

FULCRUM

Broome Community College

A STUDENT PUBLICATION



Vol. XXIII, No. 9

March 11, 1981

Todd Hobin band

Binghamton City Council Action:

Controls Regulate Nuclear Waste Transport

by Steve Westlake

The transport of nuclear waste through Binghamton recently came under discussion at the city council chambers. Fourteen shipments passed through the city last year and the number is likely to greatly increase in coming years.

Release of the contents, either by accident or even planned sabotage, would cause disaster for the area.

Broome Community College, being very near to the sometimes hazardous connection of routes 17 and 81, lies in a vulnerable position.

On March 2nd, the city council voted 7-2 in favor of an ordinance which officially begins a show of concern over the matter.

Discussion leading up to this decision occurred at a committee hearing held by the Binghamton city council on Tuesday, February 24th. The question of how to deal with the transport of nuclear waste through the city provoked many views.

The object of the hearing was to give a chance to anyone who wished to present his views on the then proposed city ordinance which would require pre-notification of shipments containing high level nuclear waste.

Specifically, the ordinance deals with all motor vehicle transportation, other than railroad, travelling any place within the city limits. Notification would have to be given at least 48 hours before the consignment entered Binghamton. This would not include those shipments being transported for medical or military reasons.

At present, Binghamton officials do not know when nuclear waste gets transported through the city. However, the main topic of discussion became the fact that the municipality is not equipped to deal with an accident should one occur.

Before the presenting of any views, council chairman Stephen Yevchak showed a film which displayed a series of tests used on casks that could contain nuclear waste.

The film revealed what effect hypothetical accidents would have on them by describing mathematical computer modeling, then portraying a scale model test and finally a full scale test. The film claimed that these tests were so severe that the one consisting of a "rail car cask crash followed by a ninety minute fire" would actually happen only once in every 15,000,000 years.

Mr. Yevchak refused to reveal the film's source although he did admit that "they probably have" a vested interest in the shipment of nuclear waste.

After the showing councilman Gerry Lynch pointed out that "I think probably the statistical data would say that once every 200,000,000 years the state office building would be closed down by PCBs."

At that time, people in the audience were given time to speak. Sam Ziegler, a staff member of the New York Public Interest Research Group, stated that the film was basically

a public relations device since not all cask designs are so severely tested and that the manufacturers are allowed to inspect their own containers.

Mr. Ziegler also noted that most New York State communities have no equipment or procedure to deal with an accident. He stated that accidents are increasing as the shipments increase, and of the 122 New York State accidents in 1979, Tri-State Motors had ninety-two. Tri-State has carried high level nuclear waste through Binghamton.

Another NYPIRG member, Phil Merens of SUNY Binghamton, spoke more directly about the consequences of an accident. He referred to a New York City Department of Health report which stated that if 1 percent of the contents of a cask escaped then it could cause as many as 10,000 early deaths and 200,000 related cancers.

Mr. Merens made reference to a Colorado accident occurring in 1977, in which no action was taken for three days because of the lack of training and equipment for local officials.

Much tougher provisions for the ordinance were proposed by the Susquehanna Safe Energy Alliance represented by Tom Kelleher. He stated that a 15 day pre-notification should be enforced and that a permit fee of \$100 be charged to any company wishing to transport through Binghamton.

This suggestion could run into problems since chapter 1604 of the New York State Traffic Code says that no local government may pass an ordinance which taxes or requires a fee from any owner or operator of a motor vehicle which applies to this situation.

As it stands, the ordinance seems perfectly legal. The question arose that if passed it would be difficult to enforce since a patrol of streets and highways could not catch all offenders. Mr. Kelleher suggested that enforcement would be a simple matter of contacting the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and asking the number of shipments within a time period. This number would then be compared to the total pre-notifications received.

Chris Connelly was the last person to speak in favor of the ordinance. During his speech he accused city council of dragging its feet on the matter while many other communities have already passed such ordinances. Geneva has even been so bold as to require a permit fee despite the state law.

Only Jacob Swab spoke against passage as he stated that many people die or are evacuated each year because of accidents involving other hazardous materials. As one of the two "no" votes, councilman Francis Kattell tended to agree with him.

On the same day at the hearing, the state assembly passed a regulation which contains a state enforceable \$100 permit fee system to go into effect in February of 1982. This legislation now awaits senate approval. However, likely court action makes the effective date not particularly concrete.

Councilman James Testani recommended that signing the ordinance out of committee would be a good start to approaching the problem.

Chairman Yevchak concluded by saying he would like to investigate a way of obtaining a preventative training program for Binghamton's safety crews.

In follow-up to this comment, Mr. Yevchak contacted a Mr. Brock of Civil Defense to find out what nuclear detection equipment can be made readily available.

Since the passage of the ordinance, all transport companies must be made aware of it and the enforcement problem must be solved before it is effective.

ADJUSTED, APPROVED
1981-1982 Calendar

FALL SEMESTER 1981-1982

Registration	Aug. 24-28
Classes Begin	Aug. 31
Labor Day Break	Sept. 7
Fall Break	Oct. 12-13
Thanksgiving	Nov. 25-27
Last Day of Classes	Dec. 21
Exam Period	Dec. 22-24
Grades Due	Dec. 28AM

THEATRE / BCC
See P. 4

R. RADISH ART
See P. 4

CREATIVE CORNER
See P. 7



by Millie Crandall

The TODD HOBIN BAND, will appear at BCC for a Concert-Mixer on Friday night, March 20th; they are well-known in the area as well as having played performances in New York City, Buffalo, and Florida.

"Variety" states that this "first rate rock combo . . . is most impressive". The "Courier Express" of Buffalo reports "good hard, clean rock'n roll, intelligent, satisfying and excellently played." Emory Riddle University in Florida rates them as "one of the finest".

Originating about 6 years ago in the upper New York State area around Canandaigua, they became popular quickly through their radio broadcasts, produced an album entitled, "THE TODD HOBIN BAND" with two of their most popular numbers on it, "New York Country Song" and "I Hate You".

TODD HOBIN BAND also produced a second album, PASSION AND THE PAIN, which BILLBOARD states is "a fine . . . LP, with all the elements for success". A third album will be on the market shortly.



From The Desk of Don Sbarra

El Salvador; A Gamble

I presume we are all aware that the newly established administrative hawks, in search of easy prey upon which to feed their voracious egos, have swooped over El Salvador and spotted some verminous commies. The administration would have us believe that both Cuba and the Soviet Union are anxious to get a throat hold on this hill of beans as one more step toward infecting the world with their atheistic ideology. The administration would hope that the American people will rise up in moral outrage and demand that a dose of U.S. justice be applied on behalf of those poor, backward farmers. With a proxy that of that nature, our government could not only teach the commies a lesson, show'em how strong and willing we are, but they would also insure some favorable words in the history books; and isn't that what it's all about anyway?

In any event, this is not what I am most concerned

about. What angers me the most is the pitifully narrow minded, single-track manner in which the problem is handled.

Upon the sudden recognition of what they perceive to be Communist expansionism, they immediately abandon or ignore all negotiations with the countries they assume are the aggressors. For example, the long awaited reestablishment of friendly relations with Cuba, a step toward the lessening of animosities and hence, a lessening of world tension, was dropped into the gulf because of a supposed connection with El Salvadoran leftist groups. Secondly, vitally important negotiations with the Soviet Union, concerning literally the existence of the world as we know it, have been totally avoided by the present administration with a bull-headedness unbecoming the president of the United States. They have automatically suspended major world-wide issues on

the outcome of this one relatively minuscule incident. They are, in a powerful sense, employing a tactic formulated in the Eisenhower - Liberation years, aptly referred to as BRINKMANSHIP.

For those who are not familiar with the term brinkmanship, I offer a simple, yet nonetheless accurate, analogy: picture yourself involved in a poker game. There are just two players left holding all the chips, yourself, and the big guy across the table. The big guy has been known to play some pretty good poker and, as I mentioned, he has a lot of chips. But you're no loser either so you figure you have a good chance of walking away with a few extra bucks. It's getting late and you notice that the big guy is getting a little cautious so you decide on a strategy. Now there's not a whole lot of money in the pot but you don't want him to get it because you don't want your friends to think he is getting ahead. So with absolutely

nothing in your hand, not even a lousy pair, you push every chip you got into the center of the table. Then you shout your mouth off about how good your cards are and hope to hell he doesn't call. (In poker this tactic is called bluffing, in politics they prefer the more sophisticated term, brinkmanship.)

