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From Riverknoll we walked past the infinite loop sculpture, past the Union, and then crossed the quarter mile to the dorms. The first day of student orientation was in progress and we were going to talk with some of the freshmen about their first impressions of RIT.

Let's face it, arriving at a school with hundreds of strangers, who you will probably be spending four years with, is intimidating. Naturally, most of the freshmen were uneasy, and they expressed their anxiety in different ways. Some tried to hide unobtrusively and escape the melee, like the girl we saw sitting alone at a picnic table trying to read a novel. She discussed photography, design and Avedon with us but seemed more concerned with holding her hands under the table. A few minutes later, she nervously put one hand on the table holding a large half-eaten candy bar, and then the other, holding a can of Fanta orange; she gave us an apologetic smile.

While walking through the dorms that afternoon, we met a freshman whom we had seen staring wistfully over the campus from the sixth floor of NRH. He worriedly explained that because of a dry spell, “the corn is still high back home.” He had been raised on a farm in Canada and for the first time he was not at home for the harvest. Until a few hours before we met him, he had been planning to major in Criminology. But both his roommates were intending to study mechanical engineering, and for the first time “I realized I can study something other than farming or Criminology if I feel like it,” he said.

Another freshman was wearing a sleeveless work shirt with the name Clyde emblazoned in red and white script over the breast pocket. We stared at our reflections in his mirrorized aviator glasses while he explained that he had spent the summer playing drums with “a band from the Jersey shore;” he also explained that his high school was “just another brick city like RIT, but my friends at the school, they were very laid back.

Another young lady, graced with voluminous breasts, was wearing very tight jeans and top. Earlier we had seen her unloading the family Buick with her parents, but when we asked her about her plans, she denied that she was going to attend RIT and explained that she was “just up for the weekend visiting a Greek guy.”

We spotted another new arrival sitting alone in a dorm lounge wearing a sport coat and tie. He sat rigidly, staring straight ahead and ignored the music blaring into the lounge. When we started talking to him, he visibly relaxed. “There were 26 people in my high school class, and only about 250 in the whole school,” he said. “This place is so big it makes you feel kinda weird,” he went on. “But I do like the view from my room - it's on the sixth floor.” He told us that he had visited a lot of different schools but had decided on RIT finally because “it's the only school with a good engineering department that's not too far from home.”
Most parents were as nervous as their sons and daughters. They either walked very close together, saying nothing and watching everything intently, or they got into arguments, agreeing with each other vehemently. We heard a husband say to his wife in a loud accusing voice, "Why didn't we pack that old bar refrigerator in the back of the van. That was really stupid! We could have fit it right in there," the husband said pointing to a very small area in the back of their van which was not filled with trunks and suitcases. His wife turned to him with her hands on her hips and fire in her eyes saying, "Yeah, that was really stupid of us! Now he's going to have to rent a refrigerator and we've got a perfectly good one sitting at home. As we continued through the parking lot, we heard them angrily agreeing with each other.

After the cars were unloaded and the freshmen had a chance to savor their first meal at Gracie's, we walked back to the dorms. A convivial group of freshmen offered us beer as they sat playing pinochle in the lounge. Except for a lack of intimacy, they acted and sounded as if they were veterans of at least one winter in the dorms. They joked and cursed each other, and complained about the crowded rooms and the inefficient unloading of the cars. One pinochle player who had waited three hours to unload his car predicted, "if these people handle everything so inefficiently, we're in trouble."

The evening after registration we decided to see how the freshmen were enjoying a production which had been billed as, "a fun-filled day of fun events." These events included a showing of Fellini's "Amarcord," a dance band with a cash bar, and folk singer. On the crowded dance floor in the Union cafeteria, we saw three guys dancing with a single girl who was trying to teach them the busstop; they weren't much good at it, but they didn't seem to care because they were having such a fine time. The mood on the dance floor was lighthearted and friendly, but the farther from the dance floor one ventured, the more people were on the make, trying to pick someone up, make a score.

The bar was on the opposite side of the Union from the dance floor; we fought our way over to the long, crowded line leading to the bar. An angry young damsel asked if she could stand in line with us. She explained that she had gotten about halfway through the line once when "some great big guy came up behind me and started rubbing against me. At first I thought he was being pushed up against me or something. But when he started rubbing me that fourth time, I decided it wasn't an accident. What animals!"

Later, a different freshman girl was explaining, "I like this place all right, but I don't think my roommates like me too much because I didn't get back to the room 'til about three o'clock last night. I was pretty drunk, I guess and I think I woke 'em up."

On the other side of the Union a
single musician played soft rock, folk songs and blues on an acoustical guitar. The mood was relaxed and mellow; some people clapped in time to the music, others lay on the floor staring at the ceiling, while others talked softly. We sat by a muscular freshman with a bandaged right hand. Holding up his hand, he said "I waited in line at registration for two hours. When I made it to the head of the line they told me I was in the wrong line," he said, his voice rising a bit. "So after lunch I went and waited in a third line for about two and a half hours. Then, after I waited in lines for about six hours I finally registered for classes and it took a total of about three minutes. When I got back to the dorms I was so angry I tried to punch down a concrete wall," he said grinning. "It was pretty stupid of me," he said "but the first time you get to a place like this with all these strange people it makes you kinda crazy."

—RUSS HARRIS
On a sunny day last October Andre LaRoche set out to describe some of the overwhelming effects of RIT's architectural environment. His impressions are carried on the following pages.
"... At RIT... our graduates go directly from here to where they want to be—in the professional world doing professional work."

"... every person on our faculty is chosen because he's tops in his field—before he comes to RIT."


Pick up a copy of RIT's official bulletin from the admissions office. Examine the photographs of students enjoying themselves on sunlit afternoons and peruse the purple prose describing RIT's programs. Does this bulletin offer an honest assessment of RIT? Do any of you feel cheated after comparing your experiences at RIT with the bulletin's promises?

Yes, many feel cheated. It is true that all institutions carry some dead weight; are complacent, self-perpetuating and occasionally reactionary. Certainly RIT has its share of such problems, as any other institution has. But without accurate information about a school's shortcomings, how can a student make a competent decision to invest thousands of dollars and four years of his life? Without accurate information, the decisions to attend a certain school must be made on the impressions of a short interview, the obvious exaggerations of a slick promotional bulletin and rumors.

Read the first statement quoted above. Do you honestly believe that all RIT graduates get the job they want after graduation? Read the second quote. Do you believe that every person on the RIT faculty is "tops in his field"?

Shouldn't your institutions be subject to the same truth in advertising laws that business is? The federal government thinks so. President Ford signed into law a bill (The Education Amendments Act of 1976) which requires institutions of higher learning to give clear, detailed information on refund policy if students find their educations unsatisfactory in comparison with the school's promises. In addition, the law requires institutions of higher learning to give more information on course content, academic programs, and the numbers of students who drop out and for what reasons. The penalty for not meeting these federal guidelines, including the publication of misleading information, would be to withhold many government loans to students and institutions. Needless to say, this would make it difficult for many schools to function.

Such a law was needed because there has been a rising level of complaints and lawsuits against institutions concerning some of the following: quality of instruction, academic standards, grading policies, financial aid, career counseling, and dormitory crowding. It is unfortunate that colleges and universities are being dragged into court because they should be as free of government control as possible. Yet, according to a recent article in the New York Times. "There is wide agreement among educators and critics of the educational establishment that colleges and universities have simply not given students enough information to go on." RIT and most other colleges and universities in the country must try now to give an honest assessment of both their good points and shortcomings.

Student pressure for this new legislation has come partly as a result
of increased competition among colleges for a diminishing number of students. As colleges and universities have seen their student body decline, they have begun to use more aggressive marketing and sales techniques to attract more students. Clearly, RIT has been more successful than many other schools in attracting students. In large part this is because 'career education' is in vogue. RIT has legitimately been able to claim that it has long experience in this area of education, and this has attracted many students. Yet it is also clear that RIT is subject to the same fluctuation in demand that affects other schools. According to a recent article in the Reporter "Enrollment in CCE, forecast to be the place for the growth in higher education, reached its peak in 1966 and has been declining ever since, dropping a surprising 18 per cent. The exaggerated paranoia the administration exhibited at having to do a bit of financial belt-tightening this year demonstrated where the administration's larger sympathies lie. Of course, the administration is committed to 'education' but it is no secret that the administrators at CCE are worried and are pushing to increase enrollment.

If we were to write a critical guide to RIT to offset the exaggerations of the official bulletin, what should be included? No doubt, there are any number of legitimate gripes. Some of the most obvious criticisms have already come out in the campus media this year. An article in Counterpoint pointed out that in the opinion of many in the Institute College, the program is "a patchwork quilt of unrelated programs, its components spread all over campus . . . It frequently appears that RIT looks at the Institute College as some sort of bastard relation." Isn't it a student about to spend thousands of dollars on an RIT education entitled to this information?

In an article in Reporter, John Hosuler, Chairman of Rochester's Industrial Management Council, commented that many RIT students are well prepared in their technical areas but 'do not, unfortunately, seem strong in some of the basics such as English grammar, or the ability to do some mundane things like write letters.' Isn't a student about to spend thousands of dollars on an RIT education entitled to know this?

Many articles in both Counterpoint and Reporter have discussed administration intransigence on the deferred payment issue, as well as the administration's general callousness toward students. A quote from a Counterpoint editorial is an example: "The administration treats the students with contempt, the students look upon the administration with suspicion, and tension grows."

Besides the elimination of deferred payment, the following example of the administration's reaction to a class complaint about a particular professor is illustrative. A class of graduate students in photo-science complained unanimously that their professor's lectures were unclear, his homework problems poorly constructed, and that there was a real lack of feedback between the professor and the students in the class. Eventually the administration agreed to let the students take the course again at no extra cost. But that's not as reasonable as it sounds. First, the department is not expecting to of-
fer the course next year, and if the course is offered the following year, the same instructor will be teaching it. In essence, the administration admitted that there were grounds for the students' complaints by offering them the option of taking the course again free of charge, but then refused to offer a viable alternative. Isn't a student about to spend thousands of dollars on an RIT education entitled to know this?

Another prime example of the administration's lack of concern for its 'customers' took place on when classes were cancelled for a teaching conference. Most people will agree that such conferences are worthwhile. But the fact that this conference closed the institute down in mid-week after the quarter had already been split up by Christmas vacation and snow days, showed a lack of concern for both student and teacher opinion. The administration seemed to ignore the fact that students had to make up these classes at inconvenient times, and that some professors were just too lazy to plan for make-up classes. The administration didn't see the irony of further disrupting an already incoherent quarter with 'a teaching conference.'

When one of the main organizers of the event was asked to explain the scheduling, he said, "We planned it for the middle of the quarter to impress on the professors how important these new educational technologies are." Such an answer makes a parody of the fact RIT claims its professors are professional educators who are 'tops in their field.' Isn't a student about to spend thousands of dollars on an RIT education entitled to know this?

Throughout the official bulletin RIT reminds its potential customers that it has excellent relations with industry. It is no secret that RIT courts industry with fervor unseen in other schools. This is only natural since RIT is a 'career-oriented' institute. This courting of industry has been to RIT's material advantage: witness the modern, up-to-date-facilities, particularly in the schools of Graphic Arts and Photography. However, RIT should also guard that business and industry do not subordinate the greater interests of the students and the larger goals of education to their needs and profits. This could easily happen at an institute too concerned with raising money and good relations with industry, and not enough concerned with the welfare of its 'customers.' RIT would do well to show equal concern for developing good relations with its students as it does for its own economic growth. Shouldn't a student about to spend thousands of dollars on a RIT education be made aware of these problems?

