The team is managed by Wendy Gath and coached by Barbara Palm, who hopes to qualify some of her competitors for the collegiate Nationals this year.

As was the case last season, Albany will probably garner most of their points in the field events, but Brown and Paffrath will be out to change that, by adding sorely needed strength in the running area.

WIRA and AMIA News

by Patricia Gold

In WIRA playoff action, in the first elimination rounds of Divisions A and B, in Division A, Old Irving defeated the Foxes 23-6. In Division B, Blue Stockings defeated the Felines 10-7; outstanding Blue Stocking players were Carol Glowinsky, who was the leading scorer with 6 points, and Nene McCormack, who made some excellent steals.

In second round play, the Jockettes (1st place Division B) beat the winner of Division A first round, Old Irving, by a score of 17-11; Deb-

bie Dunkle and Nancy Paffrath were leading scorers for the Jockettes, scoring 8 and 6 points, respectively.

Two more games are left to be played to determine the WIRA Basketball Championship. The Blue Stockings will take on the Players, who are 1st place team in Division A. The winner of this match will take on the Jockettes. Both games should be exciting. A limited number of spectators may watch the playoff games.

The last day to purchase tickets for the A.M.I.A. Trip to this Sunday's Yankee-Brewer doubleheader is tomorrow. There are ap-

proximately 20 tickets remaining, at \$10 each. Price includes round trip on highway coach type bus (Not a schoolbus or Draper type) and reserved seat in the infield. Tickets are on sale in CC 356 from 9 to 5.

The AMIA's spring tennis meeting will be held Wednesday night, April 23, at 8:00 pm. All those interested in singles and doubles tennis are advised to come to the meeting. The ladder system will be used. For more information contact the AMIA office 7-7210 or Nolan Altman 7-7705.

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Late Rally Carries Stickmen to Victory

by Craig Bell

Albany State rallied with three goals late in the fourth quarter to overcome a 7-6 Colgate lead and went on to defeat the Red Devils 9-7 Saturday.

A boisterous crowd of about 250 people saw the Danes jump off to quick 2-0 lead early in the first quarter. Dennis Walsh and Pete Connor got the first two goals for State. Walsh's goal came after a nice

feed from attackman Kevin Hilly and Connor scored while the Danes were a man up. Terry Brady picked up the assist.

Colgate got one back a minute later. Midfielder Bob Heath beat his

man and just waltzed right in for the score. State came right back as Terry Brady worked his man and put the ball behind Ned McMullen, the Colgate goalie, into the upper left hand corner. Colgate added their second goal as Ernie Craumer fed Jim Russell on the crease for the score. Arnie Will then scored for State and Gary Lourie for Colgate to close out the scoring in the first quarter with the Danes enjoying a 4-3 lead.

Colgate Leads

Colgate did all the scoring in the second quarter as John Romano and Bob Heath both hit the nets for the Red Raiders and they took a 5-4 lead into the locker room at the half.

Neither team really asserted itself in the first half as the teams just traded goals. Albany seemed to be a little flat, probably due to its tough loss to Brockport last Thursday. Bob Wulkiewicz, was amazing in goal as he stopped thirteen big shots in the first half, many from in close on the crease.

State blew numerous scoring opportunities in the first, hitting the goalie in the chest with a clear shot or missing the cage completely. At one point Terry Brady missed a wide open net after getting a pass from Dan Goggin off a loose ball.

Albany got the first goal of the third quarter. Pete Weycamp scored on a rebound of Dan Goggin's shot. Colgate then got two quick scores and it looked like Albany might be in trouble. "But the kids just wouldn't lie down. When the ball didn't go in, the kids sugged a little but showed a lot of poise when they came fighting back," said Dane Coach Armstrong.

And indeed they did. Colgate had done all the scoring they would for the afternoon. Weycamp picked up his second goal of the quarter, a pretty play from Kevin Hilly, who was playing behind, to Pete who was camped outside the crease, to end the third quarter with the Danes trailing by a 7-6 count.

