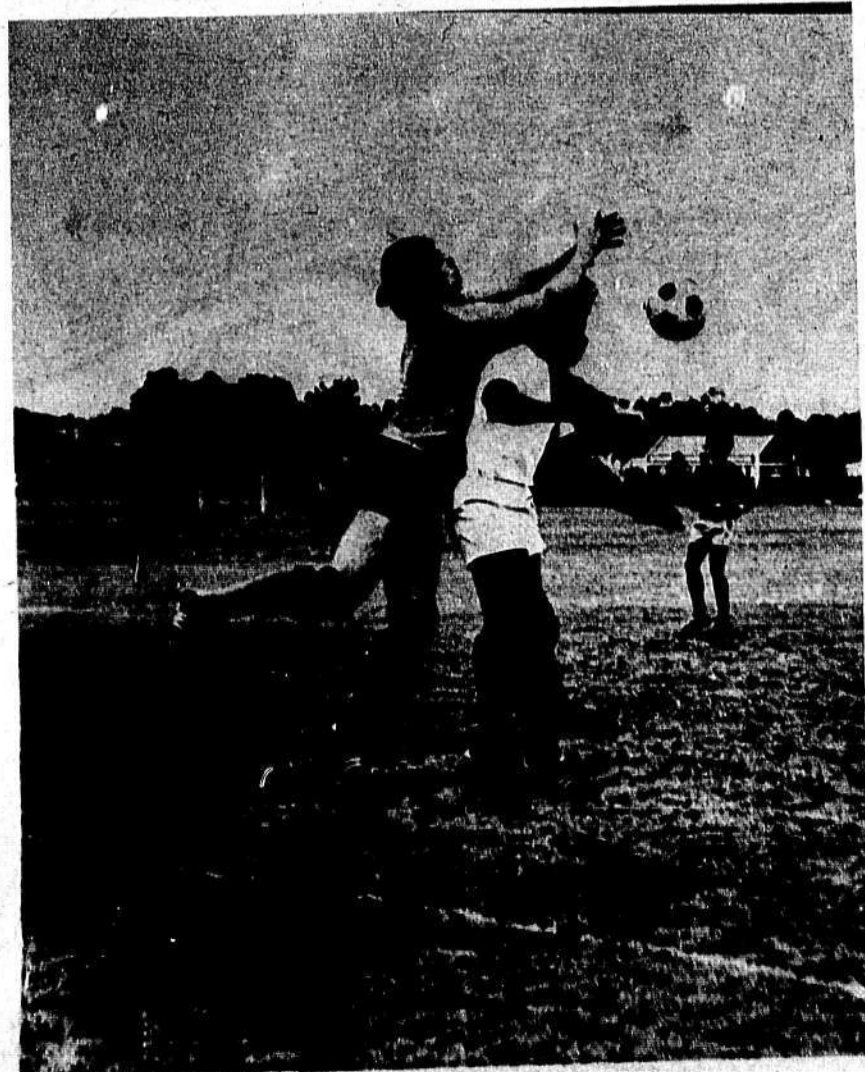


Booters Extend Streak pg. 14

Batmen Fail Again pg. 15



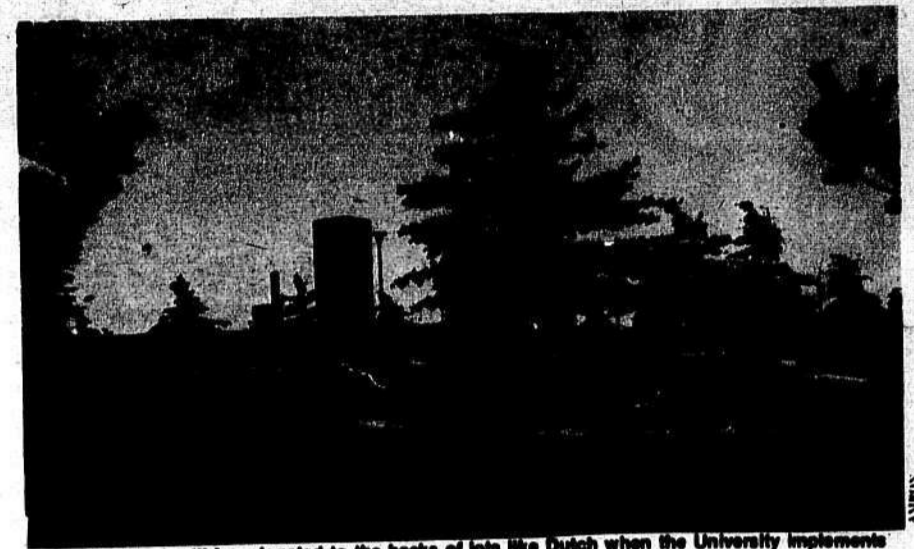
The Albany Soccer team continued their winning ways Wednesday. Above: An outstretched New Paltz goalie cannot stop Bob Schiegel's winning goal. Below Left: The Danes continue to press the goalie. Below right: New Paltz in a rare spurt of offense. More on the game on page 14.



Students Relegated to the Back Lot by OER

The segregated parking system is "forthcoming in the very near future."

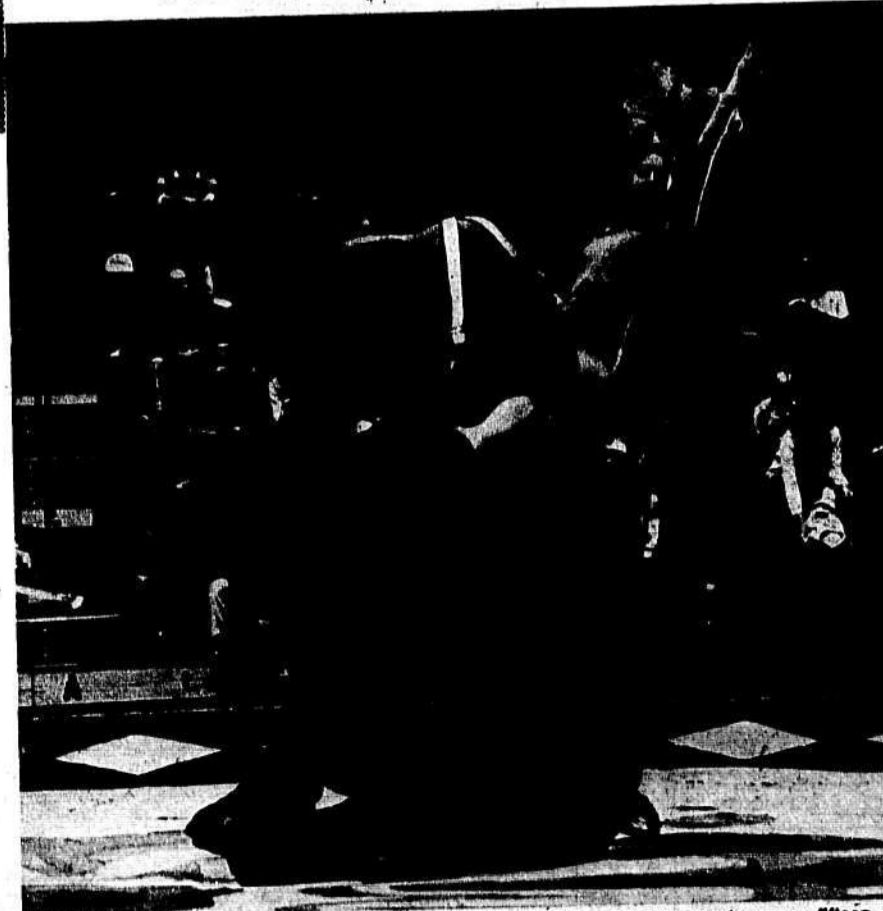
by Mike Sens
The contemporary maxim that students are the new niggers of the world has again been validated with the reinstatement of reserved parking for both faculty and staff. Vice President for University Affairs Lewis Welch has been forced to revert to last year's reserved parking system because of an agreement worked out between the United University Professions (UUP) and the Governor's Office of Employee Relations. Assistant Vice-President of University Affairs Sorrell Chesin said that the segregated parking system is "forthcoming in the very near future." All that is lacking is the Administrative go-ahead. Student Association leaders believe that last year's University Senate decision to have first-come, first-served parking should be binding because the Senate is the "duly-elected" campus governing body. The controversy started fourteen months ago when a student parking strike initiated by Central Council led to the Senate's decision. Under the previous system resident students were relegated to the rear of the State and Dutch lots, commuters had the middle section and faculty



Student cars will be relegated to the backs of lots like Dutch when the University implements segregated parking.

and staff had the section closest to the podium. At that time, the lots on State and Dutch were the only paved parking lots on the quads. Through a complicated network of appeals, members of the UUP, formerly the Senate Professional Association (SPA), filed a grievance to have the reserved system reinstated. The union contended that open parking violates part of their State-SPA Agreement. The union explained that open parking diminishes and impairs a "benefit or privilege" provided them by law without "prior notice of SPA." The Senate Professional Association, under the terms of their contract, appealed the University Senate's decision to President Benetz's office. The SUNYA President designated Assistant Vice President of University Affairs Sorrell Chesin to be in charge of the appeal. Chesin found SPA's grievance invalid. He explained that the faculty's right to parking had not been impaired because members could still have access to the same parking lots as before. Chesin said that the use of parking facilities is not a "benefit or privilege provided by law." The union then appealed to SUNY Central, under Chancellor Boyer's office. Boyer's office also supported the students' position over the union. The union, adamant on their demand for segregated parking, appealed to the Governor's Office of Employee Relations (OER). OER at first ruled along with the previous body, saying that specific rules for parking are up to the University and that the University Senate has the right to consult with all "interested parties" before making its decision. Pat Buchalter, the former Albany chapter President of the United University Profession explained that the union was intent in appealing their grievance to the highest level, an outside, independent agency, with binding arbitration. However, the UUP didn't have to appeal to an independent arbitrator because the Office of Employee Relations, for unknown reasons, backtracked and sided with the union, wanting segregated lots. Speculating why the Governor's office reversed itself, Student Association Vice-President Ira Birnbaum said, "OER decided that students are not worth the effort." Birnbaum explained that OER "didn't want to have to defend its decision before an arbitrator." However, former UUP leader Buchalter offered a different theory. "We would probably have won in arbitration so the Governor's office pulled back."

Circus Comes to Town



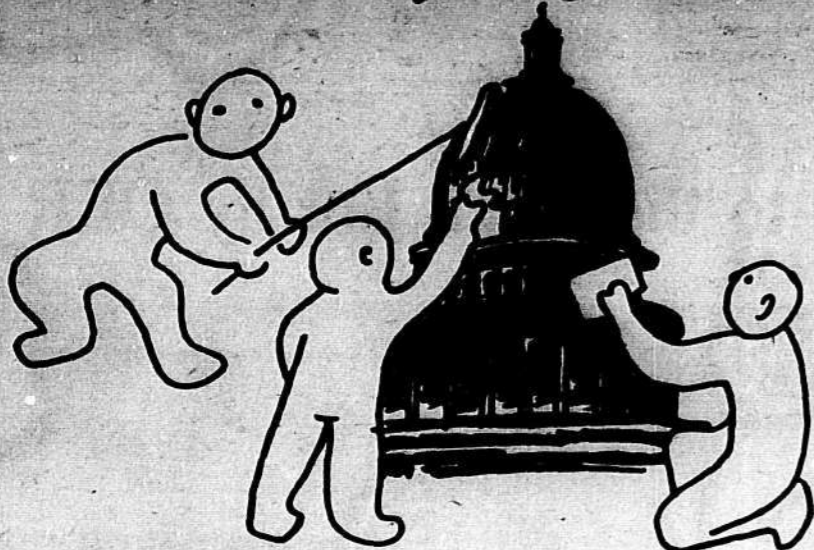
The Hannelford Circus came. It wasn't as mysterious as we had hoped. The story is on page fifteen.

"Equal protection under the law? Apparently blacks and whites may be the same but not students and faculty"

Buchalter explained that all appeals are "vested interests." The President's office, SUNY Central are all part of management, explained Buchalter. The union was "suspicious" of these organizations, she noted. The OER was a "bargaining thing," said Buchalter. The "hitch was they didn't think we would take it all the way" to outside arbitration, said Buchalter. She noted that when the Employee Office found out that we were determined, they changed their minds. SA President Pat Curran said he thought OER's decision was "arbitrary." He added that it "sounds pretty suspicious." "There's a general feeling of faculty, at least in

and Planning John Hartley said that on the new segregated parking system. "I don't know if this is an irreconcilable type of thing." "As it stands now we really have to implement it. However, if there were a change of heart, then maybe there's a chance that something can be done," said Hartley. OER could not be reached for comment. On this issue students and Administration are on the same side. Concerning the Senate's decision in March 1973 for open parking, Hartley said, "I have seen nothing to change my mind — the wish of the University community" is for open parking. "The directive for reserved parking will probably come from Hartley's office in the near future."

Common Cause Lobbyist Urges Clean-Up



Jack Moskowitz, a Washington D.C. Common Cause lobbyist, will be in Albany on Wednesday, October 16, to discuss "Citizen Action in Government Reform". At 12:10 p.m. he will speak at Chancellor's Hall in the N.Y.S. Education Building, Washington Avenue. The lecture will be repeated at 8 p.m. in Lecture Center 2 at the State University of New York at Albany, in the Academic Podium's lower level. The lectures are free and the public is invited.

Mr. Moskowitz is a member of the legislative staff and a registered lobbyist for Common Cause. He plans and implements the organization's lobbying strategy for energy matters and tax reform legislation. Mr. Moskowitz specializes in the proceedings of the U.S. Senate, and is considered a leading Washington authority on tax reform. Most recently, he has rallied support for campaign finance reform on Capitol Hill, and co-authored a Common Cause report about this reform.

Prior to joining Common Cause on 1970, Mr. Moskowitz worked with the Urban Coalition Action Council. From May 1969 to January 1970 he served as executive Director of the National Committee for Tax Justice. From 1965 to 1969 he was Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Civil Rights and Industrial

Relations.

A native of Huntington Woods, Michigan, Mr. Moskowitz is a graduate of Wayne State University and of Wayne State University College of Law.

"Mr. Moskowitz's lectures in Albany are part of Common Cause's Campaign '74 program for government reform," according to Mrs. Phoebe Bender, the citizens' lobby chairman for the Capital District. "Common Cause's federal legislative proposals to reduce the power of money and secrecy in government will be explained. These include: cleaning up elections, spotlighting lobbyists, reducing conflicts of interest, taking politics out of the Justice Department, making decisions in public, and reforming Congress."

"Common Cause uses citizen action to inject these issues into every congressional election race," Mrs. Bender continued. "While others are busy seeking to influence elections, Common Cause members will work hard to influence candidates to support our issues. Mr. Moskowitz will describe Common Cause's use of issue politics to seek candidate's support for reform proposals.

He will focus on the importance of these issues as the best way to restore integrity in government."

ROME (AP) Amintore Fanfani, a staunch anti-Communist Catholic leader, got the nod Monday to form a new government to try to bail Italy out of its political and economic crisis without Communist participation.

President Giovanni Leone called on the 66-year old Fanfani, a four-time ex-premier and secretary general of the dominant Christian Democratic party, after 11 days of uncertainty about Italy's political course.

