"The choice of a career involves not more than a choice of how to spend a lifetime. The question 'What shall I do?' really means 'What shall I do with myself?' and that means asking 'Who am I?', 'What do I want to be?', 'What values do I want to serve?', 'To whom and to what do I want to be responsible?'"

Charles Silberman – Only in the Classroom
"If you're not worried about saving the system, then you can really get ahead. I worry about it — about four hours a day." David Lerner, a former editor-in-chief of the Albany Student Press, sat back in his chair with his legs crossed and his hand waving through the air to emphasize each word.

"Before I worked at the legislature I was an idealist, a high school radical," said David. But working at the New York State legislature, David admitted "I've become very pragmatic. Sometimes I identify with the people down there and say, "I'm going to be a politician and be as corrupt as anybody."" He thinks to himself, "why not get ahead; why should I be a martyr?" And yet at other times he says, "I'm going to save the world."

David's experience at the legislature, learning behind the scenes politics was "to say the least, an eye opener. It made me more skeptical than I have ever been before," he remarked. Now he feels that politics is run to a great extent by "personal motivation and human nature."

Prior to his interning at Newsday which included working as a reporter, researcher, and clerk, David served as the ASP's editor-in-chief for ten months. "I thought I had learned everything I could learn when I quit the ASP," he noted. "But when I started at Newsday, it was like starting from the beginning again."

David first became involved with college newspaper reporting during his freshman year. In March of his sophomore year, he was appointed as the ASP's chief editor. Using the printed word as his tool, David has tried to expose the problems in this school. In fact, in one case he was threatened with expulsion after attempting to do so. Commenting on those experiences, he asserted, "You don't make friends, but it was fun, served a purpose, enlightened students and was educational.

David has also worked as a member of the University Senate's Educational Policies Council, the Student Association Tenure Task Force and the Journalism Advisory Committee.

Next year David has a 50-50 chance of getting a job at Newsday. Should he draw the shorter end, he'll "hit the law school scene." After all, he noted, "lawyers have it made."
In an age when more and more women are choosing formerly male-dominated fields, it is somewhat difficult to believe that the Atmospheric Science department here, has only two females among eighteen graduating seniors this year.

Cathy Helfand, one of these women, became an atmospheric science major by, as she puts it, “default.” “I originally wanted to be a chem. major but I didn’t like the department. They expected a tremendous amount of time to be spent just studying chemistry and were mainly interested in weeding people out.”

Atmospheric Science sounded interesting to Cathy, so she decided to try it. “The Atmospheric Science department is more personal. The kids are great and the subject is interesting.” The extreme competitiveness in the other science departments does not exist in Atmospheric Science according to Cathy. “They encourage people to become majors rather than trying to weed out people. The people in my classes are all absolutely brilliant but they don’t show off—they help each other.”

She found that being a girl in an almost all male department was an advantage rather than a hindrance. “The professors enjoy having a girl in their classes. I can’t understand why there aren’t more girls in the field.”

Cathy’s college years have been pretty busy ones, by many standards. Besides holding executive positions on the Camp Dippikill governing board and in the Outing Club, she has worked part time since her sophomore year. Basically she is an outdoors person, dabbling in such activities as cross-country skiing, rock climbing, spelunking, camping, and sailing. Last June she added another facet to her life — marriage.
Born in South America, Cathy lived on a cattle ranch in Venezuela until she was nine. Her mother taught the three Helfand children for half an hour each day, this being the only form of schooling they received before coming to the United States. Cathy says "the primary reason for the family moving here was because we kids weren't getting any kind of an education."

Cathy's feelings about SUNYA are, for the most part, positive. However, she believes that "what determines if you really like the school is whether you enjoy your department."