Albany still was having their troubles early in the fourth quarter. Time and time again they were missing easy shots. "Stockwork killed us"

man and just waltzed right in for the score. State came right back as Terry Brady worked his man and put the ball behind Ned McMullen, the Colgate goalie, into the upper left hand corner. Colgate added their second goal as Ernie Craumer fed Jim Russell on the crease for the score. Arnie Will then scored for State and Gary Lourie for Colgate to close out the scoring in the first quarter with the Danes enjoying a 4-3 lead.

Then Dennis Walsh tied the game for State as he blasted one home from the left side and the Danes seemed to catch fire. Two minutes later, Weycamp scored the winner, his third of the afternoon, and Hilly added a final score to ice the game for Albany.

"We were a little flat out there today and we better get our act together for Hartwick" was Steve Schauss' comment after the game. A smiling Bob Wulkiewicz who finished the afternoon with twenty-two saves seemed optimistic about the Hartwick game this Wednesday. "They lost a couple of guys to graduation and shouldn't be as tough as last year."

Saturday's victory raises State's record to 2-1 and the loss evens Colgate's record at 1-1. Both Jay Kianka and Joe "Moon" Mullins who missed Saturday's game due to injuries should be ready for Wednesday's contest at Hartwick. Both John Adamson and Kevin Murphy who played in place of the injured Mullins did a fine job.

JV wins

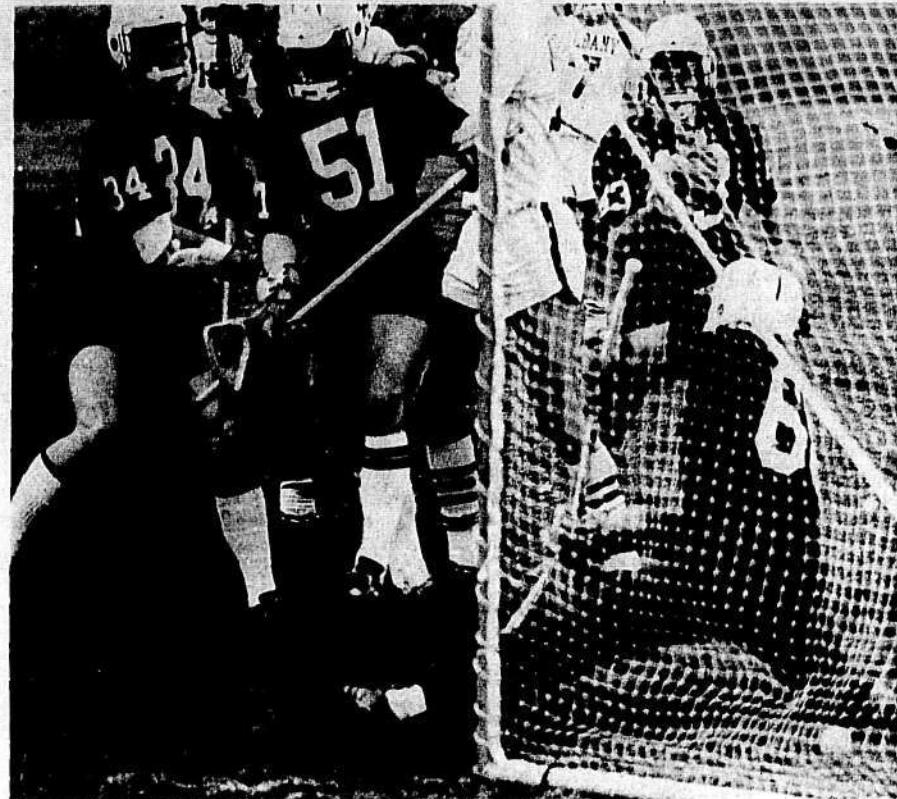
The Albany State junior varsity lacrosse team raised its seasons record to 2-1 with an impressive 8-4 victory over the Engineers of RPI Saturday.

