

George Mamedov (left) and Yevgeniz V. Afanasyev, third secretaries of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, D.C., pause to hear a question from the audience during a speech on U.S.-Soviet relations last night at the HUB.

Soviet officials warn of conflict with U.S. if Cold War persists

By KATHY MILLS Daily Collegian Staff Writer
If harmony is not achieved in present U.S.-Soviet relations, serious conflict will result, two Soviet representatives told a HUB audience last night.
George Mamedov and Yevgeniz V. Afanasyev, third secretaries of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, said that the Cold War cannot continue indefinitely.
"There comes a time when a 'hot war' will result," Mamedov said. "There will be no more water, but fire, next time."
Referring to U.S.-Soviet relations, he said that the edge between war and peace is narrow and that it may easily be overstepped by one of the parties involved. The two nations must cooperate with each other or face possible destruction, he said.
"The one road that the United States or the Soviet Union may walk alone is the road to oblivion," he said.
The United States currently refuses to negotiate with the Russians, Mamedov said. He said that internal matters, such as presidential elections and primaries, are more important in the United States than peace with the Soviets.
"Every four years during a national state of emergency called elections, America expects all problems to come to a standstill," he said. "Everything that has taken hard bilateral efforts to achieve is now being destroyed."
He said he hoped that the situation will improve after 1980 is unfounded.
The United States is continuing to build its military program and to pour money into arms in order to gain military supremacy, he said.
"There was a sharp buildup of U.S. armaments even

Nash: tugging at minds, memories

By JUSTIN CATANOSO Daily Collegian Staff Writer
Graham Nash is serious about his music and the message it carries. He fully understands the powerful influence music has on this country's youth and after 18 years of putting his beliefs, emotions and experiences to song, his message has lost none of its impact.
Last night in a filled Eisenhower Auditorium, Nash gathered an overwhelmingly enthusiastic crowd into the strong yet subtle arms of his acoustical sounds and carried the crowd away — but not before tugging at their minds with his anti-nuclear energy songs, tugging at their hearts with gentle love songs and humble personality, and certainly, tugging at their memories with songs that remain timeless.
The concert was more than an unforgettable musical experience. It was also a glimpse of a man obsessed with his causes and submerged in his desire to unite people and ideas through careful thought and understanding.
Accompanied on stage with only acoustic guitarist Joel Bernstein and keyboardist William Smith, Nash opened with a classic tune written in reference to the Vietnam war a decade ago. Somehow though, "Military Madness" seemed even more relevant last night.
"Military madness," Nash sang, "it's killing our country." On the last verse, he replaced the word "military" with "nukes."
In a post-concert interview, Nash said, "Throwing that word nuclear in there drives people nuts. I don't do it for effect, I do it to let people know I'm totally serious and committed to a certain lifestyle and certain ideas."
That commitment shone through clearly with the songs "Barrad of Pain," written about nuclear waste barrels leaking in the Pacific Ocean, and one of his four encores, "Power," written by fellow MUSE member (Musicians United 4 Safe Energy) John Hall and his wife.
At the outset of the concert, Nash said, "We're going to do our best songs the best way we know how." He more than lived up to his promise.
Mixing songs from the early '70s equally with releases from his new solo album "Earth & Sky," Nash showed that his talents, like fine wine, are mellowing and improving with age. Evidence of that improvement came through songs "Magical Child," a beautiful piece written for his two-year-old son Jackson, and "Out on the Island," a song born on the beaches of Hawaii.
By and by, the beauty of Nash's songs is their timelessness. "Chicago" and "Teach Your Children" — sung in harmony with the Eisenhower Auditorium Choir — remain as valuable today as the day they were released.
In a particularly dramatic and chilling moment, Nash, on piano, shared his trip through Winchester Cathedral with an emotion-filled rendition of perhaps his finest musical work, "Cathedral."
The crowd simply could not get enough. Its thunderous standing ovations won three encores, including "Our House," Nash's final song, "In the '90s," fittingly ended the evening. Nash showed, musically and mentally, that he is ready for the coming years. His desire now is to prepare as many people as possible.