Premier Mariano Rumor resigned Oct. 3, creating a vacuum that many Italians speculated could only be filled by bringing Italy's big Communist party into the government. Fanfani's appointment appeared to end this possibility, at least for the present.

However, in a statement issued after his appointment Fanfani said the situation before him was "not encouraging."

He said he would "insist initially" on trying to revive the center-left coalition of Catholics and Socialists whose breakup brought down Rumor. Rumor, like all Italian premiers since 1945, is a Christian Democrat.

The center-left coalition broke apart over the insistence of the Socialist Party, the second largest coalition partner, to give the Communists a role in solving Italy's worst postwar economic crisis. The Italian Communist party, the largest in the West, has been kept out of power since the war.

WASHINGTON (AP) President Ford today vetoed legislation to cut off U.S. military aid to Turkey, declaring the measure would force the United States to withdraw from Cyprus peace negotiations and jeopardize the NATO alliance.

His veto of the measure, which also continued appropriations for several key government agencies, was expected. So is an attempt by Congress to override his action before taking an election recess.

Ford used strong language in his message returning the measure to Congress without his approval.

"I take this step with great reluctance, but in the belief I have no other choice," he said. "... it is an act which is harmful even to these it purports to help."

LAS VEGAS, Nevada (AP) Former Supreme Court Justice Arthur J. Goldberg on Monday compared Nelson Rockefeller's admission of responsibility for a derogatory book about Goldberg to former President Richard M. Nixon's acceptance of responsibility for Watergate.

Goldberg said he welcomed an opportunity to testify before renewed hearings on Rockefeller's confirmation as vice president.

Goldberg said Rockefeller's apology about the book was "very reminiscent of another statement" in which Nixon once said he would take "full responsibility for the Watergate affair."

"He [Rockefeller] owes an apology to the American people," Goldberg told a news conference. "What is needed is a complete statement of the facts."

MIAMI, Fla. (AP) American diplomat Barbara Hutchinson arrived in the United States Monday, saying she has no qualms about returning next week to her job in the Dominican Republic, where she was held captive by pro-Communist kidnapers for 12 days.

"Oh, I have no anxiety about going back," said the tall, thin and freckled Miss Hutchinson, 47. She will first spend a 10 day vacation in Florida.

"It was sort of a fluke-type of kidnaping anyway, and I get the choice of going back there or somewhere else, but I love the country and there are many things I still plan to do there."

The veteran foreign service officer said her only worry was that the U.S. embassy would assign a bodyguard to her. "I sure wouldn't want that," she said with a smile.

NEW YORK (AP) Gov. Malcolm Wilson and Rep. Hugh Carey, in the first debate of the gubernatorial campaign, clashed Monday over Wilson's pledge to veto any future improvements in public employee pensions.

Wilson called pensions "a time bomb" that could bankrupt government, and said they should be taken off the collective bargaining table. Carey said the state needed to decide "what we can afford," but declined to rule out any improvements in benefits.

In the 2½ hour debate at the *New York Times*, the two men argued heatedly, each man frequently interrupting the other. Carey scowled across the table at Wilson throughout the session; Wilson alternately scowled and laughed when he wanted to ridicule something Carey had said.

NEW YORK (AP) Leaders of the country's transit systems were urged Monday to personally ask their congressmen to pass the federal mass transit bill that would for the first time provide operating monies for their lines. Rep. Joseph G. Minish, D-N.J., a sponsor of the bill, told a meeting of 1,500 members of the American Transit Association:

"Get to your member of Congress now, before the November election and get a commitment from him... I am only one vote."

Minish said the \$11.8 billion bill, currently in the rules committee, has excellent chances of enactment this year, save for one hurdle involving "petty jealousies on the part of a very few but powerful House members..."

NEW YORK (AP) A federal mediator kept negotiators working Monday despite the Columbus Day holiday as 4,500 Teamsters striking United Parcel Service remained idle for the 40th day.

But the strike of drivers, helpers and sorters against the downstate operations of the national distribution service lumbered along with the end still not in sight.

"We're still talking," Hezekiah Brown, a commissioner of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, said during an afternoon pause in that talks, at an unpublicized location in the city.



Watergate Unravels

(AP) A short, stocky young man with wavy black hair and a broad smile leaned on a lectern Monday and began to unravel the prosecution's charges in the Watergate cover-up trial.

That beginning fell to Richard Ben-Veniste, who charged that the conspiracy "involved the participation of former President Richard M. Nixon."

Ben-Veniste, who was three years old when Nixon made his first successful campaign for Congress in 1946, recounted the now familiar story of the Watergate break-in and cover-up.

His voice was firm and strong as he delivered the government's opening statement against one of the most stellar casts of criminal defendants in America's history.

The men he was accusing were all older; John N. Mitchell is nearly twice his 31 years, a lawyer who made it big in the bond market.

He did not rail, he did not gesture; indeed the delivery was almost in a slouch.

The spotlight was Ben-Veniste's, all eyes were turned to the squat figure in rimless glasses. Behind him, looking past his back to the jury, were the men whose freedom and reputations are on the line.

Mitchell, twice manager of Richard Nixon's successful campaigns and his law and order attorney general.

Haldeman, who had left a successful advertising agency career to a rise in the political world with Nixon when Ben-Veniste was still going to Columbia University School of Law.

John D. Ehrlichman, a lawyer who was an advance man for Nixon by the time Ben-Veniste finished a criminal law fellowship program.

Robert C. Mardian, who was a Justice Department official and Kenneth W. Parkinson, a partner in a successful Washington law firm, long before Ben-Veniste began his rapid rise in the Justice Department.

Ben-Veniste told the jury the cover-up first began by an attempt to deny official knowledge but "mere denials were not sufficient and false explanations were necessary to sustain this line."

Repeatedly, he said the men at the top were trying to portray the Watergate burglars as "people off on a lark of their own."

Student Ballot Applications Heavy

SABU

Some county Boards of Elections report receipt of up to 60 student absentee ballot applications per day—particularly from Binghamton and Buffalo—despite complex absentee voter registration and balloting provisions in the State Election Law, the lack of a standard absentee ballot application form, and some confusion among Board of Election workers.

Student Governments at Buffalo State and SUNY Binghamton have launched voting drives, and eight other campus student governments will begin similar drives immediately.

The Binghamton Student Government has distributed to each student postcards which request that the students home county Board of Elections send the student an absentee ballot application. SABU has distributed voting information to students through campus newspapers, and has now discovered that absentee ballot applications are not required to be notarized. The Election Law states that they "may be" notarized.

Both Hugh Carey and the Republican State Committee have urged that a standard absentee ballot application form for New York State be adopted and that County Boards of Elections accept each other's application forms in the interim.

The Carey for Governor Campaign urged student governments to begin voting drives and has reminded all county Boards of Elections that the New York State Board of Elections asks that they accept applications from other counties.

All the counties have pledged to do so, but there has been some confusion. A worker in the Albany County Board of Elections said October 8 that his Board would not accept application forms from another county because they are usually a different color and would be voided. An Albany county Election Commissioner later that the worker "didn't know" and that he was "just

Affirmative Action for Equality

by Pat Sakal

The Affirmative Actions program extends equal opportunities to all students in areas such as counseling, financial aid, athletics, activities, placement, and standards of admission. The program tries to take some positive action to ease discrimination.

The program is also involved in the hiring of professors. Affirmative Actions tries to seek out good personnel that will reflect the diversity

of American life—different races, creeds, sexes, to create a well-balanced work force in the University, said the director of the program, Dolores Barracan Schmidt. For example, instead of just advertising in the *New York Times*, which will only reach a certain type of population, the program advertises in feminist, Black, Indian, and other minority newspapers, Schmidt explained. She noted that the program means a policy of "no secrecy" in seeking

applicants. Schmidt believes that a University community is in a unique position because it has the power to change what may be wrong within it.

Schmidt explained it is the University's job to ask, "Why are there no women applying for a job, for example, as a Physics teacher?" She interprets this by saying there must be something within that particular department which inhibits women from applying for such a job, whether it be because no women are qualified to be Physics teachers (again, why not?) or because women aren't included in the field in the first place.

Concerning the hiring of women in business, Schmidt said, the attitude of those hiring business employees, is that there are no applications from women for a particular job, therefore no women are interested in, or trained for, such a job. It is the university's job, contends Schmidt, to train all people for any job. The university has control over the situation whereas businesses generally do not.

The Affirmative Actions program was created by the Federal Government in reference to equal opportunity practices. The program is based on the "Equal Pay Act," the "Civil Rights Act of 1964, the State of N.Y. Human Rights Act, and an Executive Order."

It's up to the student, or job applicant, not to take full advantage of Affirmative Actions. Schmidt, who is married and the mother of three children, explained her own personal situation. A married woman need not be totally confined; the woman is generally less mobile than her husband. If the couple reviews the situation and finds out that they can work out an arrangement in which both may pursue their career yet stay happily married, that is a good alternative, said Schmidt. The Schmidt's have found that they can both work their husband works at a Pennsylvania State College, and can both be satisfied with their work and their marriage.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. ST. LOUIS, MO.
FLIP'S FUNNIEST TV SPECIAL!
FLIP WILSON OF COURSE
BUDWEISER
MARTHA REEVE
ENJOY IT WITH... OF COURSE

Sandals and Jeans are Father Jay's Trademarks

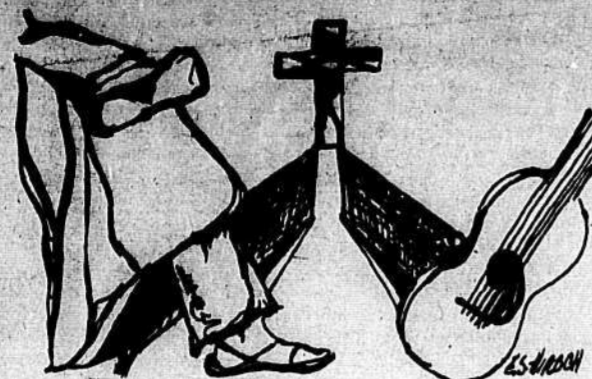
by Marvyn Gross

Off to the left of the pulpit a guitar and piano duo commence playing an allegretto version of the song, "To Be Alive." Father Murnane, Jay, enters singing from the rear of the chapel; he halts in between the two sides of front row assembly chairs, turns and faces the parishioners.

The two bay windows on both sides of the pulpit accentuate the blondness of Jay's long hair and sideburns. His toes peek out from the Italian made sandals he wears round as he leads the congregation in prayer.

Jay then takes a seat among the worshippers while two members individually approach the pulpit and read from the *Lectio*. When he crosses his legs, his white vestment raises up to reveal a pair of torn, dirty jeans.

"Faith is the reality of relatedness. The God we speak of is abstract un-



less we communicate him among ourselves," says Jay as he regains his place. He uses no lectern but speaks casually and directly without reading. He then tells a joke about the princess and the frog and the whole congregation breaks. From tradition and laughs quickly. "Our worst fears are the ugly frogs by the pond," says Jay.

ACLU Chapter Soon at SUNYA

A chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union is being organized on the Albany campus. The campus group will promote the goals of the national organization which are primarily to inform individuals of their rights and protect them when their liberties have been violated. In addition the campus chapter will serve as a forum for debating issues relevant to citizen rights.

An organizational meeting Thursday evening in the Campus Center will be held for interested people. A time and room will be posted prior to the meeting. If anyone needs any further information please contact Sharri Marks at 457-5207 or Bob Mayer at 472-9518.

His words are down to earth and touch each individual without being dramatic or loud. He recites the letters on a cotton banner that hangs from the top of the pulpit which says, "Because you have loved me, you have made me lovable and capable of loving."

A flutist joins the musical duo and plays to the tune of Peter, Paul and Mary's "500 Miles," the song, "One in heart, one in mind." The passover litany is said and Jay serves communion while all sing "Kum Bah'Ya." All the members then turn to their neighbor, shake hands and wish each other, "Peace Be With You."

At the finish, there is coffee outside and Jay mingles with the departing congregation. A student of Material Engineering at R.P.I. remarks, "It's really great when Jay says mass. I learn from what he says." Another replies, "He's the best

friend you'll ever have. There's nobody like him around and he's funny too."

Jay returns to the sacristy, removes his vestment and stole, and he prepares the host for the wedding he will perform in an hour. Besides the rituals he executes at the Troy religious and cultural center, Jay, age 28, is a full time counselor at R.P.I. He began his education at Yale and received his Bachelor of Arts degree in Literature from St. John's University. He then continued at Catholic University in Washington, D.C. to receive Ph.D's in theology and psychology.

Jay helps alleviate pain. Jay, standing 5'8" lights up a Kent 100 as he explains why he chose to be a member of the clergy. "I have chosen to make my life available to others. I found that there is unnecessary pain in human lives. I felt that this unnecessary pain could be eliminated by the process of the church."

While the other two priests who serve mass at the cultural center also live there, Jay prefers to live in a low income housing project near the

Hudson River in Troy. He says, "When you live simply your perspective stays sharp. No buffers between people. Most people see the church as a rich and comfortable organization. We've got to be poor. We can't compete with other institutions. Paul (Pope Paul) lives simply. The wealth was accumulated during the medieval period."

During a brief interview, Jay openly reveals his opinions.

"What is the importance of celibacy?"

Celibacy Isolated No Good. Anything that radical should come of a free choice. Celibacy isn't particularly valuable in itself," he said.

"Do you agree with the church's position on abortion?"

"The church," replied Jay, "does not know precisely when it becomes a child, so it assumes the safe position! I'm really between the devil and the deep blue sea. There's something about irresponsible decisions that frightens me. I would prefer that there were no abortions. But I would not want that to be in the hands of the law. I council people on honesty rather than selfishness."

"Do you think marijuana should be legalized?"

"Oh sure, alcohol is. You can't guarantee that people can use things well."

A Belly Dancer?

"If you weren't a priest, what would you be?"

"A belly dancer. No—probably something similar. I'm not in a role and I'm not constrained."

"What do you think about the Berrigan brothers?"

"I've met them. I went to their trial in Baltimore when I was still in

school. I was really surprised when Phillip got married. They really put themselves on the line. I admire them. They're responding."

Just then three young girls entered and confronted Jay with the question, "What does quote, upquote mean?" One informed him that there was a worm in his holy water and upon investigation he advised her to remove it.

"Do you think the church will survive in the 21st century?"

"If church is faithful to the Gospel," says Jay, "church can end with a band or with a whimper and a whimper is harder to detect. It might be a very strong thing in the 21st."

"What is your opinion of Billy Graham?"

"I don't think Christian churches should compete with each other. I have real problems with understanding how he tied up Christianity with status quo Americanism—especially in his relationship with Nixon. I respect Billy Graham as a dynamic speaker."

He exits from the sacristy just as the young groom approaches.

"Good afternoon father."

Jay laughs and says, "Good afternoon my child."

Stop the Bomb!

(CPS/ZNS) The Atomic Energy Commission has quietly ordered 21 of the 50 nuclear power plants in the U.S. to shut down temporarily because of mysterious cracks developing in the plants' cooling system pipes.