Don McCue and Tim O'Connor paced the scoring attack with three and two goals respectively.

Greg Allen and Maury Gendler led the defense as both played really outstanding games. State picked up four goals off of unsettled situations as the tough Albany ride gave the Engineers fits all afternoon as they attempted to clear the ball.

Russ Bower and Frank Villanova did a fine job in the nets for State as they split time in the goal. Russ made eight saves and did a fine job of clearing the ball. Frank made five saves in his two quarter stint.

The J.V.'s next game is this Wednesday home against Cobleskill beginning at 3:30.



Action in front of the goal in the stickmen's come from behind victory over Colgate.

Cards Deck Tracksters

by Jon Lafayette

Coach Bob Munsey said it all when he said "That's one of the great things about track meets, even if you lose, someone can still have an outstanding performance that he can be proud of." Despite coming in second in a four-way meet, beating Oswego and Oneonta but being out pointed by Plattsburgh, some individual performances sparked for Albany.

Jim Pollard set a track record and an Albany team record by running the 120 yard high hurdles in 14.9 seconds, smashing the old record of 15.3, set only a week ago by Albany's Dave Cole. This meet also saw Rudy Vido qualify for the NCAA national tournament, held this year at Baldwin-Williams College in Berea, Ohio, by putting the shot 50' 4".

Carlo Cheribino may also have qualified, but discrepancies in the published qualifying times cloud the issue. One copy of the rules sets the qualifying mark at 30 minutes and 30 seconds; another at 30:25. Carlo's time of 30:29 may or may not be good enough but Coach Munsey promises "he'll get enough chances to qualify, and he will."

Albany came out strong, taking the first two events. Chris Burns and Gary Furlong followed Carlo Cheribino in the first six mile race ever run here at Albany State. Jim Holloway and Tom Cleary placed 3 and 4 behind Rudy Vido in the shot put.

The relay team of Alan Zube, Brian Donovan, Billy Brown, and Gary Johnson grabbed three more points, by taking second in the 440

yard relay, giving Albany a 21-9-2-0 lead over Plattsburgh, Oneonta, and Oswego respectively.

In the long jump, there were problems. Oswego's Acia won it and two Plattsburgh men finished second and third with Hiram Febles taking only one point for fourth. Brian Davis ran the mile in 4:25.1 and Tom Ryan ran it in 4:30.6, but that was only good enough for second and fourth. Two Plattsburgh men went 1-2, as Bruce Teague won it in 4:24.

Jim Holloway showed the way with a throw of 132'3" in the discus with Chris Covis and Rudy Vido finishing third and fourth. Plattsburgh took second. In the 440, Bob Coletti and Art Bedford finished behind another two Plattsburgh men, as the Albany lead shrunk to five points, 37-32.

Herald Horton of Plattsburgh ran a 9.9 100 yards. He was followed by three Albany runners, Alan Zube, Billy Brown and Gary Johnson, who took six points for this event. Jim Pollard set his record in the 120 high hurdles, followed by a Plattsburgh man and Stew Finto, both of whom would have broken the record. Dave Cole, the old record holder, finished fourth.

After being shut out in the triple jump (where Albany fouled out) and managing only a fourth by Roger Phillips in the 440 intermediate hurdles, Albany was tied with Plattsburgh 52-52 with six events remaining.

Plattsburgh took 1-2 in the 220 with Gary Johnson finishing third,

Tom Cleary and Paul Hoeltzel took the javelin, with Plattsburgh finishing third and fourth to even things up. Plattsburgh led by only one at 63-62.

The three mile was a great race to watch. Carlo Cheribino, who had won the six miles earlier in the meet, was the lone Albany entry versus four Plattsburgh runners. For nine laps the four Plattsburgh runners stayed in a close formation, taking turns in first, with Cheribino staying right behind them. With two laps left, Carlo made his move, going up to second to challenge for the lead. He just didn't have enough left so Bob Teague (who took the mile) held his lead and Norman Goldwire passed him, giving Plattsburgh an eight point lead with three events to go.