In very much the same way, Reagan and Haig are saying; to hell with arms limitation talks, to hell with detente, to hell with everything until we chase those dirty commies out of coffee country. Reagan's tough-guy performance implies that America is willing to meet the communist challenge no matter what the cost; full knowing that such is not the case.

In any event, the administration has not committed their hand. In fact everyone is still anteing up. What boggles the mind is why anyone would even consider entering a game knowing they could not possibly win.

EDITORIAL PAGE

Hostage State Tower Dismissed by Carey (Day 35!)

We cannot help but question the quality of the leadership we have in the State of New York after the insensitive dismissal by Governor Carey of the possible dangers to be faced by the contamination of the State Office Building in downtown Binghamton. It puts one in mind of the Absolutist Rulers of the Middle Ages.

Does he know something about polychlorinated biphenals and their combustible by-products, Dioxin (Agent Orange) and dibenzofuran that the New York State Health Department and the Broome County Health Department don't know? Another chemical known to be of high toxicity has just been detected tetrachlorobiphenylene. What other unknowns are sealed in the building?

He blames the scare on Union Officials and the fact that "somebody went amok..." When an official in high office would be so inconsiderate as to attempt to make fools of those who would show concern for very real danger it is obvious he will no longer hold the respect and support of their community and his artless statements heard by all in the State, for Broome is not an island.

These words from Governor Carey's lips are not the first thoughtless statement he has made and it is safe to suggest they will not be his last; we can only speculate on the number of voters he lost and look to the next election.

Children's Day

Saturday, March 21st, 1981 will be Children's Day at BCC for the families of our adult students, faculty and Staff. There will be a movie shown, THE LOVE BUG, and Mime, Silent Partners for entertainment. It will be a great afternoon for the kids-pop corn, balloons, hot dogs, ice cream, and games with prizes. There will be a 50 cent admission. Every three kids must be chaperoned by an adult.

BIBLE STUDY sponsored by the Campus Ministry office on Wednesdays during Lent, March 11th to April 15th, 12:10 p.m. to 12:50 p.m. in Little Theater

CIRCLE K Bake Sale - Thursday, March 12, Carnation Sale - Tuesday, March 17 (St. Patrick's Day) in Student Center Lobby 10:30 a.m. to 2:15 p.m.

April 15 deadline for filing financial aid forms.

FULCRUM

Phone 772-5212

Student Union, Room 1

Millie Crandall

Co-Editors

Toni Wolcott

Writers featured in this issue:

Dan Ansell
Millie Crandall
Thomas Hanifan
Larry Jenkins
Jim Meddleton

Darren R. Pelkie
Don Sbarra
Gerry Tarnoff
Steve Westlake
Toni Wolcott

Layout
Advisor

Staff
Charles Quagliata

The FULCRUM is published bi-monthly. Its office is located in the UNION. Letters to the editor are welcome and must be typed and signed, but names will be withheld upon request. The Editors reserve final authority on all matters pertaining to the newspaper.

Opinions and material printed in the FULCRUM are not necessarily those of the FULCRUM staff or of BCC.

A BCC BAR?

Dear Editor:

Because the Broome Campus does not provide dorms there is a lack of social interaction. Yes, of course, there are mixers, clubs and classes, but there must be some other place on campus where the students can relax and mingle.

The two places provided, (The Union and the S.U.B.) are not the ideal relaxing atmospheres. I feel there would be great support behind me if I raised the suggestion of an on-campus bar. Here, (with the great socializing effect alcohol has

on us) students who do not know each other but may have similar interest, could find new friends. Rather than patronizing the less clean bars in town, students can enjoy an intimate comfortable atmosphere where perhaps some food could be available.

I would be anxious, as a freshman, to see what response the FULCRUM will receive on this issue, for it could have an effect on next year's campus social life, which I must add plays a significant part in College.

Tim Gell LA '82

WBCC Quieted

To the Editors:

In the last edition of the newspaper my friends and I wrote a letter concerning the loudness of the music in the cafeteria. I would now like to write a letter commending John Butchko and the members of the WBCC radio station on their concern and very quick action of our complaint.

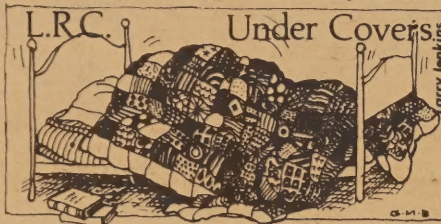
I have been up to the cafeteria many times in the last two weeks and the situation has been much

improved. The volume of the music has been turned down to a reasonable level and students can now talk without the use of sign language.

In all seriousness, it is nice to know that complaints don't always fall upon deaf ears.

To John Butchko and the WBCC radio station—thank you and keep up the good work.

Mary Jane Now



by Larry Jenkins

My 14 month old Emily had decided to play quietly by herself for 2 minutes. Thankfully, I turned on the television for a breather.

I found myself eavesdropping in on an undoubtedly typical 3rd or 4th grade class. One little boy was congratulating the (sexy) "look" of his girl's new Jordache jeans. Suddenly, every student leaped to his-her feet and began dancing and celebrating everybody's new "look" in Jordache jeans.

Oh-Oh, footsteps! Must be the teacher. They zipped back to their seats. Of course, the only part of the teacher you eventually see is her jean covered fanny with the worshipped work "Jordache" stitched on her behind.

That same day, my wife Kris walked downtown on an errand with the 10-year-old daughter of a fellow Church employee. On the way back, they stopped at a display of the latest clothes for the younger set. The little 10-year old said, "Well, I wouldn't want a blouse like that. My boyfriend liked my necklines cut much lower!"

We, as a society, seem to pay a lot of attention to personal appearances - how well our jeans fit, how attractive we ought to look to the opposite sex and how much we are in style.

Collectively, we spend billions of dollars on name jeans, style haircuts, blow dryers, fancy boots, sharp coats, pretty glasses and gold jewelry.

We judge and we expect to be judged not as Martin Luther King said "on the strength of our character" but on the style of our hair, the size of the beard, and sometimes, the label on our buttocks.

To put things in perspective, please imagine for a moment that you're an average normal red-blooded BCC male named Jeff. You've just heard about this beautiful BCC girl, Amy, who dresses real nice (decent) and has a phenomenal body. Your buddy says that Amy wants to meet you but she's a little shy. Could she meet you at the SUB about noon tomorrow? Your reaction: "All right!"

The time arrives. You've been psyched for 2 days. You see your buddy come in the SUB and he's got a girl with him. With the crowd jostling about, you lose sight of those two, but they were heading in your direction.

Suddenly the usual Binghamton rain swamps a transformer on Front Street, and the lights go out. Nuts!

CAF Patron Stunned by "Real Music"

To the Editor:

Re: the music in the cafeteria.

Was I surprised on Friday, February 27. While sitting in the cafeteria suffering through a particularly tasteless musical rendition, and breathlessly awaiting the next, I suddenly heard the opening bars of Bach's "Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor" for the organ. Bracing myself for whatever was to follow, I was delighted to hear—the rest of

the piece skillfully played presumably the way the composer intended it to be by the organist who had recorded it. My ears, which shrink as far inward as possible while in the cafeteria, popped out in disbelief. REAL MUSIC! I couldn't believe it!

Alas. Just the one piece was played, and it was back to Pandemonium Time again. But for those few minutes...

Sincerely,
Karen (Kay) Sherman

Faculty Disappointed by Press Coverage

Dear Editor:

I want to express my disappointment concerning the quotes in today's Sun-Bulletin (Feb. 25) attributed to a member of the Broome Community College basketball team and its coach. The remarks were demeaning and hurtful to Wes Vaughn, a local boy and a member of the Jefferson Community College basketball team. Wes has played basketball for many years and last night's game may have been the only bad one he ever played. It certainly was not representative of his ability even though the Jefferson team was undermanned and could offer little support for Wes.