Cracks in the pipes have been discovered in at least three plants, and as a result, the AEC wants to examine 18 other similar plants.

Pot Dooms Nation, Senator Eastland Says; Fiction! Claims NORML

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) has challenged the recently released Report of the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security. In the Report's introductory remarks, the Subcommittee's Chairman, James O. Eastland, claimed the use of marijuana represents "a trend towards national disaster."

The Mississippi Democrat said if the current rate of marijuana use continued, Americans might find themselves "saddled with a large population of semi-zombies."

NORML Director Keith Stroup called the Eastland Report "the most amazing piece of self-serving fiction and distortions to come out of the Congress since the McCarthy hearings in the early 1950's. The Subcommittee Report in no way represents a consensus of scientific opinion, either government or private. The Report is an embarrassment to those seriously interested in the problems of drug use and abuse in our society, and a disservice to those who are objectively attempting to determine the possible harmful effects of marijuana."

"Propaganda of the proportions of the Eastland Report can only have tragic and brutal consequences," Stroup continued. "Unfortunately, some of the law enforcement community may respond to the Report by increasing arrests of marijuana smokers. The plain truth," Stroup concluded "is that the criminal law has not worked and will not work where marijuana is concerned. The result can only be harmful and costly to both society and the individual."

In challenging the Report, NORML made the following observations: "Senator Eastland flatly refused to permit anyone to testify unless they shared his views about marijuana's potential for harm, and the resulting six days of hearings were an admitted one-sided presentation. The Senator says in the Report's introductory statement, 'We make no apology, therefore, for the one-sided nature of our hearings—they were deliberately planned this way.' (p.V)

"Much of the testimony attempted to connect the use of marijuana with Communism and 'the new left.' Senator Eastland apparently wanted to depict marijuana as a devious Communist plot in order to justify jurisdiction for the Internal Security Subcommittee, itself an anachronism of the McCarthy era.

"Senator Eastland showed overwhelming concern about exaggerated marijuana claims, but de-emphasized the clearly demonstrated serious harm from alcohol and tobacco. '...The dangers of cannabis (marijuana) are much closer to the dangers of heroin, in scope and quality, than they are to the admitted but far more limited dangers of coffee or tobacco—or, for that matter, alcohol.' (p. XVI) From the Senator's statement, his concern for public health apparently stops at the doorstep of the powerful tobacco and liquor lobbies.

"The Senator summarized his fears about marijuana in the following paragraph:

"If the epidemic is not rolled back, our society may be largely taken over by a 'marijuana culture'—a culture motivated by a desire to escape from reality and by a consuming lust for self-gratification, and lacking any higher moral guidance. Such a society could not long endure." (p. XII)

This is in stark contrast to what the bi-partisan National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse (Shafer Commission) had to say after an intensive two-year study of the effects of marijuana on society. Their conclusion: "When the issue of marijuana use is placed in this context of society's larger concerns, marijuana does not emerge as a major issue or threat to the social order...The fundamental principles and values upon which the society rests are far too enduring to go up in the smoke of a marijuana cigarette." (p. 102, *Marijuana, A Signal of Misunderstanding*)

ANNOUNCEMENT

WESTERN STATE UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF LAW
OF ORANGE COUNTY
CALIFORNIA'S LARGEST LAW SCHOOL

OFFERS A NEW PROGRAM
OF SPRING-ENTERING
FULL-TIME LAW STUDY
(With 2½- and 3-year graduation options)

AMPLE SPACE
is available at our new facilities in both Orange County and San Diego for all qualified applicants to all part- and full-time programs.

WHOLE-PERSON ADMISSIONS:
Applicants to WSU are never accepted or rejected solely on the basis of LSAT scores and undergraduate GPA's.

WRITE OR PHONE FOR CATALOGUE
800 South Brookhurst
Anaheim, Ca. 92804
(714) 635-3453

APPLY NOW FOR DAY, EVENING, OR WEEKEND
CLASSES BEGINNING FEBRUARY 3, 1975

PROVISIONALLY ACCREDITED BY THE COMMITTEE OF
BAR EXAMINERS OF THE STATE BAR OF CALIFORNIA



Long ago, Pete Seeger was interested in ecology.

Ten Tons of Pumpkins To Sail Down Hudson

Albany, N.Y....The Hudson River Sloop Restoration, Inc. will be sponsoring its third annual "Pumpkin Sail" October 16th to 30th. The historic sloop Clearwater will carry over ten tons of country pumpkins down river from Albany to New York City, stopping in various towns along the way for pumpkin parties with cider, pumpkins, baked goods, memorable folk tunes of the Hudson River, and Restoration Literature. This year's Albany Pumpkin Festival, which is being put on by the Albany Sloop Club, will take place in Fort Craillo Park, Riverside Drive, Rensselaer when the sloop arrives on Wednesday, October 16th.

From 3 p.m. to 7:30 p.m., activities celebrating fall on the Hudson will take place on shore near the anchored Clearwater. A member of the local ecology group "Citizens Protecting the Environment," which is based at 292 Lark Street, Albany, will symbolically "buy" the first pumpkin with a \$500.00 donation to H.R.S.R.

Well-known performer Pete Seeger will lead a song fest, along with some local talent.

An ecology mask contest will be held. Any child through sixth grade can construct a mask, like those used on Halloween, out of recycled materials such as cloth or paper scraps, egg cartons, buttons, packaging materials and the like. Hesholder bring the mask to the park after school on that Wednesday for display and judging. Prizes for the best

sail will take place on shore near the anchored Clearwater. A member of the local ecology group "Citizens Protecting the Environment," which is based at 292 Lark Street, Albany, will symbolically "buy" the first pumpkin with a \$500.00 donation to H.R.S.R.

Well-known performer Pete Seeger will lead a song fest, along with some local talent.

An ecology mask contest will be held. Any child through sixth grade can construct a mask, like those used on Halloween, out of recycled materials such as cloth or paper scraps, egg cartons, buttons, packaging materials and the like. Hesholder bring the mask to the park after school on that Wednesday for display and judging. Prizes for the best

mask in each grade will be awarded. Those wishing more information about this contest should get in touch with Ghena Rubin at 457-4090.

There will be a large canvas banner which will be lettered during the afternoon with the name "Clearwater," by any festival participants who wish to be part of a "paint in." The resulting sign will be used to announce future arrivals of the sloop to the Albany area.

The Clearwater is a replica of an 1860's packet sloop and will in this way re-enact the historic role of carrying freight between New York City and points north. She is owned and operated by the Hudson River Sloop Restoration, Inc., a non profit membership corporation open to the general public. Its goals include the restoration of the Hudson River to its former ecological balance; education of citizens in water pollution surveillance and abatement; biology, etc. and the general awakening of an awareness of the Hudson and its tributaries.

Restoration publications such as *Pumpkin Crazy* (cookbook), *Sloops of the Hudson*, and *Songs and Sketches of the First Clearwater Crew*, will be available along with momentoes of the Restoration such as sloop prints and buttons, posters, and the "Second Annual State of the Hudson Report" publication recently released.

The 1974 sail will include stops at Kingston, Poughkeepsie, Beacon, Newburgh, Harlem River State Park and New York City.

Persons wishing more detailed information may contact Shari Greenberg, a local Sloop Club member, by telephoning 457-8569 before 2.

NEW MUSIC FROM TWO OF THE WORLD'S MOST SIGNIFICANT ORCHESTRAS.

Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, the Mahavishnu Orchestra with Jean-Luc Ponty, and the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas, all on one exceptional album produced by George Martin.

A rare and powerful musical experience: "Apocalypse." On Columbia Records and Tapes



Appearing at the Palace Theatre, Oct. 19th

The Rockefeller Coup

For sixteen years, it has been no secret that Nelson Rockefeller has had his eye on the Presidency. He has failed in every attempt (both announced and implied) to achieve that goal. The normal, legal electoral process has evaded the multi-millionaire in his quest, and it now seems that he is determined to achieve that elusive goal through the rarely used 25th Amendment procedure of appointing a new Vice-President.

In light of recent revelations, Nelson Rockefeller is simply not qualified to be the Vice-President of the United States. His gifts to key political figures does not merely cast doubt on his bid for the Vice-Presidency, it plunges him into the abyss of political chicanery. Even his devout and ardent shadow, Governor Malcolm Wilson has forsaken him in his hour of need. Wilson said that he could not condone Rockefeller's financial underwriting of the Lasky book defaming Arthur Goldberg, Rockefeller's 1970 Democratic opponent for the Governorship. To the tune of \$60,000, the Vice-President Designate authorized a book which allowed him to cheat his way into his fourth term as Governor of New York.

Democratic senatorial candidate Ramsey Clark chided the former Governor for a \$15,000 contribution made to his opponent, incumbent Senator Jacob Javits. Javits himself, as he typically does when put under pressure, equivocated by saying that he may return the contribution. Rockefeller has gotten his filthy-rich hands into every aspect of government, from the local level up through and including Washington. If he cannot get himself elected to the White House, he's going to try his hardest to buy his entrance ticket there.

The Rockefeller Coup, the most artistic bloodless political takeover in our history is almost a reality. The vigilance of the House and Senate investigative committees may prevent that ascension, but the probability of that is slight.

The four State University Centers join in their belief that the former Governor should remove his name from consideration for the Vice-Presidency immediately, in order to allow someone more competent to assume that position.

Nobody's Doormat

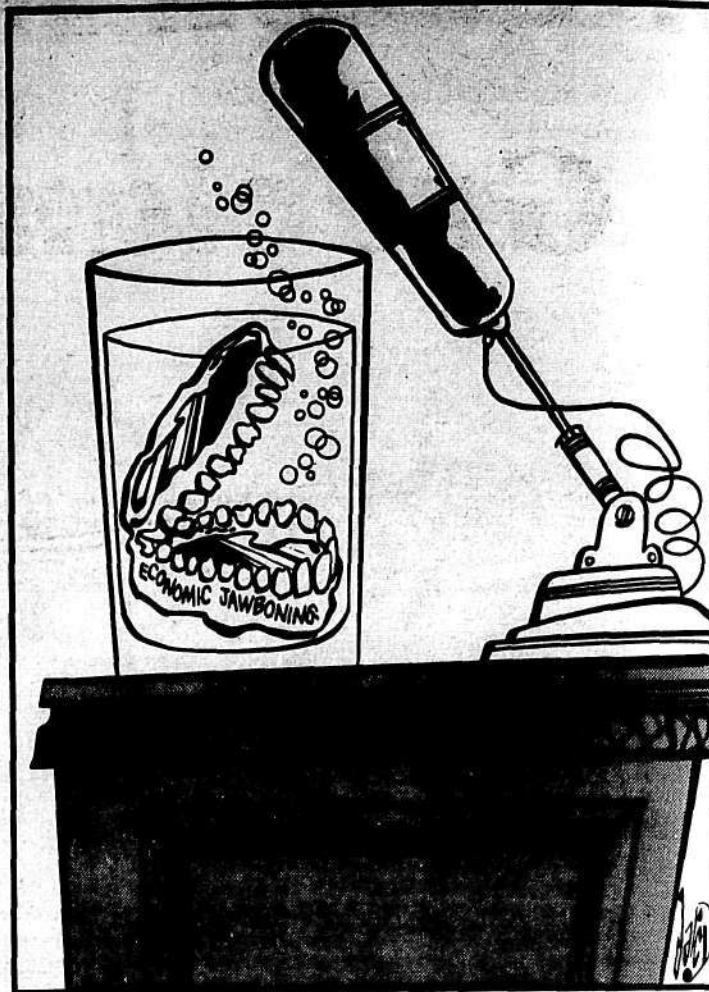
The United University Professions, the union representing faculty on the SUNYA campus is treading dangerously close to effecting a breach of the close relations that students and faculty have enjoyed of late. Though opposing the action themselves, the union effectively removed all students from decision-making influence in tenure review procedures. Now, as direct result of SUNYA faculty insistence, the Administration through the Management and Planning Office will reinstate segregated parking on the Dutch and State Quad parking lots.

Resident students have long been on the receiving end of number of serious insults both to their dignity and their rights as students and as citizens. The decision by the union, and compliance by the Governor's office to the faculty demands for segregated parking is a cruel blow to the 5400 students living on the Uptown campus. Residents will now be forced to park their cars in the rear portion of the two lots: the furthest from their dorms and from their classes. For no other reason than outright discrimination against a class of citizenship on this campus, faculty, administration and off-campus commuters will be given priority in placement of parking space.

Based on the assumption that all of the cars parked in a lot in the evening or during a weekend afternoon are exclusively those of residents, it is estimated that on the Dutch Quad lot, the total number of resident's cars occupy only the first four rows. These four rows will now be pushed back to the last four, easily a walk of over one thousand yards to the front entrance of the Quad. This was done merely to entitle the faculty to all their "due privileges." On the first-come first-served basis for parking which had been in effect by University Senate action since last year, the faculty were at worst inconvenienced by those first four rows of cars. When the winter comes, and the faculty vacates the lot overnight, we hope the faculty will rest comfortably knowing that an entire parking lot will remain devoid of cars, except for the back four rows "reserved for the resident students."

The treatment that students have been receiving of late has been disgraceful. The city of Albany has determined that a student is not fit to live where he chooses. Now the faculty has determined that a student is not fit to park his car where he chooses. We cannot quietly accept this inexorable process. The cause of students' rights must be protected and defended—especially against incroachments by our own faculty.

Quote of the Day:
Malnutrition is the "skeleton in the hospital closet. I am convinced that the problem of hospital malnutrition is serious and nationwide."
—Dr. Charles E. Butterworth
of the AMA's council on foods and nutrition.



MY FELLOW AMERICANS, MY ANTI-INFLATION PROGRAM WILL HAVE TEETH IN IT...

The Modern Campaign

The campaign for the governorship of New York is beginning to heat up. In trying to search for insights into how an effective campaign should be run, I travelled to Madison Avenue in New York City, and talked with an old friend, Harry Slick, on the subject.

"Harry, what would you think Hugh Carey's campaign planners are hoping to accomplish in the coming month?"
"Well, I would say they are trying to de-emphasize Carey's heavy eyebrows. They tend to give him a stern, mean look."

"I see. And what are Governor Wilson's planners attempting to do?"

"First and foremost, they are trying to get him a nice collection of wide ties. Have you noticed those pencil-thin, soup-stained ones he's worn in the past? They seemed to stick out like a sore thumb."

"Well, yes, I had noticed. Any other important happenings we should expect?"

"A few things. Look for Wilson's T.V. campaign to intensify. He'll have to depend on the tube because he gives the appearance of being too short when he's seen in crowds. And look for Carey to constantly attack Wilson for not meeting with the people of the state. This will be especially true in the rural areas. Carey may very well attack Wilson days on end without discussing one issue. If he begins to give his views in upstate New York on how he plans to solve our problems, he could really be hurt."

"How about debates? Are they a possibility?"

"The ad-men would have to be nuts to let Wilson debate Carey. There is a slight chance Carey might lose his rather quick temper, but more than likely he would be able to control himself. I'm afraid there is little hope for

by Steve Baboulis

Wilson. He would probably come off as being a little on the pompous side. He's not the most handsome guy in the world, and he would most likely have to sit on a telephone book to approach Carey's stature."

