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What - Your future.

Where - SUNYA Placement Service Office

When - December 5th, 1977
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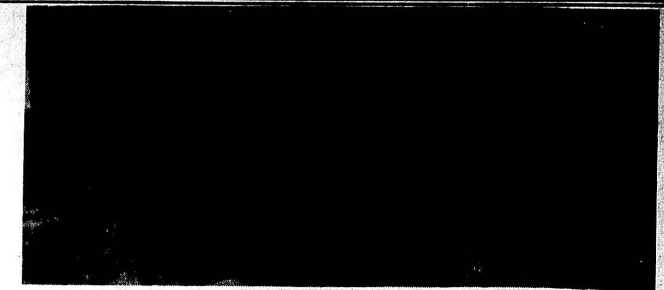
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WCDB-FM Will Broadcast At Start of Next Semester

by Nancy Gleason
SUNYA's new FM radio station, WCDB, is expected to begin full-time broadcasting during the first week of the upcoming spring semester, according to the station's General Manager Paul Rosenthal. Rosenthal said the major construction on the new studio has been completed and minor finishing work is currently being done. Rosenthal stated that there have been few major problems or delays in getting the station organized. He did mention that there has been a delay in receiving the transmitter but



Minor finishing work is currently being done on WCDB's new studio. SUNYA's new FM radio station will be ready to broadcast at the beginning of the upcoming spring semester.

SUNYA Geologist Awarded Medal

by B.W. Fox
A SUNYA faculty member was awarded the 1977 Arthur L. Day Medal of the Geological Society of America last month at the society's annual meeting in Seattle. Professor Akiho Miyashiro, a member of the Geological Studies Department was cited in the award for his "outstanding distinction in contributing to geological knowledge through the application of physics and chemistry to the solution of geological problems." According to Geology Department Chairman Kevin Burke, the Day Medal is one of the most prestigious awards presented by the Society. Past winners include Frank Pre-s, currently a science advisor to President Carter, and Harold Urey, a Nobel Prize recipient who helped develop the atomic bomb. Dr. Miyashiro, a native of Japan, received the award largely for his study of metamorphic belts. Geologists have assumed for many years that metamorphic belts (underground strata which are found near volcanic activity) were caused by high temperature. Miyashiro's work has shown, however, that such belts can also be caused by pressure. Most of the evidence for this conclusion is found in areas called parallel zones along the Asian Pacific coast, Miyashiro said. Miyashiro's findings and theories are described in greater detail in his book, *Metamorphism and Metamorphic Belts*. The Geological Society of America is the major organization of professional geologists in the United States, according to Burke. Burke said that winners of the Day Medal are selected by a special committee which reviews recommendations and nominations sent in by Society members from across the country. In recognition of the award, Miyashiro was presented by his students with a gold watch, according to Jack Casey, a graduate student in the department. "Some of his ideas are far ahead their times," Dr. Miyashiro said he is "very pleased" about winning the award, and that he is especially grateful for the help and support of his students.

Come to a Meeting of Journalism Club If You're a Good Reporter Track Down Place and Time*

*for important source see page 5a.

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EDGAR WINTER TURNS OVER A NEW LEAF (WITH THE HELP OF SOME OLD FRIENDS).

Edgar Winter's White Trash, one of rock's legendary groups, was one of the first to successfully merge rock 'n' roll with rhythm and blues. Now Edgar has formed White Trash with most of its original members. The result, as you might expect, is overall swing with more fluid and sophisticated blend of rock 'n' soul, with the vocals more fluid and expressive than ever before. Their new album, "Recycled" and their spectacular live performances are sure to reacquaint America with one of the most stylish and influential musical groups averse.

"Recycled" means reborn. Edgar Winter's White Trash. On Blue Sky Records and Tapes.

Tenure Case Disputed by Ex Prof

continued from page one

concerned. "I did everything according to the regulations."

The administration knew of the irregularities involved in her tenure case but did nothing, Leibowitz said. Former Vice President for Academic Affairs Phillip Sirotkin was informed by Leibowitz of the circumstances surrounding the initial meeting on Dec. 24, 1974, and told her to appeal to her Dean, who was then Ruth Schmidt.

"It would have been nice if the administration had taken action right then," said Leibowitz.

Instead, according to Peabody, the administration did nothing. "If you have a problem just sit on it and it will go away, that's their attitude," said Peabody.

Leibowitz was denied tenure at all review levels, and denied it again after she was granted another review. She claims, however, that this was because of all the irregularities involved in her case, especially with the materials submitted for her evaluation.

At present, suits stemming from this case involve Leibowitz, Szoferly, former President Fields and Benezet, and former Chancellor Ernest Boyer, among others.

Leibowitz filed a complaint with the State Division of Human Rights, alleging sex discrimination in her

Alumni Robberies

continued from page three

"The kids knock the screens out to get across to the buses more quickly, and we're constantly nailing them back." He also added that "The kids have to help themselves to a certain standpoint when their safety is involved."

Assistant Director of the University Police John Henghan blamed the theft on the amount of drug traffic that frequents the downtown campus. "In my evaluation, I think a lot of these problems will have to be solved internally," he said.

"There is a definite correlation between the sale of drugs and the number of townspeople around the dorms," said Henghan.

Henghan said that this is how local people become familiar with the dorms. "I think that's how the places are eased," he said. "Some students have told us that drugs have something to do with it."

Henghan said the University Police were not going to increase their patrols of Alumni Quad because of lack of staff. He said "The residence staff will have to take measures."

"I don't know what we can offer as a preventative measure," Henghan said, "unless we have a man in the dorm."

Country Squire

continued from page three

umidate the university on the grounds that some students hadn't paid him.

Because contracts were signed by students before they moved into the motel this semester, Welty said that he does not know how the cases will be decided upon in court.

According to Off-Campus President John Kennedy, there are presently about 40 students still housed at the motel.

"We have requested that students not live there next semester," he said.

Although Spring said some students he has talked to have indicated that they would like to continue to live at the motel, Lester said that there is a mutual agreement between SUNYA and the motel that students not sign contracts for the spring semester.

himself, because he had become what the administration saw as a "complainant."

Szoferly said that because he is a free thinker, and frequently criticized what he saw as an overabundance of administrators in relation to faculty, he and the department were expendable in the administration's mind.

"The dissenters are being eliminated, it's precisely what is happening in Moscow," said Szoferly.

German Professor John M. Spalek, who was chairman of the Task Force on Priorities and Resources which recommended the cutting of Comparative Literature, said that the Task Force was not influenced by the administration in its work.

"We were as independent as possible," said Spalek. He added that all the materials available on a given department were reviewed by the members of the Task Force, and that the members never became involved with looking at personal problems within a department.

Spalek was also a member of the Comparative Literature department at the time of the Leibowitz tenure case, as an adjunct member from the German department.

Vice President for Academic Affairs David Martin said he agrees with Spalek that the Task Force never got involved with personal problems when making their recommendations.

As for Leibowitz, Martin cited both the fact that her tenure was denied "solidly up the line" and that she lost her appeal the second time around as proof that her case had no real merit for tenure.

Szoferly's handling of the Leibowitz tenure case was called "unfortunate" by former SUNYA President Louis Benezet on June 25, 1975.

In a letter of Szoferly on that date, Benezet stated about the case: "What has gone on has amounted to an unhappy chapter in the academic leadership of an important department in this University Center."

He also said "I believe the University's interests as well as your own will be best served by your relinquishment of the chairmanship at the earliest practicable time. The decision and implementation con-

cerning that action will of course be the responsibility of my successor, President-elect Fields, and his colleagues in the academic administrative line."

Health Fee

continued from page one

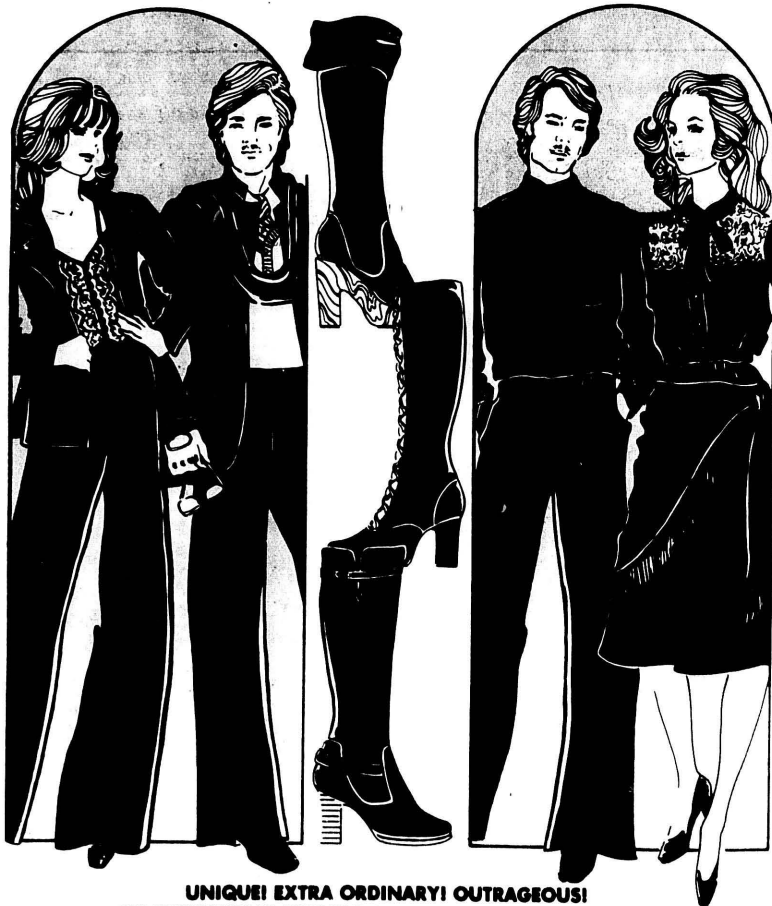
Vice Chairman of the SUNY Board of Trustees James Warren said that the retroactive aspect of the students' Health Fee protest is a "poor" strategy.

Warren said, "We have to ask ourselves, 'Where will the \$1.1 million that SUNY expected to have in its budget come from?' A Spring boycott may cause some programs to be hurt, according to Warren.

Warren said, "We have to make sure the fee is not in next year's budget. It may not be the proper time to fight for something that may not need to be fought for. We may need the energy to do twice as much good later."

Problems? Call Middle Earth 457-5300

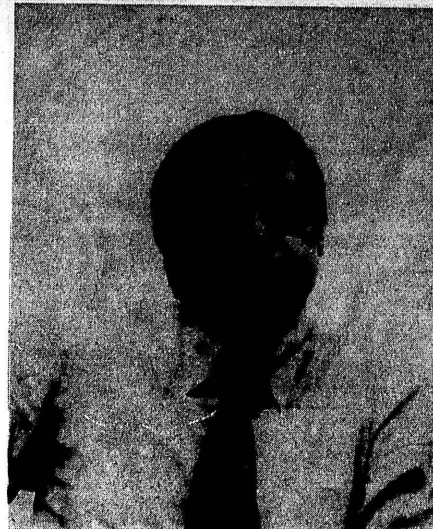
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ADAM & EVE

STUYVESANT PLAZA ALBANY, N.Y.



According to Community Relations Director Phillip Johnson, the new publication will be geared more toward features.

New Paper Will Succeed Tribune

by Steven J. Silverberg

The Tower Tribune, a publication of the SUNYA News Bureau, will be replaced next semester by a new newspaper published in cooperation with Office of Community Relations.

Community Relations Director Phillip Johnson said the new publication, tentatively called University News, will be larger than the Tower Tribune and take a format more oriented toward features.

The Tower Tribune, funded from the SUNYA budget, has depleted in size in recent years due to reduced funding. It currently appears as a one-page mimeo sheet on legal size paper, and carries no photographs or commercial advertisements.

University News Bureau staff member Bob Rice said that a recent increase in funding was part of the reason for collaborating with the Community Relations Office in starting the new publication.

"We felt that a new newspaper was the answer," Rice said. "It will be a better paper containing more

features than the Tower Tribune."

Rice said the new paper will be published weekly on four 11" by 17" pages, and will use the facilities of an old print shop on the Draper campus downtown. The services that can't be performed at that shop may be put out to bids, he said.

An editorial board, set up by the

Office of Community Relations staff, is planned to meet monthly to discuss the new paper's general policies, Rice said.

The new paper will contain university news, feature articles, service announcements, job openings, and information about civil tests, Rice said.

SA Plans to Publish Bi-Weekly Newsletter

by Denise Lenci

An SA newsletter is being developed by SA President Dave Gold and Vice President Kathy Baron. According to Baron it will be a one page news release letting the University community know what SA is doing.

The newsletter should come out every two weeks, with special editions if important issues arise. Baron said the first newsletter should come out before Christmas vacation.

Students working on the newsletter may receive RCO credit. Baron and Gold went to Robert E. Sanders of the RCO department asking for a project to be set up giving students credit for working on the newsletter.

Sanders said, "I'm amenable to working out a project with the students who are doing the letter." The project would involve analyzing the letter after publication for strengths and weaknesses, thus making the work on the newsletter an area of study.

Sanders also said there would be no prerequisites but he would like to see students involved who are doing coursework in related areas, such as Sociology, Political Science and Journalism, so the students will have a basis for anticipating problems involved in this type of public relations publication. The amount of credit the students will receive will depend on the students background and the amount of time they spend on the project.

Baron said she doesn't feel the ASP covers enough student issues. "The ASP only covers what they think is newsworthy. There are different levels of news in a University community and there is no reason why, as a government, we can't print a paper on what we are doing," Baron and Gold both said the newsletter is not an alternative paper and is not in competition with ASP.

In a related matter, Central Council voted to fund Season Ticket, a new monthly magazine about campus sports, \$300.00. The paper will cover women's sports, recreational sports, and minor men's sports.

The \$300 will pay for two trial issues. According to organizer Anne Markowitz, the paper may become a biweekly, if response to the trial versions is sufficient.

According to Markowitz, support from WIRA was strong and she is expecting the same from AMIA.

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[PG]

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Mel Practiss Pre-med Student



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Lite Beer from Miller.
Everything you always wanted in a beer. And less.

ZODIAC NEWS

ROWDY ROCKERS

Two guitarists travelling with rock star Rod Stewart were arrested in Lakeland, Florida, on third degree felony charges of destroying their hotel room.