I congratulate Wes for maintaining his pose and gentlemanly conduct throughout the painfully one-sided game. His coach is also

to be admired. Wes just turned 18 years old in December. He must have learned today how fickle the press and his hometown "friends" can be. He has already proven himself by becoming the top sectional scorer while playing on a team with little talent and no "recruits". It is a shame that a team of Broome's caliber should have to take pot-shots at a boy of Wes' ability. It would have been more graceful to have avoided the reporter's trap, and acknowledged the obvious difference in the depth of the two teams. Wounding personal comments are not usually characteristic of the winning team!

Sincerely yours,
Margaret Luciano
Math Department
Broome Community College

Bly Is Nigh!

The voice over WBCC says "Please stay seated. We don't want a mob scene at the door. The lights will be back on soon... I hope."

"Hey, Jeff, I'm Amy" says this pleasant voice in the dark about 2 feet to your left.

"Hey, Amy. Have a seat if you can find one."

You can't see her. You have no idea whether the rumors about her "looks" are true, but she's here. So you might as well talk to her.

During the next 15 minutes of gloom, you and Amy find out how much you have in common - music, skiing, dancing, and a healthy enjoyment of beer. You're really getting to like her.

Finally, some fool turns the lights back on, but it doesn't matter how pretty Amy is. You saw and liked her as a person before you saw her looks.

At an Easter Seal Conference entitled "I See You As A Person", held in Albany last week, I was blindfolded, hobbled with a rope tied at my knees, and then expected to find my way to the elevator through the hordes and the throngs at the Empire State Plaza Convention Center. Suddenly, appearances—how sexy, how well-dressed, and how stylish the people were—didn't matter. People were shadows and disembodied voices. I found out quickly who was nice enough to help me and who thought I looked funny.

It was a humbling experience. I was scared, lost, and embarrassed but determined to complete the exercise.

Being temporarily blind taught me that I, like many people, judge too much on what I see - faces, clothes, body language, demeanor.

I had to be in the dark, as our mythical Jeff was with Amy, to fully see people as persons first.

With more and more students, who happen to have disabilities, coming to BCC, it's our responsibility to see past the white canes and the wheelchairs and see the personality and brains of the person.

Wouldn't it be nice if all of us ignored the brand name on the buns and the cut of the blouse and could say to each other, "I see you as a person"... See you at the L.R.C.

Xanadu: A Pleasant Change

by Toni M. Wolcott

Where can you find a place to meet your friends, have a cold drink, and listen and dance to live music without being stepped on or choked to death by cigarette smoke? Xanadu, which is located in the Ramada Inn on Front St., Binghamton, has maintained an en-

vironment which has been described as "a welcome change" over and over again.

Xanadu is one of the largest bars which I have yet found in the Binghamton area. Physically, it offers its patrons two spacious floors of seating area, at least four operable bar facilities, and a dance

floor on both levels of the nicely decorated establishment.

The entertainment at Xanadu varies from week to week. Contrary to the thoughts of many people, Xanadu offers a large variety of music other than disco. For a nominal admission price of \$2.00, you can dance to the sounds of one of the three commonly billed bands: Jon David's Mood, Trix, and The Bob Fitzgerald Band.

In my opinion, Xanadu is a class A establishment

and I would not hesitate to recommend it to anyone except those of you who enjoy climbing over people's shoulders, sliding on the dirt which has collected on the floor, and making your way through the bar room brawls just to step outside to recover from the cigarette smoke. I am sure that those of you who will patronize this establishment in the future will find as pleasurable of an experience as I have in the last year.

by Gerry Tarnoff

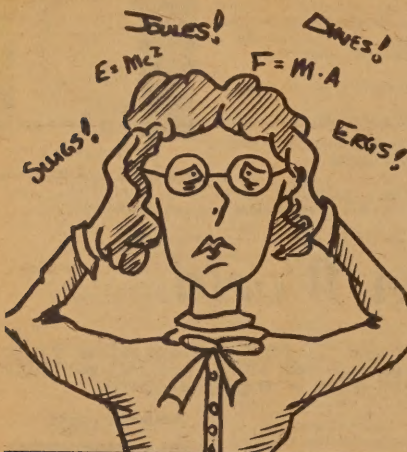
Adult Students Introduced to Slugs, Ergs

Adult students (those of us who admit to being over 35) have many problems peculiar to their age group. Language, strangely enough, I found is one of them.

I had gone through 13 years of formal schooling, the last one at BCC, only to be hit with a "dyne", and "erg" and a "joule" (pronounced jewel not jowl). I looked at the door. It was W-205 all right. This should be PHS 116, but it sounded like Introduction to German!

All of a sudden, all the things I ever worried about became new problems. Weight, which was something you had to diet to get off, now involved "mass" (rub it in, will they?) which came in "kilograms" and "grams" (cinnamon or plain?), not to mention "slugs". What does a bogus coin have to do with mass and weight, I wondered?

Energy was something I lost by the end of the day. (Sometimes I didn't even have it to start with.) Now can you believe, it was "potential" and "kinetic", potential when I sat around and kinetic when I ran from class to class. It was somehow connected to Albert Einstein in a deceptively simple little formula called "energy equals mass times the speed of light squared." ($E=mc^2$). There was that mass again. Now it was times the speed of light. Dr. Einstein must



have caught me racing to get into Little Theatre before Mr. Zuccolo closed the doors.

The same linguistic problem arose with "force", which I thought was always with you, but really Mr. Beston said it meant mass times acceleration. The only word I recognized was "time". It was still measured in seconds, only now they squared it or cubed it.

"Velocity" was distance over time measured in "meters" (of course, not the kind you put dimes in). As soon as we got through to "density", I saw the light. Density equals mass over volume. By the time my mass got that far, I had volumes of denseness—mine.

I had come to BCC to learn and increasing my vocabulary was one way. So I summoned up some of that energy, accelerated my mass, and with the proper velocity got over to my Astronomy Class in time, hoping to alleviate my denseness with the proper volume (Introduction to the Cosmos). Steve Austin (no cracks, please) introduced himself. The lesson began. "Now as to Newton's Laws, the second of which is Force equals Mass times Acceleration, or kilograms times meters over seconds squared..."

He spoke that same language! Well, if it's a Martian invasion, you can bet your "joules" we Adult Students will be ready!



From The Desk of Jim Meddleton

Our mind is said to be the center of all physical and mental emotions. It is responsible for the physical pain we feel, the stress we bear, the sounds we hear, the visions we see, and the tastes we savor.

There are ways in which we can use the brain, through control of our thinking, to aid ourselves. One method is in controlling our reactions to the temperature of the environment.

A recent study by Rice University's Dr. William C. Howell suggests that people can control their tolerance of environmental conditions. One of the conclusions reached, revealed that the range for potential human comfort is much greater than that assumed by architects, engineers, and managers who control conditions within public, commercial, and residential living spaces.

With Houston acting as the test city, for nearly three years Howell and his colleagues took questionnaires into a variety of places such as restaurants, bars, and department stores. The questionnaires were presented to a mixed audience and Dr. Howell states, "Our first confirmation was that people are lousy judges of temperature. Within reasonable limits, people rate their comfort on what they think the temperature is, rather than on what the temperature actually is."

The above statement sums up a behavioural characteristic which we are all prone to possess. In one way or another the slightly romantic side of each of us shines through. We exert a greater feeling for a situation than what that situation truly calls for. Whether it be anger over losing a game, hurt over losing someone special, or the automatic feeling of cold when a few flakes fall, we react to thought rather than actuality.

Science Commentary

However, do not forget that our thinking is influenced in a number of ways. Our families influence our thinking, our friends do, our teachers do, the government does, mass media does, etc. . . .

This brings to mind an event which many of us should recall. This event also captures the heart of Dr. Howell's study.

Several years ago, in the midst of one of America's yearly energy crises, the federal government instituted a program calling for the regulation of heating in public places, homes, and schools. It being around January at the time, most of the schools in this area closed down so that temperatures within the schools could be lowered.

During the time of absence, and especially near the time of return, I remember being told many times to be sure that I wore warm clothing because it was going to be cold in school. With the thought being drilled into your head, of course you're going to think it is cold. Hell, I remember going back to school and grinning at all the brave souls who had dared to wear short sleeves. I was prepared with a thermal undershirt, a sweater, long johns, wool socks, etc. . . . True, it was burdensome, but at least I was warm.