"So in other words, Harry, you look for a campaign in which each man goes his separate ways to influence the voters, instead of by confronting each other before large crowds?"
"Exactly. It's the new American way to campaign."

"But," we interjected, "it seems as if the voters are being asked to either de-emphasize or over-emphasize physical characteristics. Is this fair?"

Harry Slick shuddered. "I'm truly surprised at your naivete. What could be more important than having a good-looking governor who's a fast talker? It's crucial in the new American politics: Do we want a meaty-mouthed, upstanding intellectual as our state leader or do we want a good politician who can perform such duties as making compromising deals with large firms? I think the answer is obvious."

"But Harry, the country's decision-making process is based on compromise, not on making compromising deals."

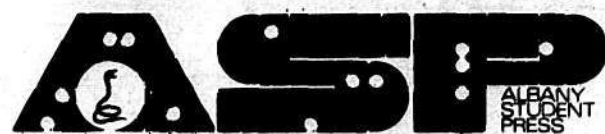
"Don't nitpick on small, unimportant points. Anyway, I'm going to have to cut this interview short. I'll just close by saying that Madison Avenue is the greatest thing that ever happened to modern politicians."

"Yes, and modern politicians are the worst thing that ever happened to American representative government," I shot back. Harry Slick gave me a strange, uncomprehending look as I slowly shook my head and left his office.

Grecian Ruins?



By Art...



EDITOR IN CHIEF DAVID LERNER
MANAGING EDITOR NANCY S. MILLER
BUSINESS MANAGER LES ZUCKERMAN
NEWS EDITOR NANCY J. ALBAUGH
ASSOCIATE NEWS EDITOR MICHAEL SENA
PERSPECTIVES EDITOR DANIEL GAINES
ASSOCIATE PERSPECTIVES EDITOR BARBARA FISCHKIN
TECHNICAL EDITOR PATRICK MCGLYNN
ASSOCIATE TECHNICAL EDITORS DONALD NEMCICK, WILLIAM J. STECH
EDITORIAL PAGE EDITOR MINDY ALTMAN
ARTS EDITOR ALAN ABBEY
ASSOCIATE ARTS EDITOR PAUL PELAGALLI
SPORTS EDITOR BRUCE MAGGIN
ASSOCIATE SPORTS EDITOR KENNETH ARDUINO
ADVERTISING MANAGER LINDA MULE
ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER LINDA DESMOND
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING MANAGER JOANNE S. ANDREWS
GRAFFITI EDITOR WENDY ASHER
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS KEN AMBON, ROB MAONIN

OUR OFFICES ARE LOCATED IN CAMPUS CENTER 326 AND 334. OUR TELEPHONES ARE 457-2190 AND 457-2194. WE ARE PARTIALLY FUNDED BY STUDENT ASSOCIATION.

And Now, Here's the Issue...

Some *Perspectives* are less conventional than others. Last Wednesday, Daniel Gaines tried to gain some insight into the lives of the handicapped by spending a day in a wheelchair. He describes his new found *Perspectives* on 3P.

David Lerner, the *ASP's* Editor-in Chief, has a unique *Perspective* that comes from living in a fraternity without being a part of it. Turn to 4P and 5P for a view of frat life, written by an independent living in the midst of the rushing, the parties, and the brotherhood.

Also in this issue are *Perspectives* of a not-so-quiet beach in autumn, a drug bust, and "La Causa" of the farmworkers.

So... find yourself a new *Perspective*... like the top of the carillon or the bottom of the fountain... Take our *Perspectives*—and expect to find yourself looking differently tomorrow.

—Barbara Fischkin
and Daniel Gaines

Rolling around campus...

Learning the Wheelchairisms

Photos by Magnien

3P

An independent perspective...

Grecian Ruins?

4P & 5P

From The Washington Park Spirit...

Can the Farmworkers Lose?

6P

The end of a beautiful relationship...

Marijuana and Me

7P

Autumn at the shore...

Brooklyn's Bustling Bay

8P

Rolling around campus...

Learning The Wheelchairisms

By Daniel Gaines

In the first hour I rolled into an elevator just before it closed. Two Frat men fell silent inside as I entered. I began to turn around so that I could leave going forward but had some difficulty. I smashed the wheelchair against the wall once or twice and rather spastically backed into the door cursing the vehicle. I didn't think much of the whole process—after all, it was my first hour.

But the expression on their faces! If they could have squeezed through the corner crack they would have. I tried to smile at first, but their shock and fear and embarrassment and complete inability to handle the situation made me very serious. I wheeled out of the elevator quickly; they didn't leave until I rounded a nearby corner.....

Their eyes were full of fear. They were scared of me.

I was a little scared of Mike, too. You don't look at wheelchair people in the eye; you simply cannot do it. They are somehow less than human, their disability seems so immense, their happiness so doubtful. And I, for the first time felt this from the other side.

I stopped a girl on the podium and asked her to wheel me from the Bio building to Administration. It was night and she was extremely uncomfortable. She wished I hadn't asked, breathed heavily all the way, and left me at full speed when we got there. She uttered not a word while she rolled me, but made some noises when I started conversation. I stopped talking after a few seconds because I was getting embarrassed.



Mike Muller is Vice-President of SIPH (Society for the Improvement of the Physically Handicapped), and was

They are somehow less than human, their disability so immense, their happiness so doubtful...



the Co-Chairman of Awareness Day.

He was kind enough to obtain for me a wheelchair the day before Awareness Day. (Before, so people wouldn't think I wasn't really handicapped). Spending a day in a wheelchair was an idea that had been mulling about in my mind for a few weeks. I was walking through the Campus Center from one unimportant place to another when I saw Mike, in his wheelchair, sitting behind the Awareness table taking names of people who might want to spend Thursday in a wheelchair and thus learn something about how it feels. I went up without identifying myself as an *ASP* editor and asked for a chair a day early. A girl (not in a wheelchair) behind Marc responded:

"Well, you can always rent one." She didn't say it nicely. Mike didn't say anything but I couldn't stand being treated like a normal student any longer so I identified myself, and was soon assured that I'd get a wheelchair a day early.

"We need the publicity," said Mike. I've been carsick, airplane sick and just plain sick sick. But never wheelchair sick. The constant vibration through the chair took some getting used to.



People have trouble relating to wheelchairs with people in them... (They might have more luck if they tried relating to people in wheelchairs)

wheelchairs.) Yet there are a few who can relate and there do exist suites with wheelchairs that occasionally produce a bag of empty beer cans and a few hours of loud music.

As I rolled around campus those who knew me would ask if I were hurt; those who really knew me understood immediately. Those who I knew only slightly didn't know me in the chair. A guy who lives down the hall and I passed alone on the podium with nothing but pillars and windows and he avoided the gaze of this handicapped person, this wierdo, this cripple.



A friend's friend asked: "Can I ride it?"

I got out of the chair, something I hadn't wanted to do but before the twenty-four hours were up I had done it more than once. I live on the third floor of an unelevated dorm and had to leave. Also, on Indian the tower basement-cafeeteria route is blocked by Henway's, and I just gave up and walked down. (I was told more than once that I could wheel to Dutch! Yeah, well I could do it for a week and keep my eyes closed the whole time for that matter.) A week in a wheelchair! My, what a huge sacrifice. Did you know that some people do it their whole lives.

She asked if she could ride the wheelchair. A few more asked for this small indulgence and wheeled about with glee. What an exciting toy!

Hmmm.

Once I switched, with difficulty, into a regular chair without noticing a few amusing *ASP* editors hiding the wheeler. I didn't remember I should be in it, walked down the hall and was genuinely shocked when asked if I had "forgotten something." How soon we forget... when we can.

I've been carsick, airplane sick and just plain sick sick.

But never wheelchair sick...

An independent perspective...



by David Lerner

Thousands of pillars stand in silent support of this, the world's largest poured concrete foundation. The pillars are obedient. They are despairingly the same, evenly spaced throughout, without variation. The transience of our existence here is cruelly magnified by their permanence. Silent, the pillars watch, and present us with an ever-changing, ever-repeating pattern of time.

Tempus Fugit it is said, but at Albany, time tends to drag. Were it not for the pillars (and Friday's *ASP* Preview pages) how would we know what to do with the spare time that seems to be rapidly diminishing from our schedules? It is the rare pillar whose perfection remains untouched by mimeographed news items; "Transcendental Meditation—meeting Tuesday, September 17."

The most prevalent form of billboard signs are, like one recent controversial entry, "The Brothers of STB and the squaws of Senca Hall invite all university men to a party Sunday, September 22, at 9 p.m., announcements by fraternities and sororities of parties, mixers, and kegs.

I am an independent. I am the quintessential GDI-God Damn Independent, much to the consternation of many frats on this campus who would like to see that particular population reduced substantially. Unlike most independents, whose very independence is guaranteed and protected by the unanimity of the other

independents surrounding them, I live in a frat. Naturally, that is not the normal way of things, as the housing policy with regard to independents and frats lags behind the 1954 Topeka, Kansas Board of Education Supreme Court decision. By methods of their own design, brothers live in segregation, eat in segregation, and more often than not, socialize in segregation.

But I wouldn't be in this situation were it not for the crucial fact that the membership of Greek organizations is rapidly declining. In order to simply fill up the sections once dominated and totally populated by frats, the groups have resorted to allowing independents to live among them.

Instinct For Survival

From reading letters to the editor written by members of Greek organizations, it is fairly simple to arrive at the conclusion that a member of a frat cannot critically evaluate his role on campus. The superlatives intertwined in a letter from a frat member cloud the fact that much of what he boasts about, or complains about for that matter, bears a certain measure of truth. Unfortunately, each time a brother responds to a criticism, he winds it up by inadvertently (to give him the benefit of the doubt) asking us to join. It is the instinct for survival, for Greek organizations, both fraternities and sororities, are fast disappearing from the face of the campus.

In the frat section of Schuyler Hall, Dutch Quad, the brothers of Theta Xi Omega are holding a rush function, complete with "beer and breads." The typical, mythical frat party is underway, and anyone who enters convinced that frat members are loud, drunken, beer-guzzling, and womer-chasing uncouth slobs will leave smugly reassured of their belief.

There are two large speakers hanging from the third floor ledge. The restraining links of hardened chains wrapped around the steel supporting fence on the third floor prevent the two heavy boxes from depositing their contents on the second floor. Most hours of any given day, the chains don't have a very demanding job, as their captives present themselves as very meek and unresisting prisoners. It is during these

hours that appearances, as they are notoriously wont to do, mislead the casual eye.

Stereotypically Nondescript

On this hypothetical night, however, those chains are being strained to their limit. The drone of the nondescript speakers, symbolic of the stereotypically nondescript member of the frat, is deafening.

For the uninitiated, rush function is an attempt by a frat to recruit new members. With other types of organizations, such a recruitment process will take on different forms, such as a rally, a lecture, a formal dinner, or, in the case of the recruitment to attend this university, an application and competition. With a frat, a rush function is almost exclusively a party involving some sort of liquor (often beer, but recently tequila sunrises or wine and cheese) and a group of women, (usually a sorority, but often enough a general population of women on the quad).

As long as there have been fraternities the prevailing view of frats has been that of beer and women, and here they are playing up to the very stereotype that they will most vehemently deny. Ask any frat member what his frat is all about and you will be told: "A frat is an academic, service and social organization designed to better the lives of the university community." That blurb is so automatic that it is reliably reported that Potter Club has its members-to-be sit naked on a block of ice and repeat their impression of a frat's *raison d'être*.

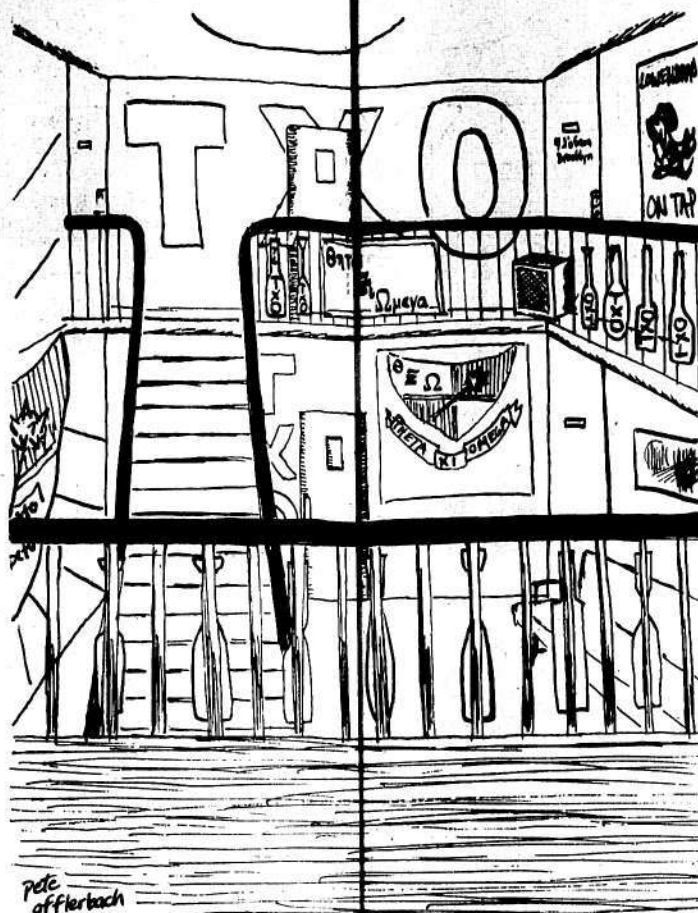
TXO, up to last year would take their initiates out into the middle of the quad dressed in summer attire during the dead of January and have then utter the meaning of a frat.

Are Rushees Masochists?

On the surface they are exactly what their detractors like to claim, and then some. Yet despite its problems, the fraternity life on campus continues, and with some groups, such as TXO, still thrives. What makes them tick? Are rushees masochistic?

Sam De Giovanni is treasurer of TXO, has been a member since freshman

Grecian Ruins?



year, and is now a junior. By any standards, he is a traditionalist on fraternal ethics. He is of the belief that a man will identify with his group longer if he has to suffer before getting in.

Many other members of TXO however, do not share his views. Standards of admission have relaxed in general and in TXO, it was easy to see the change. Hell Night, the once feared event on campus, the night when everyone expected the entire Greek population to go rampaging through the quads, has tamed considerably over the years.

Replacing Hell Night as the new Greek night of the year, the night of informal initiation is given that dubious honor. The process involved in the initiation of the rushee varies greatly from one fraternity to the next.

STB is known for its policy of kidnapping its rushees, often driving them out of the state, with nothing on other than underwear, and financed with an ever thinning dime. TXO has abandoned the kidnap procedure, but still has the institution of paddling. Every rushee is given a father—a veteran member of the frat, whose trusteeship of a son (having a son is considered an honor) is determined on a merit basis. Sunday, the members of the frat convened to determine who of the rushees shall be given the chance to join in a process known as a bid session.

Those rushees not cut during the session have become pledges, and last night the pledges, in one of the last remaining ceremonial rites, were paddled by their fathers, a symbolic act of acceptance and the cleansing of his soul. Contrary to the myth still being perpetuated from within frats, this is the one and only instance of physical force used on the pledges. During the

would be equally simple to classify the men of TXO in a somewhat similar manner, except that you would be doing yourself an injustice.