RIT should emphasize in the bulletin that an RIT education is not the best professional education for everyone. Bringing up some of these problems in the official bulletin would require a much more open attitude on the part of the RIT administration. Let's hope that RIT has the foresight to make some of these changes and to practice self-regulation in other areas before further student alienation and government intervention becomes a reality.

—RUSS HARRIS
INTERVIEWS

INTERVIEW WITH PAUL

Paul is a business student who graduated in June. Although he has 'come out of the closet,' he did not want his real name used in this interview.

On his homosexuality:

Last year I met a young man on campus who was my age, but actually was a senior. In every sense it was a really nice high school romance; it was one of those things where something just clicked. We used to wait for each other after class, and did all those silly things that two high school kids in love do.

Well, one day he was sitting on my desk in the office and I was standing there with him and it was quite obvious that we weren't discussing the sports scores, if you know what I mean. But we were behaving ourselves quite admirably at the time, given my desires. But another kid in the program walked in and saw the two of us together. This guy has been to Nam and has several girl friends, so he just automatically put two and two together, turned beet-red and turned around and walked out. So, it was about two days before everybody in the program knew I was gay.

It was interesting because it took awhile for it to soak through to everyone that, yes, I was one of those, but, no, it didn't change my behavior, and that I was just as much of a cynic and character as I was before. I didn't bother to show up in a dress or anything bizarre, so I was simply accepted for whatever I was . . .

But it is true that as a gay you have more opportunity to hate yourself than most people. It's sort of the idea of waking up in the morning knowing that you are going against the grain with practically everyone you meet. I've never been in another culture, but to me it would probably be like going to a foreign country and knowing there was no way that you could ever learn the language. You're just naturally put in an outsider's position.

You can always get by, but by getting by you're assuming a posture of some sort or another.

INTERVIEW WITH MRS. TILEY:

Mrs. Tiley is a homemaker, and mother of three children. Her husband, Ed, is student in the school of Photography.

On the morals of RIT students:

RIT is a good school, and it's got a fantastic photo department. As far as the academics go, they're (the administration) doing everything right. But I don't think they're concerned about keeping the morals in young people high enough. There are so many things you see every day . . . the bathrooms at the RIT dorms are not even marked for men and women; they're coeducational just like the rest of the floor. I think it's wrong. And I just don't like the cohabitation over here in Colony Manor. They (the administration) say 'We're taking care of it, we're not allowing it.' Well I say
"baloney", because I see it every day out here. It might be oaky for me, but what about my three young kids? What about the kid up around the corner? What about the two little girls in the house around the corner? I mean there are kids over here... I think it’s wrong to advertise it as being married students’ and faculty housing, and you come here and there are single students living next door. They’re students but we’re students too and we’ve got three young kids...

One day I let Martha go out to play and I was in the nursery with the baby putting him down for a nap. And I heard Marcy screaming at the top of her lungs, and there were two RIT ‘chicks’ laying out sunning themselves in the corner over there, and not one of them budged to see what was wrong with the child. You know, not particularly my child, but any child. If you can’t be nice to a child, there’s no hope for you.

INTERVIEW WITH
ISRAEL KAPLAN:

Israel is a senior, graduating with a degree in printing technology and management. Israel arrived in the United States from the country of Israel five years ago. His wife, Kathy, works as a teacher and librarian in one of the area public schools.

On RIT students’ complaining:

I find that a lot of the students here take everything for granted. They are always complaining about something. If they can’t find something to complain about, they will dig under the ground to find something. To me, a lot of these kids are just spoiled brats. They have a really good food plan, they have really nice dorms, they have a beautiful school, and then they complain that there are too many bricks, or too much of this or too much of that. They’ve got all these things here that they take for granted because their mother used to be a better cook than the cafeteria, and so the cafeteria is not good enough for them anymore. They think their dorm rooms aren’t big enough or they complain because they don’t have air conditioning. They have all the necessities and some of the luxuries, and yet they are still complaining.

On the male/female ratio at RIT:

You know, because I am thirty-two years old and am married. I cannot say I am a Don Juan, but I have had some experience with the opposite sex. A lot of the guys complain that there are not enough girls at RIT or that all the girls are snobs. I think that is bunk. They don’t know what they are talking about. The average RIT kid doesn’t even know how to approach a girl, and when none of the girls likes him, he complains that they (the administration) doesn’t supply him with enough girls. If I was outside for two hours I could get two marriage offers, I swear to God. I really mean it. In Israel they say that “no girl is going to give to a guy who doesn’t know how to take.” I really believe that. Most of the girls that come here as freshmen are more mature than the guys their age.
When the girls aren't interested in them, these kids take out all their frustrations on beer and dope, instead of changing their approach.

On getting a college education:

If someone had told me when I was twenty-four that someday I would go to college at one of the best printing schools in the world, I would have thought he was crazy. I never was a very good student in elementary school or high school and I always thought I would just be a "worker". Sometimes, when I sit and think about it, I am so thrilled to be getting my education, even though I am thirty-two. Personally, I am thrilled and I wish everybody at RIT could feel as good to have such an opportunity.

INTERVIEW WITH MAXINE

Maxine has completed her degree in Fine and Applied Arts with a major in painting. She plans to work as a designer for an advertising firm sometime in the near future.

On women in business:

In business circles there's a strong feeling that women don't have the drive and ambition to be very effective. There's an incredible difference between how women are treated at RIT and how they get treated in the business world. Here at RIT it's all very idealistic. Once you're out working, the difference in how women and men are treated is incredible.

Everybody knows that women's salaries are not as high as men's. That's got to change. But another thing that bothers me is the games that women play with other women. From what I have observed, women who are good-looking go about getting what they want by playing on men's sexist instincts. This degrades and downgrades everything that the women's movement is trying to achieve because these pretty women use tricks and pandering that men put them down for. And that doesn't help the next woman who comes along looking for a job or better pay if she is just like Miss Plain Jane.

On male-female relationships:

When a woman enters into a relationship with a man, he automatically expects her to start changing her goals. Men are not interested in strong women. Once they enter into a relationship they want a wife and a mother and all those other things. It's true that you don't marry the man, you marry the life that goes along with him. It just isn't reasonable that a woman has to change all her goals and interests when she gets involved with a man, and the man doesn't have to change his role at all. This doesn't happen in every case, but it happens a lot.

A lot of times women can find more support for their goals from other women than they can from men. If you can get over your socio-type hangups about homosexuality, it seems to me that anybody can love anybody else, and turn somebody else on if that's required. A woman can do it to another woman, just like a man can do it to another man. What really matters is if you love each other enough.

—RUSS HARRIS
In the past, it has been said that TECHMILA has done little by way of recognition for all the people who spend good portions of their free time trying to make various student organizations function. The problem is that most of these people are so busy, it's almost impossible to get them to sit still long enough for a photograph. So, we decided to pick the pockets of some of those who deserve recognition. Our apologies to those leaders whose pockets we didn't get a chance to pick.

—ED.

CRAIG SCHWABACH
President
Student Association
1977-78
GREG HITCHIN
Chairman CUB
1977-78

JEFF WOLCOTT
Chairman
CUB
1976-77

PHIL FREEDMAN
Director
STS
1977-78
STEVE GENDRON
President
Student Association
1976-77

KAREN GOLDMAN
General Manager
WITR
1976-77

TIM FERRIS
Vice President
Student Association
1977-78
I moved out of the dorms two years ago. I had to do it for the sake of my psychological stability. Living in the dorms can do strange things to you. I should know because I lived in the dormitories for seven years. After the dilapidated, sunken cement halls of military school, I moved to the slightly less spacious, ivy-ridden halls of prep school. And then came RIT. At first it was like staying at the Waldorf compared to the century old firetraps I was used to. But gradually, very gradually, I began to feel more and more like one of Skinner’s rats. The proper name for RIT’s style of architecture is “Brutalism.” Indeed, the name accurately describes its effects on inhabitants. What follows are a few indications of the strange and adverse effects that living in the RIT dormitories has had on some of my acquaintances and people that I have mistakenly come in contact with.

As a freshman, the first and most outstanding example of adverse affection I was introduced to was Richie Vial. Richie was a 24 year-old Criminal Justice major who peddled a lot of dope and had fun blowing the money he inherited on such things as new cars and color T.V. sets. But with all his money, he still lived in the dorms. I think he needed a following. Richie was famous for knocking on doors in the early hours of the morning with a bottle of Peppermint Schnapps in his back pocket and plenty of dope to share. Richie was also an accomplished tennis player, but he rarely played when he wasn’t speeding. One of the best stories that Richie ever told me was about “Fat Patty.” It seems that “Fat Patty” was a girl from MCC who just happened to be the willing recipient of an obscene phone call one night. That same night she visited RIT and took on 17 guys from one floor. I didn’t believe the story until Richie showed me his photo album. Richie went on to explain Patty’s most memorable feat at one on the frat houses where she experienced 34 guys in one night... non-stop. The next morning WITR devoted an entire day of broadcasting to her. It’s rumored that “Fat Patty” was a virgin before she set foot on the RIT campus, but I have no way of verifying that. I’m not really sure whatever became of “Fat Patty” but the last time I saw Richie was when he visited “The Cellar” one night. At that time he had transferred to some community college where he was living by himself in an apartment. Miraculously, he seemed to be recovering from a too long stay in the RIT dormitories.

Down the hall from Richie was Roger. Roger is graduating from RIT this year, so I’ll go easy on him. If you’re reading this Roger, make sure your parents never see it. Roger is a somewhat homely kid who must have led a sheltered life before coming to college. Every floor has someone who always gets picked on and on the 9th floor of Sol Heumann, that someone was Roger. I can remember one night early in the year when Roger drank a quart of vodka. I was in a friend’s
room when I heard a lot of commotion in the hall. When I looked out the door, there was Roger running up and down the hall screaming and crying and acting pretty generally beserk. Somehow he got hold of a knife and it took three of us to get it away from him. I think Roger needed a following also. Later on that year, Roger's roommate happened to mention that it had been quite a while since Roger had taken a shower, and the stench was getting unbearable. The five of us who were sitting in the lounge at the time were uncommonly bored, so maybe it's more than coincidence that we all came up with the same idea. I supplied the "Fab," someone else got a broom and the RA let us into Roger's room. He put up quite a fight. In fact, we almost ended up dragging his bed into the shower with him, but a half an hour later, Roger didn't smell so bad anymore. Roger, I apologize for bringing back bad memories.

During my freshman year I spent a lot of time at Colby D, which at that time was an all female floor. Colby D was the site of numerous strange and memorable experiences one of which was Manny Straus. Manny's sense of humor dominated his every activity, even when he was trying to be serious. Instead of smoking cigarettes, chewing gum or partaking in normal tension easing vices, Manny blew bubbles. He carried one of those little plastic bubble blowers with him constantly. He was quite good at it and it was not uncommon to see a parade of bubbles emanating from his room, six floors up in one of the towers. My clearest recollection of Manny is on a night he wouldn't remember at all because of his total and complete intoxication. I was standing in the hall over at Colby D around 2:00 in the morning with a friend when this normally shy girl came running out of her room screaming that there was a man in her bed. I went back to her room to check out the situation, and there was Manny lying unconscious between her sheets. The worst part about it was that Manny didn't even know the girl. He just happened to wander in and pass out next to her. It was no use trying to wake him up so I carried Manny out into the lounge and attempted to get him onto one of the couches. Just as I was about to lower him onto a couch he struggled to get loose and I dropped him. When his head smacked against the arm of the couch I figured we wouldn't be hearing much more from Manny that night, so I went to bed. The next morning, I woke up to find that Manny had entered still another girl's room and again found a comfortable resting place between someone else’s sheets. This time he found a much less hospitable hostess. He was literally picked up and thrown into the hall by the girl and her roommate, both of whom were of fairly large stature. Manny left RIT after his freshman year. His name still pops up in conversations from time to time.
Another fairly well known character around Colby D, was known not by name only but by such nicknames as "The Perv," "Sicko," etc. This boy had a problem. At the end of the hall at Colby D there is a large window which directly faces another window in the stairwell of Kate Gleason Hall. Early in the morning, just as everyone at Colby D was rolling out of bed and into the bathroom, "The Perv" could often be found peering through the window in the stairwell of Gleason masturbating in full view of all who were in the hall over at Colby D. He was reported a number of times and finally caught. I hope he was given the psychiatric help he needed rather than getting dismissed from school.

