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the albrightian

volume LXVII

reading, pa.

special orientation issue

number one



SCENES FROM ORIENTATION



Hotline is a student service which is operated for you by a trained staff of Albright Students.

Hotline can be a help to you whether it be a personal problem or general information.

Hotline is staffed during the evening hours, (we anticipate

answering phone calls between the hours of 7 and 1 am Monday thru Sunday.)

You can talk with us any evening by dialing 921-2951. If you have the need don't hesitate to call.

Hotline

WELCOME...

I have been asked to welcome the class of 1978 as a representative of the college faculty. When you are better acquainted with my colleagues you will know that no single one of us can speak for all, for each of us like each of you is unique and each will communicate in his own tongue.

We are all pleased, however, that you have chosen Albright as your academic home. Of course we conclude that this is an excellent commentary on your wisdom and good sense but we do hope that, as well, it will prove to be a satisfying four year learning experience for all of us.

College education has been described as the opportunity of choosing one's company and listening. There is a great deal to be said for this definition but it lacks one ingredient, the individual's own contribution to the common adventure. If there has been any valuable change in college education in recent years, it is the recognition that there is no sharp division between professors and students. All of us are learners together, for in one sense at any rate, education is a matter of moving from cocksure ignorance to thoughtful uncertainty. There is so much all of us have yet to explore together. We should remind you, however, that the college experience requires you to develop a significant degree of self reliance and discipline. There will be no hovering parents to urge you to complete your assignments or to study your French verbs. You must learn to make wise choices in the use of your time, and you

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THE MAKING OF A FRESHMAN 1974

As your eyes scan these words, there is a good chance that you are one of the 390 incoming freshmen, new transfer students, or the hundred or so upperclassmen who have joined to introduce the former to the ways of the famous "Albright Community."

No doubt you are well bored by the question that seems to be the nativity of every orientation conversation: "Gee, what's your major?" And no doubt too, you have wondered how the hundred or so Upperclassmen could have banded together to purvey the pseudo-western style madness that was labeled "Albright or Bust—Expansions to new Horizons." In addition, you may or may not have already discovered that you can't stand your roommate, hate the food, can't find a parking space, or that college isn't cracked up to what you thought it to be.

Welcome.

By your sheer number you have defeated the thousands of dollars spent to produce the Carnegie Foundation's report that had convinced admissions directors throughout the land that no one still wanted to attend college. You are the third largest class in the history of Albright College, and there are almost 50 more of you than anyone could have wished for back in the spring when the projected freshman class figure was somewhere around 350... "we're lucky."

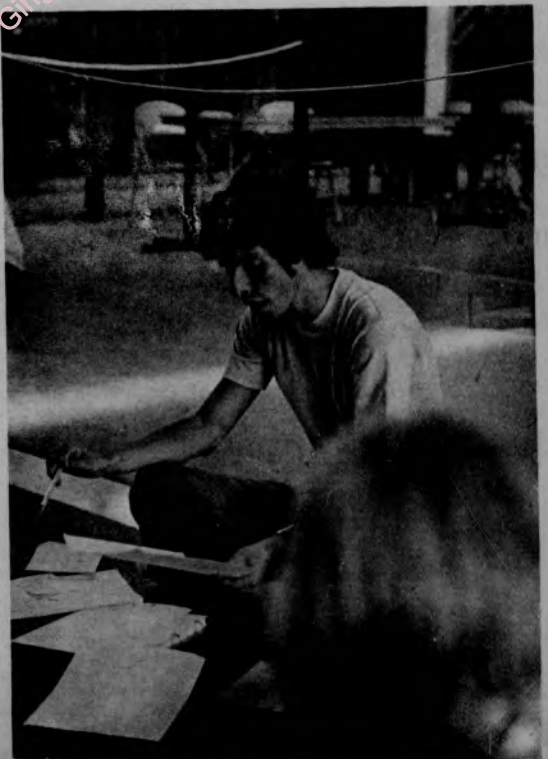
Throughout the country, many small colleges have "gone under" from a lack of enrollment, while

others, including such institutions as Albright, Western Maryland, Hood, Allegheny, have experienced an increased enrollment.