3.3 And Rising

With such an overbearance of overt attempts at assimilating into "The Frat," it would be strange to assert that each of the men of TXO is an individual unique as each independent is unique and maybe even more so. The average index of the TXO section is 3.3 and rising. Majors range from English to Biology to Political Science. Interests range in equal numbers to the membership of the frat. Not all of the frat members are the "brothers" they would like to pass themselves off as being. Not few of them are almost unwelcome in the section, and some others have strained relations.

The overwhelming majority however, enjoy disproportionately good relations with their neighbors, especially when taken in comparison with an all-independent section.

Malcolm Purow, one of three rush masters this year, said of independent halls, "I've never been so proud of living in the frat as when I went around distributing invitations to our formal rush functions. Those places were a pig sty. They looked worse than our section after our messiest party." Purow, though he speaks obviously with a vested interest, reflects much of the opinion in the frat. The internal organization of a frat such as TXO is what keeps the section clean, and keeps the hierarchy functioning. Between the members, the three rush masters, the rotation of party responsibility, and the traditional president, vice-president and treasurer, the work of the group is divided sufficiently.

Chaos Vs. Organization

Independent life is chaotic. Frat life is organized. Where independent life is without direction, frat life has a goal, its perpetuation. Where independent life is unstructured, frat life has a foundation. Where independents have rigid impressions of Greeks, frat brothers have equally rigid impressions of independents.

Bob Golian is the captain of the TXO football team. Like most of the rest of the frat, he is a junior, and he has definite views of life outside the frat. "When a bunch of independents have a food fight, everybody says, 'What the hell, it's a food fight,' but when a frat has a food fight they say, 'Look at those animals, it figures a frat would behave like a bunch of pigs.' It's ridiculous, we have to behave better than the average student." Purow added, "Now that's a double standard."

Jaime Solo is a sophomore. He is the only Puerto Rican member of the frat and is on the Educational Opportunities Program. Even more than his brothers, Jaime takes his academic life seriously. "Life on E.O.P. is pretty tough, like you know, in your senior



Pete Affranch

year E.O.P. stops paying your way through school. That's when most of us on the program have to quit. Man, it's tough." Living with the frat, for Solo, is far quieter than independent life.

You Can Count On The Guys

Jim Black is a freshman, and he is not in the frat. But he wants to be. He is from Holland Patent, New York, between Utica and Rome. "I want to be in this frat because it seems to be a place where you can count on any of the guys for a favor. You know what I mean?" As part of the rigamarole connected with joining the frat, Black attended all the rush functions and the invitation-only informal and formal events. So far, they have all been liquor-and-women parties, a fact which may never have occurred to the rushee.

Women Not Used As Lure

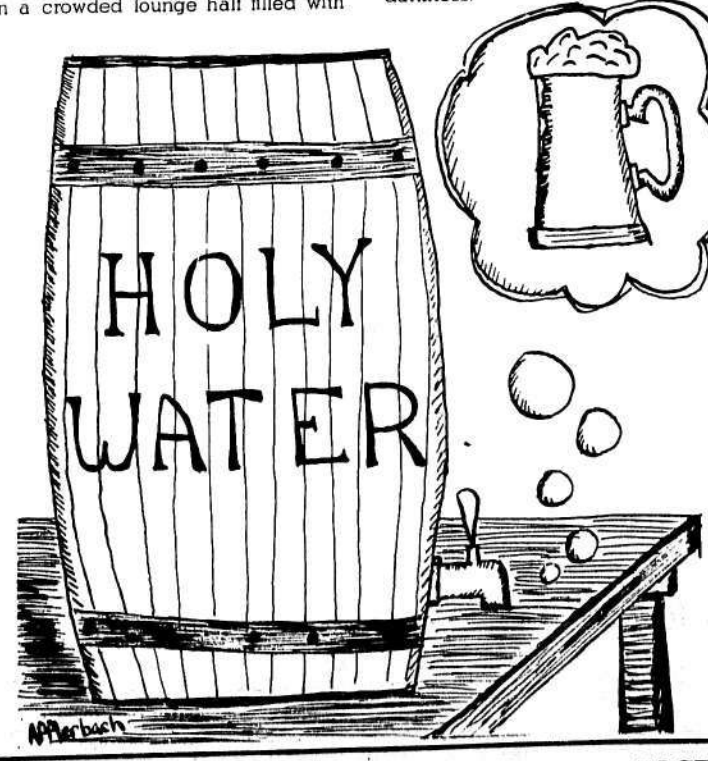
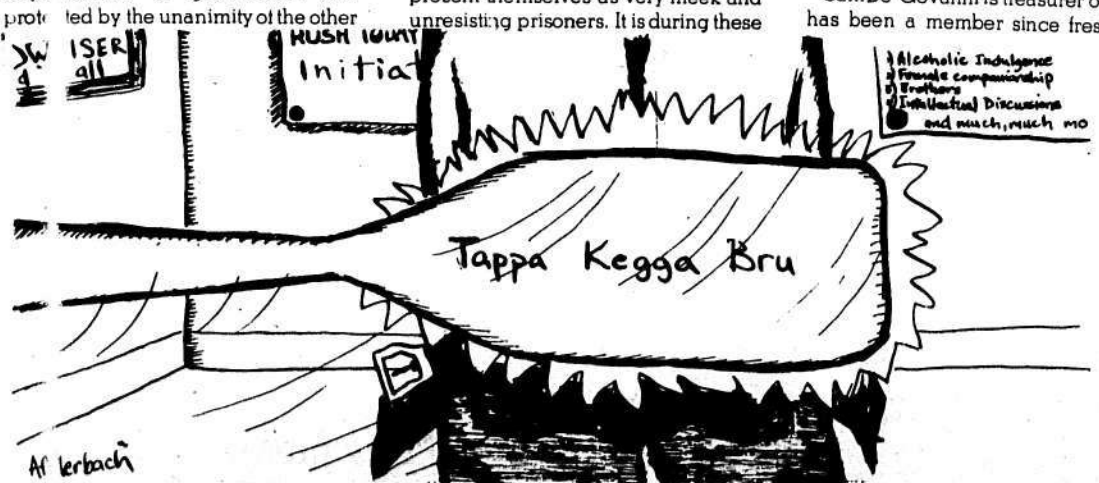
De Giovanni defended the practice. "We want people to come to these events. No one will come if there isn't any booze or women." Chauvinistic? No, for he doesn't think of it in those terms. Women aren't used as a lure to attract homy males into captivity, "booze-and-broads" parties are the way things always have been, and De Giovanni, a conservative to begin with, is not about to tamper with the rule of the past.

Some of the other brothers have suggested holding rap sessions with rushees, to get to know them better. Other suggestions included holding a football game, or a keg while watching a televised game. The purpose, as Jerry Albrecht put it, is to get to know the men that might be in the frat one day. This he admits, is impossible with the speakers blaring and the taps running in a crowded lounge half filled with

women. Something is wrong with the method.

Frats have had an assigned task which they have carried out without interruption. STB has traditionally been the one involved most heavily in school politics. Central Council Vice-Chairperson Eric Klein is from STB, for example. Most of the members of Colonial Quad's Quad Board have been from STB and the now defunct GDx, APA and Potter Club have always been the backbone of the Dane varsity teams, with most of Potter having key roles in the successful season the Dane football team has enjoyed so far. Rudy Vido, SUNYAC wrestling champion, all-star track and field man and defensive lineman on the Danes typifies the Potter Club legend. A member of TXO has been the business manager of many Student Association funded groups for the past ten years. The business manager of the ASP has been an inherited position for those years. Les Zuckerman is business manager of the Torch, Viewpoint, Photo Service, Inter-Fraternity Council and the ASP. Last year's business manager, Jerry Albrecht, is this year's Student Association Comptroller. "And the beat goes on..."

At eleven o'clock that night the enormous speakers were silent, victim of the drainage of the kegs. The women had left and the few straggling rushees were winding up their introductory sessions with their potential brothers. The rest went off to sleep. De Giovanni called after them, "You're coming to the beer party on Saturday night at Mohawk campus? It's a bring-your-own-date affair." "Sure," one of the faceless voices replied, "sure." He disappeared down the steps, to join the darkness.



Can the Farmworkers Lose?

The following article appeared in the last issue of the *Washington Park Spirit*.

by Bruce Bain

If one were to use the establishment media in the U.S. as any reliable judge of the truth, one would be led to seriously question the existence of some taken-for-granted, but no less persistent, historical tendencies. This is most particularly the case in big media's coverage of labor struggles. In fact if a recent *N.Y. Times Magazine* article (Sept. 15, 1974) entitled, "Is Chavez Beaten?", is even vaguely indicative of the truth about the farmworkers' struggle, one might be led to the absurd proposition that the United Farmworkers union is on the verge of extinction!

While in a town like Albany such a pill might be a rather difficult one to swallow (due to hard experience in our successful Shop-Rite campaign), I thought that as a farmworker activist it would be in the best interests of our Albany Community to look a bit deeper and probe the essayist's (outsider's) impressions of Cesar Chavez and the current situation for his union. In so doing, hopefully we will continue a precedent for wide-ranging discussion and analysis of the issues affecting our community. After all, of such stuff, genuine democracy is made.

To begin with, "Is Chavez Beaten?" bases itself on the premise that Cesar Chavez is a labor leader who, while powerful for a time, had already served his purpose and should gracefully bow out of things as changing conditions sweep him and the powerless aside. To begin with, such a premise is false. It commits the classic error of the established press to overemphasize the role of a few individuals and assumes that the many are also ready to consider unprinted and "unnewsworthy" facts about the farmworker and labor movements as unimportant. It especially ignores the fact that every major union struggle has taken at least ten to fifteen

years to succeed and not just a few good years.

But what is particularly interesting here is how the article in question tries to reconcile two very different notions. On the one hand, it states quite correctly that the United Farmworkers collective bargaining power (as measured by the number of workers it represents through contract) has waned in influence since 1973 and that of the Teamsters has risen. On the other hand though, it inters a growing popularity of the Teamsters and states that, "Teamster organizers now consult directly with field workers before negotiating with growers. The contracts they sign grant wages which are as high as those secured by Chavez's U.F.W." Based upon the consensus among farmworkers themselves, this fact of consultation is totally false and so is the notion that winning wage concessions from the growers equal to that of the U.F.W. is the entire "ball-game" in a labor contract.

One might seriously question why the Teamsters so vehemently oppose the secret ballot representation election and all legislation aimed at granting it, if in fact, they are offering the workers so much for their money? If they feel they hold such sway among the rank-and-file, then logically, any representation election should be looked forward to as a potential mandate to power.

But "Is Chavez Beaten?" flagrantly avoids to point out that the Teamsters (backed by their grower allies, of course) have been the motivating force behind every recent attempt to deny farmworkers a secret ballot election in the fields. And could the farmworkers truly get behind a union like that? Last August 22, thousands of them filed into the galleries of the California legislature to show support for landmark secret ballot election legislation opposed by the Teamsters and engineered to defeat by a sly, parliamentary trick. Moreover, even when Chavez himself offered the

...the Teamsters have been the motivating force behind every recent attempt to deny farmworkers a secret ballot election in the fields.

growers and Teamsters the chance to participate in secret ballot elections in which only the strikebreakers would vote, they failed to respond. So on this point, the anti-U.F.W. forces have some gaping holes in their armor to patch up.

As far as contract comparison goes, a simple perusal of both the U.F.W. and Teamster models shows that while in fact, wages are about the same for each, in the benefits area, the Teamster contract is extremely weak. In times as financially unstable as the present, this could be a real detriment for the Teamsters.

In pursuit of the argument that U.F.W. influence is on the decline, again, we must detour around the blindspot set up by "Is Chavez Beaten?" Aside from being an absolutist sort of notion and thus narrow, it ignores the headline of an August 27th intra-Union memo of the UFW which asserts that, "Strike fever is burning like flames across a dry plain through the ranches of California and Arizona." What the memo outlines is the incredible series of strikes going on in crops other than grapes and head lettuce (lemons, tomatoes, etc.). So, if influence is measured in terms of mobilization, then the UFW has had literally thousands in action within its ranks for a long time. And with the successful raiding of those precious grape and lettuce fields, the union has wisely placed increased emphasis on the boycott weapon (much to its advantage one might add). The *Wall Street Journal* of May 16, 1974 pointed that out at that time; a powerful and quite threatening 19% of Gallo wine sales had fallen off with the end still not in sight (keep in mind that 12% is the profit-loss mark).

But one is hurt by the truth of this *N.Y. Times Magazine* essay as well as by its falseness or ignorance, particularly when in the process history is disregarded. In fact, when the author stresses the bankruptcy of the UFW and the lack of cash inflow at present he fails to see any parallel with the miners struggle, which many Chavez supporters have already begun to observe. When corrupt John L. Lewis led the oppressed and downtrodden miners into bankruptcy in the 50's, they, as with any genuinely "just" cause, struggled to rally popular support behind themselves and bounced back to the center stage of victory. If there is any doubt about this fact, the current course of events in "Bloody" Harlan County, Kentucky should dispel them.

But for those of you who have read on-and-on-and-on and would like more than an explanation of someone else's contradictions and might prefer

an analysis of our own (Chavez supporters' that is), we must mention three basic facts that have made conditions in the U.S. relatively harsh for the burgeoning, democratic United Farmworkers of America. They have had to contend with an unrelieved bankruptcy problem that would strap any union seeking the use of its all-effective strike weapon. Moreover, it has gotten virtually no assistance from fraternal AFL-CIO unions. Secondly, we may couple the developing unemployment morass in the U.S. and Mexico to the bankruptcy problem and we immediately see an incredible scab dilemma arising on the UFW scene. Finally, there is that All-American problem which most other unions didn't have to contend with: the incredibly racist outlook of the American people. In point of fact, it is the culturally-bred racism of American society which divides American working people in general and farmworkers from non-Chicanos in particular. This has been the most detrimental force in the long run in terms of the class interests of workers and as experience shows, has cost workers lots of hard cash, regardless of their color. But in this situation, it is the predominantly Chicano farmworkers of the UFW who have suffered the most by this fact.

To sum up then, we should learn two comprehensive lessons from the critique of "Is Chavez Beaten?" One is that union building and the development of a workers' movement in this country is, and will be, a long, slow and often, agonizing process. Just about every union in the nation has faced problems similar to that of the UFW. But the fact that the farmworkers have withstood them so well and at that, in the face of an unprecedented act of Teamster sabotage, practically unmatched for its brutality and racism, is in itself a fine tribute to their matchless courage and determination. The second lesson is that we should learn more from our direct experience and that of our fellow workers, and take what we read in the establishment media more lightly, much more. With this in mind we should also begin to realize that the time when a good friend truly needs us is not when he's up but when he's down.

So to get to the point, the Albany Friends of the Farmworkers need your support, ideas and questions in order to build a better boycott and put the UFW on top in its struggle for justice, dignity and prosperity. Remember, an attack against one is an attack against all, a victory for one, a victory for all. For information on picket lines, meetings and how you can help call 489-5022 after 5 p.m. Viva La Causal!