Her plans for after graduation have not jelled as yet. Like millions of others she would like to get a job. Somewhere in the future lies a Master's degree and a PhD. But right now Cathy's main concern is getting her diploma and getting out of New York State "for awhile at least."
The competition we all have endured throughout our tenure here at Albany will be something we all will remember. For those of us who go on to high pressure jobs or demanding work, this will seem like easy street. Perhaps we should be pleased with the fact that we did get through, and hope that we could do equally as well or better when the occasion arises sometime later in our lifetime. For some of us, this is just the beginning of a long road filled with cut-throat professional competition. For others we can kiss this life goodbye.
Optometrists do more than fit glasses. If you don’t believe this, ask Joel Kestenbaum. He will certainly erase your doubts. “I was seven years old when an optometrist detected the weak muscle in one of my eyes. As a child I wasn’t fully aware that my vision was being impaired, fortunately the optometrist was able to correct the problem.”

Joel expresses concern for the many children today who aren’t as lucky as he was and fail to have their visual problems rectified. “Your sight is extremely important, ask someone who has lost it.”

Joel is a biology major whose desire to help others and his interest in a health profession are being geared towards optometry, actually “preventive” optometry. The fifteen year old memory of a weak eye muscle which was corrected by the optometrist imprinted in his mind a positive attitude towards the optometric profession.

To the young child in his formative years, learning to adjust to the environment is difficult enough without having to be handicapped with poor eyesight. “The intent of preventive optometry is therefore to detect visual problems even before they can develop. Many people don’t realize that psychological problems such as inferiority complexes can develop in the ten year old who always seems to clumsily reach for the football pass and drop it.”

He transferred to Albany after two years of school at Hofstra University where he served as the vice president and treasurer of a local fraternity. At Albany, Joel has been volunteering at the Albany Association of the Blind. He professes to having gained an understanding of the hardships and frustrations which the blind person must experience each waking day. Working with the blind has served as a constant reminder of how important it is to preserve one’s eyesight.

Despite the eagerness to pursue his career, Joel remarks, “College has been a worthwhile experience. It has served as a time to mature and in a place where you learn to make mistakes and ultimately broaden your outlook.” Biology majors often complain of the lack of spare time. Joel enjoys bowling, baseball and tennis.

Upon entering college, Joel possessed a vague and weak notion of becoming an optometrist. From speaking to him today, nearly eight semesters and one hundred and twenty credits later, one senses his strong willed desire to prescribe your next bifocal lenses. The desire has ostensibly been molded and reinforced by his college experiences.

One can not deny that four years of university life as a biology major at Albany, Hofstra or the two combined can cause disillusionment and erode ambitions. Joel doesn’t feel he applies to this case.
Ewan Derrick Anderson arrived at SUNYA in the Fall of 1971 from Saint Albans, after completing Andrew Jackson High School. As is the case with numerous freshmen, Ewan surveyed Albany and did not find it all he saw and experienced. Situated in his new abode on Indian Quad, Ewan soon got to know the university, while cautiously storing a Hamilton College application in his desk drawer as a means of making a possible exit. Beginning his student career as a biology major, Ewan was soon alienated by the competition and extreme grade consciousness in that department.

After weathering the usual turbulence of freshman year, Ewan returned to Albany with a new major, business and marketing. Since the start of his junior year, Ewan has been a Resident Assistant on Indian. During his senior year his base of operations has been the third floor of Adirondack Hall. Ewan claims that his Resident Assistantship for two years has been the most rewarding experience of his college years, since he has enjoyed interacting with dorm members, and dealing with the occasional problem-burdened resident who raps at his door in search of an ear. When asked who has sought out his assistance most often, Ewan replied girls and seniors, adding that seniors seem to be consumed by the question “where do I go from here, what can or should I do?”

While Ewan’s plans for the future are not definite, he would like to pursue graduate work in Marketing.
These interviews were made about people who knew or at least has some ideas of what they would be doing after graduation. Perhaps this book is full of idealists, those confident men and women, but in reality few of us really have any inkling of our future. How many of us have stayed up too late discussing our ever present futures with our roommates, lovers, or drinking companions? Most of us have changed our priorities more than once, examining all facts, cutting down, eliminating. Sadly some of us won’t be accepted to that school we want so badly to attend. We won’t get a job until late in the summer or even as winter approaches. Some of us will go home to live with our parents, a nest we long left only to return for support and a free meal.