As long as we're on the subject of demented individuals, I might as well mention another occurrence which I witnessed with astonishment during my freshman year. I was walking with a few friends towards Grace Watson at some ungodly early hour when we witnessed a small flame near the sun dial. In seconds, the sun dial was totally ablaze. As we got closer, we saw a very strange looking guy in a bathrobe and shower sandals. He was burning some sort of sheet that he had apparently drenched in gasoline and hung from the sun-dial. I didn't recognize the person, and I'm sure I wouldn't if I ever saw him again, but he had the sort of smile on his face that you would expect to find on an old man at a porno movie.

In my sophomore year I moved to the 2nd floor of Sol Heumann, but I still frequented my old floor when I got bored. On one visit upstairs I found my roommate from the previous year and a friend of his trying to locate the phone number for the poison control center. They weren't really alarmed... just concerned. Earlier that day they made two batches of brownies. One was your normal Betty crocker variety and the other contained an entire box of chocolateed "Ex-lax." They offered the "Ex-lax" brownies to anybody who happened to stroll into their room, while they munched on the normal brownies. Unfortunately, one particular passer-by was quite hungry and ate about 70% of the spiked brownies. It was even more unfortunate that this same individual who's name nobody can seem to remember, ate one of "Campi's" famous steak bomber's before eating the brownies. If you've ever eaten a "Campi's" steak bomber, you know about their extra "cleaning" power. Add that to an entire box of "Ex-lax" and you realize the need to find out the number of the Poison Control Center.

Reflecting back on these once forgotten memories has led to a single conclusion: it's difficult to live in the dormitories for any length of time without becoming subject to at least a minimal degree of derangement. I myself feel as though I have recovered... others never will.

—MARK FELTON
The Greeks are controversial. I've heard them compared to every kind of group imaginable — from the best to the worst. Some people compare the Greeks to Nazis who use mind control and brainwashing to recruit their members. Other people tell me the Frats are comparable to utopian societies in which everyone lives peacefully and no one feels lonely and blue. Still others tell me the Greeks are only interested in good times, while the campus magazine tells me they are mad for power, and are planning to take over the student senate. So, what's the story? Can anything honest and objective be said about the Greeks?

Recently I was talking with Tom Roche, president of Greek council, and he was giving me his 'objective' view of the Greeks. 'The Greeks are excellent citizens; we support charitable events, we work hard with the student senate, we provide a large part of the social life on this campus ....' If you have talked with Greeks about the Greek life, you know that once they start talking in this vein, it's almost impossible to shut them up. So, I interrupted him and asked, 'Tom, what do you think is the one worst feature of the Greeks?' He thought for a few seconds and then answered, 'Well, the only thing that comes to mind is that when we are having a party, we tend to have a good time together and ignore everybody else.'

This explains why the Greeks are so controversial. You're either in or you're out. You know the Greek secrets or you don't. You're a brother or sister or you're not. You can't straddle the fence.

Wherever there are secrets and secret societies, imaginations will run wild. Even though the Greek secrets are mainly harmless initiation rites, secret hand shakes, and the like, the element of secrecy makes all Greek actions and motives suspect to outsiders. These suspicions are reinforced by horror stories which appear in the news occasionally; the stabbing death of a pledge during initiation rites earlier this year is a good example. Also, there is suspicion that some of the discriminatory Practices that were common to the Greeks during the fifties have remained secretly in force.

But a few secret rites hardly explains why the Greeks remain, perhaps, the most controversial group on campus. The heart of the explanation lies in the fervent commitment that the Greeks have made to their way of life. Ask any Greek if he considers his frat or RIT more important to him, and he will invariably answer, 'RIT has just given me a lot of hassles, but my brothers have really made me improve myself.' They will also point out, 'RIT is a place to go for four years and then its over, but the commitment to your brothers is a lifelong thing.'

In this day and age when 'individualism' and 'sexism' are fashionable, the concept of 'a lifelong commitment to your brothers' is heresy. Subordinating yourself to the needs of a group is not in vogue. This partly explains why the Greeks remain controversial — they have made a formal commitment to each other. Not only that, but most Greeks prefer to live in a single-sex environment to develop the feeling of 'brotherhood'.
"You have girls over to have a good time, but if they lived here, it would destroy the whole atmosphere," the Greeks explain. Because 'sexism' has become another catch phrase in our vocabulary, the frats are bound to seem suspect when insisting on a single-sex environment.

Because the Greeks still believe in commitment to the group, and a single-sex environment, they are often accused of living in the fifties. They are seen as living 'Greaser Madness' three hundred and sixty-five days a year. But one Greek defended the frats saying, "Some people on the outside think we still go around eating goldfish and seeing how many people we can stuff in a Volkswagen. Well, it's just not true; we have changed with the times like everybody else."

But how have the Greeks changed? Does smoking a little marijuana between sips of beer constitute a real change? The Greeks insist that there have been many basic, structural changes. Mainly, physical pledging has been done away with, and discriminatory practices have been outlawed, the Greeks maintain.

Are the Greeks really so very different from other organizations on campus? They insist they are not, and quickly point out that many people on campus have formed exclusive 'clubhouses.' These 'clubhouses' are usually formed by people living near each other in the dorms, and have many of the earmarks of a fraternity. Secret initiation rites and the like are typical of these groups. But a brother of Theta Xi, who lived in a clubhouse for a year pointed out that "It's hard to develop any real sense of unity in a clubhouse because you know that it will all be over at the end of the year and everybody will go their own way. But we Greeks have our own house and sponsor our own events, so we are easy targets for other people's frustration."

As an example of this targeting, several Greeks mentioned an article in Reporter Magazine which accused them of 'making a power play' to take over the student senate. Ironically, many pointed out, as recently as two years ago, they were being accused of apathy because they took no part in campus affairs.

No doubt, part of the reason the Greeks are so controversial is jealousy. "One thing is for sure, those Greeks..."
sure do know how to party,” is often heard on campus. Besides their superior ability to organize a party, the Greeks know how to enjoy one, too. Although just as much planning may go into an independent event, somehow, they just don’t match the style of most Greek events. The relaxed, ‘homey’ atmosphere of each ‘house’ and the knowledge that each brother truly looks on all the others as ‘family’ creates a relaxed atmosphere where everyone has the confidence to enjoy himself. The Greeks feel that they improve campus life by sharing these parties with the other students.

But in criticism of the Greek parties, some independents claim this relaxed atmosphere exists only because the brothers are so much alike, and that little cultural and social diversity can be tolerated in a frat. Unfortunately, the Greeks are also accused of dropping their sense of responsibility off on the way out the door of the ‘house.’ While Greeks always police their own parties effectively, some Greeks are suspected of exceptional rowdiness at independent events. ‘Take care of our own’ is the suspected attitude, justified or not.

In spite of all this controversy, what would happen if fraternities and sororities were banned from the RIT campus? The experience of the state university system of New York is a fair indication of what might happen. Recently, the trustees of the New York University system ended a twenty-three year ban on national fraternities and sororities because of student pressure. According to one student at the University of Stony Brook, “There were not enough organizations on campus to get people together to socialize. A lot of people just stayed in their rooms and kept to themselves.” Certainly, SA and RHA would have to do a lot more than they do now to take up the slack in social and cultural programming. Besides, the lack of loyalty to either of these two student organizations would make it very difficult to match the efficiency and excellent planning of Greek-sponsored events.

Although the Greeks may have a few secrets of their own, it is no secret that the RIT community would be the loser if the Greeks were ever banned from the campus — besides, who would everybody complain about?

—RUSS HARRIS
"Integration" is an important yardstick for measuring the success of the NTID experiment. NTID was established specifically to "educate large numbers of deaf students within a college campus planned primarily for hearing students." The NTID monthly magazine claims that NTID is "a college of RIT, just like the College of Business or the College of Engineering." But the RIT students know this statement stretches the truth. There is still a wide breach of misunderstanding between the deaf and hearing on this campus. But the important question to ask is: "are we making progress, or are the deaf becoming an isolated minority, insulated from the rest of the campus?"

The people we talked with differed widely in their opinions on the success of deaf-hearing integration. Several people pointed out that integration is very difficult because of the lack of active programs on the part of the administration. They felt that the burden of communication was left to the deaf, and that therefore, they had become isolated. Others pointed out that within the deaf community itself, there is a wide range of opinion about how much integration is desirable. "Deaf student opinions run the gambit from those who don't wish to associate with their fellow deaf students, to those who are completely committed to the deaf community and refuse to venture far from its security."

But the majority of deaf students take the middle road; they appreciate the chance that the RIT campus offers for integration with hearing students and hope to continue to develop their language skills.

Unfortunately, there are still many instances of the hearing students intolerance for those different than themselves. Specifically, the Octoberfest incident after which a group of deaf students were accused of pushing and demanding free beer became an emotional issue in the campus media. That some of the criticism was so virulent showed there is still considerable animosity towards the Deaf at RIT.

But in spite of this and other unfortunate incidents, there are signs of some progress. George Kamper's initiative in starting the photo house and making progress, or are the deaf becoming an isolated minority, insulated from the rest of the campus?"

The following opinions of people directly involved in these problems speak clearly and forcefully on these problems.

TRACEY HURWITZ

On His Own Deafness:

When I went to public high school, I was the only deaf student of three thousand students and I did well in my courses, but on the social side, I was a loner. I felt like I was in a fishbowl and I could watch all the action going on but I was not a part of it. I was an observer but, it worked out fine for me because I had deaf parents to go home to. So it was more like a retreat for me on a daily basis. But, I am worried about other deaf children who don't have anyone in their family or environment to help them understand their social needs.
On Deaf-Hearing Integration At RIT:

Integration has been the primary concern of many people for a long time and there is an argument on what integration is all about. Is it a goal? Is it a process? Nobody seems to have a good concept of it. There is also a question of whether integration should be mandatory for all deaf students. Some deaf students may benefit from it, some may not. It might be more harmful to force integration with hearing students, but at least the deaf students should be given the opportunity for integration with other students. If they want to do it, if it is required for their job, it should be their choice. But, maybe the biggest barrier to integration, as I see it, is the lack of understanding in other people about NTID or even about deafness in general. You have to be deaf to understand what it is like to be deaf.

On The Relationship Between NTID And RIT Administrations:

It was RIT who asked NTID to come here. Probably RIT had different expectations of what was going to happen to NTID. Maybe they thought that deaf people couldn't do baccalaureate work so all they would have to do is bring in deaf students and put them in regular classes and we would provide support services. Maybe they thought that there would be no problems, but that was not the way it turned out to be. Deaf education is a very complex situation. It is here to stay and it will be a very long time till everyone here on campus will have the kind of attitude to conform with the entire picture.

TOM PENNY

On The Integration Of NTID Students And Teachers:

Many deaf students at NTID would receive better educations if the teachers were more comfortable with deaf people, if the interaction were better. Many times during a lecture the student is able to understand what the teacher is trying to say, but sometimes when a student tries to ask a question or discuss a problem, the teacher doesn't understand what the student wants, so he becomes lost and loses interest. When I have a class with a teacher who really has good communication skills, then I have much more desire to learn.

The problem is that we don't have a lot of deaf professional people. We are just beginning. In the future, if deaf professional people decide to become teachers, we will make more progress. But, now, when we have hearing teachers, we must make sure they know more about deafness so we won't be wasting our time.