The orientation process, which you are almost finished, began sometime back in March, when the small group of chairpeople gathered together to evaluate last year's orientation...and plan this year's. Most members of that committee will agree, however, that despite longrange planning, as the date neared for the orientation's beginning preparations grew intense and hectic. Jenny Riggs, Steering Committee Co-Chairperson exemplified the situation as she was heard exclaiming in the last hours: "At this stage of the game, there's no time for committee work...somebody just sticks his hands out and does it!"

The Albrightian Staff set about preparing for this issue, even as the presses were cooling last semester. Reporters, composers, editors and lay-out personnel began head work in June for the orientation, and culminated efforts in a marathon session a day before the orientation began.

The News Staff of the Albrightian hopes this page will be filled with provocative, informative, and credibly reported articles in the weeks to come. In addition, we welcome you to Albright and hope you make the pages of the Albrightian, your pages.



BENEATH THE GOOD VIBES

Damn, I wish I could say it like Richard Close said it a few years ago. I wish I could deliver a message to the Albright community to make it all beautiful. I cannot.

Orientation has been good vibes mostly. The meetings of potential friends, the smiles, and the subdued fears have been good. For the freshmen, all the newness has carried an anticipation for the obtaining of college-paradise here in Reading, Pa.

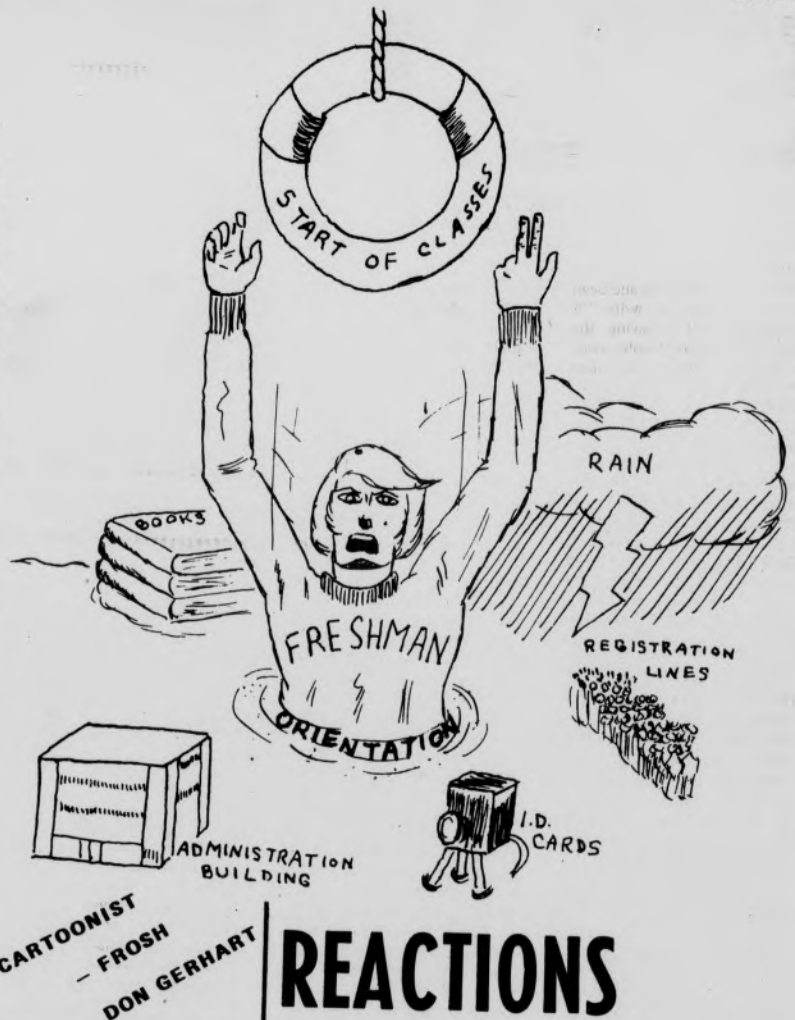
Beneath the good vibes of orientation, I, as a battle-scarred senior, have felt a great sense of loss. I am returning to a place where so many I have known are now gone. I will miss the graduating class of 1974—those I loved, those I did not love, those I knew only as a drifting face in the crowd—they were always here, a part of Albright psyche. I will miss Lew Prine and his friendly, soft-spoken manner. I will miss Clyde Harding and his humble devotion to American Romanticism. I will miss Ted Sargent and his awesome ability to move students to radical questioning and his transformation of the classroom into an Absurdist stage. I will miss the basketball artistry of Millini and Ricketts. Sadly I realize that I cannot really share Albright of the recent past and the things that have meaning to me with the Albright freshmen.