Polk County Sheriff's deputies say that 27-year-old Gary Granger and 31-year-old James Kreegan are accused of throwing lamps through windows, ripping up the curtains and tearing down part of the ceiling in their room at the Holiday Inn in Lakeland. Damages were estimated at \$2000.

The two were taken into custody and then later released on \$2000 bond each. They appeared as scheduled in concert with Stewart later that night.

Where was Rod when all of this happened? According to deputies, he was in a room nearby, sleeping undisturbed.

DUMB BIRDS

Speaking of dumb turkeys. The San Francisco Chronicle reports young turkeys have been known to starve to death because they didn't recognize food when they saw it. They also died of thirst because they didn't have sense enough to drink the water placed in front of them.

To help these poor dumb birds along, many breeders rely on the turkey's natural fascination with bright colors. The ranchers will often place food and water on brightly colored plates so that the birds will

be attracted to them and pack away at them. With luck, the gobblers will pick up enough food to keep them going while attacking the plates.

It is also necessary, The Chronicle reports, to round off the square corners in breeder houses so that baby turkey's won't pile up in the corners. In square turkey houses, traffic jams often occur at the corners, and those at the front of the pack sometimes are smothered.

TIS THE SEASON

Springtime has long been thought of as being the most romantic season of the year.

However, a series of new German studies has found that right now, in the autumn, is when most romances really blossom.

Prevention magazine reports that German doctors recently discovered that in most men, the production of the male hormone testosterone reaches its highest levels in the fall, and its lowest levels in the spring.

This was surprising, the magazine says, because "it had generally been assumed that people are pretty much like animals, and animals do most of their mating in the spring."

Prevention adds that "another German scientist conducted a survey of 1000 married couples and found that 53 per cent met and fell in love in the autumn." To round out this pic-

ture, a third survey has purportedly found that the majority of divorces, 62 per cent in fact, stem from spring romances.

POT ADS

If an Atlanta, Georgia, organization has its way, TV commercials promoting the sale of marijuana will begin appearing on the tube next month.

A group called "International Marijuana Wholesalers and Distributors" says it has produced 10-, 20-, and 30-second spots, promoting the idea that consumers even today should be speculating in pot futures.

The commercials stress that the weed is still illegal in most jurisdictions; but they warn that if and when dope is legalized, there will be suddenly a flourishing commodities market for pot, similar to the fluctuating markets for wheat or coffee beans today.

Speculators are being invited to buy marijuana futures now, at prices of \$1 for a single joint or \$50 a pound. The dope will reportedly be delivered the minute the prohibition against pot is lifted.

The marijuana ads will be offered to TV stations in Georgia, beginning in early December. One of the ads depicts a background voice asking a potential customer: "Want to cop some reefer? Now you can, at great

prices too." It explains that when the weed prohibition is lifted, the following scene will become commonplace. The scene shows a large delivery truck pulling up to a stop, and then beginning to unload dozens of bales of freshly harvested grass.

HOLE IN THE WALL

New York's Attorney General has cracked down on the promoters of a gadget called a "Spy Eye," that allegedly enables its owners to see through six-inch walls.

The company making "Spy Eye" advertised the gismo as a "super wide panoramic lens," that "opened up (the) private lives" of their neighbors.

Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz says that what consumers actually received was a miniature telescope and a one-half-inch drill bit to get through the wall. "Spy Eye" 's makers have been fined \$500.

WRONG NUMBER

Narcotics agents in Santa Barbara, California, are facing up to the sad news that their big bust was just a wrong number.

Law enforcement officials in that town got ready for the big bust when they found a telephone number in the ledgers of a suspected drug dealer they had arrested.

After getting an address for that

number from the phone company, eager narcs proceeded to the address, kicked in the door at 6:45 a.m. and handcuffed the residents while they searched the house for cocaine.

They didn't find any. It seems the agent who got the address from the phone company forgot to ask if that phone number had recently changed hands. And the phone company apparently neglected to tell him it had.

Now the house's resident, Professor Robert Blakemore of the University of California, has sued the city's law enforcement officials for \$2 million in damages in connection with the wrong-number bust at his home.

NEW MAJOR

It used to be that many students were Political Science majors; today, however, more might be better described as "Farah Fawcett-Majors."

A poll of 300 students at the University of Wisconsin found that most of those surveyed could correctly identify T-V personalities and newscasters, but were unable to recognize significant news-makers.

The most-recognized figure in the poll was Farah Fawcett-Majors, while stansfield Turner, the current director of the CIA, was correctly identified by the fewest number of students.

College Press Service reports that a large number of students misidentified the code name of the CIA drug program, "M-K-Ultra," as a toothpaste ingredient, and that the same number thought the "DEA" was a campus fraternity.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

The Saturday Review reports that art may not only be good for the soul, but for the brain as well.

The Review quotes two researchers, Doctors Robert Masters and Jean Houston, as finding that children who are deprived of any art stimulation at early ages could actually suffer from brain damage.

Masters and Houston say that the right side of the human brain is stimulated by artistic endeavors, while the left side leans toward the logical and analytical.

The two researchers warn that children who are taught only to use the left side of their brain, the analytic side, may actually be retarding their brain development.

According to Houston, a child deprived of art stimulation is "cut off from the ways he (or she) can perceive the world" and, as a result, she said, "(The) brain is systematically damaged."

Masters and Houston report that such brain damage could result in a child's being less able in later life to grasp abstract concepts in math and science than other children who had been exposed to the arts.

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South African Apartheid

by Allan Rauch

In the last two months, there has been a chain of events in South Africa which have prompted world-wide outrage and protest. The first of these events occurred two months ago when a young black nationalist, Stephen Biko, died mysteriously in prison.

Some felt that Biko was beaten to death, but an inquiry into the death of Biko is pending. In reaction to the Biko case, loud criticism of the South African Government came from various leaders and newspapers inside of South Africa.

On Oct. 19, the government responded by arresting over 70 people. Last week, police conducted a house to house search of black homes in Pretoria, and arrested 626 blacks on a variety of charges. This latest series of crackdowns on the black majority in South Africa prompted a Security Council debate in the UN. Following some debate, the Security Council voted to impose an arms embargo on South Africa. To understand the situation in South Africa, one must look beyond the present day troubles, and seek out South Africa's history.

The white population of South Africa, some 4.3 million, are descendants of Dutch settlers who landed in Capetown in 1652. The colony was then under the auspices of the Dutch East India Company. The early Dutch settlers were joined by German immigration and French Huguenots who were seeking religious freedom.

The British seized the colony from the Dutch in 1795. They treated the Dutch settlers there as inferiors. The "Afrikaners" were excluded from jury duty because of their language, and were forced to try to assimilate into the English culture. After about 35 years of English rule, thousands of Afrikaners migrated to the northern part of South Africa. Following the Anglo-Boer War of 1899-1902, the Afrikaners were considered second class citizens, inferior to the white-English speaking population. In the national elections of 1948, the Afrikaners political party, the National Party, scored an upset victory over the United Party. Although the policy of racial segregation dates back to the British, who excluded blacks from the Parliament in 1909,

the new Afrikaner government moved to spread and strengthen the policy of apartheid. Apartheid means "separateness". In theory, it means that the nation's 4.3 million whites and 18.6 million blacks will each proceed along separate lines of development. In order to assure this separateness, the government under the National Party has supported and enforced the system of apartheid. Apartheid means separate buses for blacks and whites, separate beaches, lunch counters, hotels, restaurants, etc. Blacks are paid less for equal work. In the past, blacks were forced to carry identity books. The government recently rescinded this law, however. Blacks still must carry travel documents to move about as they please.

The cornerstone of the South African Government's system of apartheid is the plan to establish nine independent black homelands in South Africa. These remind me of Indian reservations in the U.S. According to the South African plan, the nation's blacks, some 70% of the population, would eventually be forced to live on 13% of the land. The first of these "homelands" to be granted independence by South Africa, Transkei, celebrated its first anniversary last month.

What will happen in South Africa? One thing which we can state for sure is that the situation is going to deteriorate. Even though the government has arrested most of the black nationalist leaders, the mass of the black population, as well as popular world opinion, has now moved to launch a full scale attack on this system of racial discrimination known as apartheid.

Although the present arms embargo is really useless because of the South African near-self-sufficiency in arms production, it is a step in the right direction. I believe an economic embargo should follow as well. The South Africans must give up on their idea that blacks are inferior to the white South Africans. They must agree to grant political power to the blacks, and thus begin to legitimate, majority rule of the government. If these measures are not started in the near future, it is not difficult to imagine a racial war occurring in South Africa, the likes of which has never been seen.

rips report

To the Editor:

In regards to your article on Women's Sports and Title IX, (Nov. 18) I have been asked to make the following remarks in behalf of WIRA. Many of the members of the group expressed dismay at the contents of the article.

First of all, women have been writing articles for the ASP on women's sports. Unfortunately many of these articles are either cut to pieces or are left out all together. This has happened not only to people writing about intramurals, but also intercollegiate sports. In general the coverage for intramurals has been poor this year. Many articles have been deleted so as to make room for 3 day old NFL or NBA standings.

Next, I feel the purpose of WIRA was not made clear enough in the article. Many remarks I made on the subject were taken out of context. WIRA has only been in existence for three years. We began our program to serve as an alternate to varsity sports. Many of us do not wish to compete at so highly competitive a level. AMIA provided a co-ed program in sports like softball and volleyball. Many of us felt either intimidated by the men, or that we would not be good enough to compete with them. Men are welcome to play in the league that uses women's rules and vice-versa. Some sports, classified as contact sports like basketball, flag football and floor hockey we also offer. Contact sports like these can not be played against members of the opposite sex. WIRA views its purpose as one to provide recreational activities for women, and where permitted by law, for men.

In conjunction with these views, WIRA feels that the program, which it has built together with AMIA, best suits the needs of the university community. We would like to know what the eight non-contact sports are that the affirmative action group wants run only as coed activities. We don't feel that offering them as coed will solve the problem. Many women don't want to compete with men and many men don't want to compete with women. These people may be turned off by being forced to play coed. Call it old fashioned prejudice or common sense, but you can't force people to do what they don't want to do. WIRA wants to provide activities for all

women, not just those who wish to play coed. By using 1975-6 figures in its report, the Affirmative Action group has drawn a distorted picture. First of all, that was our first full year of operation. We had barely gotten off the ground. This year we offer many more activities. With AMIA we sponsor a truly coed league in several sports — volleyball, softball, mixed doubles tennis and racquetball, Superstarts and 2 on 2 basketball tournaments. Added to our leagues in flag football, soccer, floor hockey, basketball and others this greatly improves our participation. We also keep track of it better.

At a school as academically oriented and with no phys. ed. major, it is difficult to get people to participate. Good publicity is needed. There also has to be the interest to start with. Women are not encouraged to be athletes. Therefore, perhaps it is natural to have fewer women than men participating.

When I was called to be interviewed for this article, I had no idea what was going on. I had not yet read the latest Title IX report, as it seems to be unavailable as of yet. I told the reporter this. When I read the article I was shocked at many of the misconceptions in print. Not just myself, but many of the people interviewed for the article feel that their views were misrepresented. If you're going to write an article get your facts straight and allow your interviewees time to research their answers. Bad reporting does none of us any good.

Alice E. Reagan and the members of WIRA council

saving heat

To the Editor:

SUNYA is taking great steps towards fulfilling our country's energy conservation policy.

For over a month LC '8 has been without heat in the afternoons. No explanation has been offered to either the frost-bitten students or the faculty, who many times end classes early, because it is too cold to lecture, or too cold for the students to write.

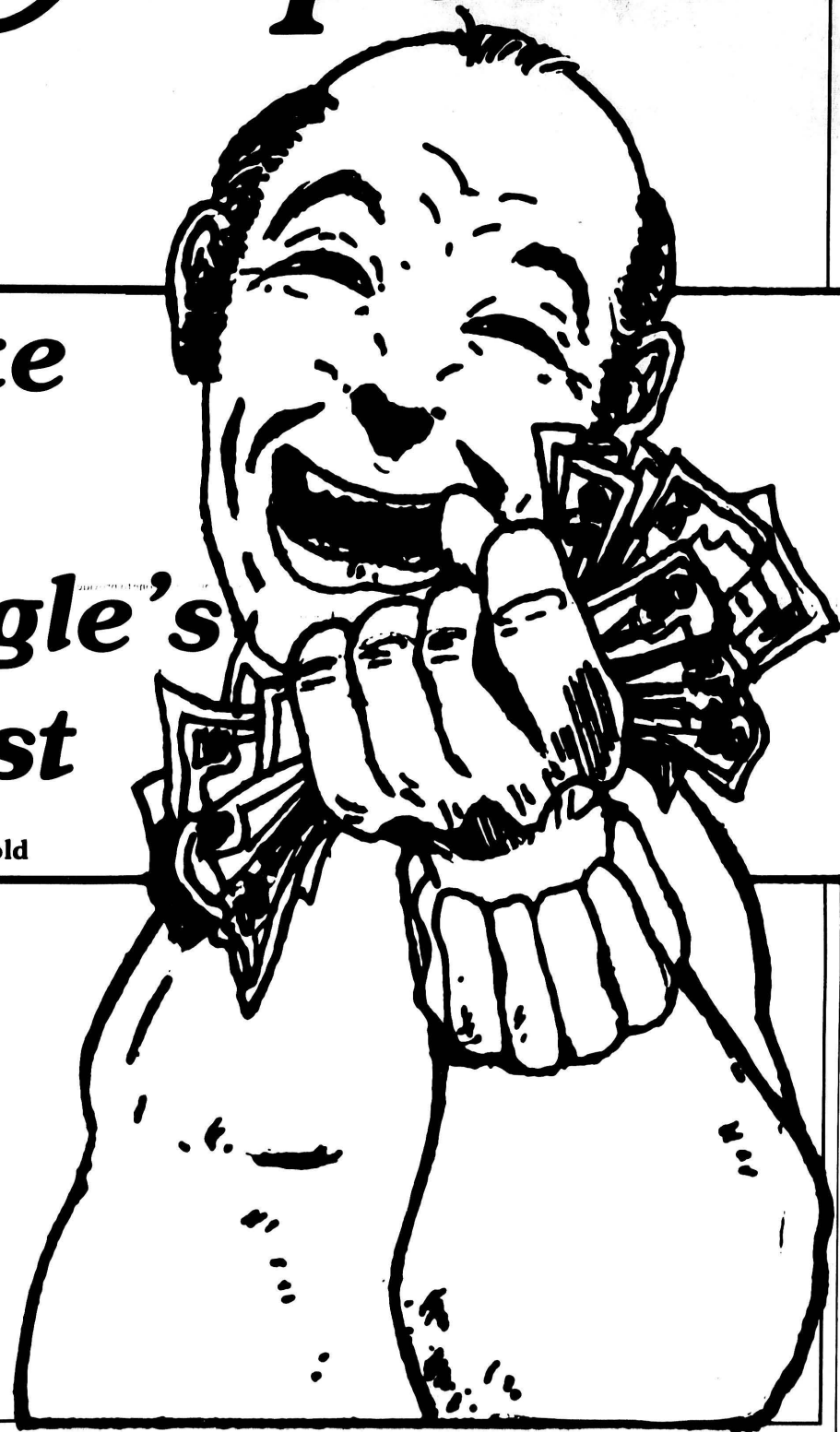
I hope the administrative agency responsible will correct this situation before we literally freeze for a test.