Yet maybe those who wore short sleeves knew something I did not. Surely they too were told to wear sweaters or jackets, but maybe they had the secret. I can now see them thinking thoughts of Hawaii, of lying on the beach at Malibu, or of sitting in front of a roaring fire with girlfriends, sheepskin blankets, and their bottles of Jack Daniels. I can also picture them thinking of me as quite the Eskimo in their paradise of warmth.

Dr. Howell would have been proud of them. They in a sense made his study concrete. Their attitude towards a situation caused them to be just as comfortable as those who had conformed to overly sensitive attitudes of others.

It's something to think about.

Dancin'



BIG APPLE REVIEW

Review by Millie Crandall

Sparkling Broadway entertainment, bright lights, and a very fast evening, but what is it all about? Bob Fosse says it himself, "There's no book to write a script from, just a series of dance pieces, some telling a story, some existing for themselves."

DANCIN' is a performers dream - from the Crunchy Granola Suite to Mr. Bojangles, it was just a short time step to Dancin' Man, Big Noise from Winnetka, and Americana. It is a line up of dance routines of variety, quality, and a musical score selected by master composers, from Bach to Neil Diamond, John Philip Sousa, Sigmund Romberg, Oscar Hammerstein II and Cat Stevens.

Bob Fosse's imaginative choreography presents his troupe of eighteen dancers in their most professional styles. It is what you would expect of Broadway dancers with strong basic training from the Ballet to produce a performer aware of every muscle in the body, each move planned to express the mood and tone of the music.

Costuming, by Willa Kim, was effective; outfits were stylized to the particular number onstage - they fit well, and colors were coordinated with the sets designed by Peter Larkin. They were also not overbearing and did not take on more importance than the acts being performed; instead, they complemented, and therefore allowed the beauty of the dance to be foremost.

Recognizing and training talent is Bob Fosse's specialty, and there is no lack of it in Dancin'. Of Gary Chryst, Clive Barnes comments, that he "is one of the finest dancers of this generation." Mr. Chryst was principal dancer with the Joffrey Ballet for ten years, now is one of Dancin's stars. Gail Benedict has been described by Rex Reed as "a delight to watch, an undeniable ultrasensual waif with an air of pastoral grandeur," - she is another of the lead dancers. Other credits reveal the eighteen dancers' experience in the past shows: Finian's Rainbow, The Unsinkable Molly Brown, Mame, The Wiz, A Chorus Line, Promises Promises, Hellzapoppin, My Fair Lady, Pippin, and Pal Joey.

There are several short intermissions during which the dancers rest, and recoup their energy. The dancing is strenuous and the pressure high on stage, as their personal discipline allows them no room for error.

It is over too soon. The audience would have like them to dance on and on and on . . .

BILLBOARD

ADVISEMENT AND EARLY REGISTRATION FOR RETURNING FULL-TIME AND PART-TIME DAY STUDENTS. SUMMER AND FALL SEMESTERS Advisement begins Monday, March 23, 1981 in your Department. Early Registration begins on Monday, March 30, 1981 in the basement of the Business Building. Contact your Department for more information. All returning students are urged to take advantage of early, on-line registration.

UNION MOVIE SCHEDULE FOR MARCH 16-31

Morning (10:00)	Afternoon (3:00)
March 16 Hero at Large	10
17 American Graffiti	Bad Day at Black Rock
18 Heaven Can Wait	The Black Hole
19 10	Up In Smoke
20 Airport 79	Firepower
23 The Black Hole	How to Beat the High Cost of Living
24 Amityville Horror	Death Wish
25 Up In Smoke	Alien
26 Meatballs	Warriors



From The Desk of
Mary Jane Snow

Aromatic Static

Well, here I go again! This month I looked at men's cologne . . . I almost wish that I hadn't. I am beginning to believe that a little ignorance is bliss. If you think that the names and mottos that they have for women's colognes are questionable, just wait till you hear what we have in store for the men.

1. **Old Spice** - "Why some women wait impatiently for their men to return from sea?" . . . You've got me hanging. I wouldn't wait impatiently for my man to return from the bathroom.

2. **Lover Boy** - The last time that I called my boyfriend "lover boy" he took my temperature and then wouldn't come near me for two weeks because he thought that I had a non-specific contagious social infection.

3. **Sex Appeal** - You have got to be kidding me. My dog has more sex appeal when he hasn't taken a bath in 8 months.

4. **Wild Country** - This is about as wild as warm milk and cookies.

5. **British Sterling** - If this is all the British have to offer I'll take American steel anyway. (Now I know why it took them so long to get Prince Charles married off.)

6. **Millionaire** - So, this is what a millionaire smells like huh? . . . Now I know why the economy is in so much trouble.

7. **English Leather** - "My men wear English Leather or they don't wear anything at all." - Take it off, honey.

8. **Brut** - I know why they call this Brut! It's short for brutal and that's exactly what it smells like-Blech!

9. **Jovan Musk for Men** - Here come the animal instincts again - they yell, they rip, they howl, they scratch, they moan, they have also just put on a pair of Fruit of the Looms that are two sizes too small.

10. **Jade East** - What's with the orient? First Cinnabar for women, now Jade East for men. America may be turning 7-up, but we're smelling like egg fu young.

In all honesty, most of these colognes and after shaves are enough to drive any girl wild with desire (desire to do what I'm not about to speculate upon). But believe me, I'd test out after shave and cologne on men above reporting on a basketball game anytime!

Expressionism:

Art Review

by Millie Crandall

The artist basically looks at the world as ambiguous. The pools and terraces in the artwork of Katherine Kadish are most typical of her as the artist; they are uncluttered and suggest an orderly world within them. There are cool green gardens and blue-water filled swimming pools, some with bathers poolside. Fascinating water tones and shafts of later afternoon sunlight capture time on canvas. Summertime in her garden will never end. Her work is filled with ambiguity.

Contrasting the tranquility of her outdoor scenes is diptych of charcoal, each entitled "Saddle Drawing". The painting above is the

upper torso and face of an androgenous figure holding a saddle over the head covering forehead and eyes, with the lower part of the face contorted in a shriek of horror that is not lost on the painting, it is experienced visually. Ms. Kadish said "Pain sees through, like it or not, if one has the eye to see it." When asked why a saddle, she answered, "Because it was at once beautiful and mysterious - how it is held, makes the difference." The lower half of the diptych is the continuation of the limbs at a moment not quite related in time to the upper half, for things do not always connect. There is distortion of the limbs and body, which has an unsettling effect, and the discomfort one feels tends to draw the viewer closer and into the painting.

On the second floor there is a pencil drawing

Theatre/BCC: The Hairy Ape

Zuccolo Scores Triumph!

An Analytical View

by Millie Crandall

"The Hairy Ape" was produced with symbolic imagery; it strengthened and expanded upon Eugene O'Neill's stage directions in Scene One. He stated "The treatment of this scene, or of any other scene in the play should be no means be naturalistic." It was not. It responded well, however, to the realism the direction of Angelo Zuccolo injected into the first half of the play. The Stokehole characters convey their believability through use of salty language, rough actions, and on the part of Yank, a quasi-animalistic behavior. It is his eye through which we view the world as O'Neill would have us see it, a world in which Capitalism, Materialism, and an educated rich society walk hand in hand. He is man alienated, unable to fight the forces that oppose him; he cannot connect with the world, and no thread exists to draw him into it.

Paddy (Aiden Ahearn) was representative of man who in the past, knew who he was; hard work was rewarded with recognition. Times have changed. The look back into the days of clipper ships was spiritual experience; his expression had the intensity of seeing into the ages.

Yank (James Pancoast) is disturbed and anxiety ridden when Mildred Douglas (Christine DeAngelis) enters the bowels of the ship and insults him with her disgust; she is the intruder in his world of steel, steam, and fire. He throws the only thing he has to fight with at her, a shovel. Her portrayal of Mildred with wild eyes and neurotic swings was superb. Yank's character as the man who grows more ape-like as the play progresses was matchless, and handled so well by this very experienced actor.

Yank leaves the lower world in the ship to find her and avenge the anger forced upon him by her intrusion. He is beaten by a Policeman for alleged harassment, and from this point on the play turns expressionistic - reality becomes distorted. Symbolic fantasy figures confront us through a mist and put into words Yank's impressions of the forces that oppose him.