So, I address the freshmen, those who have replaced the class of '74 in a sense—the "new blood" that is pushing us "oldsters" out, with caution. Beneath, the good vibes of orientation is potential for success as well as failure. It is up to us as a community to direct the flow. The freshmen who are so hopeful and so alive now have to stop and realize where we have come from and where we are going. The communal "we" is the what the pulse of Albright rests on. We have been on the brink of community for a long time but we have not quite arrived there.

Beneath the good vibes of orientation have been some tinges of the oldtime rip-off. Upperclass advice to freshmen has often concerned faking your way through History 101, taking the "easy" professors, and tips on the best partying spots on campus.

Beneath the good vibes we must not lose sight of the depths to be explored. I am struggling hard now to find a "message" in all of this. Marshall McLuhan said "the medium is the message." (I pulled that out of my memory somewhere). And, I suppose, the medium is us.

Mark Altischuler



Will I See You in September? or Ever?

With freshman orientation well under way, you ought to take some time to think about what's been happening to you...Who you've met and what you've talked about. You've probably asked about a million people what their major was and only remember 3, and you probably hit sports, movies, music, and if you were desperate, books and the weather.

Did you ever mention to anyone that you're pretty damned scared and insecure about this position you're in. Emotionally, Socially, Academically you probably are feeling very much alone. The sad thing is that too often, the more afraid we are, the more we try to hide it. We hope we can hide the fear until we get our footing and the fears aren't so important. This is what a lot of your orientation is trying to do. "Keep 'em busy, don't let them eat alone, make them a part of the group"—is what the orientation leaders are told.

But despite all their good intentions, those friendly, well-adjusted(?) upperclassmen cannot fill the times when you're alone, perhaps lying awake at night, thinking about the changes you have faced in the past few days and the ones yet to come. Because you have decided to come here, there have already been some profound changes in your relationships with your family and friends.

Perhaps the biggest problem of

adjustment comes to those who leave boyfriends/girlfriends at home along with their security. All of them left in various stages of growth with sincere promises of faithful correspondence, these relationships come under close scrutiny as we meet new people and do new things. Just what is to be done with the relationship that, up until Sept. 5, brought so much joy, and since then, has brought anxiety and grief.

You've realized that the old clichés do not apply to the situation. "Out of sight, out of mind"—impossible! 4 letters in 3 days are not sent by someone that isn't thinking about you. And "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—more B.S. No one ever falls in love with someone that is not present, so how can you stay in love with someone that isn't there—especially now when you could really use an understanding hug.

So you stop and take a hard analytical look at that relationship and you ask yourself some questions:

Is our relationship based on some particular need or desire on either part that could just as well be met or satisfied by someone here at school—or is it centered mostly on the particular personalities of the persons involved? Put simply—Do I love him/her or just the things we did together? Often people say that the two cannot be separated, but one test of a strong relationship

is to see if the "feeling" of love still exists for each other even after a favorite activity is curtailed.

This question, although hard to answer honestly, will illuminate and perhaps eliminate many relationships that are based on certain physical acts difficult to reproduce through postal or telephonic means.

If you're decided that perhaps there really was something going worth saving, the next problem is to determine how much (sounds like Qual. and Quant. already.) That is, is the foundation of your relationship strong enough to make it through your first Riverside, weekends of studying, and midsemesters? A ridiculous question, right?—You have no way of knowing how strong your relationship is until it's tested and no way of testing it until you experience a little college life.

What you should know, however, is that strength in a love relationship means a lot more than how many mountains you'd climb to be near her side. As a matter of fact, if you're going to try to maintain such a relationship many miles apart, you'll have to realize that a lot of that romantic jazz is going to go out the window. The belief that your love is the "one and only" and that "a feeling this strong can't go wrong" must be replaced with trust, sacrifice and

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REACTIONS '78

An envelope, a stamp, then placed into a mailbox to travel many, many miles. The envelope marked and stamped urgent. To where? The destination is my home and the envelope, it holds my future.