On CBS "60 Minutes" Report On Gallaudet College For The Deaf:

My opinion is that it is about time to let people all over the country know what deaf students look like and sound like; how we communicate and do things. Maybe, "60 Minutes" was not the best program to do a show on the deaf, but what was more important was showing something about deafness.

On The Need For More Student Communication Between NTID and RIT:

We know that we have problems here at NTID. But, really we don't know much about the problems which hearing students have. Once when we were over in the College Union we saw a lot of RIT students protesting about NYPIRG. We were surprised that students complained about the RIT administration. We have many other complaints about NTID administration, too. So, we know that we are not the only ones who have problems.

JACK SLUTZKY

On Problems Of Deaf-Hearing Communication At RIT:

I guess the beauty of NTID being at RIT is the opportunity for communication. But, it takes one hell of a lot of guts. When you are at RIT, you are going through a time of learning, a time of soul searching; who you are, what you are, where you want to be, what you want to become.

With all these pressures, for a deaf person to have the guts, and it is guts — to go up and try to talk to a strange group of 'cats' in a language that is not the King's English — is damn hard. These students know they are deficient in language. Nobody has to tell any deaf person that they sound a little bit different...

You look at yourself. How often do you have something lacking in your own physical make-up that makes you up-tight? Are you willing to go over to somebody and say "Hey, you see that pimple?" Nine times out of ten we try covering it up.

We all have shortcomings and we teachers try to tell our deaf students that the shortcomings are not as bad as they think. Their language and use of speech can be extremely understandable, if only they really try it; take a
chance. But, it is difficult. Again they become vulnerable, and who wants to be vulnerable?

Slutsky is a professor of Art at NTID and is the father of a deaf son.

On The Purpose Of The Photo House And How It Functions:

Photography is the medium through which you want to get the communication link. But, the main purpose of this house is not photography, it is to strengthen the communications between deaf and hearing. That is the way it was set up and that is the way it is going to stay as long as I am here, that I know for sure.

Because it is easy to lose interest if you are not really involved, we are looking for motivated people who want to make a commitment. You can’t just live here. You are not allowed a double or single by yourself. Everyone who does not know manual communication has to get together with someone who does, preferably with someone who is deaf, for at least two hours a week. If by the next quarter you are not up to where you should be, you are asked to leave the floor.

We are getting people together, but it takes time to form friendships, especially when there is a communication barrier. There is a lot of exposure to each other, and I think people feel comfortable. If you walk up and down the hall, many times all the doors are open on the floor, which just shows that there is a lot of trust. People just want to have other people come in and visit anytime. There is a lot of communication going on.

On Reasons For Failure Of Greater Integration:

There are a lot of different backgrounds of people here at RIT. There are the people who are the average Americans, of average intelligence, whose only worry is themselves. All they care about is themselves. I think those are the type of people who go around and say ‘Oh, the deaf people stink, the deaf people this, the deaf people that.’ They don’t know anyone who is deaf but, they can say ‘Well, the deaf person pulled the fire alarm.’ Or if there is any damage they say the deaf people did it or they get all up-tight because the deaf students get social security income and they do not. Tuition is higher for hearing than it is for deaf students. I don’t know what it is but, it is a lot, lot less than ours. That seems to be, for them a real hassle. I think the monetary thing and the fact that people just don’t know any deaf students is what makes them say ‘Jesus, the deaf people this, and deaf people that.’ The deaf people do the same thing. Both groups categorize each other and that is real bad because no one makes the effort to go and find out.

—RUSS HARRIS
MAMA'S BOY
A SHORT STORY AND CARTOONS BY VINEGAROON

Mama always told me that if I'm polite, people will like me, especially girls. I've always wanted people to like me, especially girls. GIRLS! All my life I've dreamed of being on a desert island with a girl clad in torn panties and nothing else... Boyobooyo! She would have the body of a... pardon me, but I'm getting away from the story.

Mama used to say to me:
"Dress nicely. Don't you want girls to notice you?"

So I dressed nicely, and what happened? The boys who dressed like they just got through sweeping the smoke stacks of the Ford Motor Company got all the dames.

I told Mama that her sage advice didn't work so she leaned over to me and sniffed. "Phew!" "You stink! Use some deodorants. Then the girls will like you."

So I put on some deodorant, double strength, sauntered out and said to all the chicks:
"Hey! Look at me! I don't stink!"

Their facial expressions suggested that I'd better go jump in the lake.

Actually I don't think body odors have anything to do with getting chicks. Not that much, anyway. I used to know this guy back in high school who was real popular with all the chicks. I couldn't see how, because this guy stank! He stank so bad that sea gulls used to follow him around.
"SKAWK! SKAWK! STAWK!
All the chicks flocked around him with the same intensity as the sea gulls. I asked him how come he stank so bad yet he had all the chicks eating out of his hands? "Hey listen, twerp. You wanna get this baseball bat up your ass? Now get outta here."

I like an honest man. None of that diplomatic bullshit.
"Talk to them," Mama said. "Tell them that they're pretty."

So I told them they were pretty and they laughed at me. I wilted and crawled over to a table in the farthest corner of the McDonald's dining room. Soon some goofy looking guy came in wearing one of those brightly colored down jackets that make him look like that cartoon character that the Michelin Tire Company uses in their advertising. He came over to their table and said, "hey, you chicks look like you been through a car wash."

The chicks thought that was funny.
At this time I was getting jaded with my Mama's wise old advice. What she tells me my gimlet eyes tell me another.
I told Mama this.
"Now don't get sarcastic with me. I don't like it."
I told her I wasn't trying to get in with her. I was trying to get some heavy duty bodies.
"Eddie!" (Eddie is what she called Daddy) "I want you to beat him!"
I scammed as fast as I could. I went over to a friend of mine. He always had plenty of girls. I told him of my misadventures and asked him what I was doing wrong. He leaned back in his chair, propping up his legs on a stack of old "Playboys". My friend steepled his hands and looked at me with the wise look of a worldly man.
"Bird dog." (He always called me that). "The trouble with you is that you're always thinking of yourself. Old Numero Uno, that's what you are. You're always trying to impress all the chicks. They think you're trying to get laid. Now, what you need to do is to show them that you care. Ask her where she came from, ask her about her home, her hobbies, her ambitions... show her that you're really interested in her. Show her that you care about her."

I inquired as to how he and Donnie were getting along.
"Oh, her? Aw, we broke up. She went and got pregnant and wanted me to help pay for her abortion. I told her 'hell, no!' I ain't paying for no god-damned abortion. She can crawl into a gutter and die for all I care. Boy! You shoulda seen her. She was crying and threatening to kill herself. I know what she was trying to do. She was trying to get me to marry her. Hell, no! I ain't having none of that!"

After a half hour of listening to him brag about the girl he had the night before, I asked him where I could pick up some chicks.
"Go to a party," he replied.

Now, I don't go to parties. It's not that I don't like parties, it's just that I find them rather boring. Well, not really. It's just that I'm, er, scared to go to parties. So why am I scared to go to parties? Well, too often, I walk into a room of people I vaguely know. The stereo is on full blast and the sound assails me like a blue norther sweeping down on a west Texas town.
"Hi!"
I looked up. A girl was talking to me. She had hair on her legs. It was black and curly.

"Hey, Cindy! This is Bird Dog. Bird Dog her..."
The speakers emitted a sound like a Messerschmitt 109 going into a power dive. The girl laughed. My friend had said something funny and I asked him what he had said. He started to repeat but just then a disembodied voice screamed into my ears, "AMERICAN WOMAN! YOU'RE STONE COLD!!"

The girl laughed again. I think my friend made a joke about me. I sat in the chair in the farther corner of the room. Someone said something to me. "What?" I said.

"You wanna Dr—?" The music exploded in my ears with a fusillade of tortured guitar strings, screaming voices, and cats getting their tails stomped on.

He handed me a cup of beer. I accepted as gracefully as I could. He yelled at me, "How ya doing?" But the speaker intervened.

"What?"

"What?"

Someone laughed. I looked up. The speaker was leaning over me, beating me down into the cushions. God! I could feel the pressure on my eyeballs.

"What?"

"Huh?"

My eyes began to glaze over. The speaker was leaning over me like an interrogator.

"YOU'RE STONE COLD!!!"

"YOU'RE STONE COLD!!!"

"Huh?"

I was slipping into oblivion.

"What?" Ah . . . sweet oblivion.

A friend of mine solved the problem of going to parties admirably. Once he stepped through the door he would head for the nearest beer keg and in ten minutes he would stagger to the nearest chair to pass out. Neat. All nice and neat. Well, not really. He had a nasty habit of pissing in his pants when he was in one of his drunken blises. But at least he had no memories of what he did. Once we stuck a Groucho Marx nose on his face and he wore it for the next three hours. It was hilarious.

Now, me. I don't drink. Not much, anyway. Not at these parties. I was always afraid that I would pass out and someone would stick a Groucho Marx nose on me and laugh at me for the next three hours. So there you are. Why I don't like to go to parties is that my poor, sensitive ego won't allow me to go to parties for fear that I'll make an ass of myself. But that doesn't get me a chick!

Are you saying that I never got a piece of ass? Nay . . . that's not so. I'm not a virgin. Of course. I went to a bordello on the Mexican border. Naah! I better not tell it. Well, it doesn't make any difference. All I can remember is this sweet-faced girl and the next thing I remember is Ol' Piney and I running like hell and forging across the Rio Grande with the Federales shooting at us. Their bullets were kicking up huge geyers of water left and right of us. But I'm not a virgin. How do I know? I was sitting in the doctor's office when he said, "Son, I'm going to have to give you a double dose. You got it bad."

I got a book once through the mail. You've probably seen it before in those sleazy magazines. You know, the kind with the covers blaring such mouthwatering fares as "I HUNTED THE DEADLY WOLVES OF MOSCOW!" and the article was about some besotten shit temper shooting rabid coyotes in Moscow, New York. Well, anyway, the title of this book was "How to Pick Up Girls," and it had fifteen beautiful girls explaining how they like a man to approach them. The book included such opening lines as, "Excuse me, are you Miss Utah? I saw your picture in the paper yesterday."

After reading the book from cover to cover I went out into the world filled with confidence and said to the first chick I saw: "Excuse me, are you Miss Utah? I saw your picture in the paper yesterday."

Turned out she was Miss Utah and her picture was in the paper yesterday, with his caption:

"Have you seen this woman? Report her to the nearest FBI agent. DO NOT apprehend. Known to be ARMED."

I made a mental note during the next three weeks I was at the hospital to keep up with current events and to burn "How to Pick Up Girls." I wouldn't have known what to say after that surefire opening line anyways.

What's that? What kind of woman am I looking for? Well, you ever watch "Wonder Woman?" That's the kind of woman I want, minus the sadomasochistic stuff, of course. Liber Gott! She's some broad! She has the face of a cherub and the body of a five-hundred-dollar-a-night hooker. Ego amore tu! I love to watch her swish around as she manhandles about twenty leering Nazis who look as if they came from a Wally Wood cartoon strip. God knows what they'll do to her if they ever manage to get her down. God knows what I'll do if I ever manage to get her down!

You're calling me a pervert? Well, maybe you've got a point there. It's
true I thumbed through The National Geographic when I was a kid, and Oui magazine now looking for something that appealed to my pruient interests.

But I don’t think I’m anywhere near as bad as that college student who used to live down the block from me. He used to go down to the grade school in a raincoat and hang around the playground waiting for recess. But he met his Waterloo in the guise of a twelve year old girl who waited for him. She walked toward the tree where the college student hid. When she got close enough he jumped out and opened his raincoat. But she performed one of the most perfect drop kicks I’ve ever seen, right up his... ugh! That was the only backward triple flip I’ve ever seen anyone do.

