

## Danes Slam Cortland

### Audi Scores 21 As Albany Cops, 75-45

by Michael Smith  
A notice to all future opponents of this year's Albany State varsity basketball team: Send no flowers, hold those wreaths and forget the eulogy speeches. This Great Dane team is alive and well, thank you, after crushing highly-regarded Cortland State 75-45 Saturday on the loser's court.

"A lot of people might have counted us out early because of Eddie (Johnson) and Tom (Morphis) not returning, but we're going to surprise those critics," Albany coach Doc Sauer said. "This team will improve with every game they play."

"There's more unity on this team than any other I've seen here," Gary Trevett added. "And we're really starting to believe in ourselves."

But the way Albany started out against Cortland, you would have thought the team had spent the last few days watching Coburg, Australia highlight films.

After charging out of the locker room with what Dave Lanahan

called, "The most spirit I've ever seen before a game here," the Danes managed to play 8 minutes and 44 seconds, had 17 unsuccessful possessions and missed 12 straight shots before freshman center Barry Cavanaugh made lucky number 13 count on a short hook shot.

All parties agreed it was the worst offensive start by an Albany team in memory. But the way the Danes smothered Cortland in the game's final 30 minutes, Albany players were able to kid themselves about the inept beginning in a noisy locker room after the game.

When the laughter died down Supronowicz concluded, "We simply took a little longer than normal to get going. Doc Sauer's theory was sound, 'We were tight, that's all. It's not an unusual thing for an opening game. What can you do?'"

What Sauer's players did do was throw up a steel-curtain zone defense which stifled Cortland into a 21 for 79 shooting night. Albany's defense was so effective that when

Cavanaugh hit that first hoop after nine minutes, the Danes trailed only 4-3.

Brian Barker's first varsity basket gave Albany their first lead at 5-4 at 10:56 of the first half. The Danes never looked back.

"Obviously we were pressing early," the coach said. "But we had them scouted very well and our defense kept us out of a possible big hole by shutting them down while we were so cold. It's a very good sign we stayed in the game with our offense playing so poorly."

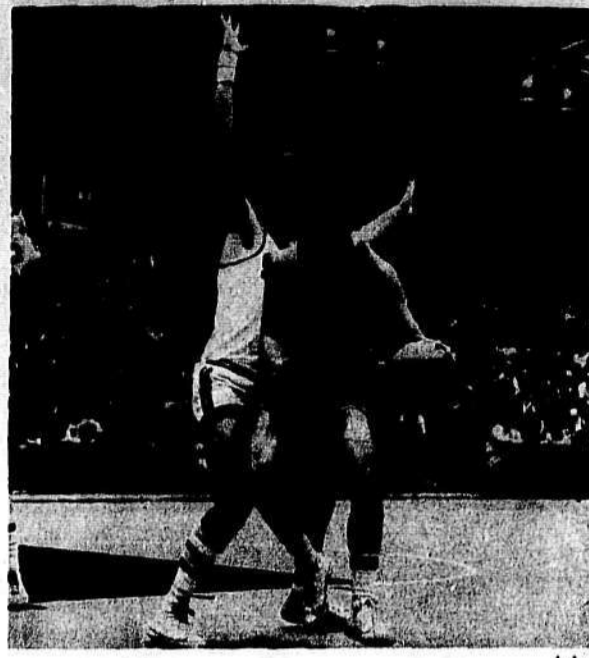
Except for a momentary lapse late in the first half when Albany allowed Cortland to sneak to within 25-20, the Danes simply pulled away.

Bob Audi was on the receiving end of great feeds from Barker and Trevett as he helped the Danes open up a 20-10 lead at 6:45. In fact, Captain Bob had a game-high 21 points, 16 of them coming on layups, a tribute to Albany's guards hitting the open man.

"Bobby always knows where those points are," Sauer said. "And Gary (who had 8 assists in the ballgame), was uncanny in finding Bob all night."

"It was a real team effort all the way," Audi said after the game. "The only way you win is when everybody contributes."

It wasn't text-book basketball, but Albany took a 31-23 lead at intermission. Albany hit their first four shots to start the second half, two of them Bob Audi "garbage specials," and after only 5 minutes the Danes



Albany's Bob Audi dribbles upcourt in second half of last year's Siena game played at University Gym. Audi scored 21 points Saturday against Cortland.

stretched their lead to 45-27.

Cortland managed only 2 field goals in the first 8 minutes.

"Our scouting report told us they (Cortland) had trouble with Oneonta's zone," Sauer explained. "So we took advantage of their weakness. I still believe Cortland is a better team than they showed tonight."

Sauer cleared his bench with more than 6 minutes to play, and subs Lanahan, Steve Macklin and Eric Walton responded by hitting their first four shots to give the Danes a 30-point advantage, the game's largest, at the final buzzer.

"I'm glad this one is over," Vic Caesar said afterwards. "The Coburg game was just like a scrim-

mage. Tonight was nervous night."

Bob Audi's 10 for 16 shooting led the Danes' 43% shot charts. However after the first hoop, Albany shot an excellent 50% the rest of the game.

Barry Cavanaugh passed his initiation test with 10 points, as many rebounds, and 3 blocked shots.

"Barry is simply getting better with every game," Doc said of his 6'7" pivot man. "Maybe it's a blessing in disguise I had to start him this early in the season."

Vic Caesar added 8 rebounds as Albany totaled a 60-47 advantage on the boards. He also scored 7 points.

Mike Supronowicz got 6 of 12 for

continued on page fourteen



The Great Danettes (in white) playing New Paltz in last week's contest. The women finished at 11-1 on the season.

## Women Volleyballers Knock Off Cobleskill

by Patricia Gold  
The Albany State women's intercollegiate volleyball club defeated Cobleskill Wednesday, December 3, losing the first game of the match 17-15, but coming back to win the next two games 15-5 and 14-8, on time, in the Cobleskill University Gym.

Susan Polis and Robin Smith were named most valuable players in this match, thanks to their consistent serves and play in the backcourt.

The Cobleskill court was built differently from all other courts the Great Danettes had played on, in that the back wall was within one inch of the back line.

The Great Danettes close out their first season with an 11-1 record,

comparing favorably with such teams as Russell Sage, Union, RPI and New Paltz. Next year, Albany is scheduled to take on volleyball powers Oneonta, Ithaca, and Cortland.

The Great Danettes are characterized by a strong starting six and a solid bench. They practice four days a week for three hours a day. Next year's schedule will require even more work than this year. The Danettes have also proven their ability to come from behind.

Thirteen of the fifteen members of this year's squad are expected to return next year, with Denise Cashmere and Robin Smith last to

continued on page fifteen

## Swimmers Split In Triangular

by Brian Oro

"The difference between us and Plattsburgh was one good swimmer," said Men's Swimming Coach Ron White after Albany went down to defeat at the hands of Plattsburgh Saturday, after downing New Paltz.

The program included thirteen events with the final tally showing Plattsburgh defeating both Albany, by a score of 63-50, and New Paltz, 85-28. Albany gained a split by destroying New Paltz 82-30.

The Great Danes claimed five first place finishes including: Dave Rubin, Jack Seidenberg, Mitch Rubin, and Paul Marshman who won the 400-yard medley with a time of 4:05; Dave Rubin, solo victories in the 1000 yard freestyle and the 200 yard butterfly. Paul Marshman took the 100-yard freestyle and the 200 yard breaststroke went to Jack Seidenberg, 2:28.7.

Two personal records were set, both coming in first rate but second place efforts. In the 200 yard backstroke, Dave Rubin captured second place with a time of 2:20.1, a personal record. Fred Zimmerman, a freshman, placed second in the 500 yard freestyle and set a personal record with his second place finish in the 200 yard freestyle with a time of 1:58.2. Paul Marshman was another standout, again placing second in the fifty yard freestyle with a time of 0:23.5, just .5 seconds off the

SUNYA record.

"I was both happy and satisfied with today's performance," said Coach Ron White. "I can see dedication, a fine spirit, and a definite

future in this team. We have fifteen solid swimmers, all workers too. The season should be spirited."

The Aquamen take on Southern Connecticut at home, Saturday.



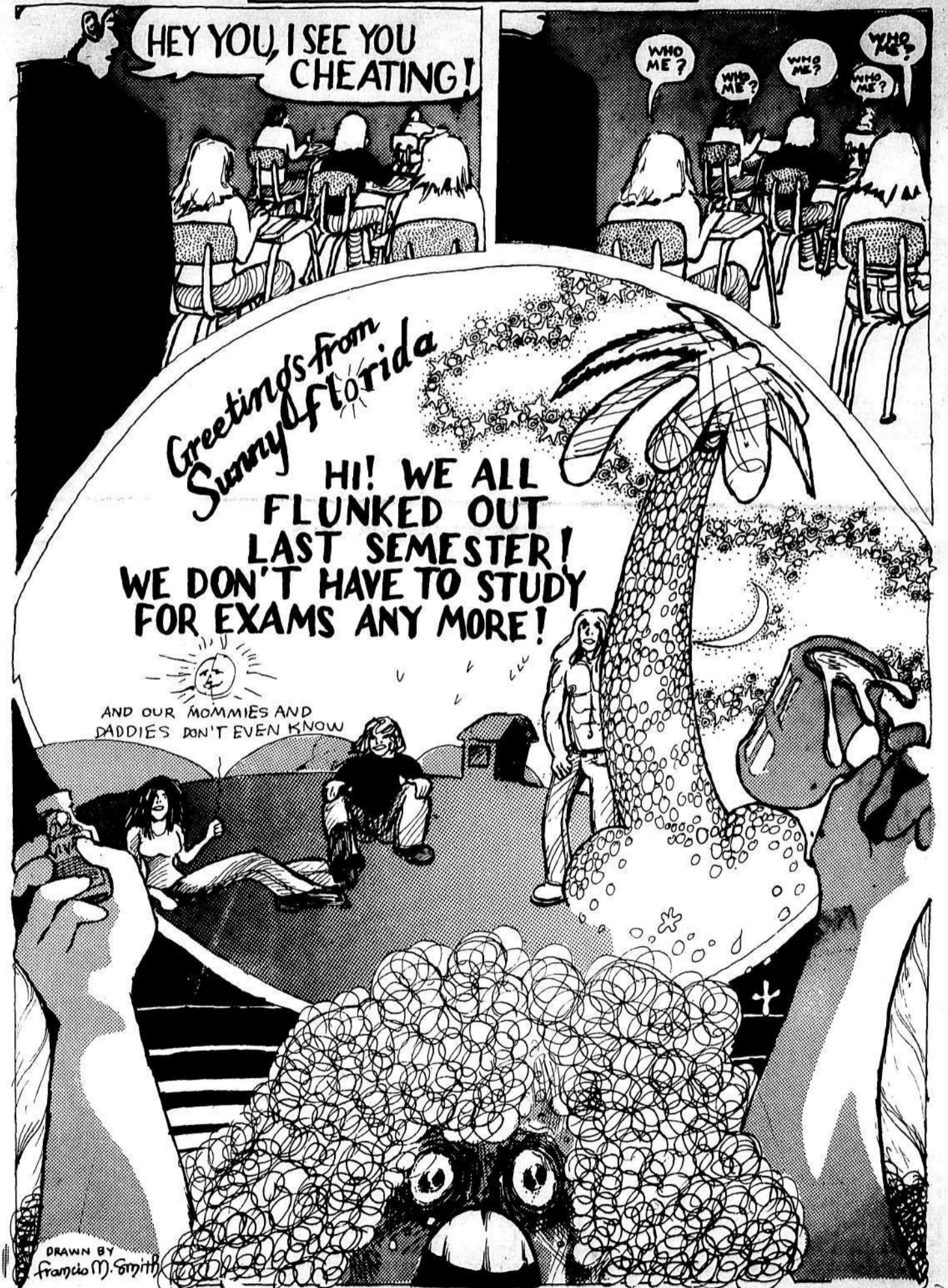
The Albany Swim Team in action last week. Swimmers lost to Plattsburgh Saturday after defeating New Paltz.