A ten cent stamp has been so important to me during this past summer. Communication is what I became so dependent upon. Albright, I found has one of the most complete and organized means of opening this vast horizon to my future. They did this by opening their lines of communication and welcoming me with arms extended.

To be able to expect an average of three informative letters a week builds the anxiety and the excitement. It also lessens the fear of facing a new style of life.

The friendliness of the students and the helpfulness of the administration and faculty all contributed to the great atmosphere, which began in the letters and continued to surround me when I arrived. The orientation program has strengthened this atmosphere of openness.

Communications, one of the world's greatest potentials will make or break the future of the world. Also in this sense the strong communication has made my future possible.

As a freshman with a great "western" horizon of experiences and knowledge before me I would like to thank everyone at Albright who, through communication made it easier to take that first step into the future.

In an era of modern conveniences, we are seldom able to truly imagine the hardships our pioneering fathers endured. But we, the Freshmen Class of '78, were treated to a bit of nostalgia with Orientation—ALBRIGHT OR BUST!

Just as previous frontiersmen had gathered their essentials, leaving a secure homestead for an unknown settlement, we packed our suitcases and trunks, and headed off on what appeared to be an endless voyage through uncharted lands.

Upon arriving at our new homestead, we immediately began to break ground. Trunks, suitcases, boxes, and more served as our stone monuments to our settlements.

And, gradually, as fellow pioneering Albrightians began to settle, a sense of community developed. This was an important part of our new venture, because we would need this unity to help us battle the plagues of loneliness, confusion, and boredom.

But, just as our adventurous ancestors had turned their dreams into productive realities, so we will reap a bountiful fruitage from our labors here at Albright.

DIANA LEYDEN

Charyl A. Sullivan

S.L.I.

by STUART ISAACSON

if Charles Dickens had been born 100 years later, he might have attended Albright and been inspired enough to write "A Freshman Carol," leaving the Christmas spirit to dissolve away within him as he was overtaken by campus life. Unfortunately, Charlie's parents decided not to wait, obviously feeling 100 years of inflation would drive up the price of pampers until they were no longer affordable, and Mrs. Dickens gave birth to a little Dickens. Alas, Charles never had a chance to write "A Freshman Carol" and in his present condition, I doubt he ever will, unless of-course he teams with Christopher Lee to make a picture for American International which could be titled, "What The Dickens!" or "Charles Dickens Has Risen From The Grave" or "Bring Me The Pen of Charles Dickens" or a porno feature entitled, "The Dickens In Miss Jones." But, since these films are not likely to go into production (Christopher Lee is reported to be unhappy with director Ingmar Bergman,) I got to thinking of "A Freshman Carol" and I put myself in the position of one of the characters.

I am the ghost of freshman past. Boo.

I could picture myself floating into the dorms of freshman (and the cars of commuters) and screaming, "Okay, this is a raid" and soon after explain to freshman what kind of place Albright is. I could say a lot and at the same time say nothing, like the catalog does and like I'm doing right now, or I could round up all the freshman as if it were a rodeo (yee-ha) and take them to the Great Hall of Di-Gel (cafeteria.) Seating them in a neat circle, their hands folded and clothed in white robes, I would stand before these newcomers and cry out, "The Dean of Women is pregnant! Who's the wise guy?" Then, after the poor slob steps forward, weeping miserably and confessing he is a spy from Muhlenberg, I'd go into the details.

"At Albright," I would begin, "you'll learn a multitude of new things about other people and school in general. You'll see that everyone else is just like you in many ways. They snore at night, act goofy at 4 AM, are frightened to the point of prayer before the first big test, have embarrassing pajamas, have the same records you have, enjoy the same chocolate drink (or other beverage), watch the same TV show; any number of preferences that make you similar.

"On the other hand," I'd warn them, "you must accept the strange habits that other people have. You'll have to get used to a roommate that plays the fiddle, who acts normal at 4 AM, who drinks Coke out of a Florence Flask, who takes a bath every other leap year, who meditates when dawn approaches, who makes his grand entrance from a big night when everyone is asleep, who can get very crude in strange places, who is con-

vinced that every waking minute is for study and reduces himself to little more than an answering machine who makes you feel like an idiot before each examination. Yes, you must accept these people and find various ways of avoiding them.