The first, a pot-smoking prisoner painted red, white and blue (Carlo Magnani) expounds against the menace of the I.W.W. - works himself into a frenzy in favor of the honest, hard-working man. The characterization required a blend of realistic speech, coming from a dream character with histrionic body language; it was comically treated and a relief contrasting the direction of the weighty scenes - a demanding role dealt with very well by a versatile and experienced actor.

The second figure in the mist was the secretary (Patricia Dunaway) of an organization that Yank thought he might fit into - a cigar-smoking, flag draped symbol that insults him and orders him to leave. This characterization required the blend in order to give it the quality it deserved. It was managed and controlled exceptionally well by the actress.

The third was a Police figure, with silver-painted face, who represented law and order, which opposed him, telling him with finality to "go to hell."

Yank reverts by visiting a zoo, and attempts to befriend an ape, feeling envious that it is accepted in its world.

The universal message of wanting to belong was easily recognizable in this expressionistic treatment of O'Neill's play.

An ironic point, although he was not satisfied totally with his place in the stokehole, Yank did not attempt to leave until after the reaction touched him deeply in the form of the intruding society figure. Did O'Neill intend for us to see a human failing in this inability to move?

Overview

by Dan Sbarra

I entered BCC's little theatre for the first time in my life Friday evening, March 6, 1981. The occasion was Angelo Zuccolo's rendition of the Hairy Ape, by Eugene O'Neill. After studying O'Neill's play in an old anthology, I was prepared to expose the slightest deviation from the original theme. I was happily surprised. Zuccolo's interpretation was both unique and accurate.

James S.R. Pancoast, performing the leading role as Yank, was cast to perfection. His performance was one of acute insight, one of true feeling, and one of strikingly clear revelation of character.

Supporting Pancoast in scenes 1, 3 and 4, were the characters Paddy, Long, and Stoker, played by Aidan Ahearn, Robert Weslar, and Jim Gale, respectively. Although relegated to a role of secondary stature by virtue of the play itself, they more than fulfilled the intricacies of a supporting cast, which can best be appreciated upon viewing the creation as a whole; the success of each and every character being of utmost importance to the success of

the overall production. Christine DeAngelis, who played the part of Mildred Douglas, and Barbara Jean Fairbairn, who played the Aunt, clearly understood the nature of their characters. They portrayed the rich and snobbish to perfection, and accurately provided the necessary contrast and antagonism.

Perhaps the funniest scenes (and the most visual display of Zuccolo's interpretive wit) were the ones with the Prisoner, played by Carlo Magnani, and with the Secretary, played by Patricia Dunaway. Both performances were original and wonderfully entertaining. Both can also be credited with an enlightenment or better yet, depth of meaning, that rises well above the comedy.

In my opinion the play was excellent. The interjection of filmed sequences was not only a skillful endeavor but also a very courageous one; to part from the norm can be a frightening experience. The success of the play resulted from the combination of many Big talents. With this thought in mind, I left realizing that the name Little Theatre was truly a misnomer.

Quotes . . .

The acting was terrific! The reactions of the audience was unusual at times. -Mr. Paul Chambers

It was very good. It focused on levels of society that exist. Not everyone fits a plan. -Mr. Harry Butts

Excellent! -Mr. C. Croll

Effective! -Mr. E. Giordani

I thought it was really neat. -G. Kurbaba

The characters were believable. -Peg Stocking



J. Pancoast as Yank

It was very good, the acting was excellent. -Mrs. Lorraine Beattie

An Artist Creates A Dream World

"I like freedom; I do not feel the need to work narrowly. I don't believe

in style . . . I'm more concerned about what I have to say, in being as

honest as I can be in my work, and in getting rid of the cobwebs."

-Katherine Kadish



Woman looking into pool oil on canvas 1979.

by Karen Sherman

I began to suspect something was not quite right when, at the age of ten, I found myself five feet, nine inches tall—and I was a girl! Since the only part of me that grew was my length, I resembled a telephone pole. My friends, the ones I didn't need enemies because of, nick-named me "Olive Oyle".

As the years progressed and my girlhood friends blossomed into the softly rounded creatures women are noted for being, I remained the same gawky, skinny creature I had become at age ten. While they were trying on strapless gowns for the prom, I was searching for something that had sleeves, not only because a strapless gown wouldn't stay up, but to disguise a pair of arms that in length resembled a gorilla's and in width were the circumference of a broom stick.

The boys brave enough to date me took a lot of kidding. A teenage boy that hadn't quite begun to grow needed a lot of courage to walk down the street holding hands with a girl half a head taller than he. The worst part of the ordeal for me was when the tallest guy in school, a giant six feet, five inches, dated one of my best friends who stood four feet, nine!

I was a misfit. Gawky, skinny, uncoordinated, and OUT OF FASHION. Nothing fit right. Slacks (the clothing industry had not yet begun to recognize the tall woman) and long sleeves were too short; sweaters and blouses hung like sheets draped over the furniture. I was DOOMED.

By some miracle I met a man who was taller than

I—a lot taller. He married me. (I never did figure out why he preferred angles to curves.) And I had my first baby. All that filled out was my tummy, and that disappeared when the child was born! I gave up and accepted my fate.

The years and the fashion industry have been kind. After age thirty, I gained enough weight to stop looking like a telephone pole. Clothes for the tall woman are readily available. I even joined the dubiously fashionable crowd of THE DIVORCED.

Then came the onset of high heels. Those lovely confections of leather that elevated females to heights they never dreamed of attaining. Nature had already lifted me to heights I never wanted. However, I had a six foot, four-inch friend who encouraged me to purchase a pair. Fortunately he came along when I went to buy them.

I found an exquisite pair of blue sandals with three-inch heels and tried them on. Oh, they looked so pretty. All was fine until I stood up—and passed out from the lack of oxygen in the upper atmosphere. My friend helped me back into my seat, and I tried standing again. This time he held on to me. He had to. My ankles were so wobbly, I felt I was trying to walk in untied ice skates. Everytime I looked down I got dizzy. I gave up and went back to wearing my sensible low-heeled shoes. Dull!

I've been a part of another fashionable crowd for two years, the over-twenty-fivers who have returned to school. And recently I read Gerry Tarnoff's article about the "Bag Ladies" on campus. "Wonderful," I thought. "I can become a part of the 'haute couture' just by carrying my books in the charming bag a

friend gave me for Christmas."

Wrong again. I'm not going to estimate the synergistic effect on the weight of books and bag combined. I'm not sure we have any scales in our physics labs that could weight the combination. One day of that and my shoulders were frozen into a lopsided position and my neck refused to move my head. My bag is now used at home to store the books I'm not using.

On the days I have classes, I cradle my books in my arms like I did when I was in high school. And I like it. I feel—young again. Not too long ago, a very nice male classmate (well over twenty-five) actually carried my books for me! And another one carried my dinner tray in the cafeteria when he saw me struggling to balance it and my books.

Somewhere along the line I think I have finally accepted my own uniqueness as an individual. A MISFIT? Not anymore. I'm just—me.

MEN'S TENSIONS

First Practice Scheduled

MARCH 16

See Coach Winters If Interested

Personals

Toni,
I'm interested in becoming a member of M.A. Could you please tell me what the requirements are for joining this club.

Interested
Dear Portable Healer,
So you've proved that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," but what about the rest of me? I need more than ...
Need more ... a warm heart

Kathy
I've heard that dancing in circles can bring rain, but do you really think that driving in circles around gas pumps will bring gas?

Dizzy
Brian,
If I had known that you were into amplified cologne, I would have bought you a case for Christmas!

Maybe next year

Mohammed's Son,
Hang in there! One day you'll be where you want, with who you want, doing what you want and all of your current problems will be only memories.

Kathy,
Wishing you much happiness

Toni
Jack,
For someone who seemed so nice and friendly you sure disappeared fast.

still lonely

For sale:
Honda 2500 MT. Dirt-street \$400. Call Sam 729-5749

1969 Olds Toronado front wheel drive. Passes inspection. I can't afford. Needs work. Asking \$500.

Wooden snare drums needed for marching group.

See Val in USG Office Union.

Join a BCC CAR POOL

Save gas! Cut congestion! Meet people!
11 a.m. Thursday, Mar. 12th
in Cafeteria Lobby or Patio

Areas will be designated for each major part of Broome County. Meet in your area around a bulletin board and set up your own pool. If you can't make it, fill out a Car Pool Form and leave in box at cafeteria, student union or mailroom. You will be contacted. Forms available from posters on bulletin boards or Fulcrum office or receptionist.
You don't need a car to join!!