# ASPECTS

the Albany Student Press magazine

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DRAWN BY Francis M. Smith



# FINAL POETRY

by Jack Simmons

'Twas the night before finals and all through the halls  
 Echoes of silence bounced off the walls  
 Students were scanning their notebooks with care  
 In hopes of finding some answers in there  
 And I with my amphetamine, and coffee at hand  
 Had just settled down to an all-night cram  
 My eyes were red and in need of some sleep  
 But the finals I anticipated began to creep  
 While immersed in my studies, I heard such a racket  
 That I looked up from my book and snarled out "oh fuck it!"  
 When all of a sudden, without any warning  
 The darkness outside became light as a morning.  
 I ran to my window, and to my wondrous surprise,  
 I stared right into a pair of jolly old eyes.  
 Backing up to improve my sight, not believing my eyes  
 I saw the man who I once thought real a victim of too many lies.  
 There was Santa, laugh if you will, but I  
 I thought my brain was seizin'  
 Till the first words out of the old man sounded,  
 "Let me in. I'm freazin'."  
 And viewing mythical reindeer 'n sleigh on a campus lawn  
 Began me pondering the effects of studying too long.  
 Wishing to escape from my studies, not believing what'd happened  
 before  
 Ran I from my room down the hallway headed straight for the door.  
 Opening up the entrance, not sure what I'd see,  
 In he walked real as life. "Sorry, I lost my key."  
 But instead of the sack of toys thrown 'cross his shoulder  
 I spied a briefcase in his hand containing a good many folders.  
 Not knowing how to entertain such a prominent guest  
 I mentioned my room down the hall  
 If he cared to rest.  
 Although he said he was tired and just about to fall  
 He asked me to round up my section "Get them out in the hall.  
 You've all studied hard and Santa won't let you fall."  
 As soon as the people saw him there was no need to explain  
 They wouldn't believe me but now they saw I was sane.  
 Pulling up a chair (he looked like he'd put on some weight)  
 He took out his pipe and said "I have great stuff" and we thought he was  
 great.  
 After smoking the finest pot, he'd got from the elves  
 I began to fear the next couple of hours when I'd study by myself.  
 Then a few of us got up to leave, and he said "Hey where you going?"  
 and reached into his briefcase he said "Let me show what I'm stowing."  
 Pulling out some folders, each contained a name  
 We all began to ponder what was this man's game.  
 After handing out the folders—we had to wait 'til he was done—  
 He said "Now keep this all a secret. Don't talk to anyone."  
 And opening up my folder made me jump to touch the sky.  
 In this folder was tomorrow's exam with the answers on the side.  
 But when Frank the science major screamed "Bio and Organic Chem!"  
 Santa warned us carefully "Don't y'all get caught with them."  
 Closing up his briefcase and heading for the door  
 He knew by now that ten other people believed in him for sure  
 Mounting his sleigh so steadily, so as not to upset it much  
 I heard him yell "On Prancer, on Vixen, now we go on to Dutch."  
 But as he flew from Alumni, I heard him shout in full bloom,  
 "Merry Christmas to all good students and to all a good cumel!"

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**About the Cover . . .**  
 This cover by Francis Smith is ...uh, let's see ...  
 Actually, this is pretty tough cause we're zonked out over  
 finals. The people in the middle of the cover aren't. They  
 now lead normal lives. Anyway, the cover's good and  
 finished, which is more than we can say for our other work...

### CORRECTION

In the Tuesday, December 9 edition of the *Albany Student Press* in the  
 article "Doubts Voiced Over Student-Controlled FSA" SA Controller  
 Stu Klein was inaccurately quoted as saying that he felt there are  
 enough students on the "Board" who aren't graduating and who could  
 return for a term on the FSA Board of Directors. Klein was referring to  
 students who are presently serving on the FSA Membership Board who  
 would be ineligible for a term on the FSA Board of Directors.

## People:

# Jimmy Boy Tells 'Em He's Here

by Nancie Schwartz

The little green buttons  
 wink and gleam on the  
 wide lapels of the Secret  
 Service men under the blue  
 fluorescent lights. The men are  
 restless, they have heard this  
 speech too many times already  
 and will be hearing it for another  
 year and possibly (hope springs  
 eternal) another five; they lounge  
 against the wall, chew gum, adjust  
 their wide ties, stare insolently at  
 the few women in the room, shove  
 hands in the pockets of their  
 trenchcoats.

Behind the lectern, Jimmy  
 Carter, the man on the buttons who  
 is running for President for the  
 second time, is speaking. He looks  
 very different in person from the  
 Kennedy-as-farmer type sharply  
 etched in black and white on the  
 little pins—more scholarly, with  
 the shock of whitening hair almost  
 paternal—but one looks at the  
 florid coloring, the meatiness of  
 the lips and jowls, and cannot help  
 thinking of the Southern  
 demagogue of history and  
 fiction—Huey Long, Willie Stark,  
 George Wallace.

The voice does not change the  
 impression, when he introduces  
 himself as "fawmuh guvuhnuh of  
 Jeawjuh," rounding the "o" sound  
 in the state name and drawing it  
 out with a caress. He himself is  
 quick to notice this impression; in  
 response to a particularly hostile  
 question from a member of the  
 audience, he answers, "The name  
 is Jimmy Carter, not George

Wallace." Big laugh from the  
 audience, with a nervous edge—  
*how did he know we were thinking  
 that?*

He is speaking softly now, but  
 with authority; when he had begun  
 some fifteen minutes ago he had  
 been too loud, and somewhat  
 monotonously so in a peculiarly  
 Southern way; the words  
 themselves rose and fell in tone  
 but the cadence of the phrases did  
 not. His listeners, unused to the  
 rhythm of this speech and more  
 accustomed to New York nasality,  
 became restless and uneasy,  
 folded their arms, shifted in their  
 chairs.

But they are interested now: he  
 is fielding questions, answering  
 the standard ones—New York  
 City, the Middle East—quickly,  
 obviously prepared; waffling  
 badly on others. The questions  
 come fast; as soon as he pauses  
 audibly, fifteen more hands go up.

The confusion is  
 understandable; during the  
 remarks Carter had made before  
 he asked for questions, he had  
 talked little and said less—very  
 little more, in fact, than to speak  
 briefly of his background,  
 experience, and his absolute  
 assurance that he would be  
 President.

In the course of the evening he  
 mentions this last confidence  
 several times, and each time the  
 audience laughs. Who, they  
 wonder, does he think he is? Most  
 know him as no more than one of  
 1972's numerous "favorite son"



candidates. Many are here out of  
 simple curiosity; a sizable number  
 wear "I'm for Fred Harris" buttons  
 and are apparently checking out  
 the competition. No one believes  
 that this man, who would look  
 more at home in overalls than in  
 his well-cut blue suit, and whose  
 backing seems, despite his  
 affirmations, notably limited, can  
 possibly win an election or even a  
 primary in a field already  
 overcrowded with overqualified  
 candidates.

He does well with the questions,  
 but is typically vague, using  
 numbers and facts a little too  
 judiciously, never letting them

overly influence his statements.  
 And then suddenly the local  
 political functionary who had  
 introduced him ("Ladies and  
 gentlemen, the next President of  
 the United States, Mr. Jimmy  
 Carter!") is at his elbow, and he is  
 winding up with well-rehearsed  
 and carefully chosen words.

The audience, which has slowly  
 trickled in until now, becomes a  
 standing crowd: surrounding  
 three walls of the room,  
 encroaching on the fourth, and  
 completely blocking the doorway.  
 It applauds with no small  
 warmth and puts on coats as the  
 functionary reminds it that  
 volunteer cards and contributions  
 may be left on the table just  
 outside the door.

As the Secret Service men  
 tighten the belts of their raincoats  
 (the slight bulge under the left  
 armpit becoming more apparent)  
 and surround Jimmy Carter in a  
 forest of little green pins  
 preparatory to the obligatory  
 flesh-pressing crusade through  
 the crowd, I think that although I  
 would certainly never buy a used  
 car from this man, I might very  
 possibly buy a tractor from him.  
 He seems to know more about  
 tractors.

I find him likable, which may  
 become more of a liability than an  
 asset in a year when a man of  
 decisive action should become the  
 opponent of an incumbent who is,  
 sadly, very little more than  
 likable. Carter's ideas are at this  
 point extremely nonspecific, to  
 say the least, and one can only  
 hope that several grueling months  
 of campaigning will serve to  
 clarify them; if he does not de-fuzz  
 his thinking he will either be  
 quickly forgotten or elected.

I should save my green button  
 for some future collector of  
 memorabilia, I think, as I walk out  
 into the cold where an entourage of  
 cars is waiting, motors humming,  
 for a man who is running very  
 hard for the Presidency of the  
 United States. I hope his Secret  
 Service men do not become too  
 bored in the months ahead.

# He's Gone on Comic Relief

by Laurie Ebner

**Z**ap, *Freak Brothers*, *Slow  
 Death*: these are the names  
 of some of the under-  
 ground comic books that are  
 helping SUNYA senior Tom Keefe  
 work his way through college.

"I needed the money to get  
 myself through college," said  
 Keefe. "Since I had access to a  
 comic book distributor, I decided  
 to try selling them in the Campus  
 Center."

Keefe also sells cigarette  
 papers, pipes and afrocombs on  
 Thursdays at a table in the  
 Campus Center. He finds, though,  
 that the comics sell better than

from SA.

"The permit lasts for two  
 months," Keefe explained. "Once I  
 had it I had to sign up in the Office  
 of the Campus Center for a table. I  
 started this last year when I first  
 came to Albany. Due to some  
 hassle from the Solicitation  
 Committee [of SA] tried to do away  
 with the selling tables, we people  
 who were selling in the CC got  
 together in a craft guild. Since  
 then we haven't had any problem."

Keefe says his best selling  
 comics are the *Zap* and *Freak  
 Brothers* series. "People know  
 about them," he explained.

He suggests for newcomers that  
 they try the R. Crumb comics. "He  
 was the first in the undergrounds  
 and is usually good. His *Zap* #4 is  
 famous. It was declared  
 pornographic and illegal in a  
 court case a few years ago because  
 of a story about incest."

For feminists there are comics  
 written by women such as  
*Pandora's Box* and *Girl Fight  
 Funnies*. There are even comics  
 with a serious sex education  
 orientation such as *Facts of Life  
 Funnies* and *Abortion Eve*.

"One person bought some sex-ed  
 comics from me to use in her  
 Sunday school class," said Keefe,



these "head products" which he  
 gets from Lyricon, a company in  
 his hometown of Saugerties, New  
 York. The comics also come from  
 Saugerties, from a distributor  
 known as Jack Paul, a personal  
 friend of Keefe's.

To sell these items in the  
 Campus Center, Keefe was  
 required to apply for a permit

## ASPECTS

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Fiction:

# Heaping Retribution Upon

by Steve Allerton

It is a brisk and clear fall morning in the seventh district of the province of Bostonia. Justin Miles, a twenty six year old construction worker, awakes from a restless sleep and gains newfound courage as he views the crystalline sky out a small basement window. He recalls the year and a half of heartache, fear, longing, scouting, nocturnal traveling and intense planning leading up to this day; October 17, 2068. The causes of this day's planned events are rooted in the passionate disenchantment, frustration and fear experienced by the populace of the two-decade old Union of American Provinces or UAP. Justin and his followers are the first revolutionaries to be successful in thwarting the authorities' attempts to locate and destroy their organization.

Twenty-three years earlier a small group of fanatical right wing fascists gained solid victories in the regional elections across the Peoples Republic of North American States. This enabled the fascists to gain control of the major sections of the military. The Peoples Republic had replaced the United States of America after the socialist party gained solid majorities in the old Congress. When a socialist president was elected in 2021 he and the Congress undertook a drastic plan in which the nation was to be completely transformed politically. This new government declared a new nation and it was to be recognized as The People's Republic of North American States.

In 2064 a military-backed fascist coup succeeded in overthrowing the socialist government and established the UAP. The government invaded Canada and Mexico with little resistance, and these nations came under the rule of the UAP. During the first year there were massive protests against the fascist regime, and the military retaliated brutally and mercilessly. Over one million people were killed and millions of others wounded. The populace saw the futility of the public

protests and the revolt went underground. Each underground organization that was discovered was wiped out and none who were captured lived to tell about it.

Realizing that the military deterrent was not effective enough in keeping the people in line, the regime undertook a massive, but clandestine, research program. The ultimate goal of the research was to develop a drug with properties agreed upon by the regime. The chemists doing the research were kept prisoner in underground laboratories, and the

**The plan of the regime was to manufacture immense quantities of Corbamorphone and add it to the public water supplies around the country. They finished this in six months under the strictest security measures and always under the cover of darkness.**

families of these men were held as hostages to assure compliance with their exorbitant requests.

After eleven months three of the chemists synthesized what they believed to be the most powerful opiate derived drug in the history of the world. The drug, called Corbamorphone, was unique in that it was soluble in water and it was colorless and tasteless. Unlike other opiate-derived drugs, Corbamorphone was able to pass through the membranes of the gastro-intestinal tract. Once dissolved it was nearly impossible to separate it again from the solution except under the most ideal laboratory conditions. In small quantities there was no appreciable effect on the body although the dosage was enough to produce addiction. Ninety-eight percent of the subjects felt no change when such a dosage was administered.

Coerced by the government, the chemists built upon the basic formula of the drug until the final goal was reached. The chemists reached this goal in a short time

and cursed themselves for doing so and cursed the regime for their barbarous tactics. Upon learning what their drug was to be used for, one of the chemists committed suicide, and the others involved in the research were put to death a short time later. The final goal set by the regime and reached by the chemists was that prolonged withdrawal was to be fatal in all cases following addiction to Corbamorphone.

The plan of the regime was to manufacture immense quantities of Corbamorphone and add it to the

government's warnings. In another four days time reports of deaths started filtering out of the hospitals. People were dying of massive coronary attacks combined with violent convulsions. Mass hysteria broke out when people began dying in the streets. The people pleaded with the regime to allow them to drink the Corbamorphone water again. The regime had reached its objective. An entire nation was addicted to a drug in which prolonged withdrawal was irrevocably fatal and only the members of the regime had the power to administer the drug.

From this time on the regime had no trouble keeping order in the country. Whenever there was a behavior trouble in any province the military or the local Provincial Police (PP) had only to step in and start rationing the bottled water. Panic set in when thousands went into withdrawal and the local problem of undesired behavior soon disappeared. The only alternative to drinking the drugged water was to collect rain water, desalinated seawater, or find untreated springs. The brave individuals who undertook these ventures were executed when they

went into violent withdrawal



# The Corbamorphonean Oligarchy

young man was Justin Miles, a name later cheered by the people and cursed by the Provincial Police. While continuing to work by day for the province, Justin spent long hours at night trying to contact and organize others who felt as opposed to the regime as he was, and who were not afraid to risk their lives for the good of the people.