Some Excitement

Despite the fact that Albany did not place in any of the last three events, (Plattsburgh won all three) there was some excitement. Joe Demarie, a pole vaulter from Plattsburgh broke a track record that had stood for six years, making it the oldest existing Albany track record. Demarie's vault of 14'9" broke the record held by Greg Olson of Boston State which was set in 1969.

Coach Munsey was proud of the way his team hung in despite being beaten in manpower. "We did pretty well. We were leading most of the way, but ran out of gas at the end."

The track team goes to Union Wednesday before going to Buffalo for the University Center Championships on Saturday.



The track team in a losing effort Saturday. Albany is now 6-2.

Alger Hiss--A Man Without Bitterness: p. 3

Benezet: Teachers May Lose Jobs

by Betty Stein

President Louis T. Benezet made a rare appearance before Central Council last Wednesday night in a somewhat belated gesture of unity between students and administrators who, as a result of the recent budget cuts, have found themselves bound in an urgent atmosphere of cooperation.

Benezet made promises for increased student involvement in the budgetary process. "If the Student Association has representatives here in June, we will gladly include them," he said, referring to plans for the 1976-77 budget which will start in June. It remains to be seen whether the future President Fields is of the same mind.

Much emphasis was placed on the erroneous affluent image that many legislators have of SUNYA, as a cause of disproportionate cuts it has received, compared to the other university centers. "There are forces in the machinery of government that have chosen to consider Albany as . . . overendowed," said Benezet, who asserts that, as a result, "we have been selectively and discriminately cut, and cut, and cut over the past three years by the legislature."

Chancellor Boyer has promised that SUNYA will receive top priority in the supplemental budget, scheduled to come up in late May, says Benezet. SUNYA is seeking total restoration of the \$804,000 cut. "Without supplementary funds," warns Benezet, "we are confronted with the possibility of immediate retrenchment, which is a euphemism for firing people." According to Benezet, many teachers' jobs "are literally hanging in the balance."

Plans for increased student enrollment next year and in the years following, will qualify SUNYA for additional funds. But recent problems with overcrowded dorms have raised important questions as to where these students will be housed.

Benezet assured Council that "We don't want to pack them into this podium or into the quads." He mentioned University assistance in finding appropriate off-campus housing as one possible alternative.

Dean of Student Affairs Neil Brown says, "We don't plan a repeat of the fall of '74." When asked if students would be housed in lounges or tripled up next year, he avoided any definite commitment, saying only, "As far as I see it, our every effort will be against that." According to Brown, there are "a dozen or so ideas" now being considered for easing the dorm situation. He declined, however, to give them specifically.

"The good news is, our dorms won't be empty next year," said Brown, adding reluctantly, "The bad news is that about 300 more upper level students have opted to stay on campus." When added to the larger freshman class anticipated for next year, the resulting situation is one that has no easy solutions.

"If all the projections that we see now are accurate, there might be as many as 300, 400 or 500 [extra] people who apply to live in residence halls," says Brown. He cited the attrition rate among upper classmen as one factor that could serve to lower this figure. According to Brown, many people put down a housing deposit as a safeguard which can be utilized if off-campus housing is not found. He also mentioned the unpredictability of the amount of people accepted who will actually come here as an important variable.

Plans for revamping the Draper complex in the next few years are now under consideration. This is seen as a necessity if the projected enrollment increase of 1,500 more students by 1980 is reached. "Those facilities are not fully utilized," says Brown, who pointed out that the recent decision to phase out the Milne School will mean that even more space will become available. Brown said that, to his knowledge, there was no connection between the decision to terminate operations at Milne and the University's imminent need for additional classroom facilities. No definite plans for the use of this space have yet been laid out.



President Louis T. Benezet with SA President Pat Curran (right) and SA Vice President Ira Birnbaum (left) spoke out against SUNYA budget cuts at Central Council meeting Wednesday night. Benezet claims that many legislators have a misconception of the University as being affluent and overendowed.