What is most important is that we are thinking and making choices. College has prepared us to think in an academic sense. We are all over educated PEOPLE. We don’t know enough about life, and have lived in a sheltered existence for the last four or more years. That outside world is very ominous. No wonder businessmen want people with experience, not just a college degree in management. We don’t know as much as we think we do.
Once we were able to be carefree. Now we find the ever present question of our futures to be our burdens. We are continually occupied by the haunting questions. We may find ourselves in some of the occupations on these pages.
As the yearbook went to press, much of the pure programs were being eliminated. The sorrowful demise of those programs did not, to the extent to which this school has changed, bring about the end of the Liberal Arts Center to a college which had moved its cassenury in downtown Albany. We are training the real academic servants. We the graduates of SUNY-Albany can take pride in the developments in our first year at SUNY-ASR, the traditional meaning of value of our college degree is applied to the idea of the graduate, both business or professional, who will go on to carry on a real estate practice, undoubtedly, one of the most vital aspects of our future; but immortality is not suggested by a document from certifying our completion of a major which is the last of a few extinct species. In addition to the prestige of any college of excellence, we hope to have engendered something more, the academic excellence of this book, the finest college in twenty years this school will have attained the prerequisite dream to a renowned academic university. And so with the cuts, and the problems will foster this future reputation. But presently, we almost hope but wonder how it will affect our chances for graduate school or in securing that first job. Financially, we are not the class who will have to bear the brunt of the burden. The freshmen, sophomores, and juniors of today, and tomorrow will. They are the ones who will have to switch their majors, transfer, or drop out. We feel helpless because our futures are being decided by an operational task force with a mere two student members. The pages to follow are our reactions to the cuts, and to those changing priorities.
Art History
American Studies
English PhD.
History PhD.
Social Welfare
B.S.W.
Comparitive Literature
Speech Pathology
Environmental Studies

The Task Force recommends that the Faculty-related specialization in Environmental Science within the interdisciplinary major be too fragmented and difficult to provide the special training expected by Environmental Studies. The Task Force concurs with this judgment, while recognizing the strong societal concern for environmental problems. Present financial constraints simply do not permit the allocation of resources necessary to expand the program at this present time and there is a clear need to develop a carefully orchestrated effort in future development when funds allow.

Recommendation: The Task Force recommends the creation of a new major in Environmental Studies, with concentration in environmental science and support resources. We hope that the study will be made to determine how such a major might be organized utilizing existing departments, with appropriate designation as an undergraduate or graduate program or both, and that such disciplines with an interest in environmental studies can continue to purport study is existing courses offered by several departments.

Inter-American Studies

The Latin American Studies B.A. and the Latin American Studies M.A. programs draw their faculty from the departments in the social sciences and humanities. The program is of satisfactory quality, and last year's Inter-American Studies Committee recommended its continuation despite its extremely low enrollment.

Recommendation: In view of further resource limitations, the Task Force recommends the termination of the Latin American Studies B.A. and the Latin American Studies M.A., with the faculty line now committed to the program to be returned to the Department of Hispanic and Italian Studies in 1977-78. Secretarial support should be shifted elsewhere.

Social Studies
Community University Day
Activities Day
Government Career Night

Delta Sigma Pi is an International Professional Business Administration Fraternity founded by four students of commerce sixty-eight years ago. Since that time Delta Sigma Pi has brought over 85,000 businessmen into its ranks and has 181 chapters reaching from Canada across the continental U.S. and into Mexico.

On April 15, 1987 the Zeta Pi chapter of the International Fraternity of Delta Sigma Pi was founded at the State University of New York at Albany. Their membership consists solely of students of commerce, is dedicated to promoting a closer affiliation between the university and the commercial world, and to advancing the scope of academic achievement within the fields of business administration.
One to One Day
Dance Marathon
新年快乐
Halloween
SASU goes to Washington
Telethon '76

LOOK TO THE CHILDREN
TELETHON 76
MARCH 19 - 20

[Images of children dancing, singing, and performing at a telethon event.]