"About Albright," I'd announce with all the cockiness of a sophomore, "you'll find the food tasty and adorable at the year's beginning and pasty and a chore to chew at the year's end. You'll realize that somewhere a group of people have planned a big weekend and everyone goes home. You'll begin to come to grips with the fact that the people who work in the mail-room never seem to leave their cubicle. You'll notice that letters from folks at home seem to decrease until Thanksgiving, when they seem to stop altogether. You'll find biology is really chemistry, chemistry is really math, and math is really physics. As usual, no matter how late your first class is you'll sleep through it. In a strange set of coincidences, you'll see science majors seem to line up outside the registrar's office clutching withdrawal slips after every chemistry test. You'll discover the hard way that courses with the most bizarre names are not always the easiest. You'll see that the group of students who call themselves "intellectuals" are nothing more than buffoons. You'll convince yourself that every professor is out to shaft you. You'll encounter all new ideas and all types of people and in the end, you probably won't come out any different.

"In what seems like an eternity from now, at the end of the academic year, you might find yourself in one of these three categories. Albright will be a long, lost dream which you can't wait to return to. Albright will be sufficient for your goals in life and with some sentimental value, you'll trudge back. Or lastly, you will have had just about all of this place as you can humanly stand and you'll pack your bags and try it elsewhere, thinking that gee, out of disillusionment brings yells echoing another life, because Reading is grim, hopeless, thankless, or any other way you decide your one year here was."

At that point I'd stop because I'd become fed up with the freshman who think they know it all already. Someday, I'll sit down and write out "A Freshman Carol" and they'll make it into a movie and show it in the Campus Center Theatre for fifty cents one lonely weekend.

In closing, I'd like to present last year's grand prizes for the correct answering of tough trivia questions. A Silver Cloud Rolls Royce goes to Bob Lloyd ('77) and the Eastern Seaboard of the United States goes to Ian Freedman ('77). The final, ultimate, and possibly last trivia question is: Who is Blossom Rock and what is she famous for? Submit all answers to box 670 and see if the person becomes angry.



TEMPLE OF THE GODS?

TENNIS: FROM AN ATHEIST'S POINT OF VIEW

BY the wizard

Religion, or religious tendencies, most sociologists will agree is a form of expression common to cultures throughout the world. The need for men to regard a supernatural is evidenced in their many practices of shamanism, totemism, worship of icons, mono and polytheistic gods, and in some countries, worship of the state.

However, in recent years, a unique and most curious religious practice has surfaced in the American continent, indeed, even on this staid campus of Albright the ceremony can be seen evoked with great fervor.

My research has led me to believe that this movement, referred to by devotees as "Tennis" is British in origin. Consequently, the rites, which are often (yet not exclusively) performed in the out-of-doors have a striking similarity to those great turn of the century druid shenanigans of Alistair Crowley and his naked bishop-girlfriends. The altar is comprised of a hard ground surface, demarked in pre-

cise geometric lines to a shape reminiscent of the famous greek "Golden Rectangle." Dissecting this "court" equally is a high cloth net. Over this, a fuzzy shereoid approximately 2½ inches in diameter is bounced back and forth by two or four devotees with large, hollow spoons. Normally, the devotees wear vestments of red or white (representative of passion and purity no doubt), and their spoons, are of a curious construction with a taught webbing used to strike the shereoid.

The ball, which is batted to and fro, is accompanied with enthusiastic chants, such as "Love, fifteen!" I would venture that the whole process must be representative of the struggle of the forces of good, versus evil.