STARGAZER

Happy Birthday, Pisces!

Pisces (2-19—3-20) Early Pisces (2-19—3-1) may notice some internal unrest on March 18, perhaps resulting from sudden changes, either yours or others' changes in relation to you. A busy day of communications on March 25 may also make you feel uneasy. Mid Pisces (3-1—3-12) may discount your feelings on March 12th appears to be in your natural ability to attract love all this time! More inner turmoil may crop up late on March 19 or on the 20th, however, with a slight overflow of that love from the 12th, it should be all-right, even if it later turns out to have been an illusion. Late Pisces (3-13—3-20), late on March 12th or early on the 13th, there may be some deception or confusion in communication. Also, be extremely careful of what you consume. This could very well be a time of strange reactions to the most common foods and medicines! Late on March 19 or early on the 20th, you may be aware of a beautiful spiritual love welling up from within you. Flow with it, but remember that, sooner or later, you may have to come back down from the clouds.

Aries (3-21—4-20) Happy birthday to all of you Arians born between 3-21 and 3-25. Early Arians (3-21—3-31) might feel minor tension on March 13 as a result of responsibilities to yourself and others. You may not like it, but, if you live up to those obligations, you'll feel better about yourself. Bear with and channel that left-over frustration from the 13th into new projects on March 20, when you'll probably have the energy to begin new ventures and, in the process, avoid a tendency to argue. Mid-Arians (4-1—4-10), your minor tensions on March 14 and 21 are mere indications that you're ready to begin a new energy cycle soon. You're doing well! Late Arians (4-11—4-20) may have a change in thinking on March 15 and, as a result, may notice more power in your words. By March 22, in spite of some possible tension in relationships, you should notice inner strength and energy. Just take care not to pull any power numbers. Chances are you'll lose.

Taurus (4-21—5-21) Early Taurans (4-21—5-1), although you may have inner tension late on March 15 or on the 16th, it's obvious that this time period is in your favor! Even in the way you communicate with others on March 22, you will probably demonstrate a healthy attitude in your thinking. On that day, you may feel some turmoil, but it's more likely that you'll be feeling energetic and ready for new challenges. Mid-Taurans (5-2—5-11), it looks like a nice time of life for you with warm feelings in abundance. March 16 may present you with a challenge, but chances are great that it won't be a heavy one. On March 24 you may experience some unrest in relation to others, however it's in your best interest to avoid being stubborn. Late Taurans (5-12—5-21), you have the ability to be warm and loving on St. Patrick's Day (March 17). Keep that in mind and you'll be fine, even with challenges to your thinking. Tension with others builds up on March 24 and 25 and you may need to develop a healthier way of loving in order to keep a free-flow of emotions. It's a beautiful time for you, if you can remember to give your loved ones as much space as they need. It's easier to demand space for oneself than it is to give that same freedom to others.

Gemini (5-22—6-21) Early Gemini (5-22—6-1), you'll probably have a good time on St. Patrick's Day (March 17), but take it easy or by March 18 your body may have its fun, against your wishes! You may even notice on that day that people tell you things you really didn't want to hear. Similarly, March 25 may present you with a test of your thinking. Try to relax and hear what others have to say. It could be to your benefit. Mid-Gemini (6-2—6-13), March 12 should be a day of energy and good feelings. You may be feeling that you'd like to indulge yourself in some way. Enjoy it. It may be a day of significance in the long run. March 19 will probably be the same kind of day, however your energy may be laced with some tension. Bear with it. It's actually pretty minor. Late Gemini (6-14—6-21), March 12 may be a day of some sort of confusion. Try to keep that day as clear as possible. Continued foginess can be expected on March 13, although you should notice a release of at least some of the maze. March 19 and 20th indicate days of internal unrest, but it may be just that your head seems to be in the clouds. Come on down and you'll probably feel better. Just understand that perfection, at this time, in others may not exist. Remember, they are still human and beautiful in their own ways! Accept the flaws you're finding now.

Cancer (6-22—7-23) Early Cancer (6-22—7-1), use your energy and inner peace you're feeling on March 13 to do those things to which you're committed. This should be a time of preparation for the future. Use it well and you'll accomplish much. March 20 may be a day of considerable tension and testing. Try to avoid feeling angry or frustrated by using an increase of energy to promote a new project you've recently begun. The anger you show, otherwise, could be extremely cruel and vindictive. It's bound to backfire. Mid-Cancer (7-2—7-12), tension is in abundance on March 14. March 21 should be a carry-over into the 14th, save for minor unrest. Enjoy this period. Soon you'll be entering a period of challenges. Late Cancer (7-13—7-23), March 15 presents you with intense feelings combined with strength of purpose. It's quite possible that you'll make a decision for a major change now. March 22 indicates possible minor discomfort, although powerful in its effects. It may be the first of several tests to that previously made decision.

Leo (7-24—8-23) Early to mid-Leos (7-24—8-12), this should be a pretty easy-going time for you with energy giving days beginning in the evening of August 15 and continuing throughout the 16th. It's possible that mid-Leos (8-13—8-12) will notice a warm change of feelings in the evening of the 14th or 15th of March. Nothing spectacular, just an easier flow of emotions. A change in thinking may cause some turmoil for early Leos (7-24—8-2) on March 23, but, again, this should be minor. Mid-Leos (8-3—8-12) should notice an increase of energy, possibly combined with nervousness, on the evening of March 23 and on March 24. Late Leos (8-13—8-23), St. Patrick's Day (March 17) may be a day of having "a bit of blarney." Watch it, or you could find it works against you by March 24 or 25, when changes are indicated. On those days, accept the tension within as your energy release. March 24 and 25 could also be days of unexpected happenings. Keep an open mind.

BY SCORPIO STARGAZER

Virgo (8-24—9-23) Early Virgo (8-24—9-1), on March 18 you may not hear all you'd like to hear from others, but your feelings of having it all together should help you weather this minor storm. Take heed, however, on March 25, when your inner tension may jar you into more awareness of what others say. Mid-Virgo (9-2—9-12), good feelings seem to be plentiful on March 12, in spite of your inner tension. It could be a time for some of you mid-Virgos to finally tell it is love! Whatever happens, warmth pervades and should wind out over your universe. There's some inner peace on March 19, with that loving warmth continuing. Late Virgo (9-13—9-23), the evening of March 12 gives you an inner tension that comes across in one of two ways—confusing arguments or, to put it mildly, clouds of sexism! It should continue through part of March 13. It's possible that this is a prelude to good feelings out on the 19th and 20th, but be careful that your inner desires for perfection don't turn beautiful loving feelings into a lost dream. You'll wonder what happened to those in-time feelings and, instead, be left with mere confusion.

Libra (9-24—10-23) Early Libra (9-24—10-1), minor uneasiness on March 13 may make you overly restrained in your self-expression. That very restraint might cause a cold and curt response from others who are angry by March 20 and, in turn, may make you frustrated. March 20 is a day when you'll probably still feel restrained, although energetic. It's a good time to begin a well-thought-out project of some proportion. Mid-Libra (10-3—10-12), although you'll probably feel minor inner turmoil on March 14, it's nothing to worry about. By March 21 you'll be doing fine again, ready to seek fresh challenges. Late Libra (10-13—10-23), try to watch minor unrest late on March 14 and also on the 15th. The problem is in your intensifying nature, which you intuitively seem to know. It would be best to accept these two days as days in which you're moody. You'll feel worse if you take those inner bad feelings out on others. March 22 will be a day of inner peace and energy. You'll probably feel much better than you did on the 14th and 15th of March.

Scorpio (10-24—11-23) Early Scorpio (10-24—11-1), inner tension may be present late on March 15 or on the 16th, but it should prove to be relatively minor. An increase in communications on March 22 may prompt a change of some kind, possibly in a course of action you recently decided to take. Mid-Scorpio (11-2—11-11), you may feel uneasy on March 16, but you'll probably feel warm and loving. On March 24 you'll be in tune with recent changes. Enjoy life now. Life most likely has been pretty good to you recently. Late Scorpio (11-12—11-23), St. Patrick's Day (March 17) may present you with tension caused by communications gaps, but you should be loving enough and confident enough to allow others their rights to their beliefs. If you can bear up under the minor pressure, you'll come out better for it, as you'll see by March 24 and 25. You'll be feeling free enough to show your most beautiful, spontaneously loving side. This is a good time for all Scorpios to show more understanding and love. Remember, actions speak much louder than words!