After about six months, underground communications were set up and Miles was in contact with nearly two hundred fellow revolutionaries. The group named themselves the People's Strike Force for Retribution, or the PSFR. In the first few months of its existence the PSFR managed to sabotage a number of military buildings. They also managed to ambush a truck and two armored cars carrying weapons and ammunition to a nearby depot. Only three of the seventy men who took part in the ambush were captured and they died from torture before giving one word of information to the PP.

Justin Miles now found himself with a cache of arms and ammunition large enough to outfit the entire PSFR. Although they could take great pride in their achievements against the military and the PP, the PSFR did not feel

handful of men would try to sneak past the weakened guard at the reservoir and place the stolen Corbamorphone into the water supply, while the main body of the PSFR would be attacking the ammunitions depot. If all proceeded as planned, the men would sneak back to the main force attacking the depot. No one in the provincial government or the military would know of the Corbamorphone in their water and they too would become addicted. The people would have won an important spiritual victory and

interrupted as the sounds of shots fired in the distance reach them. The military garrison at the depot has been caught completely by surprise and they are suffering heavy losses. Within twenty minutes all of the garrison at the reservoir except a small handful of soldiers have left in trucks to aid the beleaguered depot. Miles and his comrades sneak to the far side of the reservoir, scale the wall surrounding it and deposit the Corbamorphone without incident. They are able to sneak back to the depot without being seen by the

**Only a small number of people know the real purpose of the attack and they are content to wait. The country is in a state of extreme tension and tempers are short... In a few days' time, due to the unknown addiction of the garrison, widespread withdrawal occurs.**

this could be the needed spark to ignite a mass revolution against the regime in all the other provinces. It was widely known that much of the military was greatly dissatisfied with the present government and many felt they only needed a slight incentive to revolt against their superiors.

Justin Miles reflects on all that has occurred prior to this day as he gazes out his window. He can't help asking himself whether he has miscalculated any variable in the planned attack. He thinks of the men of the PSFR and he wonders whether he was wrong to convince them to face almost certain death for a cause that he initiated. Realizing that there is no turning back he curses himself for doubting the righteousness of their actions. He still cannot fully suppress the lingering sorrow he feels for his courageous followers.

All during the day members of the PSFR filter into the basement of Miles, unnoticed by the secure and unknowing Provincial Police. The men receive their final instructions and leave to prepare for the rendezvous in the woods outside the depot. The last member of the main attack force leaves and Justin makes his preparations for the reservoir. He and five of his best men will sneak to the water's edge and deposit the Corbamorphone at the appointed time.

When Justin and his comrades reach the reservoir they are struck by how unaware the garrison is of the impending events. As Justin looks at each of his comrades he wonders whether they will live through the day and if they die whether their loved ones will understand the reasons for their death. Justin's thoughts are

soldiers on the roads.

The main group of the PSFR has been pinned down by the reinforcements from the reservoir in a large gully. When they see Justin Miles and the others come out of the woods behind them they experience newfound courage and start a vicious counter attack, driving the soldiers back. By this time, unknown to the PSFR, a fifteen hundred man detachment from an army base twenty miles away has reached a position a quarter mile from the depot. They nearly surround the PSFR and the revolutionaries are forced to retreat into the woods where a detachment of the Provincial Police now lie in waiting. The PSFR is trapped, but they refuse to surrender having vowed to fight until death. In a short time every last man of the PSFR is dead, although they inflict heavy losses on the PP and the military. Among the last to die is Miles, who cries out in his last breath, "We have not died in vain! Be warned, the people will triumph!"

News of the attack spreads

quickly across the nation. The military claims it is a great victory for the regime over a group of "mad pirates," but the populace is not fooled and they consider the men heroes. Only a small number of people know the real purpose of the attack and they are content to wait. The country is in a state of extreme tension and tempers are short. Two weeks after the attack the garrison at the reservoir travels to a neighboring province for a series of war games. Once there they drink the local provincial military water which is free of Corbamorphone. In a few days' time, due to the unknown addiction of the garrison, widespread withdrawal occurs. It takes two days for the provincial government to realize what has happened, but by this time many of the soldiers have died. Rumors that the military leaders deliberately placed the drug in the water supply spread through all branches of the military. Everywhere disenchanting units of the military are finally given sufficient motivation to rebel against that oppressive tactics of their superiors. A widespread civil war breaks out between units loyal to the regime and those who want a less restrictive government. After a month of fighting and heavy losses, the fascist regime is overthrown and a new military government gains control of the Union of American Provinces.

The new government starts its rule by removing almost all the oppressive laws of the old regime. The most important of these being the end to the rationing of the Corbamorphone-treated water. Everywhere the people rejoice, and feel a joy that they have not felt since before the fascists gained control over twenty years earlier. Justin Miles and his People's Strike Force for Retribution are heralded as national heroes, and a memorial shrine is built in their honor. Miles and the PSFR had not died in vain. The era of a military-backed government using a deadly drug for the purposes of oppression was over.



entirely free. They, as well as all common citizens of the UAP, were still addicted to Corbamorphone. They still had to depend on the regime for the life-sustaining water, while all the members of the government and the military were free from addiction. This motivated them to steal a large quantity of Corbamorphone and store it for use in their final plan. The PSFR slowed its activity to a virtual standstill for six months while they planned a major armed attack against the provincial military ammunitions depot. This attack was going to be a diversionary ploy which hopefully would draw reinforcements from the joint government and military reservoir three miles away. A

and were forced to drink the drugged water.

These conditions continued for nearly twenty years and there was no hope left in the citizens of the Union of American Provinces. Many heroic people had chosen to stand up and speak out against the regime. Others carried out sabotage on government and military installations. The regime retaliated with the withdrawal-scare tactics to force people to reveal the hiding places of these revolutionaries. Eventually all were caught and put to death by the Provincial Police.

It was at this time that a construction worker for the provincial capital decided to take his life in his hands and form a revolutionary organization. This

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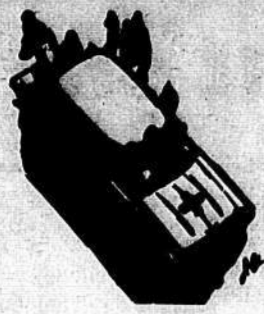
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## Brief Excursion to a World of The Ill

by Rick Palley

**T** little wheels vibrate from side to side, skipping over the uneven parts of the tiles. The squeaking noise disturbs me, and I open my eyes a little. I'm trying to see who they want this time.

The orderly stops the wheelchair when he gets to the middle of the room and glances at the names above the beds. He reads the other three first, then mine. "Mr. Palley?" An embarrassed smile on his face, he suddenly realizes that we are about the same age. He is used to rooms full of middle age men with bad backs and heart trouble, and is surprised to see a twenty year old in their midst.

"Mr. Palley?" I nod slowly and pull myself into a sitting position. "You're scheduled for radiation scanning."

I grimace. Another test. I'm not paranoid, but I'm beginning to think that they are plotting to stick my veins and arteries until they collapse, until all that's left is holes. No flesh, just holes. And more holes than Albert Hall, probably.

It makes me jealous of Max Cohen, the patient diagonally across the room, because they never bother him for tests of any kind. He has a pinched nerve in his back and just lies there, staring dreamily up at the TV, occasionally changing channels. Probably enough Valium floating through him to sedate a medium-size school of blue whales.

They give me Valium too, but I don't take it anymore. It makes me sleep all day, and I'd rather hide the tablets in my suitcase and stay awake, reading—or talking to friends on the telephone, saying things that turn the heads of the other patients in the room. They are intensely interested in my bogus drug discussions but they try to be cool and nonchalant, which leads to some ridiculous conversations.

"You smoke any of that there, uh, marijuana?" asks a leering Harry Russel, proud of the resemblance of his speech patterns to those of Archie Bunker's. "Marree-wanna? What's that?" I reply, changing his leer into an "I know that you know that I know" smirk.

Discussions like these are useful in passing time between various tests and injections because, if you don't pass time

lightly it is easy to get depressed just laying there thinking. Thinking about how sick you are, mostly.

For a while I thought I was very sick. I had some phlebitis a few months before and now I had chest pains, which led everyone to believe I had blood clots in my lungs. That's why I am the victim of so many tests.

This time they are going to shoot a radioactive isotope into my bloodstream, seeing if parts of the lungs show up dark on the scanning machine. (Healthy lungs appear white on the scanner.)

"It's very simple and very effective," the doctor explains as he ties my arm off, slapping and rolling the bulging veins under his fingertips until he finds one ripe for the radioactive injection.

"Won't I glow in the dark?" I ask annoyingly, but the doctor just laughs and arranges me under the scanning apparatus. He laughs because he sees people in a lot more trouble than I am. People who are dying day by day, and he has to find out how rapidly the disease is choking off their life.

### What Can You Say?

A small middle age woman steps into the scanning room while I am waiting to be wheeled out. She talks nervously to the doctor about her husband, who has just been scanned by other doctors next door. "Why don't they do his feet? You'd think they'd do his feet, that's where the pain is." She makes me nervous, this middle aged refugee from Brooklyn, holding her worn fake fur in her sweaty hands. I am relieved when she leaves, until the doctor tells me her husband is dying. "We don't scan his feet because the disease is in his spine. In five years, his lower spine will be gone. But what can you say to the lady? She knows."

They wheel me back to my room, and I spend a good part of the day staring out the window. I finally fall into a light sleep, waking up a little while later when Harry, in the bed across from me, calls an attendant into the room. They make idle chatter for a minute or two, the attendant shuffling his feet and looking around the room, and then Harry gives the guy a dollar and asks him to get a pack of cigarettes.

The attendant smiles knowingly and departs. He smiles knowingly

because Harry told him a few days ago that he was hospitalized for heart trouble. Serious heart trouble.

The doctor told him he will only live for about half a year unless he gets a pacemaker put in his chest. The doctor told him he has to stop smoking. Harry would rather die. If the nurses or medical personnel find the cigarettes, they note it on Harry's chart, and his doctor will give him another lecture.

So Harry hides the cigarettes because he likes the nurses and doesn't like to see them upset. The nurses like Harry also. He says nice things to them about their figures, makes them smile telling them, "If I was a kid again I'd ask you out right now, really."

The nurses that like Harry the most are the electrocardiogram operators. They come by once or twice a day to take readings for Harry's chart. To do this, they have to place five little suction cups on his body, which are wired to the machine. The reason they like Harry so much is that his plump, hairless, pale white body is a perfect receptacle for their little suction cups. On they go, off they go, leaving little pink rings on his chest, like the rings the glasses leave after a cupping.

When they give me an EKG the suction cups won't stick because of the hair on my chest. So the EKG operators don't look forward to seeing me. Most of the nurses are a little wary of me anyway because I look at them suspiciously everytime they come to give me medication.

The only nurses I like are on the night shift. They appear in and out of my dreams, gently waking me

with a tap to the shoulder, just long enough to give a quick injection into the plastic tap that's connected to a needle in my hand.

Injections into the tap don't hurt. . . all you can feel is the cool liquid flowing into the vein. Sometimes I fall asleep before the night nurses leave the room, my eyes closing on their shadows as they move quietly around the room, occasionally flicking the small flashlights they carry at the names above the beds.

The morning after the radiation scan my doctor comes to see me. "Hello Richard. How are YOU?" he blurts, but doesn't seem to listen when I reply. Sitting at the foot of my bed, he nods absentmindedly at everything I say while he studies my chart, flipping the pages back and forth and scribbling here and there. After reviewing my chart he pokes me in a few choice painful spots, and then continues the discussion.

"Well Richard, according to all the tests, you don't have a thrombosis (clot). Looks like a pleural virus. In a few days you can go home and rest—you'll be up and around before you know it. No more medication for you." He throws me a quick smile on his way out, stopping at the door to add "Don't forget to tell mom and dad. I'll be by tomorrow morning." He rushes out of the room to another patient down the hallway.

I relax a little that afternoon, thinking not about how sick I am but rather how the hell I will ever catch up in school when I go back. And I also wonder if I will ever, by fate or misfortune, wind up in the hospital again. I hope I don't. Hospitals depress me.

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# Italian Wedding: Eat'sa Nice

by Maria McBride Buciferro

**T**he saying goes, "Good things come in small packages." For Italians, good things—especially weddings—come in big packages—the bigger, the better.

An Italian wedding shower is not a shower; it's a deluge. I expected my sister-in-law's in Yonkers to be a small gathering of close friends and relatives, Scotch-Irish style, with refreshments after the gifts. Her shower turned out to be a full-course dinner for 80 women. Culture shock!

Gifts ranged from eight identical Corningware coffee pots to a practical do-it-yourself kit for the bride and groom's wedding night. The announced contents of that kit made me blush more than the bride.

The bride's 82-year-old grandmother sat through it all, clapping for each and every present. The bride's middle-aged aunts and cousins took turns going to the ladies' room to sneak a cigarette. They do not want the grandmother to know they smoke. The Italian wedding shower, however, is but antipasto to the

both. I'm assimilating quite well. At a recent wedding cocktail hour, I managed to balance a plate of manicotti, scungilla marinara, and clams oreganato ("mange, mange") and meet twenty relatives with my mouth full without leaving a smear of sauce on their cheeks. Now, that's Italian!