But I still haven’t gotten a chick. What do I have to do to get a chick to take a walk on the wild side? I dress in all the latest fashions and they go out with guys dressed in plaid pants four inches too short. I fumigate myself every morning so I won’t stink, and the chicks go out with guys who smell like B.O. Plenty. I watch my manners, and they go out with guys who fart, burp, pick their noses and eat whatever they collect on their fingers. I try not to be sarcastic and the chicks go out with guys who make Don Rickles sound like a sick Pat Boone.

Damn it! I’m outta cigarettes.

I’m sitting at my usual place in the cafeteria eating breakfast, drinking that bitter dreg they misname coffee, and study the morning crowd. There are a girl and a boy, a girl and a boy, and each couple is talking to one another, giggling, and laughing.

Hey! What’s this? My heart throb is sitting over there by her lonesome. I’ve had a crush on her ever since I met her about two months ago when she said to me, “Hi! What’s your name?” I suddenly remembered that I’d had a class that day.

I haven’t really talked to her since then but I “accidentally” run into her every now and then to make sure that she’s still around. And now there she is. Sitting over there all by herself, her long black hair so black that it looks Prussian blue, flowing over her shoulder, her eyes turquoise blue, and bazooms as inflated as the Italian economy.

I really ought to go over there. Well? Why don’t I just go over there nice and easy and say “hi!”

Lessee. Is my shirt tail in? Check! Is my hair in place? I run a comb through it. A couple of people sitting to the left are looking at me. Bah! What do I care? Let them look. Lemme see, what else is there? Is something hanging from my nose? Nope. Is my fly open? I quickly zip it up. I think I’m ready now. Just a couple of quick breathing exercises to calm me down. One... Two... One... Two. People are glancing at me and snickering. I check my notebook. Everything is in order. My fork and knife? Yep, they’re still there. I pick up my cup and bring it to my mouth the way I’ve seen private eyes do in motion pictures. The coffee is cold. One... Two... Huh? Someone else is sitting down at her table. Some big, goofy looking guy wearing a bright orange woolen cap. He says something to her and she bursts out in laughter.

Well, I’ll let her go this time. Next time I’ll come up to her and say “Hi!” Next time... Damn it! I’m outta cigarettes!

-VINEGAROON
THE WEASEL AND THE ARMADILLO © 1971

He won a hundred thousand dollars in the state lottery yesterday, and now he's got all the money.

He's dead wrong, looking to talk to you yet?

I wish we were sure.

I never slept in my room last night.

I'm never sleeping with anyone.

I wouldn't cut him down, too.

I would.

I wouldn't cut him down, too.

I'm not sure.

I don't care.

Could you tell me where I can find a Mr. America magazine?

Over there, you myopic fool.

Terrible, isn't it?

A word with you, hardy, Mr. Robotula?

I'm from the state lottery.

I'm sorry to tell you that in our excitement, we heard the winning ticket wrong.

You mean...

You don't win nothing, pal.

However, we are giving you a fine T-shirt with a colorful design as a consolation gift.

Oh... you want it?

He's weird!
WINTER '77

Fifty years from now when the wind is blowing from the north and the snow is flying, you can settle into your rocking chair next to the solar heater and reminisce about the winter of '77. Your grandchildren will come in after playing out in the snow and cluster around you and tell you how cold it is outside. Then you can rock back and say, "This is nothing. I remember the winter of '77 — in those days we knew what the word cold meant." Then, with a sigh, you will go on. "That was back in the days when solar energy was just a dream and we all kept warm by burning this foul smelling stuff from the ground that we called 'gas' and 'oil'." As your grandchildren look at you with wide-eyed amazement, you can tell them how tough it was at R.I.T. "The classrooms were kept at fifty degrees for weeks on end and the temperatures were way below zero. There were snow drifts twenty feet high and President Carter called in the National Guard to help plow the snow off the streets of Buffalo. Yep, it was that bad. There was no hot water and we had to eat our food cold because there wasn't enough 'gas' for the ovens. They even had to shut down the printing presses in the school of printing and the photographers had it rough because they couldn't process any of their film. And the kids in the School of American Craftsmen couldn't use their kilns or glassblowing ovens."

"Even the big company Kod-roX (In those days they were two companies, Kodak and Xerox) was laying off people because there wasn't enough 'gas' and 'oil' to use for manufacturing. 'Oil' and 'gas' were so scarce and expensive in those days that we thought we were all going to have to move south or freeze. Yep, during the winter of '77 we still had the pioneering spirit."

—RUSS HARRIS
FALL SPORTS

It was a productive Fall for Tiger teams last year as seven sports were in action. These included baseball, cross country, football, golf, soccer, tennis and women's volleyball. The combined record was 44 wins, 43 losses, one tie.

In baseball, Coach Bruce Proper's squad posted a 7-5 mark with six contests lost by the rains. Bruce Gates paced the Tiger mound corps with a 3-1 record and set a new school mark with an earned run average of .32.

The bats never did come to life in the fall. Bruce Thompson, third baseman, led the Tigers with a .333 average. The team hit .205 overall.

It was a surprising and outstanding campaign for Coach Peter Todd's cross country squad. The harriers, paced by Mike Massare, finished 11-4 on the year. Massare was named Outstanding Runner for the second straight season with three firsts, two seconds and two thirds.

In the ICAC Championship, RIT placed second. And in the Upper New York State Championship, the Tigers placed sixth.

Despite the largest squad in recent years, the RIT football team could manage only a 3-6 mark for the 1976 campaign.

Coach Lou Spiotti's squad started on a losing note, dropping contests to Hobart, St. Lawrence and Albany. In the Hobart game, Dan Gruber set a school mark with six kickoff returns for 162 yards but suffered an ankle injury. It was to be a crushing blow to the Tigers. After losing to a powerful St. Lawrence (24-0), the Tigers were unable to capitalize on Albany turnovers and bowed to the Great Danes, 17-7.

Then came the first victory of the season. Middle guard Tom Pepe was devastating with 19 tackles and the Tigers topped Oswego, 16-0 in a steady downpour. It was Homecoming Weekend. The following week RIT rolled over Brockport, 40-21, this time taking advantage of numerous mistakes by the Golden Eagles.

Calmes was the standout the following Saturday despite a 37-15 loss to Alfred. He averaged 40.5 yards in punts, returned an interception 71 yards and kept RIT close throughout the afternoon.

Against Ithaca, Adamo was superb, completing nine of his first passing attempts. But the Tigers fell, 35-7. In the finale, RIT handled Canisius with a 28-14 victory. John Whiteford, Mike Guinan, Tom Pepe and Jamie Calmes were named to the All-ICAC Team.

It was a year of ups and downs for the soccer squad. They started out very strong, winning five of the first six. Then, following a 2-2 tie, they skidded and lost the next five. Four of the losses were against ICAC foes, dimming any hopes of a conference title.

Coach Bill Nelson's booters were stunned with the loss of Al Miles from his fullback spot due to illness. He was able to return for the last five games. Again Steve Marchase was out-

—continued p. 50
FOOTBALL
standing in the nets, saving 87.9 percent of the shots. Andy Cappola and John Hagenstein led the Tigers in scoring with 13 and 12 points. The losses to Hobart and Clarkson were biggest disappointments.

Coach Ann Nealon’s women’s tennis team rallied with two wins to end the campaign 4-4-1 in the fall. The longest win streak was three, including victories over MCC, Nazareth and St. John Fisher.

In men’s tennis, Coach John Mayer’s netters opened with a victory over St. John Fisher and then lost the next five, four by shutouts. Sig Rafalik and John Allchin paced the squad with two victories in singles play. The Tigers finished with a 1-5 record.

The Tiger golf squad posted a 3-1 fall record in dual matches and won the Utica Invitational. Mike Hryzak and John Rush led the linksmen with a 78.3 overall average. In other tourney action, Coach Earl Fuller’s golfers took second in the Brook-Lea and Elmira Invitational.

The best Coach Helen Smith’s Volleyball squad could muster was an 8-17 record. The women rallied to beat Roberts, Alfred and Buffalo State to gain eight victories. Top netter was Donna Martin.

—J.R. DYKES

SCOREBOARD

FOOTBALL (3-6)

RIT 16 Hobart 44
RIT 0 St. Lawrence 24

RIT 7
Albany 17
RIT 16 Oswego 0
RIT 40 Brockport 21

RIT 7
RPI 20
RIT 15
Alfred 37

RIT 7 Ithaca 33
RIT 28 Canisius 14
CROSS COUNTRY (11-5)

RIT 35 Fisher 23
RIT 18 Houghton 43
RIT 23 Canisius 38

RIT 50 UR 15
RIT 27 St. Bonaventure 29

RIT 43 Niagara 16
RIT 24 Oswego 33
RIT 23 Canisius 26
RIT 15 Eisenhower 48
RIT 48 Brockport 15
RIT 26 LeMoyne 30
RIT 27 Buffalo 28
RIT 24 Hobart 31
RIT 26 Clarkson 30
RIT 47 St. Lawrence 16
RIT 20 Potsdam 43

SOCCER (7-7-1)

RIT 7 Eisenhower 1
RIT 4 Roberts 1

RIT 43 RIT 2
RIT 24 RIT 0
RIT 23 RIT 5
RIT 15 RIT 4
RIT 48 RIT 2
RIT 26 RIT 0
RIT 27 RIT 2
RIT 24 RIT 2
RIT 26 RIT 0
RIT 47 RIT 1
RIT 20 RIT 2
RIT 7 RIT 3

Niagara 16
Fredonia 2
Canisius 26
RIT 4
UR 2
RIT 2
Hamilton 2
RIT 0
RPI 2
RIT 0
Geneseo 3
RIT 2
Hobart 3
RIT 0
St. Lawrence 1
St. Lawrence 16
Ithaca 1
St. Bonaventure 1

Mike Hryzak and John Rush led the linksmen with a 78.3 overall average. In other tourney action, Coach Earl Fuller’s golfers took second in the Brook-Lea and Elmira Invitational.

The best Coach Helen Smith’s Volleyball squad could muster was an 8-17 record. The women rallied to beat Roberts, Alfred and Buffalo State to gain eight victories. Top netter was Donna Martin.

—J.R. DYKES

SCOREBOARD

FOOTBALL (3-6)

RIT 16 Hobart 44
RIT 0 St. Lawrence 24

RIT 7
Albany 17
RIT 16 Oswego 0
RIT 40 Brockport 21

RIT 7
RPI 20
RIT 15
Alfred 37

RIT 35 Fisher 23
RIT 18 Houghton 43
RIT 23 Canisius 38

RIT 50 UR 15
RIT 27 St. Bonaventure 29

RIT 43 Niagara 16
RIT 24 Oswego 33
RIT 23 Canisius 26
RIT 15 Eisenhower 48
RIT 48 Brockport 15
RIT 26 LeMoyne 30
RIT 27 Buffalo 28
RIT 24 Hobart 31
RIT 26 Clarkson 30
RIT 47 St. Lawrence 16
RIT 20 Potsdam 43

SOCCER (7-7-1)

RIT 7 Eisenhower 1
RIT 4 Roberts 1

RIT 43 RIT 2
RIT 24 RIT 0
RIT 23 RIT 5
RIT 15 RIT 4
RIT 48 RIT 2
RIT 26 RIT 0
RIT 27 RIT 2
RIT 24 RIT 2
RIT 26 RIT 0
RIT 47 RIT 1
RIT 20 RIT 2
RIT 7 RIT 3

Niagara 16
Fredonia 2
Canisius 26
RIT 4
UR 2
RIT 2
Hamilton 2
RIT 0
RPI 2
RIT 0
Geneseo 3
RIT 2
Hobart 3
RIT 0
St. Lawrence 1
St. Lawrence 16
Ithaca 1
St. Bonaventure 1

Mike Hryzak and John Rush led the linksmen with a 78.3 overall average. In other tourney action, Coach Earl Fuller’s golfers took second in the Brook-Lea and Elmira Invitational.