Sagittarius (11-23—12-21) Early Sagittarius (11-23—12-1), communications problems on March 18 may cause you some unrest. You may have, as a result, a strong desire to change your self-expression. Your inner self is beginning to develop in bolder, newer, more innovative and unusual ways than ever before. Although this process isn't painless, you'll love the new you! This is (just the first taste, which won't begin to cement into your personality until much later this year. Call it a taste of awakening. Fresh inner energy is the highlight of March 25. It's a good time to tune into yourself. Mid-Sagittarius (12-2—12-11) may have minor discomfort on March 12, however a loving glow seems to surround you, especially in the morning. March 19 may again be a day of minor tension. This is a testing period for recent accomplishments. It's almost over. Late Sagittarius (12-12—12-21) may have considerable fog and possible arguments, especially in relationships on March 12 and 13. Hang in there. Confusion seems to surround you and perhaps, you're merely confused in how you're handling situations, as you'll see in the evening hours of March 19 and on the 20th. March 19, again, makes you uneasy, perhaps because loving feelings confuse you. Are they illusory, idealistic, spiritual, or platonic? Give it time. The fog will clear!

Capricorn (12-22—1-21) Early Capricorn (12-22—12-31), minor tension on March 13 may tend to depress you. You should feel better by morning. On March 20 you may have sharp words and a test to recently developed plans, especially in the late afternoon or early evening. Try to keep your cool, although this may be difficult. You may later regret words spoken in anger. Mid-Capricorn (1-1—1-10), March 14 may present you with minor problems. It will pass, as it will again on March 21. Use more feeling and love to overcome the turmoil on both days. Late Capricorn (1-11—1-20), there's a very slight possibility of intense feelings, perhaps making you uncomfortable on March 13. The tendency for intensity and powerful feelings is more pronounced on March 22. On that day, Love (and the ways you show it) can work wonders.

Aquarius (1-21—2-19) Early Aquarians (1-21—2-1) may feel some discomfort on the evening of March 15 and, again, on March 16, however this should be minor. You're merely developing new-found strength and freedom of expression. March 22 will probably be a day of minor tension, but nothing major. This is a good time of life for you. Mid-Aquarians (2-1—2-10), the early Aquarians, should have minor tensions on March 16, perhaps in relationships, and, again, on March 24. This is certainly nothing to worry about. It's an easy-going time for you! Late Aquarians (2-11—2-19), challenges continue on St. Patrick's Day (March 17) with active communications making life far from dull! You intuitively know things going on in your relationships, but seem, in spite of minor discomfort, to be strengthened by the increased activity! March 24 and 25 create inner stirrings that seem to demand more freedom of self-expression, especially for those of you born on February 18 and 19. Allow your minor tension to spur you on to do something spontaneous and original. Aquarians are the true children of the universe, always unique in self-expression. If you fear these creative stirrings from within, the changes may be more disruptive than you'd like. This is the time when the world is yours!!



AAS=E3

Chances are, you didn't go to college to get a promotion in the Army. But your associate's degree actually entitles you to enter the Army as an E3. (That's two pay grades above the regular entry level.) And it's a surprisingly good way to put your degree to work for you.

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To take advantage of one of the best and quickest ways to serve your country as you serve yourself, call toll free, 800-421-4422. In California, call 800-252-0011. Alaska and Hawaii, 800-423-2244.

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**ARMY.
BE ALL YOU CAN BE.**

CREATIVE CORNER

The Joys of Summer

by Jim Meddleton

With summer only a few snowfalls away, I thought it wouldn't hurt to do some wishful thinking and throw out a few thoughts.

The finest way to start the summer would be to receive a letter identifying you as a member of the Dean's list. With a start like that, you might better appreciate some of the following . . .

. . . the first day out in the sun and already your skin starts to tan

. . . the thermometer rises to eighty-five and you take a cool dip in a neighbor's pool after work

. . . washing the car and afterwards admiring the brilliant shine

. . . spending the day at your favorite fishing hole with a few friends and a few six-packs

. . . a clear blue sky, sixty-five degrees, a warm breeze, and the State Park Golf Course

. . . sitting on the front porch, gazing at the full moon, and being alone with your thoughts

. . . the deliciousness of soft ice cream

. . . walking down a lonely road in the heart of the night, with only your girlfriend and the sound of crickets to accompany you

. . . no socks

. . . sitting around a fire and seeing who can stay up the longest with a six-pack on everybody's left and a six-pack on everybody's right

. . . spiedies, spiedies, spiedies

. . . speeding down the highway with the wind blowing through your hair and the music playing loud

. . . spending a few gorgeous days at Oquaga Lake with good friends, trying to water ski, and soaking up the rays

. . . sneaking into State Park, avoiding the rangers at eleven o'clock in the evening, to see friends at a campsite.

. . . the mouth-watering aroma of steak as it sizzles on the grill

. . . evening just rolling around, the sun has set,

and the sky is ablaze in a fury of red

. . . the drive-in on a clear night, with a warm breeze, and millions of stars in the sky

. . . eating hot fudge sundaes from Friendly's on the hood of your car with your favorite girl

. . . spending a day at State Park with friends, frisbee, music, laughter, food, and drink

. . . picking nightwalkers

. . . talking with your family on the patio after dinner, with the dog running around the backyard, and the laughter of the kids up the street

. . . lying in bed late at night with sentimental thoughts, a breeze blows through the open window bringing the sound of distant trucks rolling down the highway

. . . playing softball under the hot sun and the clear blue sky

. . . the smell of barbecued chicken, the music, and the noise and laughter of people at Field Day's

. . . playing golf under the lights at Chenango Bridge C.C.

. . . waking to the smell of bacon, eggs, toast, and coffee, and eating breakfast outside

. . . pulling in a sixteen-inch bass

. . . playing hoops outside just as the sun is setting

. . . driving to Champion Speedway, a cooler in the back seat, and climbing into the back of a pickup to watch the action

. . . a night at Monticello Raceway

. . . the glory of July fourth fireworks

. . . going to bed with your window open and listening to the wind as it sweeps through the trees and brings the approaching storm

. . . water fights!!

. . . a day spent at Cole Park enjoying the scenery

. . . waking up and only putting on a pair of shorts to face the day

. . . the 19th hole

. . . the fresh, lively scent right after a heavy rain

And how's this for a kicker,

. . . pool-hopping in the nude, yeah!

Enjoy the simple things in life.

Shortest of Stories

"The wall, he decided, will always be there"

by Thomas Hanifin

He awoke, or at least it seemed he did, for he could not tell if he had been dreaming, or if he were dreaming now. He pushed the woolen, scratchy blanket away from his body. There were no sheets, and his skin stuck to the plastic mattress that smelled of sweat and urine. After prying his flesh from the tenacious bedding, he managed to sit up. He was more tired than he had remembered. He was still dirty and thirsty and his eyes hurt as they squinted in the dim hazy light. He drew his legs up to his chest and wrapped his arms around them. For long moments, he sat that way fearing punishment for doing anything that might be wrong.

Eventually, however, his eyes grew accustomed to the shadowy light and he began to see things. Across from him, he could see a wall. He wondered how long the wall had been there. The question struck him as absurd. The wall, he decided, will always be there. In this confusion, he meditated on the hardness before him until a thought of beauty entered his mind and the nakedness upset him. "There are no pictures . . . it has no pictures hanging from it." Lacking the courage, or cowardice, to look away he continued staring blankly until his sight improved still further and he found something within the wall that excited him. "I forgot . . . about . . . color . . . I can see the color now!" He tried to give the color a name. "Filth . . ." he thought. "Dirty," he said outloud. "It is a dirty color."

Quickly, the excitement left him and he began to grow tired of looking at the wall; even the color began to bore him. The boredom gave him a sense of courage and he became bold. He decided to explore. Cautiously he moved his eyes to the right where he saw—a corner. Then the head began to turn to follow the lead of his eyes. They continued past the corner until they gazed upon something he recognized.

He hated what he saw, the familiar object that hid in the shadows; the thing that kept him here. He glared at it, but the closed and bolted door remained unmoved. It was then that he turned back to the wall he had grown to know and the boredom he had grown—to love.