If 'Is Chavez Beaten?' is even vaguely indicative of the truth one might be led to the absurd proposition that the United Farmworkers Union is on the verge of extinction...

...union building and the development of a workers' movement in this country is, and will be, a long, slow, and often agonizing process...

Cellblock number 5 under the Albany Police Headquarters down on Broad Street looks pretty much like all the cells. About 5' x 7', institutional green walls, a wooden cot, and steel bars sealing the end. Initials on the walls and stench all over.

In August, two new initials were scratched into #5's wall. My initials. It happened just like on *Adam-12*, *The Rookies* or any other television police show.

I was walking down a rather deserted street around dusk in an industrial district. I was going home, smoking a joint, minding my own business. All of a sudden I noticed that there were now two men, dressed like laborers, walking along the same street as me. They were walking near the parked cars, heading towards me, when one guy parted from the other and headed on a path that crossed mine in a few steps. The other guy continued walking straight and passed me.

In the split second when I realized something was going to happen, they moved and caught me as I tried to run away. The white one threw me down, and I managed to roll with it, so as to land next to the building, providing a little protection on one side. Well, here's my first mugging coming up. I thought, and being no John Wayne I screamed out, "I'll give it to you! Just don't hit me!", thinking the thirty six dollars in my wallet was past history, a worthy barter for my life.

"Ya damn straight you'll give it to us," grunted the white one again as he lunged at me. A second later he had me from behind with his black partner in front of me. Amazingly enough, I still had the joint in my hand and offered it towards the black guy, in the hopes of eliciting the brotherhood our common denominator gives us. I couldn't have been more wrong.

"Yeah, that's what we want," he said reaching out, and all of a sudden I realized that this wasn't a mugging—it was a bust. With speed I never thought I had, that joint was in my mouth and I was chewing and swallowing frantically.

In an effort to intercept, the black guy started to choke me. But it was too late. Most of it was gone. I managed to say "I swallowed it. It's gone," and they stopped. I now had my hands contorted in handcuffs behind my back and was being dragged toward their car. They were talking and acting tough and all I was thinking was "It can't happen to me. This just cannot be happening."

The black one threw me against the car side and frisked me. Also checked was my knapsack, which I was sure was empty of dope. The joint I'd swallowed used up the last of the grass when I rolled it.

But I was stupid. I'd emptied the film can's contents into that joint, sure, but I did not clean out the container.

"Got enough to book 'im?" asked the white guy.

The thin, almost invisible film of grass dust was indeed enough.

"Yup, we got 'im" came the answer, and I was shoved into the unmarked car. Two minutes later the car parked in the Police Headquarters garage. The white guy got out and opened the trunk, then appeared at my door. He pulled me out and I saw he was wearing black leather gloves. I figured that they had something to do with fingerprints.

I was wrong. They were for beating, so there wouldn't be any marks.

As soon as I stood up outside the car, one black gloved fist headed towards my stomach, and being cutled, I couldn't attempt to block it. It landed in the solar plexus and I was down.

The end of a beautiful relationship...

Marijuana and Me



Seeing that the most damage from this upcoming beating would be in the stomach, I moaned something about having a bad stomach, hoping it would steer him away from fear of killing me and having to explain it. So the fists moved elsewhere, to the face and kidneys. My ears were boxed. My kidneys were pummeled. My head was pushed into a cement pillar. All this time my hands are handcuffed together in back of me, so I would do nothing. Then the gloves came off, the trunk was closed and I was ready to be taken upstairs.

The white guy pulled and pushed me towards the staircase, yelling "Stand up, Punk! Stand up!" When I finally did manage to stand up, on the stair landing the white guy kneed me in the groin. He missed my balls, but I fell to the ground and screamed so that he wouldn't know it and try again. Dragged up the rest of the stairs, and thrown into the elevator, I was headed to the narcotics office.

"We got a fighter here" the white one offered as we passed numerous officers on our way back. (They had to account for my beaten appearance.) "Yeah, a real fighter."

We soon got to the Narcotics Division cubicle.

"Strip!" grunted the white one, and the vision in my head was his knee returning. "And if I see you eat anything I'll break your fuckin' hand." I was clean, that's why I ate the joint. There was nothing to find on my person.

His superior came in and started some work at his desk, uninterested in my case. This toned down my guys' actions somewhat. I was still trying to look even more scared than I was.

"All right, put your pants on!" and as soon as I'd done that he handcuffed me to a chair. Evidently he thought that I was considering trying to run out of there, past fifteen or so cops that were in the outer room, and bust out of police headquarters. All with no shoes on.

My request to make a phone call went unanswered until his superior heard it. Then I called collect, and countered my mother's cheerful greeting with "I've been arrested." The arraignment would be tomorrow morning. And there is no bail for drug arrests. Which meant I'd be spending the night in jail.

I was led down to "identification," where I was fingerprinted and photographed. Ten Polaroids were taken of me, including two, in color, that the white guy, that sick bastard, wanted for himself. I guess he wanted to show the wife and kids the 5' 8", 137 pound terror that he and another guy beat up today.

Then came jail.

One night in jail doesn't really sound like much. We hear all the time of twenty and thirty year sentences, and one day sounds rather trilling. But it's not.

It was seventeen hours of stench, cold, and the walls of cursing drunks and street vermin. Jail, the great common denominator, brought me into contact with people I would never want to go near. They were seventeen long hours.

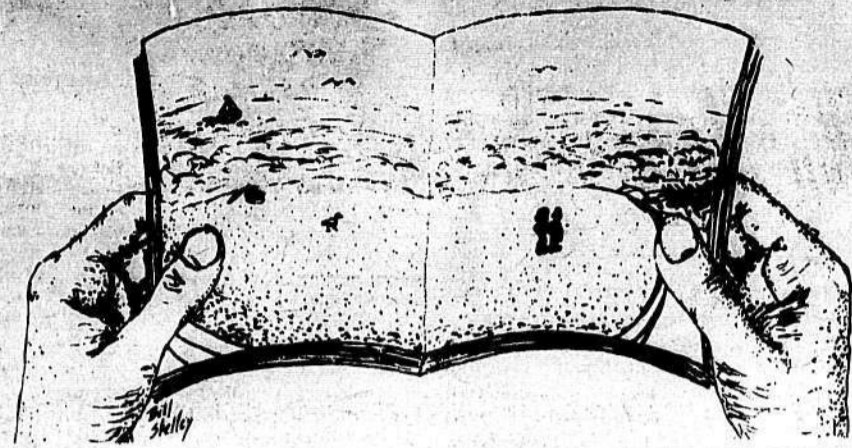
Next morning at nine thirty, we were led into court and a multi-hour affair began. I'll spare the details, but I walked out, with a suspended sentence, later that day.

A suspended sentence, like the sword of Damocles, hangs omnipresent over my head. It's a scary feeling. If anything happens, if I happen to be in a car that gets stopped and drugs are found in it, I will start serving that suspended sentence, plus any other one I get for that infraction. Scary as hell. It could come tumbling down for a damn second.

So, a period of my youth has come to an end. Marijuana and I, after years of enjoying each other, will have broken up. And that's that.

Autumn at the shore...

Brooklyn's Bustling Bay



by Barbara Fischkin

There's a book I read, a long time ago, that takes place in the Fall in a small northern seaside town.

Everything is almost desolate. There are a few shopkeepers still around boarding up the salt water taffy and hot dog stands. A few more people are on the boardwalk catching their last breath of "good salt air" while one or two diehards on the sand watch the dark blue ocean which only recently has become too rough for swimming.

I was thinking about that book as I drove towards the beach one brisk Sunday late in September.

Only... I was in New York, the beach was in Brooklyn, and the "town" was something called Sheepshead Bay. And that made all the difference.

Business As Usual

It was 50 degrees on the day before autumn began, and Emmons Avenue, which runs parallel to the bay and is a good four blocks from the beach itself, was one overpopulated, newly thriving "combination fishmarket-ice cream parlour-clam bar" after another. At the end of it all was "Lundy's", a seafood restaurant, standing since 1932 and out-surviving the fad restaurant syndrome despite its long lines and communal seating arrangements.

Inside, I must have passed at least a thousand clam chowders before I got to Eddie Doll, a "Lundy's" cashier for fifteen years.

"Oh yeah... today's a slow day. We usually serve five thousand on Sunday. It's busy from Mother's Day to Labor Day and then it slows down."

There were about five people waiting to pay... and it seemed busy to me—so I made my way out again through the clam chowders (some of which had turned to Lobster Newburgs), and got back to the street.

It was worse there. Business was so good that no one even had time to talk. In between the crabs and the bluefish and the blackfish and the people at "Randazzo's Fish Market" I finally found Mrs. Randazzo.

"Not today. I'm too busy. Maybe during the week. Anybody you want'll talk to you."

Apparently they didn't need the publicity.

It was the same thing with "Joe" who owned the "two scoops please" ice cream stand, except he was more apologetic and bought me off with butter walnut.

Plastic Bag Annie

Discouraged and just about ready to cross the street, I noticed what had to be the only person on that block who wasn't buying or selling. A sorry, homeless old woman with long greying hair, garbage can clothes and her life's possessions in a few satchels—she was a replica of Manhattan's "Paper Bag Annie." Her bags were plastic and that said a lot more about the neighborhood than it did about her.

She would talk to me.

Wrong. She had just told a little girl, "What Daddy, that's not your Daddy. That's some goddamn old man from ancient times." And she didn't have very much more for me. Just a suspicious look at my pad and pen, and a shriek of, "YOU'RE A

MURDERER LIKE ALL THE REST OF THEM!

Across the street, however, life was very different. There were just as many people and business was being done, but they were other people and it was not the same business.

An organization called "All Community Arts" was sponsoring an art show and sale. Every exhibit had a sign saying "please browse" and everybody wanted to talk.

Sam Chaikofsky grabbed me first.

"You see this painting, it's a century cactus. That's copied from a real one. When they bloom they smell so bad that you have to wear a gas mask."

He went on to discuss his problems, problems that appeared to be common to most of the community artists.

"Sometimes I get a lemon and sometimes I get lucky. But, you know what gets me mad? When they come over and say that their six year old kid can do the same thing. That really annoys me. Especially since I can't do this for a living. I'm a photostat operator, I have to make a living."

Happy to finally hear someone go beyond the superficialities, I listened until some photographs caught my eye.

The sign above them said:

"Hy Dareff's photographs will be seen in a forthcoming Warner Brother's motion picture, 'Dogday Afternoon,' starring Al Pacino."

Actually it was Mrs. Dareff who did all the talking and, I suspect, a lot more of the shooting than she was allowed to own up to. She explained that the photographs would be mounted on the wall of a bank on "Avenue P" which is robbed in the movie.

I mingled awhile and even helped one old woman decide which Hy Dareff photograph she really liked best. Finally tired, now from too much talking, I moved further down the bay, just to watch.

"Fish Story"

The fishing boats were coming in with their bluefish catches and their big fish stories. A lot of people were welcoming their relatives back to shore and as the boats got smaller the families got larger.

Tony Cosentino was swabbing the deck of his tiny "Wahoo III" when two aunts, four cousins and an uncle appeared on the dock.

"Hey Tonneeee!"

"Ah my family. Hey—di'n' know my family was gonna come."

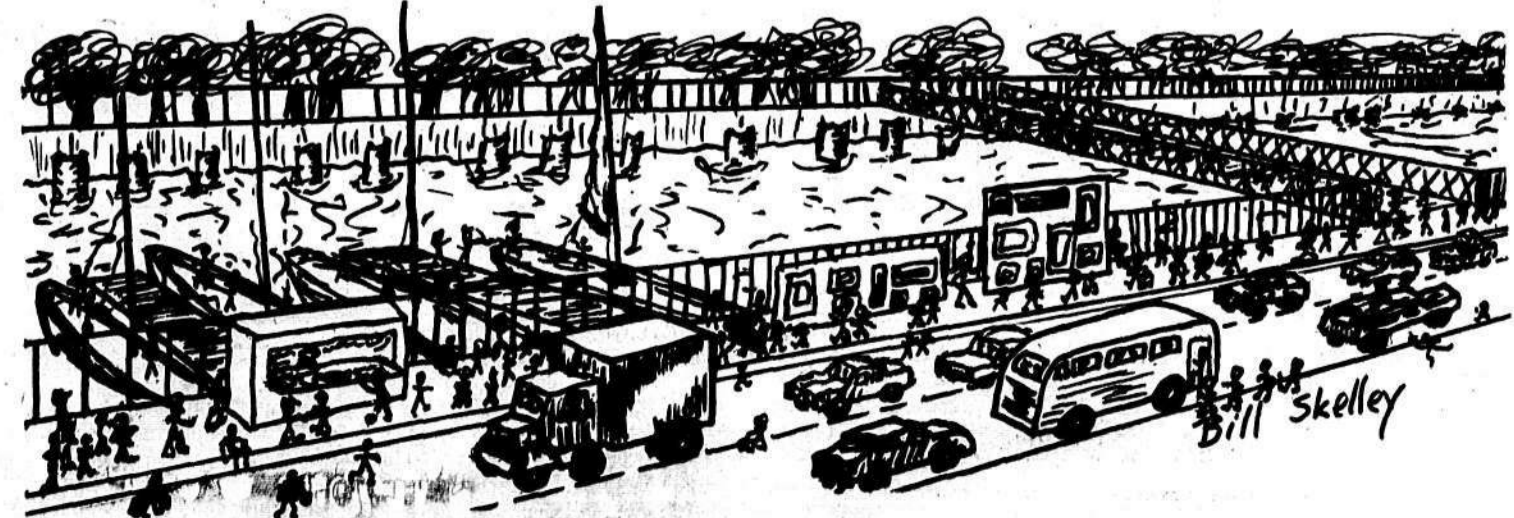
"Hey Tonnee—Ya got anymore fish?"

"No more fish—but I'll getcha some."

"Ahhh Tonnee!"

From the boats it was easy to get to the bridge across the bay and eventually the ocean.

Well... instead of two die-hards on the sand I found twenty. But, there was also room to run and when you looked around you realized that the gulls really did outnumber the people and the sky was truly better than any you'd seen in a long time.



letters

On Our Side

To the Editor:

In the Friday October 4 issue of the ASP, I incorrectly attributed a remark to Phillip Sirotkin, Vice President of Academic Affairs. The article, which examined student input into the tenure system, quoted the Vice-President as having said that he rarely "finds himself on the same side of the fence as students." Recalling the conversation I had with Dr. Sirotkin I remember having said that "I guess it is rare that you find yourself on the same side of the fence as students". The Vice-President noting that I intended it as a joke said something like "I guess so."

I want to apologize to Dr. Sirotkin for the quotation. In no way did I want to suggest that the Vice-President has consistently opposed students. I simply found it amusing that both students and administrators together were banned from participating in the faculty votes on tenure.

The Vice-President has often defended the rights of students to participate in the tenure

process. When I sat on the Council on Promotion and Continuing Appointments I found the Vice-President to be sincerely sensitive to my thoughts as a student member of the committee. There have been disagreements in the past but more often than not they have been healthy differences. The incorrect quotation misrepresented the Vice-President's views.

Bob Mayer

Introducing...

To the Editor:

Since the ASP hasn't taken the time to find out who the candidates are and what they stand for I must take it upon myself to explain my background.