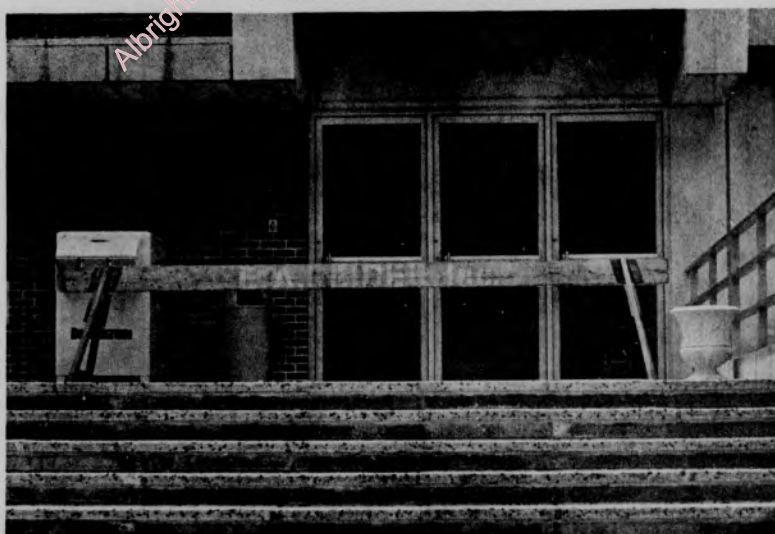
The impact of this ecumenical practice (it must be, for I have witnessed members all faiths worshipping together) is being evidenced even here at Albright. No doubt it is in no trivial act for many of us will remember that Dean Tilden was leaving the

courts even as the Judiciary Board was adjourning its "trial" of the TKE fraternity housing situation (which was not attended by any administration member.) Surely, this is ample example that the holy still looms superior to the secular.

Indeed, the construction of new Courts is even now under way on the once spacious lawn in front of North Hall! Truly, just coming out of a fiscal year that last semester scared our policy makers into constructing academic cutbacks, they have found the money to build these most important altars.

Of course, there are always we atheists who have their sour grapes. Yes, it's true. I don't play the game, or join in the ritual. I guess I just can't appreciate a rise in my tuition, and a limitation in my available academic choices to support the construction of courts for those who "worship" Tennis.

I guess that's the price I pay for attending a religious school.



ALBRIGHT COLLEGE LIBRARY LOOKS DESOLATE, BARRICADED ONE WEEK BEFORE FRESHMAN ARRIVED.



25 years ago the worst they could say was
"Nice girls don't smoke" or "It'll stunt your growth."

Now we know:

Women who smoke are dying of lung cancer and other
smoking-related diseases at twice the rate of women who don't.

These days there's no such thing as a dumb reason for not smoking.

WANTED: Band Members,
Color Guard, Majorettes,
Drummers, etc.
See Mr. Hinkle or Jeff Seiger

WELCOME...

CONT. FROM PAGE 1

will, for the results will be rewarding indeed. It will make possible more meaningful communication with your fellowman about more significant matters, for as one humorist has said, "an educated person is one who can give directions without taking his hands out of his pockets."

Above all, accept us, your teachers, as persons, completely human, who want to work with you in a common adventure, to explore the past and present together and to discover with joy directions to a more meaningful future. May your years at Albright be remembered as a joyous occasion for growth and enrichment in an atmosphere of friendly, but not overburdening concern. You are accepted! You are here because you have been chosen and you are very welcome!

Eugene H. Barth
September 1974



BARBARA SUFLAS, A FRESHMAN, BEGINS A LONG JOURNEY.

SILADIUM™
A better than gold ring
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FOOTBALL SCRIMMAGE

ALBRIGHT vs. MUHLBERG

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

at 9:45 A.M.

SEPTEMBER

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hard work. Sounds strange associating hard work and sacrifice with love? What happens when you meet someone that really seems to understand you and the absolute joy of breaking down each others' barriers has you saying to yourself—"Hey, I could love this kid!" Or when you keep writing and calling and thinking of her/him and all you get is a constant busy signal? It is a sad, but necessary thing for a romantic to realize that much of love has to do with one's own will and self-control.

However, just because one is able to fall in love with most anyone doesn't mean that's what should be done. A relationship that has been examined honestly and found to be based on the person and is worthy of sacrifice needs another crucial ingredient—commitment—a dirty word to many people, especially males. Myself, being a junior with hopes for a long expensive graduate education shudder at the thought of what that word means to some people, especially females. What I mean by commitment is a kind of pact or promise that you both feel that the relationship is worth preserving and hence you will refrain from those activities that place undue stress upon it and hasten unto those that would encourage its growth. Hence, a commitment to growth.

I realize that I've done alot of preaching and am running the risk of turning this features page into a column of advice for the lovelorn, but I can only write from my own experiences about what I think might help you.

John Dufendach