The best Coach Helen Smith’s Volleyball squad could muster was an 8-17 record. The women rallied to beat Roberts, Alfred and Buffalo State to gain eight victories. Top netter was Donna Martin.

—J.R. DYKES
PAPA JOHN CREACH
OUTLAWS/
OZARK
MOUNTAIN
DAREDEVILS
BAT MCGRATH
RALPH
CHARLIE DANIELS/
DICKY BETTS
PLAZA SUITE
STEAMBATH
CONTINENTAL MIX
OKTOBERFEST
GREASER MADNESS

LAMPETER

HOLZEMER

HOLZEMER
ROAD RALLY
NTID THEATRE
What do you do when the week finally grinds its way to a halt, and suddenly you have an entire evening to bury the frustrations of academia? We turned the question over to photographer Andre La Roche and illustrator John Meiczinger who came up with the following story without words, which shows the most common of Friday nite activists in their most natural surroundings.
WINTER SPORTS

Three of eight teams produced winners during the winter campaign. Men's bowling, swimming and wrestling finished above the .500 mark.

In basketball, Coach Bill Carey's squad started on the shaky side, managing only a 10-14 overall mark. The Tigers opened with two losses in the Binghampton Invitational before downing Ithaca. Then in a tailspin, RIT dropped four straight (Clarkson, St. Lawrence, Brockport, Cortland). Victories over RPI and Hobart made things look brighter. With a 4-11 record RIT entered the Lincoln First Tourney an underdog. The Tigers came to the front, toppling Roberts, Brockport and Hobart to win the crown, second in 11 attempts.

Later in the campaign, chances of a winning season were nullified when the Tigers bowed to U of R (83-69). Victories over RPI and Alfred followed.

Four Tigers averaged in double figures. Tracy Gilmore led the team with 14.8 and passed the 1,000 point mark in his career. Tom Dustman totaled 310 points. Freshman Stan Purdie stole the spotlight during the second half and finished with 12.5 points on the year. Curry hit for 12.3 points per game.

Coach Helen Smith's men's bowling team posted a 33-5 dual record, won the ACUI title and finished runnerup in the regional playoff. It qualified them for the nationals where they took seventh spot.

Coach Daryl Sullivan's hockey team never got off on the right foot, dropping the first three. The Tigers finished 6-15. Cortland, Elmira and Canton did the damage. After a win over St. John Fisher, the Tigers bowed to Geneseo, Plattsburgh and Brockport, all division II squads.

Highlights of the campaign included defeating Geneseo in the second meeting (8-3) and Potsdam (4-0). The RIT icemen went winless in the last four starts.

Tom Birch paced RIT in scoring with seven goals and 26 assists. Jeff Knisley was second with 18 points and Collins took third with 16 points, tied with Rich Nesbit, most consistent performer down the stretch. Andy Paquin (82.4) and Green Williams (84.6) paced the Tigers in the nets with strong save percentages.

Behind Bill Beyerbach, Jim Godshall, Ron Rice, Austin Mee, Lloyd Kaplan and Dennis Connolly, the RIT swim team posted a 6-3 record. Two meets were cancelled by severe winter weather.

Beyerbach captured the state crown in the 200-breaststroke and finished his career in second place on the all-time RIT scoring list. Godshall set a new school mark in the 50-yard freestyle at the NCAA Championships.

—continued p. 85
HOCKEY
BASEBALL
SWIMMING
In the Upper New York State Championships, RIT finmen set several school marks and splashed to a fifth place finish. Godshall and Beyerbach were the lone finmen to qualify for the nationals.

Bucholtz's finmen opened with wins over Alfred and Hobart, then lost to Geneseo. After downing UR, they fell to St. Bonaventure, beat Brockport and lost to RPI. The Tigers closed the campaign defeating Ithaca and Oswego in a tri-match.

Paced by captains John Reid, Jerry DeCausemaker, Bill Caterisano and Jeff Fisher, the RIT wrestling squad posted a 6-5 dual match record and 3-0 in the conference. It was the first winning season in 16 years for Coach Earl Fuller's grapplers.

Reid was 17-7-1 overall and won both the RIT Invitational and ICAC's. DeCausemaker was 10-10-1 and took second in both tournaments.

The Tigers were undefeated in the conference and placed second in the championship. Victims included St. Lawrence, Ithaca, and RPI. In other tournament action RIT placed seventh in its own classic, 15th in the Ashland Invitational and 11th in the New York State Invitational.

—J. R. DYKES

SCOREBOARD

HOCKEY (5-16)
RIT 2
Cortland 9
RIT 0
Elmira 5
Cortland 7
RIT 8
Fisher 2
RIT 4
Geneseo 10
RIT 1
Plattsburgh 3
RIT 8
Syracuse 1
RIT 2
Brockport 12
RIT 5
Canisius 1
RIT 2
Lehigh 9
RIT 1
Lehigh 11
RIT 1
Buffalo 5
RIT 8
Potsdam 0
RIT 2
Brockport 9
RIT 7
Canisius 4
RIT 2
RIT 1
Buffalo 5
RIT 8
Stony Brook 83
RIT 69
Baruch 78
RIT 89
Ithaca 86
RIT 60
Clarkson 67
RIT 86
Geneseo 80
RIT 79
Brockport 83
RIT 73
Cortland 85
RIT 79
RPI 77
RIT 87
Hobart 80
RIT 62
St. Lawrence 76
RIT 65
Geneseo 73
RIT 67
Alfred 69
RIT 79
Fisher 90
RIT 71
Clarkson 70
RIT 86
Hamilton 108
RIT 83
Roberts Wesleyan 74
RIT 67
Brockport 72
RIT 68
RIT 71
Hobart 67
RIT 69
UR 83
RIT 80
Alfred 67
RIT 77
RPI 75
RIT 87
Roberts Wesleyan 96
RIT 72
Ithaca 73
SWIMMING (6-3)
RIT 69
Alfred 44
RIT 75
Hobart 37
RIT 45
Geneseo 68
RIT 66
UR 36
RIT 49
St. Bonaventure 64
RIT 69
Brockport 43
RIT 48
RPI 63
RIT 63
Ithaca 50
RIT 63
Oswego 50
UNYSSA
CHAMPIONSHIPS:
Hamilton 411
St. Lawrence 373
Colgate 249
St. Bonaventure 194
RPI 188
RIT 166
Niagara 136
Alfred 70
Buffalo 66
Union 37
Ithaca 34
Hobart 19
UR 19

WRESTLING (6-5)
RIT 25
Geneseo 7
RIT 27
St. Lawrence 18
RIT 17
Oswego 18
RIT 2
Buffalo 50
RIT 7
Cueph 42
RIT 11
Binghampton 34
RIT 20
Fisher 15
RIT 23
UR 18
RIT 29
Ithaca 13
RIT 29
RPI 21
RIT 17
Brockport 29
CRIME ON CAMPUS

A great deal can be determined about this community of RIT by examining the substance of its crime committed by students and the structure of its internal judicial system. Let the following decisions of the Student Hearing Board and the Judicial Coordinator suffice as an adequate indication of substance. Over a twenty week period extending from September 1976 to March 1977, eleven people were found guilty on theft charges, five were found guilty of assault, six were found guilty of damage to Institute property, three were found guilty of some sort of physical harassment, three were found guilty of using fireworks, one was found guilty of breaking and entering and another was found guilty of abusing Institute property. The vast majority of these people were living in the dormitories. In number, they represent a little less than one percent of the dorm population. Most of the offenses involved some sort of malicious intent. By comparison, I expect that we might find that a similar percentage of the population of Rochester was convicted of malicious acts over the same twenty week period . . . but how many of them would you expect to have college educations?

I seriously doubt that any of the offenders listed above will leave RIT for lives of criminal activity. However, given the malicious nature of their activity along with their ages, backgrounds and status among the rest of society, I think it would be wrong to assume that immaturity is the reason for such unacceptable behavior. If you join me in naming maladjustment as the problem, then you would probably agree that the authoritarian system of disciplinary procedure (as opposed to judicial procedure) found on many campuses across the country is an ineffectual means of maintaining a stable living environment in which to receive an education. A typical example of such an authoritarian system is evident where the accused student is sent directly to an administrative official who becomes the sole decider of guilt, innocence and punishment. Most of us were raised under such disciplinary conditions. The point of transition should logically be found upon the acceptance of adulthood. Fortunately, RIT seems to accept and expect this condition of adulthood from all who are chosen to enroll. As trite as this expectation of adulthood may seem, it is indeed very evident in the RIT judicial procedures.

At RIT, under normal circumstances, when a student is accused of an offense, he or she receives a detailed letter of charges and is shortly thereafter contacted by a student defense advisor who assists by defending the student in front of the Student Hearing Board. The Hearing Board, which acts as a jury with the right to question all participants in a case, is composed of eight students and a faculty advisor. The case against the student is presented on the part of the Institute by a student presenter. Most of the general procedures of a court of law are followed during the hearing. If the Hearing Board arrives at a guilty verdict, after evidence, witnesses and testimony are presented for both sides, it recommends a punishment to the Coordinator of Judicial Affairs. In almost all cases, the recommendation of the Hearing Board is accepted. If the student wishes, he or she may appeal the decision to the Institute Hearing and Appeals Board under certain specific grounds. Thus, the process for maintaining standards for acceptable behavior on this campus is largely in the hands of students.

As I mentioned earlier, there is much to be determined about this campus by examining the substance of its crime and the structure of its internal judicial system. My personal examination of these areas is the result of my experience as a defense advisor for the Student Hearing Board. Thus, the following conclusion is based by exposure. At least in the area of judicial affairs, RIT has taken a step towards realizing itself not as an elitist institution separated from society for the purpose of education, but as an integrated microcosm of the society it serves.

—MARK FELTON
THE TECHMILA REPORT
ON SEXUAL ATTITUDES
AT R.I.T.:

The article which was supposed to appear on these pages has been censored by Dr. Fred Smith, Vice President in charge of Student Affairs.
The oddest thing about 1976 Presidential politics was who was not running for President.

The Republican party was in disgrace and losing support at the grassroots. Nelson Rockefeller — the man whom it was said could fall back on being President of the United States if nothing else worked out — was finished, reduced to flipping rude gestures as hecklers. Ronald Reagan looked ridiculous by appointing a Vice-presidential running mate before the convention. The rest of the Republican establishment was either too old or too discredited to even bother seeking the nomination, despite having a good chance against incumbent Gerald Ford.

Veteran Democrats waited on the sidelines, too. Edward Kennedy was never in the race; Henry Jackson may as well not have bothered, doing as poorly as he did in the primaries. Hubert Humphrey and George McGovern were painful reminders of days most people wish to regard as ancient history. After all, Watergate had taken place between the Vietnam War and the Bicentennial.

So, instead, we had Jimmy Carter, one-term Georgia Governor, who called himself a born-again Christian, and who would bring "love" and "trust" back to government. When he told his mother he was running for President, so the story ran, she asked president of what.

And we had Gerald Ford, a hack minority leader who was said vaguely to have a sense of down-home decency: he made his own toast on the morning he pardoned Richard Nixon.

—THOMAS TEMIN

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB MUMMERT
SWINE FLU BLUES
MEET THE GREEKS "GREEK" DAY IN THE UNION DECEMBER 7th 10-3 COLLEGE UNION

FALL 1975

Claudia Baxter
Terri Cooper
Robin Doyle
Sue Kenyon
Mary McCarthy
Dinah Lee

Belisa Oliveira
Jack celale
Janet Platf
Sue Mardell
Deb Kaye

Strong New Look

LAMPETER

GEIGER
SPRING SPORTS

Three out of five teams had winning seasons during the spring. Baseball (18-12), golf (5-1) and track (13-0) were on the plus side. Lacrosse finished at .500 (6-6) and tennis was the lone loser (2-6).