My name is Michael Sakoff. In 1973 I was elected as a McGovern Delegate, and at the same time I was elected as the youngest Democratic Committeeman in New York State. I was then elected within the Democratic Party to be on the Democratic Executive Committee. Early in '73 I was nominated by the Democrats to run for the position of Village Trustee. As a Democrat I have been in charge of Volunteer coordination, and registration. Just recently I was put in charge of the Upstate campuses for Howard Samuel. I'm now in charge of student volunteers for Wayne Wagner.

I am a transfer student from Rockland Community College where I served as student senator, and on the first College Forum. I won many awards as a spokesman for the college, and went to many of the local radio talk shows as a spokesman.



As a transfer student from a commuter college, I know the special problems that the commuter may have. For the last 5 years I have been an apartment dweller. I know the special problems also. I have faced the indignation of taking the SUNY bus in the morning. When having a car, I have been forced to miss class just looking for a parking space.

Commuters have put up with enough on this campus! Some of my programs will include a Student Pro-rated mandatory tax. Why should commuters be penalized for not living on campus? Open the line to all commuter reps.

I ask all commuters to contact me if they have any suggestions or questions. I can only be as effective as those that elect me. Let me know your problems and your needs.

Michael Sakoff

A Varied Selection

The following letter was sent to the manager of the Follett-Suny Bookstore: Manager, Follett Bookstore SUNY-Albany:

I would like to register a complaint concerning the operation of the bookstore on the SUNY-Albany campus. My complaint concerns the paucity of periodicals of an academic and intellectual interest available from the bookstore. A campus bookstore is responsible for serving the interests of the university community as a whole. This, I submit, means that the bookstore should carry magazines with small circulations, from small printers, on specialized topics as well as those from major publishers that "sell."

It is my opinion that the bookstore should solicit suggestions from its patrons—by displaying in the store a suggestion box or by advertising in the ASP or whatever—for additional periodicals to be added to the present stock. This may require additional burdens for your clerical and sales staff. I'm sorry if that is the case—however, what your periodical section now carries is an insult to this university and the policy should be changed as soon as possible.

Peter G. Pollak

Foundations of Education Dept.

What Some Polls Say...

Mamie Eisenhower?

NEW YORK (AP) Miss? Mrs.? or Ms.? Only 14 percent of the women surveyed in a national opinion poll said they preferred the feminist designation Ms. However, 29 percent of single women and 33 percent of separated or divorced women prefer Ms., the poll said.

The American Women's Opinion Poll, conducted by the Roper Organization, surveyed about 3,000 women on a variety of subjects, with a separate poll of 1,000 men for statistical purposes.

The organization said the results of the poll were statistically valid within 2 percent as national averages.

A good marriage is still the dream of American women, but they want some changes made. Communal living, living alone or living with someone without being married were viewed as the most satisfying way of life by only 3 percent of the women interviewed.

But while 96 percent of women still see marriage as the best way to live, the poll reported that more than half now want to combine marriage, children and careers. Sixteen percent of the women interviewed said wives should not vow to obey their husbands. Love is still the major reason women cite for getting and staying married. But after love, the

poll indicated some shifts in marital priorities. Personal compatibility in marriage—being able to talk together about feelings—is more important to women than sexual fidelity, having children or financial security, the poll reported.

Three out of five women under 30 years old said one or two children was enough, according to the poll. Premarital sex was viewed as immoral by 53 percent of the women, down from 65 percent in 1970.

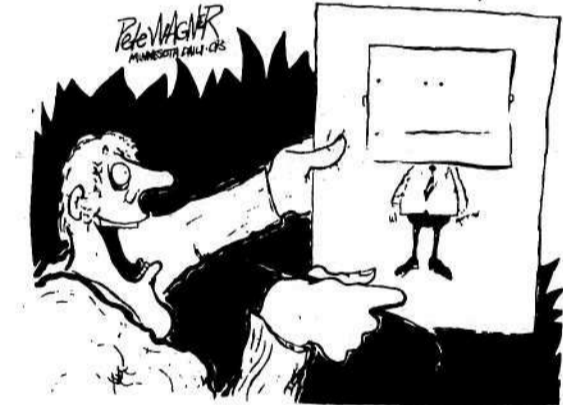
For the first time, a majority of women indicated support for the women's movement goal of strengthening the status of women in society. Fifty-seven percent of American women favor such efforts now, compared with 48 percent in 1972 and 40 percent in 1970, the poll said.

Mamie Eisenhower and Walter Cronkite headed the list of people most respected by women. Former President Richard M. Nixon ranked tenth on the list of respected men in the poll, which was conducted in May, prior to his resignation.

Black social activist Angela Davis was ranked as the least respected woman by 53 percent of the women polled.

However, 39 percent of the black women interviewed rated her the woman they most respect. Blacks constituted 11 percent of the women surveyed.

Presidential Popularity



Hey! I did it! A perfect Gerald Ford caricature!

PRINCETON, N. J. (AP) President Ford's approval rating has dropped 21 percentage points since he took office, according to the Gallup Poll.

The survey shows half of those questioned saying they approve of the way Ford is handling his job, 28 percent disapproving and 22 percent expressing no opinion.

The current rating represents the sharpest decline for any president in his first two months in office.

In a poll taken just after Ford took office in August, 71 percent said they approved of the way Ford was assuming the nation's leadership. Only 3 percent said they disapproved, and 26 percent said they were undecided.

Ford's rating fell off five percentage points between the first poll and one taken early in September.

The latest poll was taken after Ford par-

doned former President Nixon on Sept. 8 and before Ford presented his economic program to Congress a month later.

The pardon was the chief cause of Ford's decline in popularity, and the nation's economy was another important factor, according to the polling organization.

A special poll taken just after the pardon found the public opposed to it by a two-to-one margin.

Other polls have showed that most Americans consider the economy to be the nation's biggest problem with nearly half of them predicting a depression such as that of the 1930's.

Ford retains the approval of a greater percentage of younger adults and Republicans than of older persons, Democrats or independents.

The latest poll was taken Sept. 27-30.

The Godless Britons

LONDON (AP) Only 29 percent of British people believe in God, according to a public opinion poll published Sunday.

The poll of 1,093 persons was conducted by Opinion Research Center for a religious

program televised by the British Broadcasting Corp.

The BBC called it the first major survey of religious beliefs in Britain since a Gallup poll in 1963 showed 38 per cent believed in God.



Mamie Eisenhower as she appeared at a 1971 news conference.

The Latest Dope On Dope

by Michael Mead

UPI (9/30/74) Eastland for Action to curb Marijuana

Chairman James O. Eastland of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee said today that if the current rate of marijuana use continued, Americans might find themselves "saddled with a large population of semi-zombies." Mr. Eastland, a Mississippi Democrat, said the news media were in part responsible for the increase. He said that "most of our media and most of the academicians who have been articulate on the subject have been disposed to look upon marijuana as a relatively innocuous drug."

In response to Senator Eastland's "startling" warning that, if patriotic Americans weren't alerted to this marijuana business, they would soon be "saddled with a large population of semi-zombies," it is reasonable to suggest that the proverbial fox smells his own musty tail. If there is a pestilence of "semi-zombies" infesting our purple maidenheads and fruity pastycaes, it would appear to be cankering and festering most virulently within the hoary chambers of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee.

Now don't think that I'm about to launch into a general polemic in praise of mercy killing: as a strapping young stripling this reporter was brought up decently and painstakingly taught to respect his elders. Normally when confronted by your basic loquacious vicious seventy year old coot who appears to have gone quite gonzo from advanced terminal hemorrhoids or ossification of the cerebrum, I somehow manage to stifle the overwhelming desire to woof my cookies in his face. Instead, turning my cheek, I mock-deferentially walk away. Form, if not sub-

stance.

However, in the case of James Oliver Eastland, Senator from the sovereign feudal balivwick of Mississippi, my bent Burkean respect for the ancients is forthwith sent to the showers. As for this misanthropic methodist from Treefrog, Mississippi, it is essential to respond to his senile mouthings by calling a spade a spade or, to be more apropos, a dodder a dodder.

When it became public knowledge that Jovial Gerry planned to fully pardon The Nix (speaking of semi-zombies), it seemed quite plausible to suggest that he had not read a newspaper in the past two years; however, in Geriatric James' case it seems certain that he has never read a newspaper more sophisticated than the *Selma Swineherder Gazette*. One can easily envision that crusty old bit part from *Gone With the Wind* agitatedly lying in bed late at night with a taperecorder strapped to his perspiring wizened head continually playing to himself old Harry Anslinger "killer weed" sermons.

Picture that semi-literate buffoon of a man making an utter nebbish of himself before a snickering audience of stoned out Washington reporters by mindlessly blathering such discerning thoughts as this:

"Simply because every intelligent, articulate rational scholar who isn't on the take from the Justice Department feels that marijuana is no more, if not less harmful than alcohol, we as Americans cannot afford to conclude that the upsurge in marijuana use has not led to millions of babies being born with four left nostrils and six gargantuan sex organs or that its prolonged use does not lead to galloping halitosis, crotch-rot of the lesser condom, a terminal cancer of the right belly button! The

mere fact that every major governmental report written in the United States, England, and Canada on the subject of marijuana use has concluded that it is a relatively innocuous drug' only points out the insidious pervasiveness of the communist... ooops, wrong speech... narcotic menace.

"The nation's entire college population, 90% of all non-wasps living north of the Mason-Dixon Line and 110% of all albino comquats over 8" tall have already fallen victim to the lewd, licentious, lacivious, lotus-like, lick-spittle effects of the green, gangrenous, gawky, gorgonzolan death! America is rapidly becoming a living, breathing Bela Lugosi movie irrevocably saddled with a large population of semi-zombies. Unless we move quickly to squelch this national nightmare, civilization as white men know it will come to an end."

Perhaps I overstate the good old boy's case as he was undoubtedly a bit more lucid than I portrayed him to be when he made his UPI remarks. But if only we could catch him after he's mainlined a few nickel bottles of Southern Comfort, I believe we would be surprised at what then might issue from the Mississippian Ambassador's mouth.

In any case I wouldn't bother with this strung-out tirade if it were not for the fact, as strange as it may seem in this era of presidential fiat, that times occasionally arise when the Senate of the United States is called upon to deal rationally with crucial national issues. Being forced to silently suffer while some ludicrous old buzzard stumbles about in a befuddled, ethereal condition comparable to that resulting from severe oxygen deprivation, unabashedly unleashing mindless verbal salvos at the great social problems that he has obviously never read or experienced, is

enough to lead one to avidly campaign for federal aid to euthanasia. As Janis Ian would plaintively sing "Send your (senators) to Shadey Acres. We'll take good care of them. You won't be aware of them. Send them to



Shadey Acres."

Seriously though, statements such as that attributed to Senator Fathead represent the murky depths to which American political life has descended, or perhaps from which it has never emerged. One wonders how such supposedly intelligent, articulate men can consistently make such utter nurdlings of themselves. I personally couldn't care less that Parochial James thinks I'm an animated Mr. Potato Head, my brains scrambled and fricassed by too many bowls of opiated Panama Red (Yummy!). What troubles me is that that narrow-minded fool gets to vote every day on issues that directly affect the sanity and security of my life and my world. Apparently, if nothing else, one continually pays his full pound of fleshly societal dues in the form of sheer unmitigated aggravation.

Classical Forum Inflation Now and Then

Inflation worries statesmen, economists, business leaders, and everyone trying to make ends meet. Students are aware of it as they pay tuition fees or rent. Like most problems of today, inflation existed in classical antiquity. During most of the third century A.D. the Roman Empire was close to economic disaster. The demands of army, imperial court, and administration were steadily increasing, while productivity, trade, and population actually decreased. The government responded by raising taxes and debasing the currency. This, in turn, caused a sharp rise in prices. The economic situation became so bad that peasants deserted their fields, merchants refused to accept debased currency, and the government collected some of its taxes in kind.

Periodic efforts to reform the currency provided only temporary relief. A bold and unique attack on rampant inflation was finally undertaken by the emperor Diocletian (285-305 A.D.), who issued his famous Edict of Prices in 301 A.D. This edict established maximum prices and wages for more than a thousand articles or services; it provided severe penalties for offenders, including the death penalty. Nevertheless, the edict was a failure, as the people ignored or defied it. Merchants withdrew their wares from the open market; a black market developed, and the flight from money to goods continued. Diocletian's successor Constantine (306-337 A.D.) revoked the edict. Such other reform measures of Diocletian were far more successful. His Edict on Prices illustrates the ancient world's lack of economic sophistication, but provides us with the single most important source of information on Roman economic life.



Unique Mime Troupe Creates Images In Mind

by Sharon Swerdloff

A unique blend of mime, dance, acting, sound effects and music was presented Friday night, October 11, by the Celebration Mime theatre, a group of nine young performers, seven men and two women.

Those who attended any of the four workshops given by the members of the company Wednesday through Friday were introduced to some fundamental concepts of mime.

One of these basic concepts is that of the "premise"—a belief in what you are miming which results from a strong image in your mind. For example, to create the illusion of a tug-of-war, you operate under the premise that the rope is really there and unless you can pull it firmly in your direction, the rope will drag you forward with it. Workshop participants got to try various elementary mime exercises such as pushing a heavy dresser that won't budge, prying open elevator doors and fighting with another person without any of the tension that goes into a real fight. A fascinating collective exercise was the creation of "statues." A topic such as the "The Circus," "Hell" or "Rock 'n Roll," was given, and after a few seconds of reflection, five people came together and created a statue representing that idea, a conglomeration of five bodies relating to each other and giving a total impression.



The Romans had their economic problems, too. Above is one of their shrinking coins.



The essence of this "statue" exercise is the same which runs through all of the company's work. At the opening of their performance, one member explained what mimes do: "They take images, let them run through their minds, and express them with their bodies." In all of the pieces, bodies were combined to form images in a quite unusual way.

The first piece, "Grab Bag", was an assortment of images, sounds and shapes that included marching, crawling like animals, a tortoise and hare race, one man bouncing another like a ball, and a mimed tug of war. The second, "The Serpent, or Madison Avenue and the Original Sin", was a zany parody of advertising techniques as used on Eve to make her take the apple, including a Let's Made a Deal spoof, commercials testifying to the wonders of apples, and a look at the Garden of Eden, complete with Adam, serpent and strange jungle noises.

The third piece, "The Balloon Friend" was a delicate, touching story of a lonely girl who finds friendship with a balloon (one of the mimes), who comes to life when she inflates him, floating gently from side to side. In playing, she trips and starts to cry, he laughs at her and she, enraged, uses her slingshot on him. The balloon shoots all across the floor, losing air until he is deflated. In vain, the girl tries to blow him up again. Slow fade...

"Camp Wahoo" was an exploration of all the pranks and wild goings-on at a summer camp. Illustrative of the group's inventive use of bodies was the scene in which Arthur, about to leave for camp, packs his suitcase portrayed by one of the mimes lying on his back with hands and toes extended as locks. All the familiar characters and vignettes of camp life were there: the slick Camp Coordinator, the snotty other campers who try to scare Arthur, the singing of the official Wahoo camp song, a food fight in the mess hall and the flies who gather around it, poison ivy, archery and toasting marshmallows. The comic characterizations and use of bodies to represent inanimate objects created a hilarious impression of camp life.