Aris S. Pavlides

Aspects

Like An Eagle's Nest

see centerfold



FEIFFER

I GET NOWHERE WITH THE CONGRESS SO I AM GOING OVER THEIR HEADS TO THE PEOPLE.

HELLO, YOU PEOPLE! I AM YOUR PRESIDENT.

DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

I HAVE COME TO GAIN YOUR SUPPORT.

I HEAR SOMETHING BUT I CAN'T SEE ANYBODY.

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IT FEELS LIKE A WARM WIND... IT'S SOFT TO THE TOUCH... IT MAKES ME FEEL...

GOOD, I HAVE GONE TO THE PEOPLE. LET'S GO HOME AND WAIT FOR THE PHONE CALLS AND TELEGRAMS.

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The Laocoon Group

The Classical Forum

The Story of Laocoon

In the second book of his *Aeneid* Vergil tells the story of Laocoon, a priest of Troy at the time of the Trojan War. Laocoon warned the Trojans against taking into their city the Wooden Horse left behind by the Greeks in their feigned retreat. No sooner had Laocoon uttered his warning, when the gods caused two serpents to appear from the sea. The serpents, so Vergil continues, killed not only Laocoon but also his two young sons. In another version of the story, however, one son escapes the deadly coils of the serpents.

In the first century A.D. the Roman encyclopedist Pliny the Elder saw in the palace of the emperor Titus a staturary group depicting Laocoon and his sons struggling with the serpents. In his *Natural History*, Pliny refers to this group as "a work to be preferred to all that the arts of painting and sculpture have produced."

In 1506, in the presence of Michelangelo, workmen recovered the Laocoon group from the ruins of the imperial palace on the Esquiline Hill. It is of marble and of more than life-size. It is, according to Pliny, the work of three sculptors named Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus; all three were from Rhodes, an important artistic center during the Hellenistic Age. Amidst many chronological uncertainties in the history of Hellenistic sculpture, the Laocoon group cannot be dated with certainty, but the early second century B.C. is probably not far off the mark.

Hellenistic sculptors often portrayed what the sculptors of the Classical Age of Greece had avoided: violent motion, old age, and even the agony of a painful death. In our Laocoon group one son on the viewer's right, seems to have a chance to free himself. The other son is bound fast, and Laocoon himself writhes in pain as one of the serpents bites into his flesh. That tortured, bearded head of Laocoon, thrown back in agony, is one of the most expressive pieces of all art.

The Laocoon group is housed in the Vatican Museum's Belvedere Pavilion, together with such other famous works of art as the Apollo Belvedere and Canova's Perseus.

Review: Joe Cocker Concert

Cocker Was Feeling Alright

By PETER SGOVRIS

After listening to vicious tales of Joe Cocker's fits of drunken, drug-induced frenzy during a performance, it is not difficult to understand why the average concert-goer might shy away from a Joe Cocker Show. Such shocking behavior would both disgust the old fan and frighten the new.

Such rumours may be one explanation for the half-empty auditorium that confronted Cocker and his band during their recent gig at the Palace Theater. Another reason is undoubtedly Cocker's lack of public exposure in the past few years.

For the sake of those who did manage to attend, Cocker made an appearance which may be considered quite impressive when contrasted with what many were led to expect.

Cocker cranked off some new material of acceptable quality, but generally it was such classics as "The Letter," "Feeling Alright," and "With a Little Help From My Friends" that tended to fire up the crowd. There was considerable hootin' n' hollerin' and even some dancing in the aisles.

The highlight of the show was a rendition of "You Are So Beautiful" that

was executed with such mastery and sensitivity that not a soul was left unmoved.

Cocker's band was in top form, as usual, and featured such notables as Nicky Hopkins on piano and Bobby Keys on sax.

Also billed was Adirondack, a local country-rock outfit. Although they did manage to relieve some of the pressures of rock 'n' roll anticipation, they resulted as a disappointment since their sound was somewhat clamorous and their original compositions rather unimaginative and cliched.



Joe Cocker

Give It To Mikey; He'll Eat Anything

By DAVID GOLDMAN

I was in my office when the call came. The voice on the other end sounded worried and upset, like my mother's at the end of each semester when my grades come.

"Hello, is . . . is Mr. Shaw there?"

"Speaking. What can I do for you?"

"You must come to the cafeteria immediately. Something very strange has happened."

"What? The students are suddenly enjoying the food?"

"I'm serious. Please get here as soon as possible." Then she hung up.

I arrived at the cafeteria to find Ethel Thiamine, a trembling cafeteria aide. After thanking me profusely for coming, she led me to the serving area.

"There," she said, "is where we keep the breakfast cereals. But what do you see?"

"I don't see anything," I said, after giving the matter a great deal of thought.

"That's just it. The cereal has been disappearing faster than we can put it out. We only order a specific amount, and lately it barely lasts an hour before it's all gone. Something fishy is going on."

"Perhaps someone is sneaking it out," I suggested.

"Boy, wouldn't that take the cake? What kind of a turkey would do such a thing? He'd have to be juiced out of his gourd to do something like that."

"Or else be in need of bread," I added with great relish, milking the joke even further.

"What I'm worried about is that someone might blame this on me. Then my 20 years on the job and my seniority wouldn't amount to a hill of beans. They'd just drop me like a hot potato."

"Or at least give you a cut in celery," I interjected, unable to restrain my keen wit any longer. I was making a real ham of myself.

"I just wish I had a clue as to who's doing it," she told me.

"Well, that's what I'm here for. This looks like a tough one, but I'll do the best I can," I said, giving her the usual schpiel.

"Oh, thank you," she responded. "It's so nice to see that not every student at this school is a dope-smeared, hedonistic, lazy, conceited slob." I thanked her for the compliment. Lett.

At dinner that night, I sat at my table attempting to digest the night's culinary delight along with the facts of my latest caper. Would someone really steal cereal from the cafeteria for his own personal use? How could he take so much as to clean out the whole supply? What if the cafeteria staff is in on it? What is that black object crawling around on my plate?

Across from me was seated a girl wearing a Jackson Browne t-shirt, reading a copy of "Cosmopolitan." Using my keen sense of vision, developed through many years of working undercover, I studied her carefully, noting her delicate blue eyes, her generously proportioned figure, her silky golden brown hair, her gentle hands, and the cigarette dangling from her mouth. Clearly she was among the best this university had to offer.

Since my girlfriend had just recently dumped me because, in her words, she had "found somebody else," (which I later found out meant the entire junior class), I decided to strike up a conversation with my table-mate and see what developed. At the same time, I had a hunch that maybe she'd know something about the cereal mystery. Combining the two thoughts (which isn't easy when there's a radio at the next table blasting K.C. and the Sunshine Band), I gave her the best opening line I could think of.

"I hear someone's been stealing cereal from the cafeteria."

"What?" She glanced up from an article on "25 Newly Discovered Erogenous Zones" and looked at me as if I just got out of a spaceship from Jupiter.

I tried again. "The breakfast cereal. . . it's been

restock it, you know. A lady in the cafeteria told me."

"Oh." She took another drag and went back to her article. I could see my approach was going over like a lead balloon, so I tried one last desperate measure.

"Yeah, that's right, the cafeteria called me down here to investigate. Me being a [small but dramatic pause] private detective and all that."

"This time I got a reaction, but not quite the kind I expected. 'You're a detective? Boy, I've heard some strange pick-up lines in my day but you are the weirdest.'

"Who's trying to pick you up?" I asked, in as innocent a manner as possible.

"Don't play dumb with me," she said. "I know your type. You make up some cockamamie story to try to impress girls and expect them to fall for it. Well, you can just forget it, because I've got a boyfriend in Cornell who I'm practically engaged to, and he eats nerds like you for breakfast."

"Speaking of breakfast," I continued, trying to hide my disappointment that not only was my table-mate already taken, but that she was not exactly Miss Congeniality, "that's what I wanted to ask you about. I am a detective, in my spare time anyway, and as part of my investigation I'd like to ask you a few questions. Here's my card."

I handed her my business card, which she reluctantly took, and read, "Rick Shaw, Amateur Sleuth, Crimes Solved, Criminals Brought to Justice, and Term Papers Typed, \$5 A Day plus expenses."

"What makes you think I'd know something about this?" she asked, still not quite believing I was for real.

"It's just a hunch. Have you come across any suspicious or unusual characters in the last few months?" A helveta question to ask on a college campus.

"No," she said quickly, then though again. "Well, there is somebody. This guy who lives in my dorm. Everyone thinks he's kind of strange."



"Oh God, are you another schmuck running for Central Council?"

"No, no, I'm a private investigator. I wonder if I could have a few words with you."

A male Caucasian about 5'7" opened the door. He was of slight build, and had an innocent look, except for a small but nevertheless noticeable scar over his left eyebrow.

"A private investigator, huh? Listen, I'm really busy studying right now. Could you come back in an hour?"

"Sure, that's all right." I started to walk out.

"Cheerio."

Gollek froze. "Hey, is that supposed to be cute? How did you know I was in the cereal smuggling ring?"

I couldn't believe my ears. My first suspect was right on target. Pretending that I expected Roger to confess all along, I walked back in the room, and faced him.

"So you're behind this whole affair, eh Gollek?"

"No, no, I was just a runner for the guy. . . I wasn't the mastermind behind it all."

"You mean this thing involves more than one person?"

"Yeah," he sat down on the bed, still surprisingly calm, but realizing the jig was up.

"She glanced up from an article on '25 Newly Discovered Erogenous Zones' and looked at me as if I just got out of a spaceship from Jupiter."

"Why is that?"

"He told us he never tried pot."

"That's strange all right. Anything else?"

"Mmmm, let me think. . . yeah, something happened once that seemed sorta funny. We're in the same Psych class, and I went to his room and asked if I could see his notes. He was sitting on the bed, and told me they were in his desk drawer. When I reached for the drawer, he suddenly bolted up and said, 'No, let me do it' and got the notebook out himself."

"Hmm. . . that is strange. Did you happen to see anything else in the drawer?"

"No. . . he gave me such a start when he jumped up that I just grabbed the notebook and got out."

"Well, this might prove helpful. Thank you very much." I could hear semi-human cries of "Bring up your trays" from the front of the cafeteria, so I decided it was time to go. "One last thing. Could you give me this person's name so I could check it out?"

"Yeah, sure. His name's Roger Gollek." I thanked her, and departed.

After looking my suspect up in the directory, I entered his dorm. Trying to appear as inconspicuous as possible (save for my trenchcoat, shades, and magnifying glass), I found Roger Gollek's room and knocked.

"Who is it?" I heard an aggravated voice exclaim from inside.

"Rick Shaw. I. . . ."

"There's a whole bunch of us."

"How exactly does this operation work?"

"Simple. We go down to the cafeteria at breakfast, and take cartons of cereal, stuff 'em under our jackets and in our pockets, anywhere we can. Sometimes we bring Adidas bags and put 'em in there. Then we bring the stuff to Mikey's room and he sells 'em to whoever wants. Plus, we make a little for ourselves."

"Mikey?"

"Yeah, he's the brains behind this."

"So you're still working for him, eh?"

"No. I quit awhile ago. I had more important things to do, like figuring out how to remain a Bio major without having a nervous breakdown."

"I'll bet Mikey didn't let you go so easily. It looks like he roughed you up a little," I said, indicating his scar.

"Oh, this? That's nothing. It's from a Psych experiment."

"Didn't you ever realize what you were doing was illegal?"

"Well. . . . There was a small pause. "I guess I was kind of overzealous. I'm not normally this way, really. I'm a good kid. I'm becoming a doctor just like my parents wanted. It's just that I needed the money."

"Well, since you've been so cooperative, I'll go easy on you, kid. Just give me Mikey's room number and I'll forget I ever saw you."

He obliged, and I got up to leave. "Oh, just one last question, Roger."

"Sure, what?"

"Is it really true you've never smoked marijuana?"

I now prepared myself for the big bust. I decided to go undercover, posing as an average college student, and attempt to purchase some cereal from Mikey. Then of course, I'd flash my badge and whip the cuffs on him. Changing from my trenchcoat into a Led Zeppelin t-shirt, jeans, Earre shoes, and a slightly dazed expression, I proceeded to Mikey's room.

Arriving at my destination, I knocked on the door. It was opened by a burly, but friendly, male Caucasian.

"Yeah, what can I do for you?"

"I was new at this, so I didn't quite know what to say. 'Uh, I. . . I'm here to get some, uh. . . cereal.'"

"Why didn't you say so? Come on in."

I walked into the room cautiously, and glanced around. Clothes were all over the floor. Albums sat piled up on the stereo dustcover, many missing jackets. Empty pizza boxes were on the desks, along with piles of books and notes. All in all, nothing unusual for a dorm room. Mikey spoke.

"Well, what'll it be? You want the sweet stuff. Sugar Smacks, Frosted Flakes, Sugar Pops, I got it. Or if you want the harder stuff I got that too: Special K, Wheaties, Product 19." He paused and looked me over. "Wait a second. I don't think I've ever seen you here before."

"I'm not a regular customer," I told him.

"Then maybe you'd like some All-Bran."

"Why don't you just show me the selection and I'll choose from there?"

"Sure." He walked over to the closet and opened it. I was stunned. Inside were rows upon rows of breakfast cereals, which I estimated to have a combined street value of over \$2000. I picked a box of Life out of the closet, and slipped it into my pocket for evidence. I then quickly pulled out the cuffs, and with a shout of "Karate" that startled Mikey enough to catch him off guard, I pinned him against the wall and slipped the cuffs on.