It was an unbelievable year for the Tiger baseball team. During the spring everything went right for the Tigers. The big bats were booming and the pitching came through. Following a strong season, RIT hosted and won the ECAC Division III Upstate New York Baseball Championship. In the Upstate New York Association of Baseball Coaches, the Tigers were ranked fifth in the state. Phil Ferranti (left field) and Dave Dopp (first base) were named to the All-Star Team.

Dopp, Ferranti, Jeff Hall and Frank Luitich batted above .300 for the Tigers. Greg Schuber, senior shortstop, clobbered the record book to close out his career. He shows the most runs, walks, RBIs and assists and was named Senior Athlete of the Year. The Tigers, as a team, broke almost every season mark, including batting average, runs, hits and RBIs to name but a few.

It appeared as though Coach Fred Recchio's lacrosse team was headed for another winning campaign. But with three losses in the final four starts, the Tigers had to settle for .500 (6-6).

The season started positive with RIT toppling Albany, 13-4. After losing to Ithaca (9-7), the RIT stickmen took the measure of Colgate and Hamilton by 7-6 scores. The record stood at 3-1.

Then came the northern swing. RIT bowed to a superior St. Lawrence team, 15-9. The following day the Tigers fell one short, losing to Clarkson, 9-8. The following week, RIT was impressive in downing U of R and RPI by wide margins. Buddy Turner, senior captain, was a standout in the RPI victory, scoring a goal (rare by a defenseman) and bottling up RPI's play.

Things were bright as RIT's record stood at 5-3. Recchio's stickmen then bowed to Brockport, trounced Eisenhower and ended the season with losses to Oswego and Alfred.

It was another struggle this spring for the RIT tennis team. Coach John Mayer's netters opened with losses to Ithaca, U of R, Alfred, St. Lawrence and Clarkson. With a 0-5 record, RIT then rallied for its only victories of the season, shutting out Eisenhower and Roberts. Jim Papagni, Dave Haas and Greg Wright showed three victories in singles play. Papagni and Haas were 5-5 in doubles.

Another undefeated season ended for Coach Pete Todd's track squad. With a 13-0 record, the Tigers extended their win streak to 20 covering 1976. In the process of the undefeated campaign, the Tigers won an unprecedented ninth straight Upper New York State Championship and took second in the ICACs.

—continued p. 108
BASEBALL
Mark Stebbins, Willie Barkley, Jeff Holcomb and Chris Madormo paced the Tigers. Stebbins broke the record for most points in a single season with 242.75 prior to the NCAAs. Barkley had 208 followed by Holcomb (201) and Madormo (149).

Stebbins again qualified for the NCAA Division III Championships, seeking defense of his national title in the 400-meter intermediate hurdles. Barkley qualified in the high jump (6'10") and Madormo made it in the 200-meter dash.

With his point total, Stebbins moved into second place on the all-time scoring list. He shows 542, ranking third only to Bob Masiulis (716) and Holcomb (574).

The highlight of the dual meet season came in a tri-match with Alfred and St. Lawrence. Both had toppled RIT from the unbeaten ranks in 1976. But it was no match as RIT easily outscored both ICAC opponents. From there it was clear sailing for the rest of the campaign.

With the victories, Todd surpassed the 300 mark in wins at RIT. It includes cross country, indoor track and outdoor track.

—J. R. DYKES

SCOREBOARD

LACROSSE (6-6)
RIT 13
Albany 4
RIT 7
Ithaca 9
RIT 7
Hamilton 6
RIT 9
St. Lawrence 15
RIT 13
UR 5
RIT 1
RPI 2
RIT 4
Brockport 5
RIT 14
Eisenhower 5
RIT 7
Oswego 16
RIT 10
Alfred 11

BASEBALL (18-12)
RIT 2
Central CT. St. 9
RIT 3
Bloomfield 4
RIT 11
Adrian 12
RIT 5
Rico Grande 4
RIT 12
Rutgers 3
RIT 11
Lakeland 2
RIT 15
R.I. JC 3
RIT 3
Ithaca 0
RIT 4
Ithaca 5
RIT 18
RIT 10
Canisius 1
RIT 0
Canisius 0

RIT 3
LeMoyne 4
RIT 7
Geneseo 6
RIT 1
St. Lawrence 2
RIT 5
St. Lawrence 2
RIT 10
Niagara 3
RIT 5
Niagara 10
RIT 9
Hobart 2
RIT 11
Hobart 2
RIT 10
Niagara 1
RIT 11
St. Bonaventure 34
RIT 141
Geneseo 31
RIT 138
St. Bonaventure 32
RIT 155
Fisher 13
RIT 134
Fisher 13
RIT 38
RIT 133
Niagara 38
RIT 143
Canisius 27
RIT 186
Fisher 11
RIT 164
Eisenhower 7
RIT 0
Ithaca 9
RIT 1
RIT 4
Brockport 6
RIT 2
Brockport 8
RIT 12
Brockport 6
RIT 2
Brockport 8
RIT 4
Brockport 8
RIT 2
RPI 2
RIT 1
Alfred 6
RIT 0
St. Lawrence 9
RIT 33
Clarkson 6
RIT 9
Eisenhower 0
RIT 9
Roberts 0
RIT 0
RIT 0
RIT 9

108
THE COLLEGE OF GENERAL STUDIES
Dawn Allen
Bachelor of Science
Social Work

Georgetta Beck
Bachelor of Science
Criminal Justice

Alyse M. Audin-Bedford
Bachelor of Science
Social Work

Barbara H. Austin
Bachelor of Science
Social Work

Margaret Balconi
Bachelor of Science
Social Work

Ruth R. Baldridge
Bachelor of Science
Social Work

Louise A. Bollist
Bachelor of Science
Criminal Justice

Lee Ann Burkhardt
Bachelor of Science
Social Work

Janet E. Broad
Bachelor of Science
Social Work

Reyburn W. Campbell, Jr.
Bachelor of Science
Criminal Justice

Richard T. Coleman, Jr.
Bachelor of Science
Criminal Justice

Catherine L. Coe
Bachelor of Science
Social Work
Norman E. Sweet, Jr. Bachelor of Science Bachelor of Science Social Work Social Work
John M. Titus Bachelor of Science Bachelor of Science
Pamela J. Trolley Bachelor of Science Criminal Justice
John Felton Bachelor of Science Adult Psychology
Sharon L. VanDellinger Bachelor of Science Social Work
THE COLLEGE OF SCIENCE
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Degree</th>
<th>Major</th>
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<td>Teresa M. Donnelly</td>
<td>Bachelor of Science Mathematics</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kathleen Ernst</td>
<td>Bachelor of Science Math</td>
<td>Mathematics</td>
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<tr>
<td>Seth Finkelstein</td>
<td>Bachelor of Science Computer</td>
<td>Math. Statistics</td>
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<td>Kenneth J. Gacioch</td>
<td>Bachelor of Science Science</td>
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<td>James R. Godshall</td>
<td>Bachelor of Science</td>
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<td>Vera I. Elyjiw</td>
<td>Bachelor of Science Biology</td>
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<td>Master of Science Math. Statistics</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Bachelor of Science Biology</td>
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Timothy J. Holmes
Bachelor of Science
Chemistry

Warren Kleiman
Bachelor of Science
Mathematics

Michael J. Massaro
Bachelor of Science
Biology

Norman E. Minekime
Bachelor of Science
Mathematics

Donald W. Palmer
Bachelor of Science
Mathematics

Gordon Inamine
Bachelor of Science
Biology

Patricia J. Kuby
Bachelor of Science
Mathematics

Deborah L. Medwig
Bachelor of Technology
Computer Systems

Linda Mitchell
Bachelor of Technology
Computer Science

John A. Raello
Bachelor of Technology
Computer Systems

Jeff Lee Schmelt
Bachelor of Science
Chemistry

HAMILTON

Thomas P. Redding
Bachelor of Science
Biology
Gary F. Sherwood
Bachelor of Science
Chemistry

Karen Spector
Bachelor of Science
Mathematics

Donald Stein
Bachelor of Technology
Computer Systems

Dan J. Stern
Bachelor of Science
Business and Computer Systems

Paul Swars
Bachelor of Technology
Computer Systems

Alan P. Uthman
Bachelor of Science
Chemistry

Ray Vosefski
Assoc. of Applied Science
Chemistry

Earl R. Westerlund, Jr.
Bachelor of Science
Mathematics

Sasha Trouslout
Bachelor of Science
Demented Psychology

Forest McMullen
Bachelor of Science
Biology

GEIGER
THE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
Frantz I. St. Fleur  
Bachelor of Science  
Electrical Engineering

Robert W. Faute  
Bachelor of Science  
Electrical Engineering

David A. Hill  
Bachelor of Science  
Electrical Engineering

Lyne A. Hudson  
Bachelor of Science  
Electrical Engineering

Martin C. Fox  
Bachelor of Science  
Mechanical Engineering

Thomas M. Frey  
Bachelor of Science  
Electrical Engineering

Robert A. Hutchison  
Bachelor of Science  
Electrical Engineering

Nicholas J. Ingallina  
Bachelor of Technology  
Civil Engineering

Jay S. Gamerman  
Bachelor of Science  
Electrical Engineering

Edward Girard  
Assoc. of Applied Science  
Mechanical Engineering

Ronald A. Ippolito  
Bachelor of Science  
Electrical Engineering

Frank O. James  
Bachelor of Science  
Mechanical Engineering

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<td>Bachelor of Science</td>
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on all new and used instruments

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• All Albums listing 6.98 now 3.85 (got em all)
• Mars sale on car players
• 10-speed bikes from $79
• Umm . . . baby! Bring in any color photo, picture/ artwork/ or 35mm color slide and put it on a T-shirt in full color
(s) (wedding picture. your golf! boy/ ma/ pa/ dog etc.) $5.98

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pays off, we're convinced of that. REPORTER people have consistently better luck finding good jobs after graduation than do individuals without experience. If a career is of importance to you, talk to the editors of REPORTER, they may lead you to the experience needed in today's job market. Room A-283 College Alumni Union, 464-2212.
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CONGRATULATIONS TO THE CLASS OF 1977

Itek

Graphic Products
A Division of Itek Corporation
1001 Jefferson Road
Rochester, New York 14603
Too many young people know too little about why business is in business. They're not only misinformed, they're critical and even hostile.

Whose fault is it? It's time business itself accepted a major share of the blame. Instead of telling young people the economic facts of life, we've been letting them grow up believing in a free lunch.

So when an opportunity like Junior Achievement comes along, we'd better not miss it.

With this spoon-handle ring, a local JA company is learning about business by actually managing one.

The Achievers issue stock; elect officers; run assembly lines manufacturing the rings; chart pricing and marketing options; keep books; pay wages, taxes, and rent; monitor product quality and production safety; participate in trade fairs; hold board meetings and sales drives; write an annual report; and, they hope, earn profits to pay dividends.

Most of the things any company does.

During the school year, more than 1300 Monroe County high school students in 53 JA companies will be doing roughly the same thing.

To encourage JA members, Kodak and many other local firms invest their money in Junior Achievement. Kodak men and women also volunteer their time, spending one evening a week to counsel eight JA companies.

Someday, we think the payoff will exceed the investment. Which is only good business.

Kodak.
More than photography.
R.I.T. Bookstore

A Service to the RIT COMMUNITY
COMPLIMENTS
OF
CENTRAL LAUNDRY
Techmila 1977 has been published in a limited edition of 4500 copies by the Student Association of the Rochester Institute of Technology. This sixty-sixth volume has been lithographed and bound by the Delmar Printing Company of Charlotte, North Carolina.