Italians like to watch kissing as much as they like to do it. All during the reception, the tinkling of spoons against the water glasses demands that the bride and groom immediately kiss. The couple hardly has time to eat.

During the roast beef dinner and afterwards, there is music and dancing. After a few gin and tonics, I join in the tarantella. Grabbing hands, forming a circle, we dance ourselves dizzy, only stopping to clap for the couple pushed into the center for a duet. A middle-aged aunt of the groom lifts her red gown to her knees, laughing and stepping in time with her young partner. Others take their place, trying to out-do them. And they do!

After the cake, coffee or espresso and anisette, it's time to give the wedding gifts. Italians don't send crystal punch bowls or silver spoons a week before the wedding. Practical people, Italians give wedding cards and cash. Lots of it!

Italians like to watch kissing as much as they like to do it.

A line gradually forms around the head table, as a man checks his watch and then his suit pocket for the envelope, "la boosta." He and his wife go up and kiss the bride and groom, wishing them well. After putting the envelope in her white wedding satchel (la collette), the bride hands the woman a gift. The last wedding I attended, the favor was a glass candy dish—the one before, a small bottle of champagne with "Maria & Tony" and the date on the label.

The bride and groom soon leave, and guests gradually follow. The night, however, is not over. Groups make their way towards all-night diners for ham and eggs, and "mange, mange" some more.

Groups make their way towards all-night diners for ham and eggs, and "mange, mange" some more.

After dinner the bride-to-be sat in the center of the hall, under a white umbrella with streamers, opening gifts. A vocal cousin announced each gift and giver, describing the gift for those in the back who couldn't see.

"One, ah, electric broom, from Fran and JoAnn. Should we take it out of the box?"

Italian wedding reception.

I've yet to hear of a small Italian wedding. After all, Italians have close family ties—the whole family must be invited. What Italian has less than 100 close relatives?

Italians don't shake hands when they meet; they kiss. The modern kiss one cheek, the traditional kiss

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# Sexually, He's Be-Holden to Kim

by Vinny Reda

I came on the radio the other day while I was driving my car. Only a song. A song with two melodies. For a moment I held back the juvenile impulses it aroused in me. But finally, uncontrollably, the car began to drift along as if on automatic, while my time of mind shifted back gently into reverse. I had my first sexual experience at 13. It was a late autumn afternoon as an eighth-grade me fidgeted upon the couch in my living room. Nervous because my parents were home. Nervous because they were also in the room.

One should not interpret this as meaning that I witnessed my parents committing a sexual act or that I committed one and my parents were either very liberal or else very short of auditory and ocular capacities. No, nothing so dramatic was happening—could happen—to me. The occurrence could only be cerebral for, quite frankly, I was hopelessly dragging my sexual feet at that time of life. I realized this later in retrospect, but up to that moment I didn't know what was going on, though I had often sensed that something was wrong.

Love, you see, had been an easy practice for me in grade school. Girls simply came over to my desk and gushed over me. I picked the one who was to be my girlfriend. There was a sense to life, a grand design.

That love had a physical side was evident to me in fourth grade. I was in love with Ellen Goldhamer for obvious reasons. She was not only a beautiful piece of undeveloped womanhood, but since we were the two smartest kids in class, I derived most pleasure from outscoring her on tests.

On one occasion Ellen passed her daily note across the room to me. Usually this consisted of something like, "What do you think of Patrice Lumumba? Love Ellen." (We were the only two in class who knew about people like Patrice and Dag Hammerskjold and Gordon McRae.)

This day however, the note simply read, "I love you Vinny." My reply beneath it, I must admit, was prompted by at least two parts vanity, but also an element of honest curiosity. "Why?" I passed it back.

The response below came back simple and sincere, God bless her: "because you're tall, dark, and handsome."

A revelation! I thought. Unashamedly, I passed the exchange around the room for the rest of the class to inspect and learn from.

(I felt a bit silly of course; not being all that tall then, or even now. Ellen was more than ashamed; didn't talk to me for a week and for the rest of the year her notes never got more intimate than, "Do you think Robert Preston wears a toupee?")

Things began to change in sixth grade. One day I innocently pointed



my middle finger at a girl—overhand, mind you—and her friends began to giggle. I asked my mother about this response that night. "They're bad girls," said mom.

Bad girls! My head seemed overloaded by the term. Journeying to my room, I began to swat at an imaginary baseball until my pulse returned to normal.

Within weeks, a friend's not-much-older sister had depicted a sexual encounter for my astounded ears. Even if she had been more accurate, with the correct things positioned in the correct places in the correct ways, the process could not have seemed more abhorrent. I wandered into my basement where I could swing at the baseball more freely.

The next day I questioned the sixth grade's most worldly chap and future motorcycle cop, Bob Deyo, to confirm the worst. "It used to be done that way," said Deyo instead, "but now its done by machines."

By seventh grade I knew that there were no machines. The situation had become nerve-racking. Girls no longer approached me. I heard of parties where guys and girls felt things.

I was never invited. Class stud Bruce Lindenbaum began to make fun of my baggy pants, my argyle socks, my unbuttoned-down shirts. I became known as the class clown. At home I began tossing footballs in the air to myself in the backyard. I'd run with them for touchdowns. I'd tackle myself.

This went on for over a year. I became the greatest pass-catcher in junior high school. The neighbors began to peer into my backyard and circulate the rumor that the Reda's were developing a new strain of tubercle. My fear of women grew frightening in itself.

Then came that afternoon in eighth grade when the 4:30 movie on channel 7 showed "Picnic." I watched with my parents as William Holden—attractive vagabond—journeyed into a small town and discovered Kim Novak, the fertile young woman whose sensuality could not be contained within the town's limits.

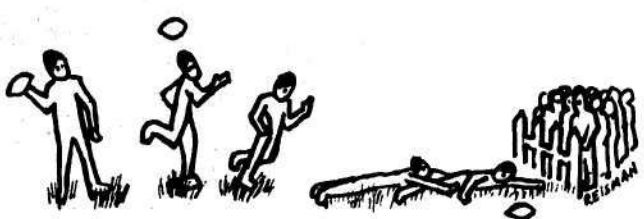
It was Kim's first picture and she was perfect. Later in life she would say "my career was a bust," but in the oppressive early fifties, her sensual energy was unbounding.

The shoulders for instance, round though not fleshy. Her thighs, so supple they lay between the soft cotton dress. Her waist, her hips—my God, everywhere there were circles curving tightly into circles.

And then the scene at the picnic. A hot summery night, the hot clammy bodies, the people dancing outdoors on a dim, lantern-lit stage. Then the people faded off—faded like their lives—leaving Kim and Bill in the center with a song, *Moonglow*, controlling their rhythm.

Errol Garner on the piano here, bluesing the melody just right. But the

continued on page eleven



# Employment: Mannix Depression

by Jill Cohen

I had just gotten the word that my journalistic career would have to be put off for another semester, and I knew what I had to do. It was Thursday, November 13, 1975. Once again, my hopes had to be pre-empted by my burning desire to pay the rent.

And when the New York State Legislature comes to town, the rent somehow always seems to take care of itself. Coincidentally, it was on November 13, 1975 that the Governor, Hugh Carey, decided that it was time for the Assemblymen and Senators to join him in Albany for a special session. When they arrived, Carey was not here to meet them, but I was, with open palm. When the Legislature is in session, the opportunities for public relations people are almost as numerous as they are for prostitutes.

Not feeling quite ready to assume the latter position, I wormed my way around the newsmen on the Assembly floor towards the seat of my most logical choice for an employer, my former boss, Assemblyman Richard E. Mannix.

As I walked toward his desk, I recalled the first time I had approached him for a job. All I knew about him then was his name, Mannix (I think I was expecting Mike Connors in a three-piece suit), and the "R-C" after his name. The R, for Republican, made me somewhat comfortable, since most of my political associates were afflicted with that disease. The C, for Conservative, made me squeamish. I pictured Ronald Reagan cleverly disguised as Mike Connors.

He wasn't a dashing television detective, but he wasn't Ronald Reagan, either. He was actually more like my father: soft-spoken, more of a sage than a maverick, dressed in the same grey suit that he probably wore fifteen years ago. Asking this man for a raise was like asking my father for an

increase in my allowance. Unfortunately, I never got a raise in my allowance, and I was extremely nervous.

Requesting an annual salary increment is hardly unusual, but I decided to push my luck and ask for an increase of 100 per cent. Double. Not exactly on anyone's list of how to cut state expenditures. But a combination of poverty, encouragement from friends, a cut in parental support, and the ego-satisfying inner feeling that I was worth the extra money set me off on a well thought-out strategy of dubious consequence.

The strategy began as I greeted my unsuspecting prey. "Hello, Mr. Mannix. Yes, I'll be coming back to work for you next session. How are you? How did the elections go? How are your nine kids?" I asked. What I was thinking was: "Hello, Mr. Mannix. How many kids do you have this year? Will you hire me again? Will you give me \$2000?" But such directness was not part of the strategy. My plan was fairly simple: offer my time, gratis, during the special session (it wouldn't last more than two or three days), churn out daily "kill Carey" press releases, regurgitate everything I've ever learned about effective PR, and when it was all over, ask for the raise.

Unfortunately, patience is not one of my virtues. En route to his office in the Legislative Office Building, he asked me to rejoin his staff, and I unconditionally agreed. It was approximately one hour after our reunion that I totally disregarded all the tactics and principles of two years of studying diplomacy. I walked quietly into his office.

"Mr. Mannix, could we discuss salary for next session?" "Well, sure." He was as apprehensive as I was.

"Do you think I could have, um... two thousand dollars?" I wished I had a better sense of timing.

What followed was a series of "I'll try" and "I understand" that forced me to abandon my feminist

career girl facade and realize that few other legislators would let me write to my heart's content and that I would keep the job, raise or no raise. Gloria Steinem would be ashamed of me.

I had enough politician left in me to see that I still had a few cards left to play. Although most of the game plan was ruined, there was still the overexposure trick. I would work during the few days of the special session, be around to answer the untended phones, write releases, type letters. My mother once told me that if I wanted something from somebody, I should make myself indispensable. Although I was never quite able to become indispensable enough to her to accomplish my ulterior purposes, I was willing to give it another try.

With the letters and the releases, I received the usual fringe benefits: cigarettes, occasional lunch or dinner. I was appreciated, even paid somewhat for my work. But no financial commitment for next session. That would come, I decided, when the special session ended.

It is now Friday, November 21, 1975. I'm tired. I've cut classes, neglected assignments, missed a dinner engagement. Mannix is tired. He's missed speaking engagements, neglected his law practice, he misses his wife and children. There is talk that another session will last until Thanksgiving, or longer. I don't know if I'll get my raise, and I don't know if I care.

Maybe I should have opted for prostitution.

# Be-Holden to Kim

continued from page ten  
bass behind him was everything. The bass was Kim. From across the dance floor she looked at Bill and swayed to it, approached to it, supple shoulders going forward to back, teasing to it.

Bill approached in kind; so awkward, so stiff an actor. Yet he began to look good somehow, snared, guided solely by her. "Christ," my mind choked, "what a woman can do for a man!"

Nearer they came and the romantic "Picnic" theme began to overlap the other. Violins—the soft mushy violins of the fifties. There was love now, but there was still that bass and those blues. That damned bass and Kim.

Within the movie, Kim's sister, played by a thirteen year-old Susan Strasberg, whose future film career would parallel my own life in exploring new degrees of mediocrity, looked on. She was becoming violently ill, but not from the booze she had drunk—no, from the overwhelming sensuality revealed to her forming mind.

She left the scene, but I forced myself to remain to the fade-out. The glances now close, the music inseparable.

My parents, glancing from one of the partners on the screen to the other, were experiencing their own various levels of envy and horny, as I groped my way past them to the bathroom.

It was a gradual process of course, but from that moment on I began to regain sexual credibility in my world. By sophomore year in high school the last of my argyles were purposely ruined. My shirts came back in style. People invited me to do things again.

Yet stability could never destroy the ideals fostered on that afternoon. Or the knowledge. I have known good women and will know others. Our eyes will meet, there will be embrace, and the love strings of "Picnic" may exist again.

Ah, but I will look at her and know that there has always been more. It beats within her, deep and throbbing. There the essence of our passion exists—there for my hands and thought to once again grasp the old moonglow.

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**Between the Covers**

"Have you found the Library to be a social scene?"  
Hell, are you kiddin'? Lemme tell you about this pick up I had in the Library jus' last week. It happened accidentally, y'know, jus' like in the movies. I was turning stumbling down an aisle down in Periodicals and wha'dya think I see? This cute little novelet, she couldn't've been more than fifteen or sixteen days old, lyin' spread eagle on the floor. Jees, you could see everything, even her stitches...

"Wait a second. You're talking about a book, right? I'm talking about people, y'know, hu."  
Not a book, you crude insect, but a gorgeous precious Victorian novelet. Y' understand buddy? Fresh and pure, she still had her protective jacket... Well, I knelt down next to her, and looked her right in the page number, fighting the urge to stare at her stitchery. As my gaze met her numeric, I felt my heart skip a beat. Right then and there I decided that I had to bring her home with me that night!

I touched her page! My heart was throbbing, as I gently, slowly, turned to her title page. A lot of other guys would have gone right to her contents page, but I wanted to show her that I wasn't just another brouser. I just sat there staring at her title words for a full ten minutes, then got up the nerve to peek at her copyright around back.