"Alright, Mikey," I said, after identifying myself and reading him his rights, "you're all finished. You may have thought you could get away with stealing Sugar Smacks, and pilfering Product 19, but when you start taking life, sooner or later you're gonna wind up in the slammer."

Mikey was brought to trial on charges of operating an illegal cereal-smuggling ring, which under federal law is a third degree felony.

For his role in running a covert breakfast-food operation, Mikey was found guilty, and sentenced to 15 months of watching musical highlights from "The Carol Burnett Show." Roger Gollek testified at the trial, for which he received immunity, but only against German measles. He is now going to medical school in Reykjavik, Iceland. As for myself, I picked up my usual fee from the cafeteria staff, plus a nice bonus and their eternal gratitude. So to all the potential cereal thieves out there, remember, crime doesn't pay. That is, unless you write a book about it afterwards.

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Sprechen Zie Deutsche?

Anheuser-Busch, Inc. today asked the Federal Trade Commission to investigate the Miller Brewing Company, its parent company, Philip Morris, Inc. and its advertising agency, McCann-Erickson Worldwide, for alleged consumer deception in the advertising, labelling, packaging and merchandising of Lowenbrau beer.

Lowenbrau, a well-known German beer no longer is imported into the U.S., but is being produced by Miller Brewing at one or more of its U.S. breweries.

In 1974, Miller Brewing acquired exclusive rights to produce and market Lowenbrau in the U.S. but according to the complaint, the Lowenbrau produced by Miller Brewing in the United States is brewed with different ingredients and under a different process than the well-known German product.

Miller Brewing is charged with marketing the U.S.-brewed Lowenbrau in a manner to deceive and mislead consumers, causing them to believe

Editor's note: The information presented above was obtained through facts distributed by Anheuser-Busch, Inc. of St. Louis, Missouri.

contrary to fact—that Lowenbrau is still brewed in and imported from Germany or alternatively that the domestic product is the same as the German-brewed version.

The complaint that Philip Morris, Miller and McCann-Erickson are representing directly or by implication that:

- All beer sold under the Lowenbrau label has its origin in Germany when in fact it does not;

- All beer sold under the Lowenbrau label is brewed in Germany and imported for sale into the U.S. when in fact it is not;

- All beer sold under the Lowenbrau label is brewed from the same ingredients used by Lowenbrau Munich, when in fact domestic Lowenbrau is brewed with significantly different ingredients;

- All beer sold under the Lowenbrau label is brewed using the same processes as Lowenbrau Munich whereas domestic Lowenbrau is produced by significantly different processes.

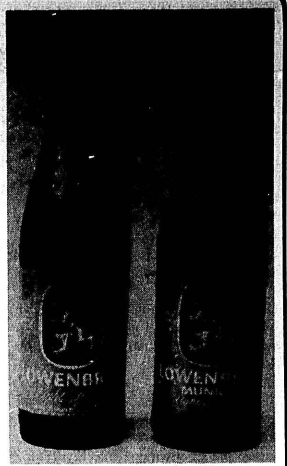
To support the foregoing allegations, the complaint cites the following specific facts:

- Domestically produced Lowenbrau six-pack cartons are nearly identical to

those traditionally used to package imported Lowenbrau (in its traditional trade colors and featuring the Lowenbrau heraldic lion trademark) and carrying the statement: "Lowenbrau Established 1383 Munich, Germany." The only indications to the contrary appear on the bottom of the carton and carton ends which are not visible to consumers when the carton is displayed in stores.

- Domestically produced Lowenbrau bottle labels are nearly identical to those used to label imported Lowenbrau. These labels also are in Lowenbrau Munich's traditional colors and feature the heraldic lion trademark, plus representations of eight medallions awarded the German-brewed product in international beer competition but never awarded to the domestic product. Type indicating the U.S. origin is less than 1/8-inch high.

- Advertising statements for domestic Lowenbrau in publications and on television (such as: "When you want the taste of a truly great beer, there's really only one, Lowenbrau. Since 1383.") are intended to give consumers the impression that when they buy Lowenbrau they are buying the famous Munich beer.



Left, bottle of domestically brewed Lowenbrau beer. Right, bottle of imported Lowenbrau.



Left, six-pack carton and bottle of Lowenbrau beer brewed in the United States by the Miller Brewing Co. Right, bottle and six-pack carton of original Lowenbrau brew

- Point-of-sale advertising materials using the Lowenbrau Munich colors and trademark contain no disclosure that the beer now being sold as Lowenbrau in U.S.-produced.

- When domestic Lowenbrau is sold on draught there is no disclosure at the point of consumption that the product is a different product than imported Lowenbrau. On-premise point-of-sale materials make no disclosure that the beer in question is domestic, and the use of the traditional Lowenbrau Munich colors and trademark give the impression that it is imported.

- The wording on the back panel of some domestic Lowenbrau bottles includes the word "REINHETSGEBOT," which is a 1516 decree which regulates beers brewed in Bavaria and limits their content to barley malt, hops, yeast and water. The domestic Lowenbrau does not comply with the decree because it contains other ingredients. Ingredient and process differences between the domestic and Munich Lowenbrau are detailed in the complaint.

The complaint request that the FTC take appropriate action against Miller Brewing, Philip Morris, Inc. and McCann-Erickson Worldwide to discontinue the deceptive practices.

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Like An Eagle's Nest

a short story by Brenda Starr



Blyder Harp, alias Big Ben to all his friends that associated with him during his younger years, stood silent for a moment. Big Ben as it is known was the nickname he received from Bonzo Lugnut, his junior year in high school.

Blyder was the football team's varsity center that year, and had a knack for coming up too high out of the frog like stance in which he had spent most of his adolescence. Blyder to the muffled laughter of his teammates, and the disappointment of his coaches, who as the guardians of many grass altars, only saw it fitting to sternly gnaw away at their nickle plated whistles while Blyder in a constant state of sin stood straight up on the back of his heels instead of staying low and square. In an effort to make his coaches believe that he knew what he was doing Blyder added a bit of a jump, much like a basketball player would in doing a lay-up. By doing this Blyder would manage to get one of his pork chop legs up too high, causing him to have his bell rung.

"No one tolls louder!" someone yelled from the bench as the two assistant coaches trotted on the field to young Blyder, as he lay moaning like a beached whale. Bonzo Lugnut, a pimple faced, tall wide receiver, who claimed to be better at basketball than anything else, yelled out "Big Ben tolls again, ding dong, ding dong." The nickname, like all other nicknames that stuck, somehow managed to surface again and again, just as it was about to be forgotten, and was christened in the usual manner. Everyone got drunk one night and out of boredom began reminiscing Blyder's story because it had the three qualities of a great story; it was sick, funny, and humiliating. It wasn't until many beers later that, worked into a frenzy, they chanted "Big Ben, Big Ben!" Everyone laughed; Blyder farted, and passed out, Fat Spider threw-up, and everyone went home.

Thus Big Ben stood silent for a moment between the silver canyons of the city, under huge plates of cut glass that reflected the gray-black of the street. Everything was streamlined and slick. Wood chips surrounded the black metal canisters that held perfectly trimmed maple trees all in a row. Blyder in another one of his secret interior monologues symbolically saw himself as these buildings, the jeunesse doree; tall, slim, fast, and modern, sexually defiant in their strange male objectiveness, yet still luring with their huge concrete cavities.

And so he stood, pretending to be looking for someone or something, as a huge jet, probably a 747 roared high above; its echo growing louder and louder as it approached. Blyder also symbolically closed his eyes, and pictured himself flying that plane, calmly holding the wheel as a shot of sun created silver on the nose cone. He hovered in his brain only aware of the quiet prayer of the machine, which was the low humming of motion.

At home Big Ben was running happiness in two different directions, which ironically ended up in the same place; the hall closet. At night he would come home from work and quickly shuffle himself into the basement, which was walled with unpainted cinder blocks, and damp grey columns dropping down its middle. There he worked for an hour or so until he heard the whistle of the pressure cooker, then racing up the stairs rolling the dried glue on his hands into

little balls, he replaced the box of spare model parts in the hall closet, as his wife and he slurped their dinners in the kitchen's formica silence. The balloon tied to his wife's chair had "amazed" printed on it, while Blyder's simply bore a huge painted smile which symbolically meant sex after dinner.

Blyder looked exceedingly interested in the news as he dropped a fork full of peas on the table. He mumbled to himself causing small splatters of pork chop grease to glisten on his fleshy cheeks; noticing his wife's displeasure at his ill manners he pulled in his ball and placed a question over the smile as punishment. His wife humbly lowered her head and went back to the mechanical process of slicing and eating, only slowing down the automation to stop her glasses from sliding off her thin face. Blyder's fatted pale hands sucked in the control box and switched the channel all in one motion. Lauren Bacall turned to him with knowing eyebrows and said, "You ever get bit by a dead bee." His meaty shoulders shrugged and shook as he let out a loose laugh causing his fingers to accidentally change the channels. Temporarily lost he once again put on the grey haired newsprogram.

Blyder took a semi-large styrofoam box out of the hall closet and trounced into the bedroom, where he tied a bright orange balloon with "Bliss to the ninth power" printed on it, to the bedpost, and proceeded to dab and titillate his wife as long as the batteries held out. On occasion when caress and electricity chemically mixed, her nose lit up. Blyder had for a moment felt on par with the wood chip canisters on Madison Avenue, which made the \$9.97 gamble on mailorder styrofoam all worthwhile. They talked. What is love? "Always being young and beautiful" she said, "and being able to sit around nude in your living room drinking expensive sherry till all hours of the morning, and not having to

yet nevertheless he tugged at his father's fingers. "Father, Dad? Where's the bandaids?" he said in a clear adult voice. The child opened the top draw to Blyder's desk. "Not in the desk" Blyder mumbled. His son left the living room, but marched back in with a large model plane box under his arm, and a balloon tied to his diaper that had "Life is a gas" printed on it. He began to snap the pieces together without having to look at the directions.

Blyder symbolically saw himself as these buildings, tall, slim, fast and modern; sexually defiant . . .

"No glue?" said Blyder. "No glue," said his son, pulling yet another piece from the plastic mold. "But I won an honorable mention with that one in the city years ago. Remember? It took months to build, I let you wet the sponges when I put on the decals, and remember just before you left for college the wind knocked it on the floor, remember? And I had to mold new parts because the company wasn't making this brand model anymore. I still have the parts I made in the box in the hall closet. The model's downstairs with the others, it still looks brand new, I'll show you."

Blyder got up from his chair and began walking toward the cellar door when he caught sight of his son outside talking to the strange, peculiar man who had been his neighbor since God knows when. He opened the front door, the smells of a hot summer afternoon layed heavily around him. The humid smell of wet cut grass mixed with gasoline irritated his nose and brought small wells of water to his eyes. His son sat with a hand full of flowers laughing. Amused by the stories told by the neighbor, the youngster began to dance and toss the flowers all about the

man's general appearance, his stooped posture or the way he wore his clothes. The shorts, one leg cut longer than the other, and the soiled tee-shirt he wore was much too large for him.

Blyder spoke, "Why do you carry an umbrella about with you while mowing the lawn?"

Blyder's son did the twirl of a Spanish dancer over to his father, and handed him a flower. "It's meant to be ironic" he said,

snapping his fingers and dancing away. The man once again thinly smiled at Blyder, nodded and went back to adjusting his own mower.

"It's Sunday" said Blyder, looking at the flower his son handed him. "Your mother will want us to go to church soon."

"And why do you suppose that the poor boxes need to be filled?" said the man, checking the gasoline level in his mower.

Blyder's son was stretched out under a tree eating an apple. "Do you think it's his sunburn that's making him irritate you, father?"

"I don't know" answered Blyder, "but this is no way for a neighbor to act being sarcastic and all on a Sunday morning, it's an outrage."

"Wasn't it an outrage when the Apostles had admitted three thousand people in the church in one day," softly whispered the man, standing up. His eyes had lost their soft blue color and glared in a grey storm at Blyder. "Tell me how could so many at once see the truth, and accept it so fast?"

"Now look you," yelled Blyder,

type. A famous man said that before they invented balloons.

At the office Blyder viciously eyed the tender burnt flanks of young secretaries about the office. The first burn of summer always left them so vulnerable, layed their lives open to him so to speak; the strap marks and then again no strap marks, the neglected areas that revealed themselves out of nowhere while reaching for a file or record book, showing white like suddenly turning over a catfish. The small winces of pain shown almost unexpressively by a twitch of an eyebrow or the casual rub of a leg, made them all the more reachable, as moisture and plastic gripped at sore thighs; made them seem all the more to need him as a pillar of strength and example of the smooth flow of office behavior, in this harem of forgotten sultan lotions, and royal virgins sacrificed to the sometimes mystical chlorine God of another neighbor's pool.

He worked at his desk as usual, dialing numbers, calling numbers. The computer ted out the telephone numbers in a sequence, which the programmer told him made it easier and faster to dial, but the message was always the same: "This is the Xerox corporation, we have reviewed and put your application in our files, unfortunately we are not engaging in any new employment at the present time. You will be given full consideration when any new positions calling for your qualifications open. If you have any further questions please call our office between the hours of 8 a.m. and 4 p.m. Thank you for your interest in Xerox."

The formal statement was handed out in a memo a month ago, a matter which was passed unanimously as rumor has it, at the last board meeting. "They figure it'll save a lot of time instead of everyone having to make up their own thing, and wasting money on the phone," said the saggy-kneed secretary with flaring purple hair, handing the memo to Blyder. Blyder

stern tickled her when it touched between her breasts — her laugh aggravated Blyder.

"We're not hiring if you're looking for a job" yelled Blyder, trying to stare down his neighbor. The unusual walk of his neighbor made the secretaries smile behind his back, and Blyder's disgust for him grew more. The man seemed to have an inner awareness of their laughing, yet remained taciturn, and sat in front of Blyder's desk, leaning on his umbrella.

"If you're not trying to get him a job what are you doing here?" demanded Blyder of his son. Blyder's fat bald head began to sweat under the neon lights.

"We thought you asked us here," said his son, arranging flowers on the desk.

We should live in the world as individuals, like eagles always remaining high above the clouds, in our mountain towers, guarding the nests of human sorrow.

"What would I want with him? Where's your mower, pal?" "It's in the elevator Dad, would you like to check the blade?"

"Smart-ass aren't you." Blyder saw the man grinning for the first time. "Why'd you start hanging around with this creep, God he's sickly, a bum!"