The cover is 10 pt. Carolina coated. The paper is 80# Cameo Dull; headlines are from the Helvetica family, and the text is set in Palatino.
FOLIO 77
ear to wall we
listen for light footsteps,
stare to stairwell
of chinese gentlemen
or sages from a holy pyre..the footsteps are formulaic
we imagine ourselves in them,
we retreat, reeling
not to be disappointed,
not to discover origin, normality, or
what rough beast if he does come.
pure notions unframed.
bare papyrus on a wall, slight
impressions we collect and pursue.
quiet feet, marking clay.

author unknown

special thanks to andre laroche who
skilfully photographed all the three
dimensional work.

and to those who helped make this
book a reality through their support
and encouragement: ron a., ben, henry,
betsi and mark.

cover: janice bennett
frontispiece: stuart rome
1  Glass puppet, marionette
tobi goldman
Solid opaque glass with bits
and brass hinges
kim nielsen, thomas jay, george kamper, david n. aretz and associates

beverly d'andrea

beverly d'andrea

carol fondé
16 greg rohall
17 john raugalis
Cyanotypes
I am constantly reminded that all things are interrelated. I make these pictures and find that a piece of concrete has the substance of life — nothing is transformed. It is the picture made to show me how transparent a solid wall is, how alive cold stone is. I've known all these things to begin with. This making pictures is a way toward understanding, because it's not a predetermined narrative — the information is omnidirectional. I share these pictures with others and the information is transmitted. A link so subtle, exhibiting this union of things, not between two people, not in the idealized sense, but a union in the sense that two objects, people, all things exhibit qualities of relativity to each other.
Terracotta 18
kevin wolf
Acrylic on canvas.

Slate 19
kevin wolf

Half By Half By 20
Half steven strompf
Steel; welded ground, sand-blasted and allowed to rust for two months.

stuart rome 21
I requested the honor of your presence at the...
kathy hutchinson
Acrylic, muslin, satin ribbon, poplar.
May be closed completely or fully extended.

simona eftimiv
photo collage
Phony
chris cappuccilli
Pencil acrylic on paper.

Rooftops
tony kazlauckas
Acrylic, polytex, bleach and pastel on canvas.

Arthur
jack locastro
Torn canvas and polytex on canvas,
27 Boy and Girl

karen schory

Photo-intaglio, drawn intaglio, and embossing on zinc plate.

28 joy episalla

Drawn intaglio etching, engraving on copper plate, spot color.

29 peter moriarty
And Ever After  
**linda cook**  
Polytex, oil, paper, on stretched and cut canvas. Addition and subtraction of elements creating an applique or patchwork whole.

Incarnation  
**linda cook**  
Oils, unrefined cotton batting.

East Coast Mind Map  
**mic johnson**  
Oils, enamel, oil stick on canvas.

karen bow  
Acrylic on canvas.

Black Point Nocturnal Energy  
**mic johnson**  
Oil, enamel, oil stick on canvas.
35 Sterling Silver Goblets
susan corey
Constructed, heat formed, and raised.

36 Paper Weaving
diane brawarsky
Handmade paper and cotton fibers.

37 Fertility Figure
diane brawarsky
Tapestry, and handmade paper.

38 Paper Weaving—Collage
diane brawarsky
Discontinuous warp tapestry and handmade paper.
Bronze Box  
John Ruppert  
Box fabricated and compressed at 3,600 P.S.I.

Ikat Weavings  
Ronni Zimmer  
Redefining a textural image of nature by photographing it and abstracting it onto fabric.

Landuse  
Peggy Brown  
Embroidery
42 Transparent and Opaque vases

Yaffa Sikorsky

Silver nitrate and colbalt is used for surface decoration. The iridescence is achieved by fuming with stannous chloride and some are heavily reduced to bring out the metallic silver.

43 Vase

Hank Schwartz

Blown glass with added bits and sandblasted.

44 John Ruppert

Blown glass allowed to slump.
45 Stained glass
   evan hughes

46 leon applebaum
     Folded lip, blown glass.

47 Blue in the Mist
    david penneypacker
    Blown glass.

48 After It's All Over
    david penneypacker
    Blown glass.

49 Vase
    leon applebaum
    Folded lip, crizzle effect on body, blown glass.
50 Thrust
**Richard Coble**
A wearable print that is constructed from copper plated bronze, 14-K gold, vacuum-formed acrylic, an intaglio print, and a ruby.

51 Three-sided Poem
**Richard Coble**
Constructed from milled acrylic and copper plated bronze.

52 Box
**Stephen A. Roehl**
Fabricated from sterling silver and 14-K gold.

53 Flying Edges
**Paula Pate**
Brooch constructed from sterling silver and 14-K gold.

54 Dacdalus
**Paula Pate**
Sterling silver brooch, chased and constructed.

55 1st Movement
**Sally Ann Sequeri**
Wall piece, constructed from oxidized copper mounted on plexiglass.

56 Horizontal View
59

2nd movement
sally ann sequeri

Shallow Bowl
mimi favre
Sterling silver bowl, fabricated and raised with abalone shell inset into lip.

Brooch
john hall
Copper plated brass, aluminum and acrylic that has been machined and fabricated.
60 Standing Sculpture  
**jan jacque**  
Coil construction, sawdust firing.

61 Wall Platters  
**carl stockwell**  
Raku, alkaline glazes.

62 Wall Plaque  
**barbara hancock**  

63 Six Circles  
**ted losowski**  
Clay, glass, wood and steel.

64 Buana Box  
**jan jacque**  
Coil construction, sawdust firing.

65 **john richmond**  
(Lt.): Copper red reduction glaze with feathering,  
(Rt.): Green sulfur-nitrate reduction glaze with crawling and impressed carbon. Both porcelain.

66 Box  
**jan jacque**

67 Unknown balance  
**jan jacque**

68 Flower Lamp  
**carl stockwell**

69 **jeff greeham**  
(Lt.): Freshly thrown pot.  
(Rt.): Woodfired stoneware.

70 Tree Forms  
**karen tretlak**  
Coil with wood supports.

71 Bowl  
**penny fleming**  
Wheel thrown bowl with slab bottom, raku.
72 joy episalla
Wejided steel and woven
tapestry sculpture made
from sheet car steel, wool,
alpaca and cotton.

73 Felt Tapestry
pam perlin
Handmade felt from
cashmere and alpaca

74 Baskets
(Lt.): barbara moskowitz
(Rt.): nancy ghertner

75 Bags
marian haley beil
Quilted bags, painted
and screen printed on silk. The
lining is made from an ikat,
a multiple layer weaving.

76 peggy brown
Photo silk screen of
drawing printed on silk.

77 tobi goldman
Piece work quilt en-
tirely of clothing labels.

78 Detail of quilt

79 Deteriorated Fabric
gayle corah
Woven cotton, painted
and exposed to fire.
80 robert chehayl
Cherry, upholstery; resawn lamination.

81 robert march
Padouk, Chinese joints, lamination and stem bending.

82 sandy brenner
Oak, jute; steambending, lamination; seat woven to frame
John Dodd
Oak, leather; coppering, stem bending, lamination.

Mary Kennedy
Mahogany; mortise and tenon, lamination.

Steve Hill
Black walnut; steambending, lamination.
Sled 86
ron callari
Walnut, cherry, steel.

Desk 87
robert march
Padouk

Details 88

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howard werner

Lute 90
robert meadows

Plant Stand 91
howard werner

Typographic Exercises 92
cindy fisher
bright till morning, and an accident
ed. I have sometimes wondered the
Id generally break but a single pan
rs did not, from the effect holes in
globe lamps used at Vauxhall have
clean, learn to have such holes

But, these holes being made
bright till morning, and an accident
Id generally break but a single pan
ed. I have sometimes wondered the
rs did not, from the effect holes in
globe lamps used at Vauxhall have
clean, learn to have such holes

But, these holes being made
bright till morning, and an accident
Id generally break but a single pan
ers, and with absurd monosyllabic
literary trifles. If it encourages a
character of which every feature submission was made to double capacity once, a
volved, and with absurd monosyllabic
literary trifles. If it encourages a
character of which every feature submission was made to double capacity once, a
volved, and with absurd monosyllabic
literary trifles. If it encourages a
character of which every feature submission was made to double capacity once, a
volved, and with absurd monosyllabic
literary trifles. If it encourages a
character of which every feature submission was made to double capacity once, a
volved, and with absurd monosyllabic
literary trifles. If it encourages a
95  david ferri
96  beverly d'andrea
97  A Carrier
    Metamorphased
    phyllis jennings
    Drawn intaglio.
98 Pillar of Flame (Exodus: 14, 19-24)
diane field
Drawn intaglio

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lois r. shaffer
Drawn intaglio

99 Lost Embrace
lois r. shaffer
Drawn intaglio

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jeff love
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jeff love
107  john jean

109  Portrait of Beth
    peter moriarity

110  edmund mcguire

111  edmund mcguire
112 david baldridge

113 Extracted from 7 poems, 8 photographs.
mark hamasaki
Reprinted with permission from Elepaio Press, Honolulu, HI. Photographs, design, and typography by m. hamasaki.
an old man falls from a mountain

celling leaks in autumn

two women flee from the world

Buddha smiles

on his teeth is a curled tongue

admit

the ruthless

man a

---

picked

by

birds

two carp in a distant village

woman by the river

my brother sleeps on the floor

wine cracking stone
Mr. & Mrs. Robert F. Crippen
Mr. & Mrs. Donald M. Jensen
request the honor of your presence at the marriage of
Louise Suzanne to
William Donald. Saturday
the eighteenth of June
Nineteen hundred and
seventy seven
at two o'clock
Chapel at Coldwater
Moravia, New York. Reception
to follow at the home of
Eleanor Christopher, Baldwinsville
at three thirty o'clock
Casual dress

Wedding Invitation

Although there was a formal wedding,
a T-shirt system was used to
promote the casual feeling of the re-
ception. The same design was used for
a printed card invitation.

In the flesh

Although there was a formal wedding,
a T-shirt system was used to
promote the casual feeling of the re-
ception. The same design was used for
a printed card invitation.
121 Marilyn
   robert mummert
   Book cover design

122 Norma Jean
   robert mummert
   Book cover design

123 Marilyn
   robert mummert
   Book cover design.

124 The Story of Mao’s Widow
   judy d’addieco
   Magazine cover illustration

125 The Stones Blast Through The Land
   steven d. vtale
   Magazine cover illustration

126 Doctors: Slavesto Malpractice?
   judy d’addieco
   Magazine cover illustration

127 Assessing Discrimination In School Discipline
   steven d. vtale
128 Dining On Your Terms
bill jensen
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129 Printing Terms
judy miller
Layout designs for the illustration of printing terms. Pages set in a slipcase. Front cover of slipcase.

130 Back cover of slipcase.

131 Logo
shelly weitz

132 Design program for the zoo
patti wright
Basic logo design.

133 Logo design in application — Newsletter

134 Stationery and envelope

135 Bags

136 Bags, Envelope
137 Container candy laws

138 Box design sue wallace

139 Fetal Monitoring System claude h. hutcheson Model.

140 Illustration, bed and monitors.

141 Illustration, fetal heart monitor.

142 Illustration, the OCT environment.

143 Design system for an architectural renovation in Honeyoe Falls, N.Y. ron perry Renovation of a stone barn to include shops, artist studio and work areas. Illustration, Lower Mill, outside appearance.

144 Illustration, section through stairs.

145 Illustration, Lower Mill, floor one.

146 Illustration, Lower Mill, floor four.
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donna comiskey

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gerri mccormick
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jeffrey fischer 157

michael joniec 158
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