[Images of participants and volunteers gathered for the event, with a focus on the contributions and engagements.]
SUNY/CUNY BUDGET PROTEST AT N.Y.S. CAPITAL
Melissa Manchester
Orleans
Aztec Two Step

Dave Mason
Stephen Stills
John McLaughlin and the Mahavishnu Orchestra
Herbie Hancock
Coffee Houses
The Amazing Kreskin
Jimmy Carter
William Kunstler
Mary Anne Krupsak

Jimmy Breslin
Waiting for Godot
American Primitive
The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the Moon Marigolds.
Soccer
Soccer
Football
A.M.I.A.
Karate
Cross Country
Women’s Tennis
Women’s Swimming
Women’s Gymnastics
Dance Council
As one sits and tries to collect his/her thoughts, seconds roll on, minutes tick by... graduation gets closer. Time is so ephemeral. What was three seconds ago will never be again. Maybe that is what we don’t realize, as we count those last credits, chalk off the days, obliterate the weeks or just wait around for it. IT—Graduation—the end, finis, 120 credits, culmination of knowledge, pathway to med school or the beginning.
Why just wait? Why count the minutes ... Get the most out of TIME in between classes, assignments, headaches, and lines. What about one’s friends, conversations till 3 A.M., those relationships that never bloomed, the first times, the never agains, the one love or the many ... the few. The list is endless ... stuck elevators, the cold 2 A.M. pizza, the lecture center movies where you stayed awake, unlike earlier in the day while pursuing those academic endeavors ... the sunsets over Thatcher Park—the whole horizon performing for your senses alone, what a show—reversing the image amongst the trees and cliffs because staring back at you in the distance are those five goddamn infinitesimal towers (...and may they stay as far away as possible) only knowing that you’d have to go back to catch dinner before it closes, or get to the reserve room to read through those endless stacks of Flynn, Waterman, or Bayer—which are their contributions to your already over-burdened brain.

What about generalities, sensations, moods, feelings, atmospheres ... there is something in-the-air (other than the essence of cannabis or the reeking rugs at the aftermath of a quad party). Causes, fads, problems, traditions, bloom-live-die-stagnate-flourish. Albany, the once hot bed—seat of dissent—the RADICAL SCHOOL. Bombs in the buildings have been replaced by water balloons and shaving cream fights, and those occasional false alarms caused by testing the alarm with a roommate’s hair dryer. Halloween, once shunned as establishment and juvenile, now a revelation, a phoenix with a plethora of ghouls, clowns, and droogies. Vietnam and the Draft have become has-beens. Watergate and corruption is a theater of the absurd, for which as an audience we accept by and large.

Our reaction to recession and inflation is watching the dollar shrink in our pockets, loans grow, and one always has that ominous three-letter JOB over one’s head. Business and accounting have replaced art and philosophy.
Big Brother is pulling the rug right under our feet—teachers fired and departments sent into nonexistence. Big Brother might win at this point... but a petition or two have appeared. Could it be a new beginning?

Skirts have been lengthened, hair shortened—a median, compromise, or is it the middle of the road.

Discoveries: the secret passageway in the tunnels, the little restaurant to escape from FSA’s finest, that person who made you see the light, the loneliness of the concrete environment, the major you never thought of, the talent you never had, or the gift that you lost. Edward Durrell Stone and his ever present unobtrusive, subtle architecture.

FSA, SA, RA, CA, GA, BA which leads one back to Graduation—that piece of paper summarizing intellectual pursuits—dry, plain, and incomplete, leaving out life itself. Tears, term papers and highs later... here we are. It is not an end but a start. It’s time for the new chapter—freedom from books for many of us... for some a husband or wife, grad school, maybe confines of an office, home, or wandering. Whatever it will be it will be challenging; a series of unknowns, goals, rebirths, banalities, joys, downs—the last four years have been full of life. What about the next four... Graduation is an hour closer... Bonne Chance, Buena Fortuna, L’chaim, Good Luck and to hell with worrying...