"It's not worth it" said Blyder's son, compassionately putting his hand on that of his older friend.

"So I suppose" he said, wearily rising. They began to walk slowly back toward the elevator. Blyder's son stopped for a moment to blow up a balloon. It had "Life is a gas" printed on it. He gave it to the young secretary with the flower. "I won't be needing this anymore" he said. It pleased the girl immensely, she tied the balloon with newfound confidence to her typewriter.

"Now wait you two" shouted Blyder, jumping from his desk. "stop all this double talk."

"What father?" "Stop saying one thing and meaning another!"

"Man's a being of duplicity, Mr. Harp" the man said, putting on his hat. "Alienation is our primordial state, despair our natural state."

"Small price for a chance at your individuality," said his son, pushing the lawn mower to the back of the elevator. The phone rang. Blyder lumbered back to his desk, and when he turned around the elevator doors had already shut.

Blyder was, as the Tegan in his outfit had called it, Ya-ha-ed. No, no, it was more like what those farm boys from Maine called it, hammered. So Blyder sat in his living room, hammered, but also astounded. He had come home early from work to meet the news crew, a few of the neighbors had gotten word of it, and were calling his wife on the phone. They were all invited over at seven o'clock, but for now Blyder sat slouching in his living room waiting.

The first bit of news was given with tense solemn excitement. "The W 70 Mod 3 Lance Enhanced Radiation Warhead" what is commonly called the neutron bomb was successfully tested today

(Lance-Enhanced, poetry, he laughed; Lance-Enhanced now I'll buy my wife new pants). Tested earlier today in Nevada, top scientists say the new bomb minimizes collateral damage, while concentrating on radiation. Unlike earlier bombs the Neutron bomb leaves buildings and other structures standing while killing surrounding life. Dubbed the clean bomb, the intense radiation emitted causes damage to the central nervous system, followed by nausea, loss of muscle control, and eventual death due to respiratory failure. The neutron bomb's one drawback, top senate aids claim, is that the time of death is uncertain, death can occur anywhere between a few minutes to twenty or thirty

days after contact. While scientists try to improve the bomb's effectiveness the Presidents is expected to sign a bill later this month to put it into production by early next year. Mr. Y. "Thank you Mr. S; now on a lighter note, Mr. Blyder Harp and his wife of thirty-one years are both richer and happier tonight. They won the big one, the million dollar lottery. Gus Brigman interviewed the couple earlier this afternoon at their home on Two Constant Blvd., Abestos Beach."

Blyder watched himself twitch and smile, he yelled to his wife that they were on TV, she told her neighbor, and then yelled back that she could watch it from the kitchen. Blyder appeared natural to himself, at least not anymore unnatural than anyone else on TV. His wife thought that the livingroom looked smaller than it was, and that she looked fat. Blyder assured her that neither case was true, he was watching himself tell an old army story, his mind ahead of every word he spoke, like you would be if you saw a movie over for a second or third time. Blyder grinned at the end of the story, and then laughed when he saw the newsmen laugh (he could hear the cameramen laughing in the background). His wife said, "God, what a ham" over the phone, and then began to cry uncontrollably out of joy and confusion.

The neighbors would be coming over soon, they would want to know what he planned to do with the money. He didn't really know, who would when suddenly over seventeen hundred dollars a week for the rest of your life is dumped on you? But he gave it some quick thought. We'll have to move, the thought, into a house that has room-to-room speakers, three floors, and an elevator. Something out on the East end, or in Westchester, with a display room for his models, a bigger workroom, and a two car garage. A sitdown mower to ride on a sod lawn, and

fly lessons, they wouldn't be that much. "Maybe we'll stay here?" he thought again, tripping backwards in his thoughts. Blyder thought of adding extensions to the house, maybe even buy the house next door and extend into that. Maybe move and extend the house anyway. Blyder began laughing again, he looked down at the pictures of his son's graduation from law school, and he was happy there too. His life was full of happy moments, most of them framed on the living room wall. He added the final thought of buying the reservation his son worked on; this was partly because he was drunk, and partly because he forgot the government protected the rights of American Indians to their land.

It was a foolish move for his son to give up a good law practice a few years ago, and to go to Arizona to teach children to write. But now it didn't matter, foolish mistakes could be sewn up easily. Blyder went over to his desk and once again took out the Father's Day card his son had sent him. His son had inscribed the card as such: "We should live in the world as individuals, like eagles always remaining high above the clouds in our mountain towers, guarding the nests of human sorrow."

Blyder heard the distant voice of a lawn mower, his strange neighbor would be outside again, perhaps his son would be with him. He thought of the peculiar man and how he made his son laugh.

"It's hot out" Blyder said, aloud. "I'll bring him out a beer, and tell him the good news."

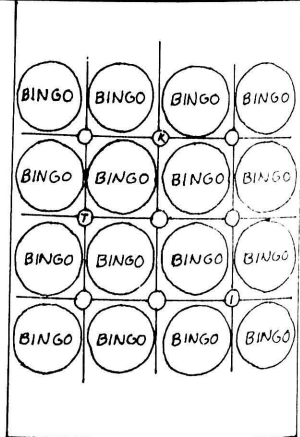
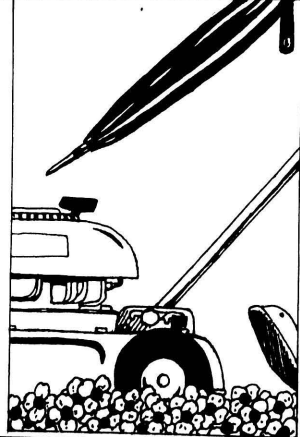
Twilight was now approaching, the clouds hung low, like grey lumps of lead with only the pale sheen of the last sunlight holding them aloof over the endless waves of pepper colored shingle that drifted on in all directions. As Blyder walked out his front door he saw Chr., hanging from an antenna, his thorns were blue and electric, and a balloon with "Weltschmerz" printed on it, pulled tautly at its string in the steady blowing breeze. His face was sad, and he looked toward Blyder as if to say something, but Blyder was busy walking across the lawn with a beer. Blyder's neighbor looked as though he was at the point of near exhaustion, as he slowly pushed the rusting machine across the lawn.

For Blyder this all symbolically meant never being exhausted again, it meant the opening of possibilities; of doors opening with the push of a button, it also meant of course, with thankfulness, a new organ for the church.

Brenda Starr, 1977

by Jerry Mikorenda

graphics by Valdis Semelks



worry about getting up the morning." He avoided the question by talking about Lear jets, and how they have revolving bathtubs that made the Earth's orbit look like a yo-yo moving on a string. How they're so expensive that only rock groups and soccer players could afford to buy them. "Love of course is you my dear," he answered. They smiled at each other.

That night Blyder's son visited him. An infant of two years in diapers, but without the puggy old man body of a small child,

yard. "Don't do that," yelled Blyder over to his son, "Don't dirty the man's lawn." His neighbor turned and gave Blyder a thin crooked smile, and then wiped the sweat from his forehead, "Finitude is a sometimes holiday from despair, the black balloon that hangs over all of us," said the frail round shouldered man. His eyes radiated a deep blue calm as they peered sardonically through wire framed glasses at Blyder. Blyder didn't at all like

shaking his fist at the man as if he would crush him with one hand. "You have no right to mock me, or my religion, this is America you know, and an individual has the right to join any organization they please!"

"Father, how do you see yourself as an individual. The 'If I am I because I am I and you are you, then I am I and you are you; however, if I am I because you are you, and you are you because I am I, then I am not I and you are not you'

applauded the move, adding he suggested the idea years ago, but no one listened to him. "That's the way they are," she added slyly moving the opposite direction. The elevator opened. Blyder could see his small son and his strange neighbor cautiously walk into the office. They were wearing black tuxedos, the man had on a low brimmed hat, and carried his umbrella. Blyder's son handed one of the young secretaries a flower which she put through a button hole in her blouse. The

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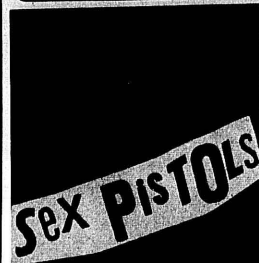
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"Never Mind The Bollocks"
Sex Pistols
Warner Bros. BSK 3147

By AL BACA

Well, it's finally here. The number one group in England, the Sex Pistols, have at last signed with an American record company. Their debut album, "Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols," is now available to the American public.

One would have had to been in a deep coma to have not heard anything about the exploits of the Sex Pistols in England during the past year. They have had three hit singles, without the benefit of radio airplay. They were banned from virtually every rock club in the United Kingdom, and have received more press than any other new group in existence. With the release of their album in the United States it is now possible to see if the Sex Pistols, who epitomize English punk rock, can reach a mass audience outside of England.

Technically speaking, the music on the album is hard-driving, super-energized rock and roll at its most basic core. To the novice, all the songs may sound alike, but after listening to the album several times, it becomes apparent that each individual cut contains its own message of desperation or despair.

The group consists of Johnny Rotten on lead vocals, Paul Cook on drums, Steve Jones on lead guitar, and Sid Vicious on bass, although some of the songs were recorded while Glen Matlock was the group's bassist. What really distinguishes the group from the scores of other punk rock groups that are forming in the United States and England is the snarling, animalistic voice of Johnny Rotten, who spits out the words to the songs with a degree of hatred and hostility rarely achieved on a vinyl disc.

The album itself contains the three songs that reached number one in England, "God Save the Queen," "Anarchy in the U.K.," and "Pretty Vacant," plus nine additional cuts. One must listen to the album several times in order to understand the lyrics, but once the listener begins to relate to the words of the songs, he will be encouraged to play the album over and over again.

"EMI" is a song which deals with the time EMI, England's most conservative record company, signed the Sex Pistols for \$80,000, then cancelled the contract after Steve Jones threw up on an old lady in public. One can tell from the lyrics that the Sex Pistols hold nothing back in their songs. On "EMI," they virtually attack the record company that terminated their contract ("I tell you it was all a frame/Who? EMI").

Some of the songs can even be thought-provoking. In "Anarchy in the U.K.," Johnny Rotten establishes himself as an anti-Christ ("I am an anti-Christ, I am an

anarchist/I don't know what I want/But I know how to get it.")

To those who are able to empathize with the intense emotion generated by the Sex Pistols, the album may be hailed as a masterpiece of rebellion. The music is as subtle as German blitzkrieg. The only problem with the album is that the music will either hit you and leave you completely stunned, or it will seem like a lot of noise. To anyone who has ever been angry, hurt, or in any way affected by anything, this album is required listening.



"Good Thought"
Utah Phillips
Philo 1004

By DENNIS SCHEYER

Philo Records is a unique company located in North Ferrisburg, Vermont in a giant barn. They specialize in what they call traditional North American folk music.

One of Philo's most popular artists is Utah Phillips. He has put out several albums over the past four years including his latest *Good Thought*. But his first album, simply entitled *Utah Phillips* is a gem.

As the liner notes say, "Utah is a train nut. He can name more railroad lines than most of us have ever heard of!" Trains, buckskin, hobos, whiskey, unions, wild women and good times—that's what this record is about.

Utah's love for trains might explain why almost every cut on this album starts out with a different sort of train sound effect. "Queen of the Rails," "Daddy What's A Train" and "Starlight on the Rails" are most definitely on the right track.

Other favorites include "Moose Turd Pie" and "Phoebe Snow." The recording is clean and simple, featuring only guitar, dobro, acoustic bass and fiddle. A portion of the album was recorded "live" at Calle Lena in Saratoga Springs.

This is basic good time folk music, no gloss here, just a plain of good time!



"Sandman"
Herb Pedersen
Epic PE 34933

By PETER HOFFMAN

If you read the credits on the album jackets, then you've probably heard of Herb Pedersen. For the past few years, he has been on a good many of the albums

emerging from Los Angeles. Among the people he has played for are Jackson Browne, James Taylor, Neil Young, and Linda Ronstadt. He is an excellent banjo player and has helped give life to some of the more mundane songs of the above artists.

Yet on *Sandman*, his second album, Pedersen has gotten caught in all of the trappings his contemporaries have avoided. It doesn't seem as if he has learned anything from playing with them, as the album is both aimless and dull.

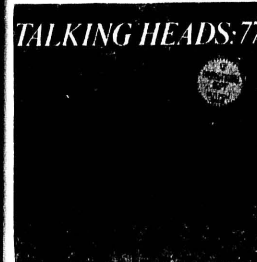
The most disappointing aspect of the album is that Pedersen's first album, "Southwest", showed promise. It was an uneven effort but there was enough good music on it to make one optimistic about his future.

The major problem with *Sandman* is the material. Pedersen wrote seven of the album's ten songs and there is really nothing to distinguish one from the other. They are all country-flavored love songs with arrangements that lead nowhere.

As an interpreter, Pedersen isn't bad. Maybelle Carter's "Fair and Tender Ladies" is done up well here and shows the possible future direction he should take. An interpretation of Odell McLeod's, "Cora is Gone" is beautiful. It has an ethereal feel heightened by Dolly Parton's background vocals.

Aside from Parton, Pedersen has other able backing support. Lowell George, Leland Sklar, David Lindley, and Ronstadt all lend a hand but they may as well not be there at all. On the songs in which they perform, it is almost impossible to distinguish their appearance.

What Herb Pedersen lacks is a musical identity. It is obvious that he has talent but it shows on "Sandman" only sporadically. He should continue his session work because that is what he does best. Hopefully he will find the right niche for himself and someday release a record that fits his talent.



"Talking Heads: 77"
Talking Heads
Sire SR 0016

By DAVID GOLDMAN

This is the debut album by the "new wave" band that's been getting a lot of press recently, and rightfully so. To set the record straight, Talking Heads is not a punk band. First of all, they certainly don't look it (their appearance is even straighter than an average rock group), and second, their music is much more melodic and catchy than punk. The proof can be found on this record.

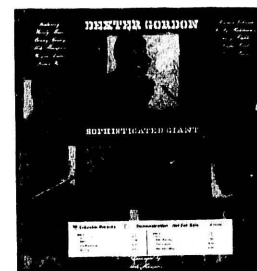
The songs on *Talking Heads: 77* are by guitarist and lead singer David Byrne, whose voice is from the David Bowie/Bryan Ferry school of dramatic, quivering singing, and takes some getting used to. Byrne is also given to shouting and other weird vocal displays which make his sound like a combination of John Lennon and Jerry Lewis (at the end of "Pulled Up", especially, he literally goes berserk). But his music is for the most part inventive, concise pop-rock but with enough variety to keep it interesting, ranging from the haunting "The Book I Read" to the marchlike chorus of "Tentative Decisions" to the joyous rock 'n roll of "Pulled Up". Moreover, the

playing by Byrne, drummer Chris Frantz, bassist Martina Weymouth and guitarist Jerry Harrison is tight.