You wanna know what happened then?

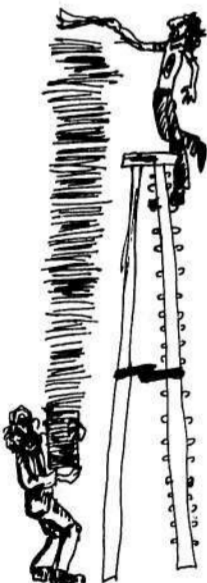
"S-S-Sure."  
Well, I ain't gonna tell you. They're personal details, but I'll tell you this: I did all right. I got her jacket.

It was great. Tenderly, I held her woven binding in my arms...

"Was it good?"  
I couldn't put it down. All I wanted to do was snuggle up in bed with a good book! I asked her if I could take her out, if we could go down the aisle together, but, but... it was destined not to be.

"Why? What happened? Tell me!"  
Because (sniffle, sob)... because my little novelet, my cherished, supple spined, Victorian Novelette was the slave, the possession of this fancy talkin' Romance Languages professor. He had her on reserve and she never went out with anyone...

Centerfold by Ken Amron (photos), Daniel Gaines (PUNYA), David Lerner (The Last Final), Ken Wax (Between the Covers, Memorandum), Joe Zubrovich (Graphics).



# FINAL FLING

**The Last Final**

Of course it's very gratifying that my last final should be English. Only the department that taught me to use the language could ever abuse it with equal aplomb...

I can't study for my last final...

What will happen for my Last Final?

I can't think about it, it's unnerving. A Last Final is fatal, you can't come back from it. I can't return after three days to make-up my Last Final.

A Last Final will be my Primal Beginning, to distinguish it from the run-of-the-mill first beginnings. There are plenty of those, one a semester in fact. But a Primal Beginning! Bring me the head of Spiritus Mundi, and his cousin Agnew!

Is there a world after the Last Final? Judging from the Hollow Men who have taken their Last Final and are banished here anyway, why would I want to take mine?

What have I done? I don't want a Last Final! Gather me, Rosebud, while you may, for this world-weary flesh looks beyond that Primal Beginning, and I see a gathering dawn.

Oh, it is fitting that my last final is English, and so will be my Last Final. They taught me to use it, I'll teach them how I can screw it up:

I think that I shall never see a boredom such as Albany.



**MEMORANDUM**

From: God  
To: Inconsequential College students on marble earth  
Re: Revision of Final Exam Prayer Policy  
Please note that as of immediately, there shall... be a moratorium on scholastically related miracles...  
Management will bear no responsibility for unanswered worship once change takes effect... immediately... Thank you for noting and complying to this act of God, yet another improvement by the supreme being who gave you the opposable thumb.  
God

Ike—Make sure they get this before next week, cause it'll be murder if they start in again like last year. The little punks really tick me off.

As soon as they get to college they give up religious worship. No longer do they have the time to give a call, say hello and pray a while. They can't drag themselves out of bed on the weekend for a few damn hours of homage, but they want me to meet them at 8 o'clock in the morning for some stupid accounting test.

And since they only call when they need a favor, you would at least think that they'd ask with proper respect, nu? Nosirree, it's usually something like 'Jeezchris mudderfudherholyshtoddamwhasthanswer!' For that they expect the King of Kings to drop everything and start looking up answers to zap them?

Well, no more. From now on, the only guys who'll be getting "Oh yeah, I remember"'s will be the good kids, the ones who dovin devotedly, genuflect genuinely, and the like. Verily, verily.

**PUNYA**

Are finals bothering you? If you know your abc's for the multiple choice exams and don't get sick before a Nursing final you'll be all right.

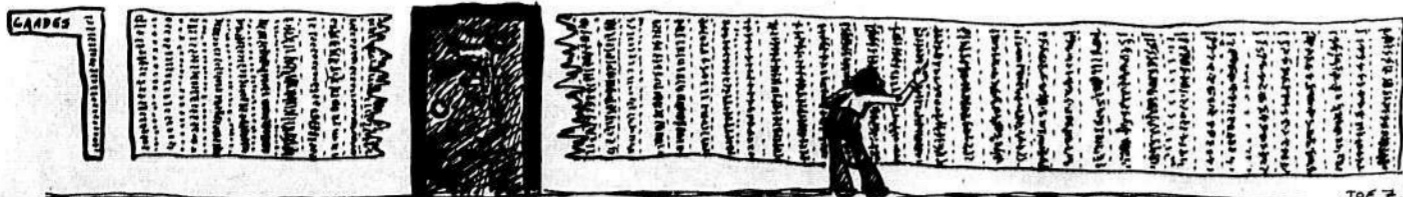
You have to look out for Astronomy. That can't be faster than studying Computer, but it'll be easier than trying to make sense out of Logic. After the logic exam start praying you'll pass Comparative Religion, and find your friend and discuss the hanky-panky the two of you will do during the American Government test.

If you get depressed, think what a racket you had going in your Tennis class last semester, or the theatre course where you gave him some song-and-dance and was passed with no work. Don't worry! You have a good chance on Probability and you can always bullshit your Rhetoric prof.

Later in the week you're head may not be into Neurophysiology, so buy Christmas gifts instead of studying bible. But that'll remind you of Money and Banking's final that night, so it might be better to go hiking or climbing if you've already finished the ecology paper.

Other suggestions for the week: It is definitely important to map out exactly how you study for Cartography. Also, negotiate studying times for the Labor Relations exam with your roommate. Don't argue with him while preparing for your final debate.

In general, take it easy. Working on your shorthand might speed things up, and you'll definitely breathe easier after you finish your Atmosphere paper. By the time you're finished, you'll realize it's not necessary to take Abnormal Psychology.





# News: Campus Police Up in Arms

by Judy Jaeger  
**T**he present policy for the carrying of firearms on campus was established by the senate on March, 1974 and the debate over widely varying interpretations of the bill has occupied many hours on the Senate floor.

When asked about enforcement of University firearms policy on campus, James Williams, director of Security said that it has been run in the same manner for the past ten years. This, despite the research, debate, and controversy which has surrounded the issue during that time.

Presently, there are 11 persons on the security force qualified to carry guns. They are all supervisors and investigators, and have all passed tests in marksmanship and psychological stability, according to Williams. Seven of these persons carry firearms full time when on duty. Court appearances and continuous training sessions cause situations to vary, Williams said, "There are times when there will be no one on duty who is armed, and sometimes there is more than one," he added. Williams feels that they have always been within policy.

Some senators, tired of an apparently worn out issue, blame the controversy on "SA semantics". In order to understand the firm positions held by

students, however, one must note the history of the SUNYA firearms policy.

It all started in July 1972 when John Hartley, Vice President for Management and Planning issued a directive to Williams which discussed the situations during which firearms should be carried by several selected members of the security force.

One year later, on July 24, 1973, SUNY Central's Board of Trustees established a broad policy which basically left firearms use within the law, to the discretion of the individual campus security directors. The only major restriction was in the carrying of firearms in crowd control situations. Specific authorization had to be given by the "chief administrative officer" on each campus in such a situation.

A growing on-campus crime rate as well as the inability of city police to respond quickly to on-campus needs prompted these decisions.

Then, in September 1973, Steve Gerber, the then SA President, discovered that certain members of campus security were carrying firearms without the proper training. Though the situation was soon righted, students were angered by the fact that they had not been consulted in the establishment of a campus firearm policy. Some questioned

the need for firearms in the first place. The matter was handed over to the University Community Council (U.C.C), a subcommittee of the Senate, where extensive research resulted in the present bill. It allows arming of Campus Police in:

1. The guarding and transportation of large amounts of cash.

2. The arrest by warrant for serious felonies or execution of search warrants when the Director of Campus Security has reason to believe that the use of force may be necessary.

3. The escorting of distinguished campus visitors.

4. Conducting an investigation possibly involving serious or dangerous felony; and while on motor patrol allowing rapid response. Only one person at a time will be so authorized unless unusual circumstances exist.

The most controversial part of the bill is in section four. What is an unusual circumstance? How much discretion should the director of Security be given in making this decision?

The extent of disagreement in interpretations of the Senate firearms bill has caused it to have little or no effect on campus security's firearms policy.

Students tend to support extensive restrictions of firearms, while security and administrators more often support security's present actions. SA President Andy Bauman supports a strict interpretation of the bill leaving as little as possible up to the security director. "I don't think that more than one cop should be carrying a gun under any circumstances outside of those specifically mentioned in the bill", he said in an interview. "Maybe specific situations or categories should be written up", he added.

Patricia Buchalter, director of Student Activities, and presently chairperson of the UCC, also supports making an addition to the bill in order to clarify the intentions of the UCC.

A reinvestigation was done last May by UCC in response to an ASP article which reported that seven persons were armed full time. The UCC concluded that security was in observance with policy at this time, said Buchalter, who was on

the UCC in 1974 when the senate bill was researched.

She explained some of the considerations made by the committee. "We tried to look at Security's needs on campus", she said. "We considered the kinds of crimes that occur, and when and where they occur. We looked at in terms of security's job", she said.

On the other hand, she continued, "we didn't want everyone armed all the time". She pointed out that training requirements for officers on this campus were more stringent than is required, and noted the accountability that security has toward the University. "If an investigation showed poor judgement on the part of security, there would be ramifications", she said.

"As long as you think that they are doing their job," Buchalter concluded, "you have to trust them. I can't tell them how to do their jobs".

## Students Should Know

Rick Meckler, SA Vice President, reiterated this point, but added that students have a right to know what is going on. "There shouldn't have to be an ASP article to tell us what is going on", he said.

Meckler feels that security is violating policy, however, and would like to see the bill rewritten under the advice of Williams so that it is enforceable. "We would treat his (Williams) comments very seriously", he said, "I wouldn't want to be held up with a gun, and protected with night sticks", he added.

Meckler did feel that under normal conditions during the day, no guns are necessary. He emphasized the fact that when dealing with students, extra caution should be taken.

Williams defended his policies by noting an increase in crime on campus. He told this reporter of two reported robberies and a student stabbing this month. "We have a lot of people out armed in these cases," he said. "These things are not predictable". Though in many cases guns will be drawn for such arrests, campus security has never fired a gun, on-campus, according to Williams.



# Arts: Morrison Breaks on Through the Shroud



by Jay Burstein

**T**he headline in the New York Post on July 9, 1971 reads "3d ROCK STAR, JIM MORRISON, DEAD AT 27." Doors fans around the world mourn for their leader, savior, idol. The "Lizard King," the figure that was to lead the youth generation of the sixties and seventies into a revolution of mind, spirit and soul is dead and buried in the Post's Corner of the Pe're-Lachaise cemetery in Paris. The man who sang and wrote of death is himself dead.

Morrison's death has been generally accepted, by his fans and by his life insurance company, and he is considered legally dead. But there are many questionable circumstances under which he "died." Just as Clifford Irving wrote an autobiography of Howard Hughes, just as Paul McCartney is dead, so is Jim Morrison dead, or so it seems. This reporter thinks Morrison, "sex-death, acid evangelist of rock" is very much alive.

Morrison sang of death, but not of physical death. As Doors' producer Paul Rothchild puts it, "Jim is fascinated with the concept of death. He's interested in spiritual deaths, conceptual deaths, more than physical deaths actually." In the group's epic song, "The End," Morrison deals with such a conceptual death:

"Father?"  
 "Yes, son."  
 "I want to kill you."  
 Mother, I want to..."  
 Producer Rothchild, in an interview with *Crawdaddy Magazine*, explains the meaning of this phrase: "Kill the Father

means kill all of those things inside yourself that are instilled in you and are not of yourself."

The group's first single introduced the theme or the purpose of the group. Entitled "Break on Through," is a song of revolution of the mind.

"You know the day destroys the night  
 Night divides the day  
 Tried to run  
 Tried to hide  
 Break on thru to the other side."

Only a year before he "died" Morrison told rock critic Ellen Sander he'd rather consider himself a writer and a poet. He said rock and roll was dead or at least decadent and he was sad to be a part of the whole thing.

In the August, 1972 issue of *Hit Parader* the other Doors were asked if the audience's attitude toward him gave Morrison the urge to take off. Robbie Krieger, the group's guitarist said "Sure. That was one of the big reasons. They wanted to see a freak pull his pants down, and he was sick of it." Ray Manzarek, organist, added, "We didn't start this whole thing for that reason. We started to make music, and near the end it got to be a freak show. Let's see the geek pull his pants down, bite the head off a chicken or something. And Jim said, uh-uh, no, that's not me. So he just split."

Morrison sang of death, true, but also called for a rebirth as is expressed in these lines from "The End":

"Lost in a Roman Wilderness of pain  
 And all the children are insane  
 Waiting for the summer rain."  
 What Morrison means here is

that he sees a society that is false and self destructive, but the young are waiting for a death followed by a rebirth, a cleansing of the soul. He also brought up the concept of insanity, perhaps the true vehicle to take on the road to freedom. In his theatre composition, "Celebration of the Lizard" Morrison chants, "Forget the world, forget the people and we'll erect a different steeple." Forget your past and build a new you, and a new world and civilization.

So much for Morrison's motive. Now I would like to put the pieces together into a believable story.

Morrison, unhappy with his career and with himself leaves Los Angeles for Paris, where no one knows him, and is accompanied by his wife, Pamela, and manager, Bill Siddons. Morrison plans his "death" with Siddons and possibly Pamela.