SA Candidates Begin Campaign; Most In Favor Of Mandatory Tax

by Stephen Dzinanka

With a little time left to campaign, the Student Association presidential and vice-presidential candidates spoke out on several issues last Wednesday.

One topic around which much of the discussion centered was the mandatory student tax referendum that will be on the ballot for next week's elections. All but two of the candidates were in favor of the mandatory tax and urged that students vote for it.

Presidential hopeful Andy Bauman pointed out that student activities would suffer greatly under a voluntary tax policy. He also fears that a loss of student unity might develop in the sense that there would

be a separation between taxpaying and non-taxpaying students.

Speaking about the morality of a mandatory student tax Bauman commented, "As long as it's approved by the general student population and distributed by a representative body, then it is morally justifiable to me."

Presidential candidate Bob O'Brien took a similar stand on the issue. "You couldn't have programming as it is now," he explained, "the mandatory tax is vital to student activities."

"I think it's one of the best deals you have around," stated Ken Wax, another candidate for the presidency, pointing to the many groups, clubs, and activities that the mandatory tax supports. Wax also indicated that with a voluntary tax there would be no way of knowing how much money was available until around mid-September. Therefore, no programs could be planned until that time.

Another of the presidential candidates, Nathan Salant, gave full support for the mandatory tax. Salant too feared that "a lot of groups would suffer" under a voluntary tax situation. In addition, Salant mentioned that "the students will be forced to pay indirectly if they vote down the mandatory student tax," referring to resulting increases in various fees, admissions, and dues.

Vice-presidential candidate Jon Levenson cited "a stable running of student activities throughout the year" as his rationale for supporting the mandatory tax. However Levenson was critical of the manner in which the tax is dispersed. He feels that groups who come before SA

deserve more understanding and help since they are "a part of SA."

Levenson's sole opponent for the vice-presidency Rick Meckler also supports the mandatory tax. Meckler noted that even though students must pay a "big lump sum" at the beginning of each semester, it is advantageous for them throughout the course of the semester considering all the discounts and activities it provides them with.

Meckler also showed some discontent with SA's budgetary decisions. "I'd like to see better use of the funds... more proportional funding," he stated.

Presidential candidate Kim Kreiger, the only candidate who preferred not to take a stand on the tax issue, said that "the tax question should be left to the students to decide." Kreiger believes that no matter what the students' decision is, she will be able to work with it if elected.

Spencer Livingston, the other presidential candidate, was not available for comment.

The candidates cited many of SA's problems and described their ideas about solving them.

Many of the candidates feel that SA suffers all around from a lack of communication—with the students, with the administration, and internally.

Kreiger sees this lack of communication as one of SA President Pat Curran's biggest problems. "His [Curran] big problem was that he didn't go out to talk to anyone about things."

Kreiger believes that the SA president should be able to work with it if elected.

Fields Appointed SUNYA Pres

by David Winzelberg

Dr. Emmett B. Fields was appointed President of this University by the SUNY Board of Trustees Wednesday at their meeting in New York City.

The SUNY Board's appointment of Fields followed the University Council's recommendation of the 51-year-old administrator, who capped a seven month long presidential search including the screening of over 300 possible candidates for the \$47,800 a year post. Dr. Fields appeared before the Board Wednesday to be interviewed, was subsequently appointed President of the school, and then returned to Houston.

Dr. Fields, presently the Executive Vice-President and Dean of

Faculties at the University of Houston, joined the faculty there in 1969 as a professor of history.



President Emmett B. Fields.

Previously, Dr. Fields occupied the position of Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Vanderbilt University and also served as President of the Southern Association of Colleges and Universities. SUNYA's President-to-be, has been a member of the Texas Committee for the Humanities and has also been a Director and Vice-President of the Southwest Center For Urban Research.

Dr. Fields will take over as SUNYA's thirteenth president on July 1. Fields will succeed our present chief, Dr. Lewis T. Benezet, who has accepted an appointment as professor of human development and educational policy at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.