The next piece, "At the Circus" was a changing collage of visual impressions and sounds associated with the circus that included a tightrope walker, lion tamer, trained seals, clowns, an acrobatic group called The Great Zucchini and a knife thrower who ends up with a knife in his own back.

"The Legend of I'llison Twitchell," a tall tale about a old farmer who was determined to clear his land, was made lively by the troupe members, who at various points in the tale, were barnyard animals, rocks, horses and carts. Quite ingeniously, all combined to create a tractor which could not only plow, but could wash clothes and shine shoes too.

The final piece of the evening, "An American Collage", changed the tone of the performance with a commentary on the American way of life—crowds, and ambulance carrying away a casualty, subway straphangers children at school learning their ABC's, a football game complete with cheerleaders, an enactment of war and young boys dying, the loneliness of a child whose parents are always away on business, the fanatic behavior of autograph hounds, a roller coaster an old age home where a young couple laughs at the helplessness of the aged, and the assassination of President Kennedy. A very effective part of this collage showed a man who stuffed himself and created so much waste that he was eventually forced to chase the vultures and dogs away to eat his own waste in the garbage dump. At the end of this collage, which lasted about a half-hour, all these scenes were very quickly repeated in succession to the tune of "America the Beautiful".

Except for this last piece with its heavy social implications, the tone of the evening was one of delight and a sense of high spirits. This particular company has worked together for only a year, and has its home base at a resident school in Maine. Their particular blend of theatre and mime made for quite a fascinating evening, to which the standing ovation was a tribute.

What's 15 minutes if you're going to have a good time?
may we suggest **The Ilium House**
25 Morrison Avenue, Troy

it's only a 15 minute drive from SUNY, has constant taped rock music, gourmet sandwiches, happy hours

tuesday 9 - 12 pm Ladies nite
all drinks half price
wednesday 4 - 7 pm
10 oz. draft beers - 20c
friday 2 - 6 pm
50 cent high balls
'pour liquor.
very easy to get to!

Just take 90 east to TROY exit. Follow 787-go over bridge. At the first light make a right turn-straight up to the crest of the hill. Then just follow the signs to THE ILIUM HOUSE

open 11 am - 3 am everyday

Free Delivery Albany Campus Pizza Free Delivery
in Westgate Shopping Center 438-8350 438-9421
Near Gateway Diner 911 Central Ave. & Colvin

OCTOBER SPECIAL!
PICK-UP ONLY
Mondays: 20% off a large Pizza pie
Tuesdays: Free large soda on every large pie

Sicilian Pizza Available (please call well ahead of time: \$4.50/pie)

	SMALL	LARGE
Cheese Pie	\$2.50	\$3.00
Pepperoni	3.19	3.69
Anchovies	3.19	3.69
Sausage	3.19	3.69
Mushrooms	3.19	3.69
Any two combinations	3.79	4.29
The works	4.50	5.00

Prove it's your Birthday and get 50% off.
Sandwiches available, too!

Wines From the Finest Vineyards in the World!
Pine Hills Wine & Liquor Store, Inc.

mon - sat 9 am - 9 pm
482-1425

gift wrapping
chilled wines
free delivery

870 Madison Ave (just above Ontario St.)

Class of 77 Meeting
Sunday, Oct 20
7 pm
CC 373

Drive Our Cars Free To Florida, California and all States in the USA
AAACON Auto Transport
89 Shaker Road Terrace Apartment
Albany, N.Y.
462-7471
must be 18 years old

Hanneford Circus Minimus in Gym

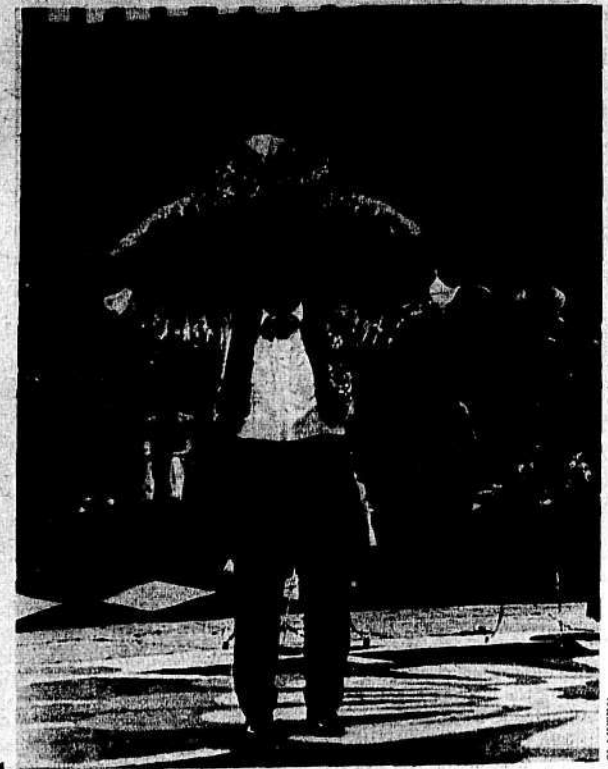
by Hillary D. Kishik and Alan D. Abbey
 We went to the circus yesterday. It was the Hanneford Family circus, and they held it in the Gym. Inside it smelled like a circus, musty and rank. The normal odors of rusty gym socks and shorts were masked by the animal stench. We decided to our popcorn and cotton candy at the intermission, and walked past the crowd at the concessions so we would get front row seats. We didn't even realize when the circus began because the lights stayed on and the Ringmaster failed to catch our attention. He didn't create any atmosphere or sense of drama for the first act, the wild animal trainer. Her act, as well as her animal, both lacked shine and luster. They all seemed drugged and

devoid of excitement. The tigers appeared bored and the lion didn't even let out a token roar.
Grooming Clowns
 "For our enjoyment," the Ringmaster said, there were two clowns to entertain us between the acts. Not only didn't we enjoy their stunts but they actually slowed down the pace of the show. By the end of the performance, people were actually groaning each time they appeared. Behind us sat a little boy who began crying when the second clown, who had a white face with black lines, came onstage. "I don't like him," he cried. "He's mean looking." We were so disappointed. Where was the little car with twenty clowns piling out of it?

The Hanneford Circus lacked a strong aerial act. There was only one trapeze artist, and there was a limit to what she could do by herself. She had no place to swing or jump. She wasn't very high off the ground, and there were no nets to create the illusion of danger.
Animal Acts Highlighted
 The highlights of the show were animal acts. They came between the acrobats and were the most popular with the crowd. They had trained horses and dogs and chimpanzees and leopards and an elephant. The little elephant made several futile attempts to stand on one leg, each the crowd applauded warmly. Although never quite successful, the

crowd applauded warmly, acknowledging the attempts.
Colored Costumes Sparkle
 The many colored costumes were all glitter and sparkle. They added more to the festivities than any of the other elements. Even the highlight of the show, the acrobats, seemed sloppy and unpolished. Most of the performers were old,

and not especially glamorous. They were merely people doing the only jobs they knew. The atmosphere was stripped of that aura of speciality and excitement we expect and remembered. The whole myth of the circus had been shot to hell. On the way out we saw the tigers sitting in their cages, looking dejected and sad. We asked them a couple of questions and they didn't even respond with a blink of the eye.



Above was the Hanneford Circus' one and only head to head stand, and, left, the classic leopard leaping through the hoop of fire

Ionesco Hidden, Exciting

by Richard Parks
 Friday afternoon at 4:00 p.m. I journeyed over to the PAC to review a play by Ionesco called *Improvisation (or the Shepherd's Chameleon)*. The play was an experience I enjoyed; finding the Arena Theatre was an experience I didn't enjoy. I spent 20 minutes walking through the building; up to the third floor, down to the basement. The people I asked looked at me with blank looks and just shrugged their shoulders. Finally I latched onto two other lost souls and we stumbled across the Arena Theatre. Entering the Arena I found a small intimate theatre-in-the-round with seating for about 250 people. There were 50 people with me who seemed to enjoy the *Improvisation* as much as I did.

more with the audience, to get a laugh, than he did with the other actors on stage. This is not to say that Mr. Scibilis did not do well, he accomplished what he set out to do, but he seemed to lose his way occasionally. Beth Polmar as Marie, a French cleaning lady, came across very well. Using a vacuum hose as a weapon, she saves the sanity of Ionesco. Her character was believable and enjoyable to watch.

Four Letter Words And Lenny Bruce

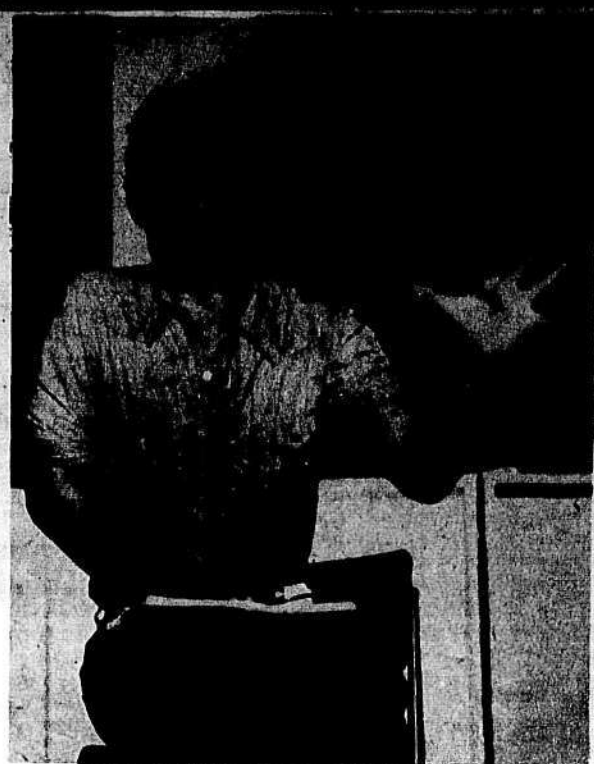
by Paul Pelagall
 I frequently use four letter words which are labelled obscenities. Sometimes they're longer than four letters. For some reason most of my friends use words like these to make their language spicier. Many people employ obscenities as part of their everyday vocabulary. No one is really shocked anymore to hear the word "fuck" or similar expressions. The theater and movies have adopted realistic language and even T.V. has. One group of people who have long been allowed to make obscenities part of their act are night-club comedians. However, in the early 60's the courts decided to draw the line somewhere.

Lenny Bruce happened to be at this somewhere. Most of us know he was a comedian who used vulgarities as the basis of his act. He was arrested many times and died in 1964 of an overdose of heroin. Not so many of us have heard one of his routines or know the circumstances of his life just before his death.
 The *World of Lenny Bruce* presents both the stage Bruce and the mentally harassed Bruce. Fank Speiser, the understudy for Broadway's *Lenny*, has been portraying the late comedian off-Broadway. Thursday night he played two shows in the Ballroom, courtesy of the Special Events Board. Speiser begins his one man show by telling you what to expect. He sets the scene for you since the props and scenery consist only of a microphone with a flexible necked stand.

Essing and Fressing

Lunch Mandarin Style

by Sandy Ellenbogen and Melissa Caust
 The Peking Restaurant offers a wide range of dishes prepared in the Mandarin style of Chinese cooking. Mandarin differs from Cantonese in that noodles are the staple rather than rice. Wheat is found in abundance in northern China. Marco Polo introduced spaghetti to Italy upon his return from the Orient. Mandarin also employs hotter spices than Cantonese: chili peppers, scallions, curry, and sriracha; these are felt to have medicinal powers. In addition to the stir-fried foods common in Cantonese cooking (e.g. fried rice, chow mein, pepper steak), cold dishes, interesting soups, long-cooked meats, and casseroles are popular. We recently sampled a representative selection of Mandarin dishes at the Peking and found the restaurant to be generally uninteresting.
 A typical cold dish is pickled cabbage (75c). When properly prepared this spicy dish is anything but cold, however here it tasted like slightly over-peppered cole slaw.
3 Assorted Flavors
 Next we tried a promising Three Assorted Flavors Delicacy soup (\$2.50 for 2). To our dismay, we received a tasteless broth accented with some strips of ham, watermelon, and a third equally non-descript "delicacy." One good note, however, was the noodles which accompanied the soup. They were freshly fried, crisp, and delicious. This started the inevitable dipping of noodles in the duck sauce.
 Main dishes run about \$4.00 apiece, but since dishes should be eaten family style, it is often possible to share dishes, and combine with soup to bring down the price. We sampled the sweet and sour pork Peking style (\$3.50) but were disap-



Frank Speiser as Lenny Bruce giving a nervous pre-trial rap.

pointed to find a carbon copy of the Cantonese version. It was satisfactory but lacked distinction.
 Curry chicken (\$3.75) was a large portion of chicken in a fiery curry sauce. We were pleasantly surprised by this and decided that we had not given the restaurant a fair chance. Therefore we returned and sampled bean cake casserole (\$4.50), which someone had recommended to us. The casserole consisted of soup with bean cake and Chinese cabbage and although very generously filled, very disappointingly bland. Bean cake, a soybean product which is light brown and of a jellied texture, does not look appetizing. Its flavor is innocent, however and a suitable supplement to more strongly flavored foods. But in this case it was the main attraction, and as a result the casserole made a poor showing.
Moo Shoo Pork
 Our final try was moo shoo pork (\$2.95), a stir-fried mixture of shredded pork, vegetables and egg, spread with scallions and peppers. It is traditionally served with thin pancakes (15c each) a dollop of the mixture is placed on the pancake, which is then rolled up and eaten. The Peking version relied much too heavily on soy sauce, which drowned out the flavors of the various other ingredients.
 The Peking offers a somewhat better buy at lunch. A selected number of dishes are offered at significant savings, e.g. chicken curry at \$2.50, and the food is generally more carefully prepared.
Shanghai Better
 The Peking is conveniently located near the busline heading uptown. The food is not bad, but we believe the Shanghai, (799 Central Avenue) which we reviewed previously offers more tasty and authentic food.
 The Peking Restaurant is at 1094 Madison Ave. and is open seven days a week.

Theater Council is having...

A WINE AND CHEESE PARTY

for all students and faculty

Friday, October 18 at 4:30

In the second floor lounge of the PAC

funded by student association

FOCUS on WSUA this week:

Tues.	National Lampoon Comedy Hour
Wed.	Interview w/ the Socialist Worker's Party
Thurs.	Nitty Gritty Dirt Band interview (after their Oct. 5 concert)
Fri.	FOCUS on Jazz live interview w/ Gene Bertonia

FOCUS - weeknights 7 - 8 on WSUA - - the sporty 640
 funded by student association

Now for the first time ever in a low-priced Pocket & Book edition

Carlos Castaneda
 JOURNEY TO IXTLAN
 The Lessons of Don Juan

25 Weeks On The New York Times Best Seller List
 "Staggeringly beautiful" - *Book World*
 "Utterly fascinating" - *N.Y. Times Book Review*
 The "third and finest book" in Castaneda's magnificent trilogy that began with *The Teachings of Don Juan* and continued with *A Separate Reality*.
 Time
 All three Castaneda classics now available for only \$1.50 each.

POCKET & BOOKS