July third, Pamela finds Jim dead in the bathtub of their apartment. Siddons calls for a doctor who, as was previously arranged, signs a phony death certificate. (Manzarek explained in an interview in *Downbeat* that the certificate put as the cause of death, his heart stopped.) He is allegedly buried at a small funeral with only a few friends in attendance. But none of the Doors were there nor were any of his closest friends here in the U.S. The news release stated that

Pamela saw the body, but several months later, in an interview with *Rolling Stone* magazine, she admitted that Jim could very well be alive, that she never really saw the body.

Though the case is not officially an open one, in that his death is not being looked into by his insurance company, it still remains to be a mystery. A book, entitled "The Great Louisiana Bank Robbery," written by one James D. Morrison is soon to be published and is to tell of a great rock star who faked his own death and collected his own life insurance. Another hoax, or just a cheap shot at a dead man? The Morrison mystery gets more intriguing every day and there seems to be a lot of money being made on it. Capitol Records now handles a man by the name of THE PHANTOM who, incredibly enough, sounds exactly like Morrison, and writes in Morrison's style.

Is Morrison behind it all? Is he the Phantom's ghost writer? He has allegedly been seen in L.A. where he picked up hitchhikers and told them his story. He has also been allegedly seen in New York's Village and in West Germany.

If Morrison does finally come out of hiding millions of people will flock to see him, but the Internal Revenue Service will, no doubt, get first crack at him.

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PAGE FOURTEEN

ASPECTS

DECEMBER 12, 1975

DECEMBER 12, 1975

ASPECTS

PAGE FIFTEEN



# Playing Just One Cat's Impressions

by Keith Graham

The past year saw many changes that occurred in the world of jazz. The world of electronic jazz expanded with more people turning to it. Many artists turned to playing soul, in an effort to make more money.

Money was the key to what most performers did and the jazz world suffered. Jazz may be more popular, but it has suffered in quality.

The emergence of electronic jazz wasn't surprising, with more and more electronic instruments in

vogue. These new instruments could inspire new sounds in jazz, and the past year saw a few artists, like Gap Mangione and Stanley Clarke, developing fresh techniques.

However, other artists tried to get weird sounds to bring in the rock crowd, where the cash really is. The music was good and well played, but it was too commercial to be really considered jazz. Many of these artists didn't really understand what they were doing and just played crazy things.

For example, you will find that many keyboard players cannot

even program their own synthesizers. Anybody can fiddle with a synthesizer and get a sound out of it, but only an expert like Rick Wakeman can get a particular sound when they want it.

If you listen to albums, you will find that certain keyboard players sound the same on different cuts. The reason for this is because the synthesizer is set on or near the same setting. Jazz musicians lose something in their performance when they vary it to please an audience that wouldn't listen to their normal stuff.

Yet performers continue to play this type of jazz (?). The past year saw performers like George Duke, Alphonse Mouzon, Jean-Luc Ponty, Harvey Mason and others attempt to really make it on their own and become more successful.

The move towards commercialism has also hit the world of straight jazz, with many artists trying to break a soul single on the radio. Someone came up with the word disco and attached it to soul music, and so now anyone can play it and be accepted by a wide cross section of the younger set.

Some performers did it on just one cut, while others made their whole album soul. Some did make a hit, others had increased album

sales, while others had both occur, but they were not playing jazz and hurt jazz in general as a result. Employing an incomplete knowledge of soul hurts the jazz performer as much as it hurts the rock artist.

In honor of the commercial people I have made up a new category for my list of top performers in jazz. They are the best con men in jazz who are now playing below their level of performance and no longer are creative musicians.

The category of top individual performers was based on past and present performances, weighing both versatility and consistency. Unless a musician has really gone downhill, his past performances will help him when it's a tossup. The best albums were based on creativity and level of performances.

## CON MEN:

**Herbie Mann**—Mann is exploiting lesser known groups by using his name and backing to record hits that the other groups have already recorded. Flute was never really used before in soul music as a lead, so Mann is in the background much of the time.

**Eddie Harris**—Long an outstanding player of straight jazz, Harris has now taken to appearing on soul train and is



John McLaughlin.

# About All That Charged-Up Jazz

making more money with a new fast and funky electronic sound.

**Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea**—These two men are similar, in that they are like the keyboard players previously mentioned in the section on electronic jazz. Both men's strongpoint lies in acoustics.

**Ramsay Lewis**—The stuff he plays can hardly be considered jazz. His last album was good, but his new one is slop.

**TOP PERFORMERS:**  
**DRUMS**—1. Billy Cobham 2. Buddy Rich 3. Elvin Jones 4. Tony Williams 5. Jack DeJohnette—Cobham simply does more things with drums than the others do.

**Guitar**—1. George Benson 2. John McLaughlin 3. Kenny Burrell 4. Joe Pass 5. David T. Walker—All are good, but Bensen has the consistency.

**Bass**—1. Stanley Clarke 2. Ron Carter 3. Paul Jackson 4. Chuck Rainey 5. Ray Brown—Stanley Clarke handles a bass like it's a toy.

**Piano**—1. Oscar Peterson 2. Herbie Hancock 3. Chick Corea 4. Keith Jarrett 5. Bob James—The last four are good, but no one can touch Oscar Peterson.

**Percussion**—1. Bill Summers 2. Airo Moreira 3. Ralph MacDonald 4. Ray Barretto 5. Ray Mantilla—summers plays percussion

instruments from all over the world and plays them well.

**Sax**—1. Stanley Turrentine 2. Stan Getz 3. Grover Washington 4. Wayne Shorter 5. Joe Farrell—Stanley T. is as sweet as they come.

**Trumpet**—1. Dizzy Gillespie 2. Freddie Hubbard 3. Donald Byrd 4. Miles Davis 5. Hugh Masekela—The old master has proved himself time and time again.

**Flute**—1. Bobbi Humphrey 2. Hubert Laws 3. Herbie Mann 4. Yusef Lateef 5. Rahsaan Roland Kirk—Humphrey takes top spot while Laws and Mann bug out.

There are more instruments and some singers I could touch, but these instruments above appear to run jazz now.

**Musician**—1. Rahsaan Roland Kirk 2. Yusef Lateef—This category was based on the ability to play different instruments and play them well. These two play a variety of instruments, with Kirk getting the nod. He plays many horns, invents his own instruments, plays two or three horns at a time, and does all this despite being blind since birth.

**Combo**—1. Return to Forever 2. Lonnie Liston Smith and the Cosmic Echoes 3. Herbie Hancock and the Headhunters 4. Brecker Brothers 5. Crusaders—Hard to beat the overall talent of Return to



Billy Cobham.

Forever.

**Composer**—1. Larry Mizell 2. Stanley Clarke 3. Quincy Jones 4. Billy Cobham 5. Eumir Deodato—Mizell has done the most in terms of creativity, while working with different performers.

**Arranger**—1. Quincy Jones 2. Larry Mizell 3. Bob James 4. Eumir Deodato—Jones arranges everything and does it very well.

**Best New Artist**—Roland Hanna—Although he's been around, this past year marked his debut as a soloist and what a debut.

**Best New Combo**—Tom Scott and the L. A. Express—A new progressive jazz combo

highlighting Tom Scott on sax.

Jazz will take another fall to commercialism in the future, until it dies out. Then, more performers will come forward and attempt to make new sounds with the influences of straight jazz. It's unavoidable because electronic is tiring at times and the disco scene will die eventually. The old time greats will never change and they will continue to play music for the older people.

If jazz doesn't return to normal, the jazz musician of the future will be rock type musicians, who can put out some weird sounds.

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1. That students who apply and fit into at least one of the following categories be granted automatic waivers of their student activity assessment:

- work more than 35 hours per week, in a non-credit capacity.
- live more than a 30 mile radius from campus

2. That documentation be mandatory for automatic waivers in the following form:

statement from employer (or other, if applicable) listing the hours worked by the student per week.

3. That students will be considered for a waiver based upon financial need according to the following:

Students with files in the Financial Aids Office and International Students Office will mandatorily have their applications reviewed by both the Student Activity Assessment committee and the Financial Aid Office or International Students Office, with the final decision being made by the Student Activity Assessment Committee.

4. That the Student Activity Assessment Committee may waive the student activity assessment to an individual who partially fulfills more than one of the above qualifications.

5. That only applications filed within two weeks after the start of the semester or two weeks after the due date of the bill, whichever is later, will be considered by the committee. Retroactive waivers will only be reviewed if the committee determines that unusual circumstances prevented the applicant from filing within the specified time.

students may apply and be granted waivers for only one semester at a time.

7. That students withdrawing or dismissed from school will have their students activity assessment fee waived-refunded according to the following schedule:

before the end of drop-add week full refund 2-4 weeks from first day of semester.

5-8 weeks from first day of semester 1/2

9-12 weeks from first day of semester 1/4

after 12 weeks from first day of semester - no refund

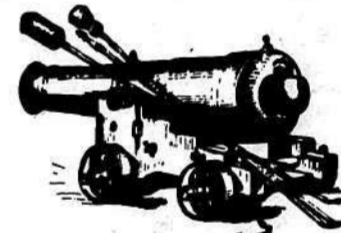
8. That all previous waiver policies are hereby revoked.

9. That if a student has already been granted a full waiver for the spring 1976 semester, he/she shall retain that waiver.

10. That this bill shall take effect with the spring 1976 billing, upon approval in accord with the Constitution.

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Start off next semester with a BANG!!!



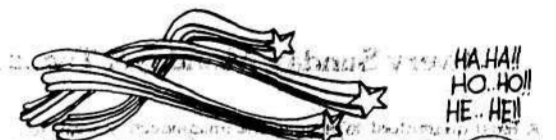
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9 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Feminist Coffeehouse  
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feminist theater group  
\$1 w/tax card, \$2 w/o  
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Saturday, Dec. 13

Basketball Game  
SUNYA vs. C.W. Post  
SUNYA Gym  
8:30 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 14

WSUA  
I'm A Woman  
sports special  
with Anita Unterweiser  
3 - 5 p.m.

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Jerusha S. Kaminsky  
The Real Inspector Hound  
directed by David R. Allen  
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Roman Polanski's MacBeth  
Fri. 7:30, 10  
LC 1

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1  
King of Hearts  
Fri. & Sat. 7:10, 9:10

2  
3 Days of the Condor  
Fri. & Sat. 7:20, 9:40

3  
Premonition  
Fri. & Sat. 7:05, 9

4  
Mahogany  
Fri. & Sat. 7:20, 9:30

5  
Brother Can You Spare a Dime?  
Fri. & Sat. 8:30, 9:30, 10:30

6  
Twelve Chairs  
Fri. & Sat. 6:30, 9:45

Quacks or Fortune has a Cousin  
Living Somewhere in the Bronx  
Fri. & Sat. 8:05, 11:15

delaware 462-4714

Death Wish  
Fri. 8:30, 9:45  
Sat. 7, 10

Framed  
Fri. 8:00  
Sat. 8:30

hellman 459-5322

Winterhawk  
Fri. 7:30, 9:30  
Sat. 6, 8, 10

fox-colonie 459-1020

Woman Under the Influence  
Fri. 7:00  
Sat. 7, 9:30

Dog Day Afternoon  
Fri. 9:30

guilderland plaza 456-4883

1  
Framed  
Fri. & Sat. 7:07

The Longest Yard  
Fri. & Sat. 8:59

2  
The Towering Inferno  
Fri. & Sat. 8, 10:45

madision 489-5431

The Lion in Winter  
Fri. 7:00  
Sat. 7:45

A Touch of Class  
Fri. 9:30  
Sat. 6, 9:50

mohawk mall 370-1920

1  
3 Days of the Condor  
Fri. & Sat. 7:30, 9:30

2  
Woman Under the Influence  
Fri. & Sat. 6:45, 9:30

3  
Benji  
Fri. 9:30  
Sat. 7, 9

Dog Day Afternoon  
Fri. 7:30

scotia cinema 346-4960

Reefer Madness  
Fri. & Sat. 7, 9:15

The Harder They Come  
Fri. & Sat. 8:15, 11:10

Happy Holidays!



T.O.