"Dirty Rats"

by Daniel Ansell

How could I have known that killing rats was to be a part of my job? The advertisement in the newspaper described a sedate managerial position and I left the interviewer with grandiose visions of my new job shuffling papers, smiling and shaking hands.

I arrived for my first day at Universal cafeteria looking forward to a serene career. I envisaged myself basking in the stability that bureaucratic monotony has to offer.

The owner, a Chinese man with a twitch named Mr. Kayo introduced me to the important employees. He left me to be trained by Mr. Marx, the manager I was soon to replace.

Mr. Marx was a gaunt, timid man. After a curt introduction he took me on a tour of the facilities. He asked me several questions as we walked around.

"Where did you work before?"

"Why did you leave?"

"How long did you work there?"

I answered his questions politely and honestly but began to get the impression that something was amiss. My feelings of uneasiness intensified as Mr. Marx's questions became more

unusual.

"Have you ever served in the army?"

"Are you courageous?"

"Are you good with a gun?"

A scream from the cafeteria line interrupted our tour. We rushed to the dining area and found an obese, hysterical woman snorting and grunting and rolling around on the carpet.

I pushed my way through the crowd of curiosity seekers and tourists taking photographs.

"If you're not pleased with our food (I said with all the authority I could muster), we'll return your money!"

"Dirty rats!" she mumbled between convulsions.

Mr. Marx led me to his office with a somber expression on his face. In a hushed voice he said, "We have a rodent problem."

"One or two rats never bothered me" I said unconvincingly.

"Not one or two", he said obviously distressed.

"There's hundreds of them! They're in the kitchen, in the dining room, even in my office!" He opened his sports coat and pulled out an air powered pellet gun.

"They're everywhere!" he screamed.

"They're not going to get

me!" He fired the gun wildly barely missing my leg. By now I had gotten the impression that Mr. Marx wanted to be alone so I left him in his office firing his pellet gun at every suspicious looking shadow. I tried to keep busy the rest of the day making an occasional sandwich and supervising the dishwashing crew.

Later that evening after all the employees had gone home Mr. Marx and I sat in his office completing the day's paperwork. Every few minutes we'd hear the pitter patter of rats scurrying across the kitchen floor.

When we finished Mr. Marx handed me a baseball bat for "protection". "I'll cover you with my pellet gun" he said heroically, "and you make a run for the door!" I ran as fast as my shaking legs would carry me and in fact, continued to run for 3 miles until I got home.

That was my last day as manager of the cafeteria. I still have nightmares, however, of rats dashing in the darkness, and of Mr. Marx firing his pellet gun wildly into the shadows. The whole experience disturbed my psyche so profoundly that I haven't worked to this very day. I can't trust the dirty rats.



On Friday, February 27, 1981, Gerry Pariglianti, a Senior Medical Assistant, was feted with a baby shower in honor of her three month old son, Brian. Both MA faculty and Students joined in the celebration in the Business Building. (Seated from left) Sally Van Gorder, Carol Lasky, and Mary Cuomo. (Standing from left) Cindy Matchulat, Cindy French, Michele D'Angelo, Mirian Thompson, Terry Slocum, Mary Jo Deis, Janet Nesbitt, Gail Strausser, Gerry Pariglianti, and Brian Pariglianti.

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SPORTS

Love at 0:00, Zewie in O.T.

by Daren R. Pelkie

Rick Love and Bob Laszewski scored two goals apiece to lead the Varsity hockey team to a victory in their first overtime session of the year.

Love prevented a scoreless first period by beating Skidmore College's goalie just as the horn sounded signaling the period's end. Although the goal's timing may have been questionable neither coach attempted to influence the referee's delayed decision. The goal counted, but was quickly equalled by Skidmore's Steve Yale. Rick Love again put the Hornets on top by netting his second unassisted tally of the season, and fifth overall.

Centerman Bob Laszewski

made the score 3-1 from a nearly impossible angle. "When I'm off to the side, the goalie hugs the post so that I don't have a shot", says Laszewski. "But they hate to leave the other side of the net open so they automatically move toward the middle when I shoot. I aim at the goalie, and if he moves... the puck is in. It's a 50-50 chance."

Skidmore tied the score at 3-3 before Broome rebuilt its lead with goals by Bob Castro and Dave Juser. The team from Saratoga Springs refused to quit, however, and fought back to even the score at 5-5 with less than three minutes left. The score remained tied at the end of regulation, but for each coach it was "all or nothing".

Broome was overpowered for most of the extra period and had to rely on goaltender Joe Gennarelli for three tremendous saves. The Hornets finally got their chance at a minute and a half into the sudden death session when Laszewski took the puck deep in Broome's defensive zone and rushed the length of the rink. Bob Castro led the play, clearing a path for his linemate and looking very much like a blocker in football. Laszewski ended the contest 61:35 after it had begun with a shot similar to the one that netted him his second period goal, and for that matter, sixteen others just like them. Skidmore would certainly have been better off had they settled for a tie, but after all... overtime is a 50-50 chance.

Broome Stickers Founded

by Daren R. Pelkie

February 26, 1981 marked the beginning of lacrosse at BCC with the newly formed club meeting for the first time, and the USG approving a faculty advisor for the team.

The formation of a lacrosse team at Broome has been attempted in the past, but because of the difficulties involved, was never a success. The demand finally overwhelmed the difficulties, however, and largely through the hard work and guidance of former Binghamton Central lacrosse star Bill O'Brien, the first team will be fielded

this spring.

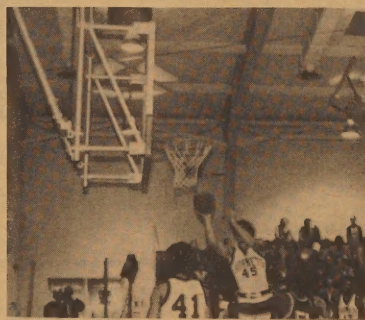
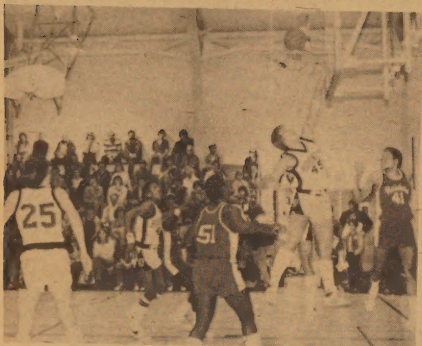
"It just seems that every time one problem gets solved, there's another one to worry about", said O'Brien, who will be acting as Head Coach. "I asked about every teacher on campus to take the job of faculty advisor and the only one who would help us was Brendan Flynn. He's already dedicated a great deal of his free time to help us in getting started. Without him there would be no team." The Student Government approved Flynn's appointment to the advisor position, officially beginning the BCC Lacrosse Club.

The team must play for two years as a club before it is eligible for varsity status. Since it is a club, anyone can try out for the team without worrying about being cut. The players who have thus far expressed an interest in

the club vary from High School lacrosse stars to students who have never even touched a lacrosse stick. Among the veterans are player-coach O'Brien, a first team division all star at Hudson Valley; Mike Talbot and Kevin Giblin, a pair of Central grads who starred on the Division II champion Towson team; Mike Murphy, a league leading goalie at Watertown; and a couple of all-STAC stickers from Vestal, Mark McWright and Tim Flick.

O'Brien hopes to put together at least ten games with other colleges such as Cobleskill and SUNY Binghamton, and wants to "win half of those". A lot of travel will be involved since few coaches will bring their squads to Broome before it has established a reputation as a worthy opponent. "We'll do okay", added O'Brien. "We're just beginning."

Season Ends, Memories Remain



Hornets vs. Raiders—Clockwise, Upper left: no. 1 Rob Garbade on a layup. no. 2 Bob Mastro releases a pass to Jay DiLello. no. 3 Bob Mastro shoots from corner. no. 4 Glenn Hampton (23) and Rob Garbade watch for rebound. no. 5

Rob Garbade on a layup as Ted Taylor (41) looks on. no. 6 All eyes on ball, Thorpe (13) Taylor (41) Hampton (23) Mastro (25).



GIRLS DEMAND EQUAL TIME IN EXERCISE ROOM - Fumiko Suesawa works out.