Byrne's lyrics, on the other hand, are anything but typical: he tends to use clichés and everyday speech rather than the usual poetic images associated with rock. In addition, the words are frequently repetitive, sometimes almost childlike, but in any case they are a far cry from normal FM fare.

When was the last time you heard civil servants mentioned in a rock song? Or heard someone say "I hate people when they're not polite?"

Surprisingly, all these elements fuse together, and create a highly original musical style. *Talking Heads 77* is unique, fun to listen to, and indeed an impressive debut. Whether or not the majority of American record-buyers will share this view remains to be seen, but surely any open-minded rock fan should give this album a listen.



"Sophisticated Giant"
Dexter Gordon
Columbia JC 34989

By JON BRESSNER

Now that Dexter Gordon is once again on the top of the saxophone world nothing less than perfection should be expected of him. His new album, *Sophisticated Giant*, is in no way a let-down. *Sophisticated Giant* is somewhat more laid back than its predecessor but most of the album bops right along.

The first tune, "Laura", starts the album out on a mellow note and is followed by "The Moonrune," a song named after the late tenor and soprano great, featuring Woody Shaw bopping on trumpet.

This is Gordon's first American studio album since he left for Copenhagen in 1962. Despite the fact that this is a large band the harmonies are extremely well written—mainly by Slide Hampton giving the whole band articulate voicings and making them an integral part of each tune.

The big band set-up, atypical for Gordon, allows for very interesting instrumentation without falling into what could be called the stereotyped big band groove.

Gordon feels that a large band studio recording contrasts him in a different context than his live quintet. This leaves one filled with anticipation over what type of contrasts Gordon will try in his next album.

One of the liner tunes on the album, "Red Fox," highlights Bobby Hutcherson on vibes, Rufus Reid on bass and Benny Bailey playing horn. Slide Hampton solos on his orchestrated version of "Fried Bananas" along with Bobby Hutcherson and Woody Shaw, Woody being the only artist on this set also with Gordon's Homecoming quintet.

Sophisticated Giant can be classified not only as music but as fine art—it is a masterpiece. All the musicians were in top form and did their part to make this album very tasteful and listenable. I strongly recommend *Sophisticated Giant* to anyone who digs either jazz or just excellent music.

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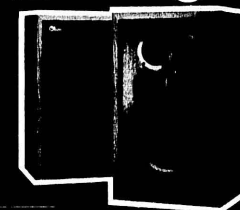
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Smoky and the Bandit **Friday and**
6:30 p.m. and 9:45 p.m.
The Car 8:00 p.m. **Saturday nights**

PRIZE INTERNATIONAL CINEMA "TO DIE OF LOVE"

The true story of a French teacher who falls in love with a student 15 years her junior.



"Go and see it."
Archer Winsten, N.Y. Daily News

Fri. & Sat., 8:30 p.m., Dec. 2 & 3

\$2.00 & \$1.25 with I.D.
Performing Arts Center

THE UNIVERSITY AT ALBANY

SPEAKERS FORUM PRESENTS

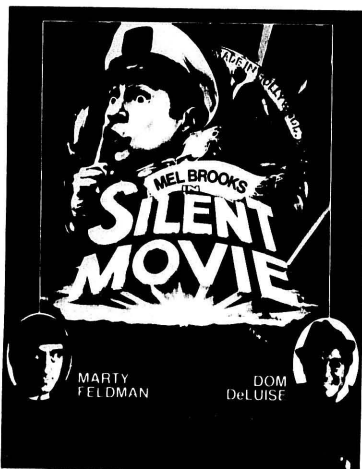
VOCAL WORKSHOP ON THE ART SONG

Prof. Robert Spillman of the artist faculty of the Eastman School of Music will give a full day (10:00am -5:00 pm) Masterclass on French and German Art Songs. Sat. Dec. 3, 1977 in PAC Recital Hall

tickets at Pac Box Office
\$3.00 general
\$2.00 students general
\$1.00 students with tax

Open to all those who love music

ALBANY STATE CINEMA



Friday 2 Saturday 3

LC 18

\$.75 w/tax

\$1.25 w/o

7:30 and 9:30

funded by student association

Interest Meeting:

Tuesday, Dec. 6

in SA Office,

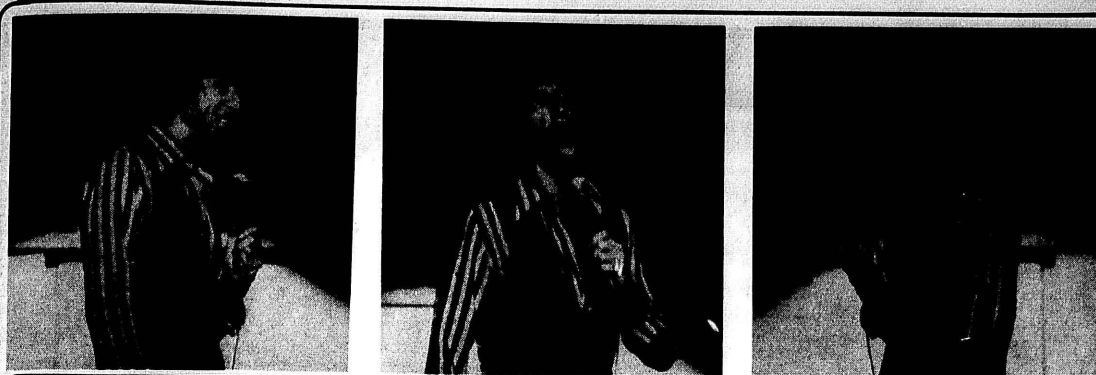
Campus Center 346

at 7:00 PM

For people interested in
working as Student Interns

with Jack Lester,
SA lawyer.

Questions - call 457 - 6542



review

Master of Ad-Lib

By DENNIS SCHEYER

It has been two weeks since the David Brenner concert which, for those of you who missed it, was held in the University Gym before a close to sell-out audience.

Rumor had it that in addition to the usual bleacher seating there were going to be semi-comfortable chairs. They never showed up. No major problem . . . but it would have been nice.

The evening begins as a tall lanky man with a big nose wearing a brown corduroy three-piece suit appeared on the stage. After disposing of the stool (a stand-up comedian to the hilt) Brenner went to work. The audience obviously was psyched for Brenner. Even the opening, "How ya Doin?" got a big laugh.

Brenner had a joke for everything . . . and they were funny too! There were nose jokes, short people jokes, and of course, mother jokes:

Brenner: "But Tony's mother gave him an ice-cream cone!"

Mom: You do everything Tony does! Would you jump off the Empire State Building if Tony did?

Furthermore there were older brother jokes and even older sister jokes. But the best was the speedreading jokes. "What happens when speedreaders get to the funny parts?"

Brenner's metaphors would please many an English comp professor. He told us that his teacher's face was like: "a bouquet of elbows! She even had blue

hair!"

We were told that his appearances on television game shows were not all fun and games. Like the time he was doing word-association on the "The Magic Marble Machine" when he was asked to name an "athletic supporter" and he said "Jock!"

While, a live performance to a college audience is far different from appealing to an audience in their living room, such as his Tonight Show visits, Brenner's appearances in Las Vegas prepared him well for this. He totally succeeded in relating to everyone in the crowded gym.

Unlike a George Carlin or Robert Klein, most of Brenner's material is ad-lib, as in Brenner's case, improvisation is what makes his act unique enough to be successful.

Brenner's onstage manner is best describes as "loose." His routine, which primarily ad-lib, follows a well rehearsed format. Brenner mentioned his upcoming appearance on "The Tonight Show" Dec. 5, 6, and 7th. He told the audience that a majority of the routine they heard that night was new material that he was testing. The audience was the catalyst for what he would use on "Tonight." He thanked them for their help.

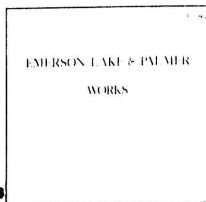
Brenner's performance lasted almost two hours, a long monologue by anyone's standards. Throughout, he kept the audience laughing; the obvious hallmark of any good comedian.

From Us

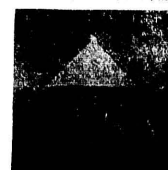
Boz Scaggs \$4.29



ELP - Works Vol. II \$4.29



Earth, Wind & Fire \$4.29



Neil Young - Decade \$7.99



Also :

Beatles Love Songs \$6.39
Best of Grateful Dead \$6.39
Bob Welsh French Kiss \$3.69

All Allman Bros Albums on sale including:
Eat A Peach \$3.79
Live at The Fillmore \$3.39

See our new Classical Section!

Open Mon. Wed. Fri.
12:30-3:30

We close Dec 9th
funded by Student Association

To You! Happy Holidays!

movies

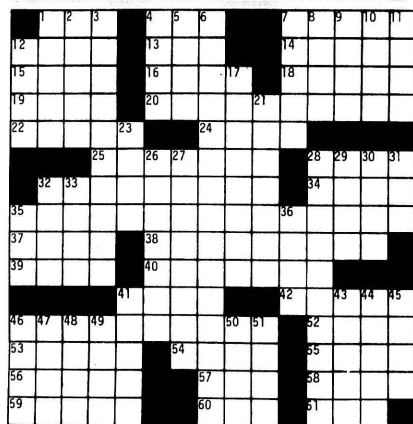
On Campus

Albany State Cinema
 Silent Movie..... Fri., Sat., 7:30, 9:30, LC 18
 Tower East Cinema
 Carrie..... Fri., Sat., 7:30, 10, LC 7
 International Film Group
 Ruggles of Red Gap..... Fri, 7:15, 9:45, LC 1
 THX 1138..... Sat., Sun., 7:15, 9:45, LC 1

Off Campus

Cine 1-6 459-8300
 1. Looking For Mr. Goodbar..... 7, 9:40
 2. & 3. Star Wars..... 7, 9:10
 4. Smokey and the Bandit..... 7:30, 9:30
 5. The Chicken Chronicles..... 6:30, 8:30
 6. Another Man Another Chance..... 6:30, 9
 Cinema 7 785-1625
 First Love..... 7:30, 9:30
 Fox Colonic 459-1020
 1. Oh, God!..... 7, 9
 2. The Boob Tube Strikes Again..... 7:30, 9:20
 Hellman Center 1 & 2 459-2170
 1. Cinderella 2000..... 7:30, 9:30
 2. Darbyogill and the Little People..... 7:15, 9
 Hellman 459-5322
 1. Fun with Dick and Jane..... 7:30
 2. Bobby Deerfield..... 9:10
 Hellman Towne 785-1515
 Heroes..... 7, 9:30
 Mohawk Mall 370-1920
 1. First Love..... 7:30, 9:30
 2. Smokey and the Bandit..... 7:15, 9:15
 3. Oh, God!..... 7, 9

crossword

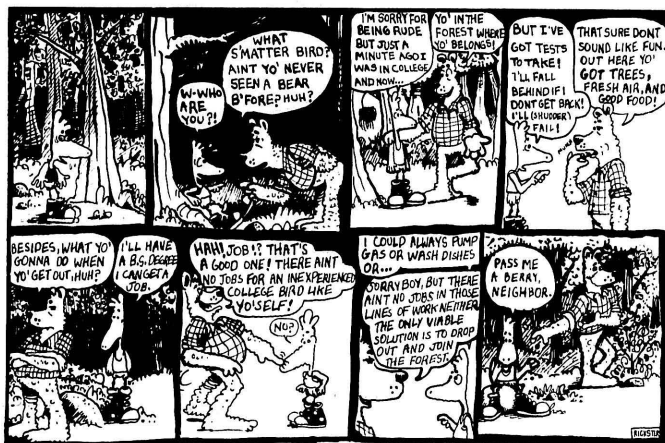


© Edward Julius, 1977 Collegiate CW77-14

ACROSS
 1 Mahal
 4 Title of respect (abbr.)
 7 Groucho's trademark
 12 Nota
 13 College in Brooklyn (abbr.)
 14 Miss Bryant
 15 Mimic
 16 City in Oklahoma
 18 Commenced
 19 Bring up
 20 Making mechanical
 22 Green mineral
 24 Scrouge, for short
 25 As a goose
 28 Small strongly
 32 Change the attitudes of
 34 Miss Adams
 35 Despite
 37 spumante
 38 Dirty analyses (2 wds.)
 39 Aply dweller
 40 Takes lodging (2 wds.)
 41 Skeletal
 42 Big shot
 46 Over and over
 52 Here's mate
 53 Pertaining to birds
 54 Debauchee
 55 Scheme
 56 High IQ society
 57 Nothing
 58 Slangy food
 59 Miss Tompkins
 60 Parapsychologist's field
 61 Type of whiskey
DOWN
 1 Wigwag
 2 Lend
 3 Half of movie team (2 wds.)
 4 Type of school (abbr.)
 5 —Japanese War
 6 Requiring little effort (3 wds.)
 7 Ship room
 8 Don Juan's mother
 9 Partisan musical
 10 — impasse
 11 Called up
 12 Sharp projection
 17 Engage in combat (2 wds.)
 21 Changes chairs
 23 City in New Jersey
 26 Played a better game of basketball
 27 Large beer glass
 28 Fish dish (2 wds.)
 29 Blue-pencil
 30 German numbers
 31 Beer container
 32 Pink wine
 33 Suffix for usher
 35 Arrest
 36 Rhineland refusal
 41 Commonplace
 43 Fasten down
 44 Make a speech
 45 Jonson and Vereen
 46 Hindu deity
 47 — Steven
 48 Half of a table
 49 Facility
 50 Baseball's Titan
 51 Kennel sound



FRED THE BIRD



Say "Ho, Ho, Ho" to your friends and lovers in 15 words or less for only **25¢**

this is it, The Great ASP Personal Giveaway. For only a quarter you can shout it out in the December 13 issue of the ASP.