FRIDAY

10 Mash 8:30 p.m.  
comedy

10 Don Kirschner's Rock Concert  
variety 12:30 a.m.

6 Midnight Special 1 a.m.  
variety—Helen Reddy

SATURDAY

13 Star Trek 11 p.m.  
science fiction

SUNDAY

17 Monty Python's Flying Circus  
comedy 10:30 p.m.

MONDAY

13 Space 1999 8 p.m.  
science fiction

10 Phyllis 8:30 p.m.  
comedy

10 Medical Center  
drama 10:00 p.m.

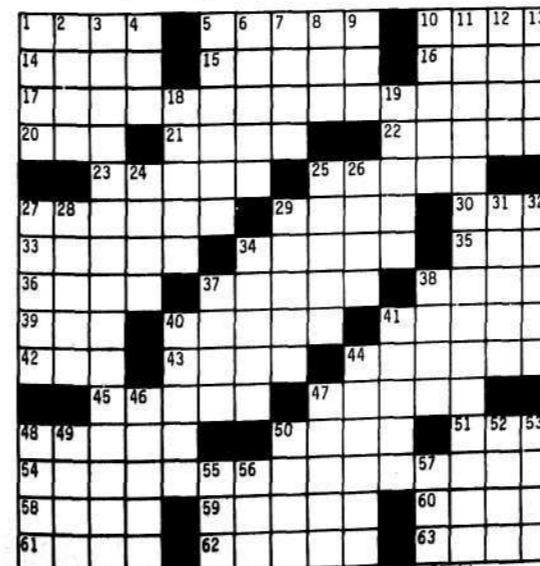
TUESDAY

10 Good Times 8 p.m.  
comedy

13 Welcome Back Kotter  
comedy 8:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

13 When Things Were Rotten  
comedy 8 p.m.



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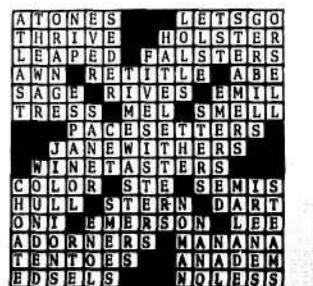
ACROSS

- 1 Buddies
- 5 Fine violin
- 10 German admiral
- 14 Distant
- 15 Passport endorsements
- 16 Doggie-bag contents
- 17 Shed a lot of tears (4 wds.)
- 20 Muhammad Ali punches
- 21 Johnson of TV
- 22 Pueblo Indians
- 23 — is as good as a mile
- 25 Money
- 27 Interval in music
- 29 First paragraph of a news story
- 30 Comic's forte
- 33 Fix a loose shoelace
- 36 Magna —
- 38 Ending for leg
- 39 Arlene —
- 40 Judy's partner
- 41 "Bus —"
- 42 Vane direction
- 43 Like many jokes
- 44 Garden workers
- 45 Mr. Schoendienst
- 46 Mr. Calhoun
- 47 Gypsy

DOWN

- 1 — rat
- 2 Hairdo
- 3 Blames a person for (5 wds.)
- 4 Theatre abbreviation
- 5 Reluctant
- 6 Drizzles
- 7 Tennis great Arthur
- 8 Scottish digit
- 9 "There — Tavern in the Town"
- 10 Yucca-like plant
- 11 Spread hearsay (3 wds.)
- 12 Small toilet case
- 13 Superlative suffixes
- 18 Unsophisticated
- 19 Valerie Harper role
- 24 Letters
- 25 Lently
- 26 Vow
- 27 Out of —
- 28 Desist
- 29 Golfer Wadkins
- 31 Food for a squirrel
- 32 Classic Ethel Merman show
- 34 Powder of blended spices
- 37 " — Butterfly"
- 38 " — of These Days"
- 40 Grossly stupid Garbo classic
- 41 "Grand —"
- 44 Attach again
- 45 —'s flytrap
- 47 Certain skirts (5 wds.)
- 48 Author of "Saint Joan"
- 49 "Damn Yankees" character
- 50 Biblical wise men
- 52 Treasury agents
- 53 Naturalness
- 55 Part of OTB
- 56 — be fit from me
- 57 Lamb

last week's solution





# CLASSIFIED

## FOR SALE

**Andalusian AM/FM car stereo with 8 track, brand new, unused. New, \$150. Will sell for \$100. Call 436-8922 after 5 p.m.**

**1973 Mustang Mach I, fully equipped with every available option including sports package and 351-V8, good gas mileage, 24,000, A-1 condition. Asking \$3250. Call Marvin 7-4700.**

**1965 Buick Skylark, 52,000 miles. Mags, air, shocks, good tires, good body. \$400. Call Stu 462-5311.**

**1962 Volkswagen, '64 rebuilt engine. Runs ok. Condition—why do you think I'm selling it at this price? Also, can use for parts. Call Jim 462-5294.**

**Snow tires, 13 inch, studs, on rims. \$50. for pair. Call 489-8774 eve.**

**Harvard bedframes—brand new. \$10. Call 436-4390. Ask for Wendy.**

**Waterbed for sale—frame included. Like new! \$50. Call Barbara 489-4542.**

**Anyone who wants a cute puppy please contact 457-7950 anytime. Looking for a good home. Free.**

**TYPERWRITER—Smith-Corona, manual portable, with carrying case. \$50. Call Marsha Williams in Student Life 7-1296; or 465-5475.**

**Furniture: double bed, almost new; dresser, other items; reasonable. Will deliver. Stu. 482-0311.**

**New Mens XL Aris down filled red, black and white ski gloves. \$20. Call 465-0015.**

**Used one Sorel Artic Pac brown snow boots for \$15. Size 13. Call 465-0015.**

**Brand new—Gibson steel-string guitar. Blueridge model. With case—\$300. Call 7-5094.**

**Science fiction books. Call 377-9331.**

**Sheepskin coat. Call 377-9331.**

**Services**

**Manuscript Typing Service. Mrs. Gloria Cecchetti, 24 Wilshire Drive, Colton. Call 869-5225.**

**Psychic Development Classes, also private readings for advice or problem solving, by appointment. Call Ms. Claudia Le Marquand at 572-6378.**

**Typing—lit. Pickup/delivery, reasonable. My home. Call Pat at 765-3655.**

**Classical guitar lessons (Renaissance, Baroque, Classical etc.) Call 465-4130 from 9-12 a.m. and ask for Mitch.**

**Typing done in my home. Call 482-8432.**

**Expert Typing—will supply paper. \$ 5.50 to \$ 7.75 a page. Call Marsha Williams at 377-3475.**

## HOUSING

**Female apt-mate wanted. On busline. \$70. a month. Call 465-4489.**

**Wanted: female to take over room in 4 brdm house on busline. \$62.50 per month plus electricity. Immediate occupancy available. Call 449-5736.**

**Seduced lodge (accommodating 10 to 12 people) 30 minutes from campus on 400 acres in Rensselaerville, Albany County. Excellent for winter sports! Available for occupancy starting now. For information, call Thunder Hill at 797-9681.**

**Studio apt or private room with kitchen privileges wanted. \$90. maximum. Call 438-1233.**

**We are two women ages 25 and 28 looking for third or approximately same age to share beautiful, cheap 3 bedroom apt. on busline beginning Jan. 1. Prefer feminist. Call 438-3886.**

**Most Urgent!! 1 female needed to take my place on campus! Call Debbie at 457-7891.**

**Nice furnished room for rent—on busline. Cheap. Call 489-6714 eve.**

**Large, bright room available in Willett St. apt. for Spring semester. Rent \$66.50 including gas and electricity. Call 465-0987.**

**Two females needed for four bedroom apt. on busline completely furnished. Call Maria 434-0305.**

**Modern furnished studio apt—all utilities but electric. \$140. per month. Will accommodate 2 people. Call 456-3007.**

**Apt. on busline available for immediate occupancy! 3 or 4 bedrooms, appliances, kitchen, washer and dryer, patio in backyard, 2 porches. P.S., at 459-4911 and 438-4139 after 5 p.m.**

## LOST & FOUND

**Lost Wednesday—3rd floor gym—4 silver rings—call 465-1077. Please return—they are very important.**

**Lost: blue Timex watch, either on Dutch Quad or on path between Colonial Quad and Colonial Parking Lot. Reward. Call Sue L. 457-8984.**

**Found: Women's bracelet, silver with round beads. Found last Monday on SUNY Bus at Doper Hall. If it's your call Dianne 457-6543.**

**Lost Mon, Dec. 8, near Library, ladies wristwatch; black wristband; silver square border around face, also has space for date. Sentimental value. Reward. Call Rhonda at 7-4710.**

**\$15 reward for the return of a blue Parka Jacket lost at last week Colonial Quad Party. Call Paul at 7-8920.**

## RIDE RIDERS

**Female wanted to share driving and expenses to Clearwater; Tampa, Florida. December 19. Must be experienced driver. Call Jean 482-5039.**

## WANTED

**Wanted: An interesting job, if you're going away and need a replacement to work get fired, give me your job for the vacation. Any 489-6550.**

**Experienced drummer needed for established rock band. Jobs guaranteed for next semester. Call immediately—Stu 7-8929 or Chris 273-4149.**

**Cross-country skiers & wilderness lovers: Would you like to ski the Northville-Lake Placid trail (132 miles) this winter? Call Jim 438-1845.**

**SUNYA student to live in beautiful country home. Free room and board. Must cook one course 457-7950 anytime. Looking for a good home. Free.**

**Roommate wanted—own room, \$80. per month including utilities. N. Allen on busline. Call Carol 463-0913.**

**Three bedroom apt. \$235. 15-20 min from State in Leisuresville Apts. Latham sublet. Available Jan. 1. Call Alan 783-7313.**

**Room for rent in a private home this spring semester. Garage space, private entrance and bath, refrigerator, hot plate and broiler. Linen supplied, completely furnished. \$22.50/wk. Delmar 439-3119.**

**Female wanted by female and 2 males to complete our 4 br house. \$65 mo. utilities incl. 7 min. walk to busline. 438-8321.**

**House for Sale: Gracious 3-4 bedroom house, bookcase lined living room with fireplace, brick patio, study with private entrance, 1 1/2 baths. 919 Myrtle Ave. By apt. 438-5317.**

## PERSONALS

**Dear Suities Joyce, Andy & Deb,**  
How can I forget you? After a semester of madness, I'll have to become a normal person again! How boring!  
Bonnie Chance Love, Sue

**To the Staff:**  
The indelible mark of the ASP is imprinted forever in my memory! Thanks to ALL for a hectic but rewarding semester.  
Au Revoir  
Cool Col ME Emer

**HDK**  
Will Big Ben still guffaw after the invasion begins. Good Luck England, you'll never be the same.

**MMP—**  
Pierrot Lunnair, Byronic, Labor Day Wagner, Stone Castle, Card Readings, Rosenkavaler, Paris, Cotting, Sutures, Little Innocent, Rubber Cement, Blue Tango, Ariadne, Pavane, Carl, Little Slutpuss, New Palz, Nids, Walkure, Revelation, Urbino, Venice . . .  
The doe at gaze before the ancestral park sheds a bitter tear at the passing of an era . . .  
Vraiment, es war das Schönte . . .  
6 of Hearts

**ATTENTION TOAST QUEEN**  
and all her accomplices:  
THANK YOU  
(to the tune of "Get on the Bus Guss")  
Sure did the job Cob  
Never even knew Stu  
Tell for your pitch Mitch  
You were a doll Moll  
Caused a big scandie Wendle  
And sure took its toll on Droel  
What a shebang gang  
Makes it harder to go, you know  
So I'll just take my bow now  
And remember you all!

**Hillary,**  
I guess this will have to be your last personal of the semester. Good Luck. Hope you don't encounter any turkeys in Ya Olda.  
KC

**"Golden Feet"**  
Thanks for a fun semester of dancing and performing and for helping the group become a success—it was—we've gotten many offers—we'll see what happens next semester.  
Tania

**KIDD,**  
This is a Public Personal, I love you and I'm going to miss you.  
BUD

**Am,**  
Well, you've FINALLY made it—happy 18th! And thanks for being you for all these years.  
Sharon

**As the semester comes to an end, we felt that it was about time to thank the entire Telethon '76 Exec Bd for all the long and tedious hours that were given in the last 15 weeks. We don't think we could have picked a more talented and energetic group if we had searched for years. You are Telethon . . . the sweat, guts and heart of Telethon. You're all so very beautiful and we are VERY proud to have the honor to work with you.  
Have a wonderful vacation.  
Love, Gail & Ed**

**Notes to wait coast, points between. Leaving around Jan. 1st. Call 377-9331.**

**Bids for two wanted to Reading PA or vicinity, leaving Sat. Dec. 20 after noon. Will share driving/expense. Call 449-2787.**

**Wife needed to Elmont for Christmas Vacation. Friday, Dec. 19 desirable, any hour. Will share expense. Call Terry 457-7818.**

**Riders wanted to New Rochelle Sunday Dec. 14. Jackie 465-1314.**

**Ride wanted to Brooklyn or Manhattan Sunday, Dec. 21 or Monday, Dec. 22. Call Joyce 457-3041.**

**Dear Class of '78**  
We greatly appreciated all of your efforts in helping to raise money for the Wilderness School. The dances that you sponsored was a huge success. Thank you for helping Telethon make a bunch of very special and beautiful children happy.  
Love, Telethon '76

**Boobola,**  
We will make you 20th the best ever.  
Love, GLO

**Lady love (V.Y.M.)**  
I'm sick of your face, but I still love you! You keep my smile and thoughts shining brightly. Merry Christmas!  
Your better half? (FRESH)

**Wellington 7th and 8th,**  
Good luck on your final! If you're down there next semester, I'll see you then. If not, on the podium! Happy Holidays!  
Love, Leslie (your R.A.I!)

**To all the guys on the second floor of Waterbury-middle hall: Joe, Mantor, Russ, Matt, Mike, Jeff, Rich, Ron, Scott, Sako, Steve, Franco, Pretty Tony, Brian, Juice, Mike Steve, Jay Rich, Carlos, George, Jose, Mitch, Pete, Arnie, Brian, Jack, Rick, Tony, Bob and Fuchie. Good luck next week and have a great holiday.  
Rich**

**Happy Holidays to Suite-Across-the-Hall (2104), from your masters (2101) and a special holiday greeting to Steven Knapp.**  
Bruce.