Just enclose this nifty coupon with any standard personal form and get it to the ASP before Thursday December 8. Hurry!

the BOULEVARD
 corner of Robin St. and Central Ave.
 presents:
Rock & Roll
ROUNDHOUSE
 Fri. & Sat. nights

comment

rate gripe

To the Editor:
 The ASP has slapped all SA groups in the face by raising its ad rates in reaction to the symbolic funding of the four Class Governments. The Class Governments collectively represent as many undergraduates as does Student Association. In the past the ASP would not give ad discounts to the Classes because the ASP was then funded by SA. Since the ASP went independent some time ago, the classes have asked, begged, and argued for the ad discount given to other similar primarily mass programming groups such as the Quad Boards. The Classes agreed to the \$1.00 SA funding in order to get the ad rates we felt that we deserved. In the past Class Governments have had to use MYSKANIA's name to get the ad discount; this practice has been continued this year by the Class of '78 and SA in order to save Class funds. To argue that Class Governments were not worthy of a discount because they are not SA funded is like beating a dead horse.

Class Governments strive to serve the University Community that we all live in; the ASP in raising its ad rates stabbed the University Community in its back. Class Governments have enjoyed a good working relationship with the ASP over the last few years; but the Class Governments should not be used as the scapegoat for a questionable raise in ad rates. Something is rotten at Albany State.

Class of '78, '79, '80, & '81

smoke rude

To the Editor:
 The rudeness of many people is often best expressed in a crowd, where the consideration for others is lost in the name of self-enjoyment. This was painfully apparent at the David Brenner show last Friday. After being forced to stand for an inordinately long time (in some cases, several hours) in an overly crowded place where inconsiderate, impatient people weaseled their way into an advantageous spot in the line they did not deserve, many of us were unable to breathe, let alone move. Imagine our distress and disgust, then, not to be able to breathe the relatively cool and fresh air once we were safely inside the gym because a small minority chose to ignore the bright red "No Smoking" signs on the walls. Many could be seen to be lighting up in the darkness of the gym, disregarding the possibility of choking or igniting their neighbors. Whether the substance in question was tobacco or not is irrelevant. (At gatherings like this, marijuana smokers often feel they are exempt from such rules, temporarily forgetting that this is illegal anyway.) Brenner's good-natured barb pointing at the sign behind him was no help; he, however, was not the one at fault.

Soon it will be illegal to smoke anything in any public place. The enforcement of anti-smoking rules is an imperative if we are to protect our lungs and atmosphere, but it appears that this long-sought after goal is not in sight. Non-smokers must stand up for their rights in all places where smoking, cigarettes or otherwise, is an immediate fire and health hazard. This is apparently not being done in lecture centers and classrooms; buses, and the library, where rudeness threatens your favorite organic chem reference books or Congressional Records to go up in smoke. Tobacco addicts: When you infringe on the rights of others, you relinquish your own. Your right to smoke ends where my lungs begin.

I.R. Davis

fire safety

To the Editor:
 Since all sane people are concerned with their personal safety, it is not unreasonable to assume that they are interested in fire safety procedures. As a resident of the Country Squire Motel, it is my belief that the management's concern for their patron's welfare is minimal. There is cause for alarm despite the fact that the outer and back walls of each room are cinderblock. The walls adjacent to each room are not. There is an active ventilator system, and it runs through the top of each room. In the event of fire, smoke and gases can be readily transferred from room to room. Moreover, there is no alarm system; no buzzers, no bells, no sirens. There is nothing to alert students.

The management has not forgotten us and in a "note to all students," they have provided us with a fire "procedure." The note stresses that in case of fire the student should first evacuate the room. Second, the students in effect become a vocal alarm system and are instructed to call out loudly. The third objective is alert the management "immediately if possible." And lastly, we are to "knock on all doors to awaken sleeping residents." The note goes on to say that if the fire is uncontrollable, "there is a dime taped under the public telephone." We are to use it to call the Fire Department. We are also urged not to remove or steal the dime unless there is an emergency. I personally have not seen the dime. If it is missing, I do not want to be accused of theft.

Any fireman will tell you if a fire cannot be quickly extinguished, by a device readily accessible, to evacuate the building and go for help. Under no circumstances are the country squire has three fire extinguishers, of which none are readily accessible. They are enclosed in three locked rooms. If a student feels that he can put the fire out, he is to run to one of the designated rooms, and since "each room has a

major madness

To the Editor:
 I would like to make a few comments in reference to the "Guest Opinions" article in the Tuesday Nov. 15 issue of the ASP entitled "What's Your Major?" First, let me say that my comments are not directed at the journalist or the article per se. Rather, they focus on two phrases in the article that I feel are indicative of the general attitude of many SUNYA students toward students of biology.

First, the term "Bio Major" is now synonymous with the term "Pre-med." Second, the article seemed to imply that a biology student with good grades is medical school bound while graduate school or indecision is the fate of lower academic achievers. This is simply not the case. There are many fields of biology, and there are many students (including "A" students) who wish to pursue careers in this diverse science.

George P. Chamuris

editorial

Media Blitz

Not since the Australian Sex Baron swept the island of Manhattan has there been such a fury of interest and activity in the newspaper business.

The Tower Tribune will soon be thrown to the lions to make room for the University News, a SUNYA News Bureau/Community Relations Office collaboration. The Season Ticket will appear as a student-run monthly, dedicated to covering women's and intramural sports. And SUNYA's own Baron, SA Vice President Kathy, is working with President Dave Gold on the launching of the SA News, a one page newsletter devoted to, surprisingly enough, SA news.

Add to this the off campus students' newsletter Getting Off, Fuerza Latina's La Voz Del Pueblo, which is presently published within the pages of the ASP, and two new Albany community papers, No Exit Press and downtown's South End Scene, and the result is more avenues of communication than you can shake a pica ruler at. Throw in WCDB-FM next semester, and SUNYA becomes a real media hotbed.

Which is nothing short of fantastic. With a total population of over 20,000, this university can surely support more than one newspaper. And competition is a healthy means of improving the quality and quantity of news coverage on campus.

The University News will be an especially welcome addition to the fold. The ASP is run by students, and covers the news on this campus from a student perspective; it will be interesting to see how the same issues look on the faculty/staff side of the podium. The new weekly will also have its own editorial board, and will hopefully come closer to fulfilling the role of an objective news source than the Trib, generally regarded as an administration mouthpiece.

The Season Ticket should also be interesting to watch, as an alternative entry in the sports field. They'll be publishing monthly, and therefore should have the time to go into more depth in their coverage than the ASP can, with its twice weekly deadlines. Competition, again, should insure that more sports are covered — and covered well.

It is imperative, though, that these papers be spared the fate of the Sandbox, the Albany Statement and the Washington Park Spirit. That's going to require involvement — yours. With such a large selection to choose from, there should be something for everyone.

The Albany Student Press welcomes, with open arms, its journalistic brethren. And wishes them the best of luck.

QUOTE OF THE DAY
 "The ASP only covers what they think is newsworthy."
 SA Vice President Kathy Baron

ASP
 ALBANY STUDENT PRESS

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 Layout: Laurie Glasco
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Employment Opportunity

Camp Dippikill - Intersession (2 positions)

Applications may now be obtained in the SA Office (CC-346) for employment at Camp Dippikill during intersession. Your service will consist of heavy physical labor working in the camp's wood lot felling, cutting and hauling firewood.

The main qualification is that you are in excellent physical condition and willing to work out-of-doors all day.

The job will begin on Monday, January 2 and finish on or before Wednesday, January 18.

We will work ten 8-hour days. The weather will determine days on and days off the job. The pay will be \$220.00. Student tax paying undergraduates only. Room provided but not board; complete kitchen available.

Applications must be returned to CC-346 no later than Wednesday, December 7,

and you will be contacted by phone no later than Friday, December 16, if you have the job.

A complete listing of successful applicants and alternates will be posted in CC-346 on December 16. Interviews required for top applicants.

Won't Get Fooled Again

by Peter S. Levy

The most obvious case is conscious and deliberate. You say something you don't quite mean. You know you don't mean it, but you say it anyhow. This situation describes the deliberate liar. Alternatively, the entire process can take place on a subconscious level. You are truly unaware that your words conflict with your beliefs. In this case, only hindsight can prove the discrepancy.

In this permutation of words, I will describe a process I call "getting fooled". This process can occur anytime, anywhere, involving anyone. It merely presupposes a geographical fault line separating what you honestly believe from what you say, or superficially believe. Thus there are two facets of the "getting fooled" process. The first occurs when you verbalize a thought consciously contrary to your inner belief. The second facet, far more devastating, occurs when you utter belief conflicts with your true, inner belief. You actually believe what it is you are saying or thinking. This is the heart of getting fooled.

There is a delicate line separating those times you are truly getting fooled from those times you're not. If you truly and wholeheartedly believe, from the deepest level of your conscious, what it is you are saying, or what it is that you are thinking to yourself, then of course you are not being fooled. It is those times when you think you believe your conscious thoughts, but there is a small margin of hesitation or doubt in the back of your mind, that you leave yourself open to be fooled.

Karl Marx said that profit is accrued in the production of a commodity, but realized only when that commodity is sold. In a similar manner, you fool yourself at the time your outer-belief first diverges from your inner, but you only realize that when you "come to terms" with yourself, when you accept your inner belief. It is at this point of comprehension that you finally realize you've

been fooled by yourself. There is no other to blame, and no amount of rationalization can alter the truth.

Coming to terms with yourself is a conscious clearing experience because it removes that margin of doubt in the back of your mind. You have faith in your true belief, and faith in yourself. However, this conscious clearing probably first surfaces as confusion when you don't really know what you believe. That's one of the reasons it's hard to come to terms. Another is that you just may not want to face your true belief. It may be painful to do so, or your true belief may not be desirable to you. For example, you may state, and even superficially believe, that you are not

prejudice. You may even pride yourself on being non-judgemental. Deep inside, however, prejudice can exist. Being consciously aware that you are prejudice would conflict with your superficial belief, so you may try to suppress your true, inner belief.

You may seek justification by saying that it is a human trait which compels individuals to avoid discovering their true beliefs when it may be difficult or painful to do so. It is easier to trust your outer thought and be content, than discover your inner thought and be forced to come to terms with yourself. This would be true if you could fool yourself indefinitely, never discovering your true belief. In these circumstances, the outer belief will never conflict with the inner. However, I believe it is nearly impossible for this inner-

The duration of the inner-outer conflict is in outer conflict to never surface. Sooner or

direct proportion to the pain the realization process embosses. The longer the inner belief remains subdued, the more imbedded the outer belief becomes. It then becomes harder and harder to accept the inner belief, and its final acceptance will be an arduous task.

In the last analysis, there are no benefits to getting fooled. Being fooled into a belief only shadows your true belief, it does not replace it. You cannot remove the doubt in your mind until you accept your inner belief. Coming to terms with yourself may be difficult, painful, and hard to face, but it will lead to a more confident individual who is sure of his beliefs.

These ideas are merely those of one individual expressing his inner thought. They cannot be considered facts, and can be accepted or rejected by the reader. As you judge these ideas, be true to yourself. It is all too easy to fool yourself and be content.

The Student-University Contract

When a student enrolls in a college or university he enters into a contractual arrangement with that institution. The consideration from the student is the payment of tuition and fees and the promise to abide by reasonable regulations, and from the school comes provision of academic and other services. The terms of the contract are found in the relevant provisions in school catalogues, bulletins, and other printed material, representations of school agents, and customs and traditions.

The nature of a breach can run the gamut of abuses, as almost all elements of the student-school relationship are covered by the terms of this partially written contract whose terms are pieced together by collecting various written and oral representations of the school. To recover on this theory, the student alleges a breach of contract by the school that harms him.

Examples of frequent institutional abuses that would give rise to valid student claims

Editor's Note: Part of a series on student legal problems by SA legal advisor Jack Lester.

occur when courses that are promised to be offered periodically are not offered when promised, if at all.

Professors who are supposed to teach certain courses or at certain times never do so.

Courses are abruptly cancelled in mid-term. A school fails to give its students the type of intellectually stimulating, quality education they desire. A professor, through inadvertence or intention, offers a course that could only be considered of no value to the students.

Significant raises in tuition or fee changes after a student has enrolled are effectively forced down a student's throat, since he is too far along to change his plans (i.e., the health fee).

Written statements in materials such as school catalogues will constitute most of the terms of the student-university contract but oral representations of school agents can also become an element of the contract.

Students can avoid particularly harsh aspects of the student-school contractual relationship by applying the concept of contracts of adhesion. "Standardized contracts drafted by powerful commercial

units or institutions and put before individuals on the 'accept this or get nothing' basis are carefully scrutinized by the courts for the purpose of avoiding enforcement of 'unconscionable' clauses." The most likely recovery under this approach would be for onerous refund policies, loosely resembling penalties which are generally disallowed in contract law. A student would thus be able to receive his entire deposit less actual damages incurred by the school. Many aspects of the housing contract that violate a student's constitutional rights would thus be unenforceable based on this theory. This applies specifically to the university's policy of "warrantless" dormitory searches or inspections.

Policies that refuse to compensate students for property damages caused by the university's negligence would also be unenforceable.

University officials and students must be aware that with each new term a new contract is entered into, with rights and obligations flowing to each group.

KWANZA WEEKEND

EOPSA presents

RAMSEY LEWIS

in concert at
Page Hall
on

Friday December 3, 1977
9:00 pm

\$4.00 w/ID

\$6.00 w/out

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PERFORMING ARTS CENTER THE UNIVERSITY AT ALBANY
7:30 & 9:30 PM

DEDICATED TO THOSE
WHO DARE TO LIVE...

A CHOREOPOEM BY CHRISTOPHER N. BUSH
DIRECTED AND CHOREOGRAPHED BY JAMES E. PARKER

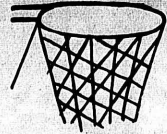
ON THE NOOSE
by SMOCEK
THE HARMFULNESS
of TOBACCO
BY ANTON CHEKHOV

DIRECTED BY JARKA BURIAN

FREE pick up tickets at box office one hour
before curtain
presented by EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE
FUNDED BY STUDENT ASSOCIATION

TELETHON '78

STUDENT-FACULTY BASKETBALL GAME



friday-december 2
8:30 pm in the gym

50¢ ADMISSION

Prof. Bishko
Prof. Bonawitz
Prof. Oliver
John Welty
David Gold
Mike Lissner
Kevin Kruger
Glen Courounis
Lenny Goldman

Bob Shirley
Prof. Zitomer
Prof. Jacklett
James Volkwein
Mr. Jones
Coach Ford
Denny Elkin
Jesse Sellers
Brad Biggs

Pep Band & Cheerleaders

Tower East Cinema



7:30

and

10:00 PM.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY
December 2-3

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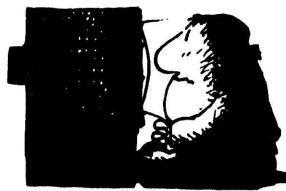
\$ 1.25 w/out

LC - 7

Funded by SA

Cable T.V. for SUNYA

On Monday Dec. 5th & 6th SA will be distributing an opinion poll on the support for Cable T.V. on campus. If you want to see Cable T.V. for SUNYA please return this poll. We need a big response. Your answers are highly valuable.



questions or comments contact: Brian Levy 7-8797

or Rich Riccoboro 7-8756

Funded by SA

Thoughts on Sports

Oh, So Close

by Eddie Emerman

Last Saturday in Chester, Pa., the curtains fell on the Albany State football team. Behind those curtains were 40 football players and a coaching staff whose hopes for a national championship were shot down by the Widener Pioneers.

The Danes fell one game short of a chance at an NCAA Division III crown. It wasn't the 33-15 loss itself that hurt the most, but rather the circumstances that contributed to it. All year round, the offensive unit managed to stay injury-free. The defense was the one that was hurting during the year.

But the injuries finally caught up with the offense. And in big bundles. First, their leading rusher Sam Hallston didn't even dress for the game. Then Glenn Sowalskie, the other running back, got knocked out of action early in the game. And topping that off, the Danes' leader, quarterback Brad Aldrich, was sent to the sidelines and he never returned.

Anytime a team loses three fourths of its starting backfield, it has to be weakened. I don't care what team it is.

And adding insult to injury, the conditions the game was played in were just not conducive to Albany's style of play. The game was played in the mud with a 40 mile-per-hour wind. Ironically, the Danes' only other loss of the year, on opening day, came on a day when the winds were just as strong. Maybe Albany should play their games in the Astrodome.

But don't look down on the team. True, they won't be in Alabama tomorrow, or on national television, but this team has given this school something to be proud of. Exceptionally proud.

No other Albany team has gone as far as the football team has.

All the players should be commended for the dedication. Every afternoon they were on the field practicing, rain or shine. And much of it was rain. Many evenings they would spend in the football office watching films. That is dedication.

And don't forget the coaching staff. While head Coach Bob Ford receives most of the credit, (head coaches either get praised or blamed) he didn't do it by himself. His assistants, 12 of them, were busy all year scouting and working with the players. This is a real class organization.

And the fans deserve some credit, too. Two of the three home games were unfortunately played in rain this year, but that didn't stop the fans from coming out. And when the team returned from its victory over Hampden-Sydney, 200 fans mobbed the team at the airport.

As for next year, the coaching staff is not just sitting around thinking a repeat performance is a guarantee. The coaches have begun recruiting high school players that hopefully will fill the nine vacant spots which will appear next year because of graduation.

But no matter what happens next year, 1977 will be remembered as the year that Albany almost became a national champ.

Women Swimmers Lose 77-54

by Karen Croke

The Albany State women's swimming team lost to Hartwick College 77-54, Wed. at University Pool as Hartwick won ten of 15 events.

Kim Thunon, Albany team co-captain, maintained her winning ways, by capturing the 200-yard individual medley as she led through all eight laps. She finished the race ten seconds ahead of her Hartwick opponent.

Kathy Barry, another outstanding swimmer this season, finished first in the 100-yard freestyle.

Kathy Buerger added another first-place finish for Albany in the 50-yard freestyle event. Buerger swam a very tight race with Sue Harrison of Hartwick in the 50-yard freestyle event. But, she pulled ahead in the second lap and captured the win.

In the diving competition, Charlene "Chuck" Griswold and Suzy Fontrier kept up their monopoly on first and second-place honors.

Griswold earned first place in both the required and optional diving events while Fontrier followed with a second place finish in the required event and third in the optional competition.

There were some very close races in which Albany swimmers missed a victory by a slim margin. Diana Pitts swam a very good race in the 50-yard backstroke, but was beaten by just a few seconds by Heather Scudder of Hartwick. Theresa Holtsberry lost the 50-yard breaststroke in the final few feet.

Last Saturday, the Great Danes



UPS/TANTA ANN HARVEY

The Albany State women's swimming squad was defeated by Hartwick 77-54 Wednesday. Team's record is now 3-3.

competed in a tri-meet at Oneonta State where they placed second. Oneonta won the meet with Skidmore placing last.

Albany was only able to garner first-place finishes in four events, the 100-yard butterfly, the 100-yard individual medley and the required and optional one-meter diving events.

Outstanding Swimmer

Thunon was the outstanding swimmer for Albany winning the 100-yard butterfly event, while losing by inches to her Oneonta competitor later in the meet in the 50-yard individual medley and taking a close second in the 100-yard freestyle event.

Both Griswold and Fontrier con-

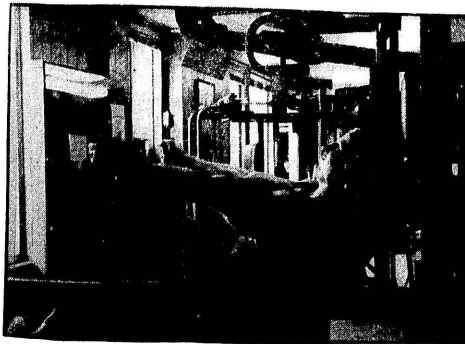
tinued their diving success in the meet. Griswold captured two first-place finishes while Fontrier took second in these events.

Patty Dillon, the other Albany diver and team co-captain, is still recovering from a leg injury she suffered while diving in a previous meet. According to her coach, Jackie Gillis, Dillon may be back in the lineup before the season's end.

On Nov. 17, Albany defeated Cobleskill 82-48 winning 11 of 15 events at University Pool.

Individually, the team had four double-first place winners in Barry, Holtsberry, Thunon and Griswold. Tomorrow, the 3-3 Danes host McGill University. The meet begins at 11 a.m. at University Pool.

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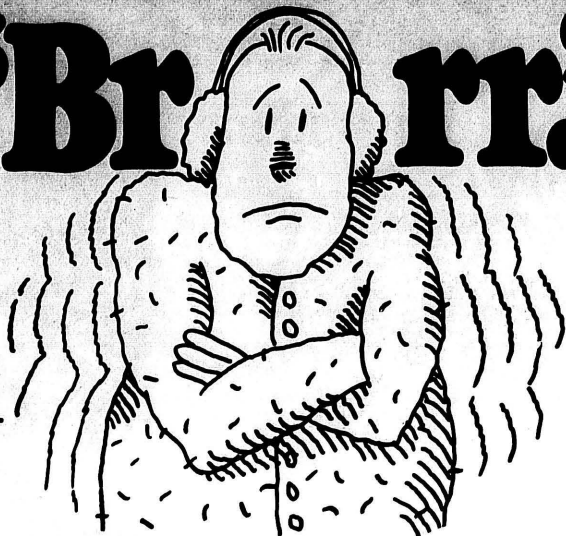
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PAGE SEVENTEEN

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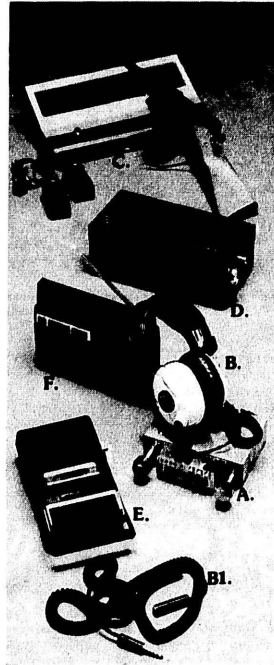
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Ex Comp Lit Prof Files Suits

by M.J. Memmott

Suits naming the SUNY Board of Trustees and various SUNYA administrators have been filed in State Supreme Court by former SUNYA Comparative Literature Professor Judith Leibowitz.

The suits revolve around the tenure proceedings of Leibowitz in the late 1974 and early 1975, which one former Comparative Literature professor termed an "embarrassing mess" for the administration. The main defendant in the Leibowitz suits is former Comparative Literature Chairman Joseph Szoverffy, now employed in Washington D.C., was the Chairman of the department when Leibowitz came up for tenure in December of 1974.

Also named in the suits are former SUNY Chancellor Ernest Boyer; former SUNYA President S. Louis Benezet and Emmett Fields; former SUNYA Vice President of Academic Affairs Phillip Sirotkin; and former Dean of Humanities Ruth Schmidt. The first of these suits was filed by

Leibowitz against Szoverffy alone. In the suit, she charges that Szoverffy was notified by SUNYA as to the rules and procedures of the various stages in the tenure process, and that he ignored these rules "by reason of his malicious and wanton intent to prevent the plaintiff [Leibowitz] from obtaining continuing appointment." Leibowitz also contends that Szoverffy knew that if she were not granted tenure, she would lose her job at SUNYA.

Leibowitz charges that, in connection with the first department meeting held to consider her candidacy for tenure, Szoverffy failed to notify her of the date of the meeting; prevented the member of the department with the most knowledge of her work from attending; did not notify the student representative until three months later; failed to give department members specifications of the procedures to be followed; did not supply any analysis of student evaluations; underrated a book she had written and did not provide her file to members of the department or

herself; and threatened her with reprisals if she pursued efforts to obtain another departmental review of her case.

She went on to state in the suit that following the meeting, Szoverffy sent his recommendations in a letter which was deliberately predated to "create the impression that the candidate's request for a new meeting was too late." Leibowitz contends that a request she made for a new meeting was well within the time limit.

As the tenure process moved through various levels, Leibowitz contends, Szoverffy continued to "deliberately and maliciously undermine the process." She charges that he removed documents from her dossier, and inserted fraudulent ones. Leibowitz also claims that Szoverffy sought reviews of her book from people subject to his influence, and then denied having done so.

In addition, she charges Szoverffy with intimidating members of committees considering her candidacy.



Former SUNYA Vice President of Academic Affairs Phillip Sirotkin is among those administrators named in the lawsuits involving tenure proceedings in the Comparative Literature Department.

Finally, she asserts that Szoverffy threatened to sue the SUNYA administration in an effort to prevent them from taking an impartial look at her candidacy.

Leibowitz goes on to say that in numerous instances, Szoverffy lied in order to defame her character. In the suit, Leibowitz demands judgement in the amount of \$100,000.

After Leibowitz's suit was filed, Szoverffy filed an answer and countersuit for \$250,000, in which he denies every allegation filed against him, only admitting that some of the quotes attributed to him were true.

Szoverffy's suit goes on to point the finger away from himself in the final responsibility for handling the case: "Any liability which may exist lies against the ultimate decision-makers within the State University of New York at Albany and not against defendant [Szoverffy] who was without any power to make or participate in the ultimate decisions about which plaintiff [Leibowitz] complains."

Szoverffy also says in his defense that on April 7, 1975, Leibowitz published a 40-page statement which showed malice towards him. In that statement, Leibowitz outlined her view of the case, which included

SA Delays Stipend Payments

by Matthew Cox

Although guidelines for an SA stipend allocation procedure were passed almost two months ago, leaders of SA-funded groups who are seeking stipends still haven't received any money.

Delays in appointing people to a nine-member stipend committee, which determines who will get stipends and how much will be given, were attributed in by SA officials in part to confusion over when the committee was to start operating.

Guidelines for the establishment of a stipend committee — part of a plan to make SA stipend policy clearer — were passed by Central Council on Oct. 14.

Central Council Chairman Mike Lissner said the final appointments to the committee will probably go before Central Council for approval

tomorrow.

SA President David Gold, who appoints one member of the committee, released a memorandum yesterday giving the names of the four persons nominated by the SA Executive Committee. Five other appointments have already been approved.

Gold said the nominations weren't made earlier because he had been under the impression that the SA committee wouldn't be formed until next semester.

Central Council member Abbie Havkins, who chairs the SA Internal Affairs Committee that developed the guidelines, acknowledged that the committee formation had been "very slow."

"We may have been neglectful in not putting a time limit on when the committee had to be formed,"

Havkins said. He also attributed the delay to the number of people who make individual appointments.

Under the guidelines, each of the four members of the SA Executive Committee chooses students to serve on the stipend committee.

Lissner said the committee will seek applications from those seeking stipends in the remaining weeks of school, and review those applications over intercession.

"The stipend committee itself should meet within a week or two after the semester starts," he said.

The SA Budget Committee last semester removed all stipend allocations from the SA budget.

continued on page two



Class of '78 President Gary Bennett sent a mailgram to former Class of '78 President Marc Benecke which added a penalty clause of \$117 to Benecke's proposal for paying back \$2600 to the Class of '78.

Benecke Refuses Penalty Clause

by Denise Lenci

Former Class of '78 President Marc Benecke has refused to accept the addition of a penalty clause to his proposal to pay the class \$2,600, which he was accused of stealing.

Class of '78 President Gary Bennett sent a mailgram to Benecke last Thursday accepting Benecke's proposal to pay \$600 on Dec. 1 and \$400 each first of the month through May 1, but added the condition of a penalty clause stipulating that Benecke would have to pay \$117 if he missed a payment.

Benecke said yesterday that he had not yet received Bennett's mailgram, but that he would not accept the penalty clause.

"They're making things difficult when they don't have to be," he said.

The proposed Dec. 1 payment has not been received by the Class of '78. According to Bennett, there is no legal binding to the Dec. 1 date. Benecke said he had not sent the first payment because of the penalty

clause controversy.

Benecke said he sent a mailgram to Dean for Student Affairs Neil Brown stating that he would not accept the proposal.

Brown said yesterday, "To the best of my knowledge I haven't received the mailgram."

Bennett, who had not heard of Benecke's mailgram either, had no comment.

According to Bennett, SA legal representative Jack Lester is drawing up a legally binding promissory note, including the penalty clause. The note would have to be signed by both Benecke and Bennett in the presence of a notary public. Benecke said he had no objection to signing a note if the penalty clause was omitted.

According to Brown, "It is Gary Bennett's and the Class of '78's responsibility to work out a promissory note, and up to Marc whether or not to sign." Brown would receive the

payments begin, said he had no opinion on the penalty clause.

Benecke was accused last year of taking \$3000 from the Class of '78 treasury while serving as president. Benecke was tried and acquitted in October of this year in Albany County Court, of Third Degree Grand Larceny.

Benecke said he feels an obligation to pay back the money.

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