**What color is peppermint ice cream???**  
(It's not green.)  
Love, From One Who Knows.

**Indescribably Delicious,**  
Merry Christmas Babe. 3 weeks . . . miss you already! but smile . . . love still grow!  
Mary

**Due to embezzlement and alleged fraud of SUNY Puerto Rico Funds by the Treasurer and stockholders, the resignation of two-thirds of executive council, LSINC is hereby recognized.**

**Den,**  
I love you . . .  
What can I say? I hope that says it all!  
Me

**Dearest Sluts of 54**  
Your party would have done the Captain proud. We all had the time of our lives.  
Mr. Feste, Ulica, and etc.

**Happy Birthday Patty (last week)**  
**Happy Birthday Margie (next week)**

**The O bids a fond farewell to his frajifonds, and a fast "fuck you" to Cement City. Hall Naturalist Club.**  
Droops,  
You're such an ass! Classy as you know you are, I still hate you! If I don't kill you before I leave, good luck in the future. You really need it!  
Your favorite roommate  
P.S. Remember when you attacked me?  
P.S. This damn thing cost me \$2.50!  
Happy Chanukal

**Doc,**  
Thank you from the heart for adding to the quality and not just the quantity of our lives.  
T.H., C

**Theresa,**  
They say "it ain't come easy." We're learning—that & more. I do know and want the world to you're a very "special" kind. I thank you for being—my friend.  
Your friend, Chrys

**MLD,**  
Is it possible to influence a legislator through his intern?  
I.H., C

**Dear Dot, Moss, Steve,**  
We love you, we love you, we love you! Make sure you come back SOON. All the love in the world wherever you go.  
Anna and Bubbles.

**Happy 18th Birthday To The Star with He Gullifer,**  
Love, 1803

**Keith—**  
Fuck you and your perceived perceptions! And good riddance!  
Love, Psyche Dept.

**Why US!!?—The People of Holland**  
Happy Birthday Pete, Al, Debbie, Mary Beth and Bob.  
Long live the Wellington second floor.  
Love, the Gang

**Craig, Paul, Dave, Andy, John, Harry and all others,**  
You guys are great and I'll miss you so much. Thanks for making my stay here one I'll always remember.  
Love From all your Marshmallow friends

**Dear Kathy,**  
Well it's time to go now even though I hate to leave you. You know how much I love you and will miss you. Let's hope this next year and a half goes really quick.  
Love always, Bob

**Dear Debbie,**  
Sorry to see you go. We'll all miss you so much. Come back soon. We all love you.  
Judy, Marybeth, Debbie, Nancy

**Dear Maureen, Marleen, Cindy, Irene**  
May 1978 bring much happiness. Good Luck on all your final.  
Merry Christmas  
Love Alisa

**dear donald—**  
just wanted to say i care in a different way! have a happy day!  
love me,  
p.s. this one got in and i'll even let you find it yourself!  
love me,  
May all the best be yours today, tomorrow and always. Happy Holiday! Have a great vacation.  
Love, Vicki and Maureen

**Dear Karen,**  
I'm going to miss you. Good Luck with whatever you do. Keep in touch!  
Love, Lisa

**Keith—**  
Fuck you and your yea-yo! And good riddance!  
Poo-Poo

**Fun One—**  
The Bus says have a Happy Birthday (talk like them, here can't it not be?)  
Love, Martin

**LC—**  
Happy 20th. I'm so glad I can be there with you. I'm no longer too shy to say . . . isn't it worth the wait sometimes?  
Love you, Cowan

**EE—**  
Yes, you got big balls!  
GPC

**Kevin and Wayne,**  
I'm so glad that the two guys who are the closest to me here are rooming together next semester. See you in the 225 (just think of all the pizza we can order!)  
Pam

**Dear Maize,**  
I know you always read the personals—here's one to you! I'll be seeing you soon.  
Female Pat

**Barb,**  
One semester may have been enough. We know that sometimes it can be tough. Away from your friends and little home town.  
Please don't leave wearing a frown. You've showed us what warmth and love can do.  
And always remember that we will miss you.  
Love, Suite 207

**my very dear piglet,**  
I can't tell you how happy I am to have found you in this "hated" Ace Wood although this is the last day. Let's hope this is not the end of our personals.  
Love, Christopher Robin

**To all my friends,**  
I will miss you all, but hope with me that part of each one, whether it be a smile, a tear, a breath, or a thought . . . I will cherish every moment I had with all of you. Love to my own sis squirt.  
I will miss you very hard.  
Love, your own envelope

**All of Lancer's friends wish him a mellow transition to his happy new home.**  
Unites haircraming and styling. Special hair and shape salon cut \$3.50. All Hair Shop Ramada Inn, Western Avenue, open 11-5 p.m. Call 462-3572.

**Mark the Shark has made his best! Mark the Shark has made his best! (Congratulations!)  
Love, Crazy Mike**

**Dear, Look, Poo, Shark, Love, Big, Softy (my angel), Lillian, Cheryl, Rose, Baltimore, Ron, Rip, Rose (my earthling), Tom, Paul, Don, Nancy, Cyn, Ann, (read of 300), Nancy R., Debbie, C. Mary Kay, Nick, Lou, Tim, Gordon, Deborah, Peter, Kevin, Valerie, Arlene, Lavinia, Debbie, Sue, Karen, Karen, Barbara, Mike, Ron, Cheryl, Rose, etc. etc.  
Mary Christmas  
Love "Crazy" Mike Makowski**

**Jump on the Roundwagon Adiruggone, Rose Caprice for Don Makel!**  
Love, the Zoo Crew

**Happy 18th birthday, Frank Sinatra. Love you**

**Janet, Lee, Lynn, Deb, Jane,**  
Thank for making my first semester of SUNYA a phenomenal one . . . You're all crazy—and I love you. Happy Interpersonal!  
Love, Patricia Ann

**Anthony,**  
Thanks for Saturday night. As for Sunday morning . . . next time I'm going to put a bracket under my head. Remember—Capricorn never give up.  
Love, The Jagger

**Kung Lou,**  
Happy 18th from one grateful yellow bell with no gh  
Your "bigande",  
Master Chin

**Rev Luban,**  
Happy Birthday, frat-ro.  
We love you!  
Many good chops in your eighteenth year.  
Suite 103

**Dear Mitch,**  
You forgot but I don't. Rob A Rock!  
P.S. It's your game.  
Love, Max Face

**Jeanette, Peggy, Matt, Orlyva, Debbie, Jean, Sue, Mike, and Pam,**  
Journals, wholes, and open spaces were part in the niche but enjoyed you all tremendously. See you all next semester. Sellin' my redwood furniture.  
Rich

**Ans,**  
Your company these past weeks has made my life and my dinners much fuller. Take care my love . . . I'll miss you.  
Dave

**Ann, my God you are beginning to look like an Italian. Go drink some milk.  
Catherine**

**In the Mountains, Old,**  
Don't let this weather old your heart. Don't forget to breathe in the jungle. And don't forget that we love you.  
We'll miss you.  
Love, Jane & The Zephyr

**Carl,**  
There's a song in the heart of a woman. Only the heart of a man can relate. Think of a song in the heart of a woman.  
"Won't you set it free."  
MARRY BIRTHDAY?  
Love, Jane

**To certify that Bill Shaw proved to maintain his manliness to another woman by defeating an unusual challenger in a Southern Comfort drinking contest.**  
Dearest Beth,  
Special joy comes to those who wait. (and so will your Secret Santa)

**To Carl: For My Shirts. With much love for a Happy Birthday. The Dancing Bear**

**MIKE of Whitman 302,**  
Now that it's ending, I last gift the sending.  
Christmas Wishes from your Angel

**New Year Resolutions:**  
Part will get off the road and will come. The Listeners

**To My Angel BVB,**  
I'm thinking about you. What can I say?  
Love, Denise

**Dear Adam BE,**  
And seven weeks later, it's your turn. Happy Birthdays. Love you.  
Sue Br.

**Dear Samum,**  
I've always remember the good times the summer party, Duran Duran, the Fast, Steak & Brew, Friends, L.T.'s, scribbles, muck-muck, shaving cream fights, that "thing" on our door, the shopping cart like blue suit. And don't forget your gorgeous Jay's Friday. We'll really miss you. So call me.  
Semour, Stanley, Jack & the Gang

**To all the people of herman, that you helped me celebrate my birthday—Thomas, love, Laker**

**Many thanks to all the members of STB who made my life and my dinners much fuller. Take care my love . . . I'll miss you.  
Love, Suzanne**

**P.S. Congratulations on your win!**

**What a cute, friendly and desirable? Say 202 11**

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**What a cute, friendly and desirable? Say 202 11**

**Dear Adam BE,**  
And seven weeks later, it's your turn. Happy Birthdays. Love you.  
Sue Br.

**Dear Samum,**  
I've always remember the good times the summer party, Duran Duran, the Fast, Steak & Brew, Friends, L.T.'s, scribbles, muck-muck, shaving cream fights, that "thing" on our door, the shopping cart like blue suit. And don't forget your gorgeous Jay's Friday. We'll really miss you. So call me.  
Semour, Stanley, Jack & the Gang

**To all the people of herman, that you helped me celebrate my birthday—Thomas, love, Laker**

**Many thanks to all the members of STB who made my life and my dinners much fuller. Take care my love . . . I'll miss you.  
Love, Suzanne**

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## ALBANY STATE CINEMA



DECEMBER 12 and 13  
LC—18 7:30 and 9:30  
50¢ w/tax \$1.25 w/out

DECEMBER 12, 1975

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DECEMBER 12, 1975



# Austin Gets Down to Basics



coleman

by Michael Smith

**B**ill Austin, the rookie head JV Basketball coach here at Albany, is a man with some definite ideas about how the game should be played.

"I believe hard work is the most important factor in becoming a success in this sport," Austin says. "You have to work, work some more, and then work a little harder."

It sounds like a simple enough formula. Yet Austin says the biggest disappointment he's come across while dealing with collegiate athletes for the first time is a lack of desire.

"There are a lot of guys here who simply don't care enough to make themselves better basketball players," the coach said. "They either came to Albany thinking they were too good already, or they don't want to make the sacrifice and give that extra effort."

Bill Austin is a man himself used to giving that extra effort. A collegiate success at Boston University where he played ball on a four year scholarship, Austin worked his way onto a professional roster. Though he didn't swing elbows with Willis Reed, Austin did spend one and a half years with the Cleveland Pipers of the American Basketball League.

"The ABL was Abe Saperstein's baby. I guess you could say the league was the first coming of the ABA we know today. The salaries they gave us back then were not quite what they are today, though," Austin laughs.

When the Pipers found too much red ink in the accounting logs, Bill Austin found a home at Colonie Central High, a crosstown neighbor of Albany State. For the past eleven years Bill Austin has coached every sport conceivable

there; track and field, baseball, football—even basketball.

"We won championships at Colonie (5 Suburban Council titles in a row) because we worked harder in preparing ourselves than anybody else. We were fundamentally sound, and fundamentals make all the difference in the world."

The coach admits he was surprised by the lack of fundamentals his first collegiate crop of athletes had.

"The biggest adjustment I thought I would make in switching from high school to college was not having to go through the rigors of teaching fundamentals all over again. Boy, was I wrong. Nowadays a lot of guys go right through high school without any training in the basics.

It's like they've never really been coached before."

And being the stickler for detail that he is, Bill Austin set out the first day of practice to make sure his players got taught properly. That first day of practice brought to a head another incriminatory aspect of collegiate sports in the coach's mind.

"There are a helluva lot of guys with great basketball talent roaming around this university who won't be scoring baskets for Doc and myself this year," Austin said. "I've already lost half a dozen guys who showed up to practice a few times, didn't like the way our program is run, and just drifted out of the picture."

Not only does Austin's JV roster suffer from those walkoffs, but Doc Sauers' varsity feels the pinch also.

"There are about four or five guys who should be pushing varsity players for jobs right now. Instead, they're off somewhere, playing intramurals and pick up games," says the coach. "And I know for a fact Doc personally helped some of these guys get into school here."

Austin's point is well taken when you consider the all-too-obvious defection of JV talent recently here at Albany. A quick history lesson reveals from the starting five of Bob Lewis' record-breaking 17-3 JV team of 2 years past, only Bob Audi even showed up at varsity practice the next fall. Names like Miller, Snyder, Ferris and Valenti simply drifted into oblivion, never to be seen in uniform again. This season, only Steve Macklin and Eric Walton are up from a 14-5 team. What happens to all this talent between semesters? Why the mass exodus?

"Not being close to the situation until now, I can only speculate it's because of a lack of seriousness about the game these guys had,"

Austin said. "You have to make an all-year commitment to basketball if you want to play better. Maybe the guys who didn't show up after their first year just didn't want to be bothered any more."

"I'll tell you one thing that's not the reason for the defections and that's because of prejudice. There's not a prejudiced bone in my body and I'm sure Doc would say the same. Everybody has a shot to play here. And I resent any implications that it's any other way. The guys who use prejudice as an excuse are merely alibiers."

Whatever the reasons, Bill

**Back to work. You know, you can never get enough hard work.**

Austin is confident his current JV players will not follow the disappearing act of the two preceding teams.

"I'm very pleased with my team. They've done all I've asked of them and then some. Maybe it's better now that the guys who really weren't serious about playing are gone."

Austin approaches this season optimistically, both for his JVs and the big team.

"Doc and I work closely so I know the talent he has on the varsity. Don't write off Albany State this year, on either level."

At that point coach Austin pointed to a clock on the wall, and terminated the interview.

"Back to work," he said. "You know, you can never get enough hard work."



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