Doctor explains theory on racism

By CALLAS RICHARDSON Daily Collegian Staff Writer
Dr. Frances Crest-Welsh, formulator of the controversial "Color Confrontation Theory," gave a talk and discussion on how her theory explains racism in today's world.
"My theory is an attempt to explain the very nature of racism by whites, blacks, yellows, reds and browns," Welsh said. "Racism is the most important problem facing the world in the '80s."
Welsh said she started focusing upon racism while she was in residency as a psychiatrist in Washington, D.C.
"I was working in a training center that had a predominantly white staff that insisted that black patients could not discuss their problems and could only be treated with drugs," she said.
An inspirational point for Welsh occurred when she attended a Black Power meeting in 1967.
"After that meeting I met a black man who described racism as simply a global system for maintaining white domination," Welsh said.
Welsh then formulated a reasoning for racism based upon genetics and psychiatry, contending that the white races account for only 10 percent of the world population.
"Then I took the premise of the colored races being inferior," Welsh said. "As a psychiatrist I know that those who insist upon their superiority have doubts about their superiority."
"I don't hate whites," he said. "But it is a genetic fact that the white race is a mutation, for whites can only produce whites, whereas the colored people of the world have been known to produce offspring of every color."
Welsh feels that people are not satisfied with their genetic heritage.
"People have to learn how to respect the way they look and learn how to respect themselves," Welsh said.

Fire causes minor damage and injuries

A small explosion of flammable cleaning solutions resulted in a fire which caused minor damage to a cleaning room and slight injuries to the owner of a College Township business yesterday morning.
Alpha Fire Co. responded to a call from Walter McCloskey, owner of McCloskey's Office Equipment, 305 Bemmer Pike, at 10:51 a.m. McCloskey had already extinguished the fire when the fire company arrived, but had suffered minor burns of the arms and face and was treated by ambulance technicians.
The fire started when the flammable liquids McCloskey was using to clean equipment were ignited by sparks from a short-circuit in an exhaust fan in the cleaning room. McCloskey was able to use a company fire extinguisher to



W.S. Merwin

Thoughts transformed to words, pictures Merwin: poet, translator and playwright too

By P.A. PLATZ Daily Collegian Staff Writer
A poet is a magician. He is able to pull poems like so many rabbits out of that black hat of his soul. His life consists purely of and for words: those words flow from thoughts, from emotions, from living.
A poet is a lover. He makes love to his words, fondling each with tenderness, passion, respect. His love may gently overflow the boundaries of the page, or the black scrawls of letters may take wing and fly from the confines of the typed line, buzzing with mad abandon into eye, ear, heart and soul.
A poet is a painter. Thoughts are transformed into words, words transformed into pictures, pictures which become even more vivid when read aloud.
And what magical paintings were created by poet, translator and playwright W.S. Merwin as he read from his poetry Monday night in Kern Graduate Center.
A native of Scranton, and now a resident of Hawaii, Merwin spoke of his Pennsylvania childhood. In his first visit to the University in 20 years, Merwin said that it was both "strange and wonderful to be back. This is a part of the world that has an odd significance to me."
The first time I tasted raspberry ice cream was in Millifenburg."
Merwin, author of 13 books of poetry and as many of his poems in translation, is the recipient of the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Award, the Fellowship of the Academy of American Poets and the Bollingen Prize. He is best known for his translations in French, Spanish, Latin and Portuguese, to name a very few languages which he has mastered.
It was Ezra Pound who suggested that Merwin go into translation in conjunction with poetry because "translation was a way of learning how to write poetry," Merwin said.
With a youthful appearance that belies his 33 years, and a quiet composure exuded through his soft features, Merwin's piercing blue eyes, Merwin's lilting voice brought out the best qualities of the lyrics in his poems.
Perhaps this is what remains most prominent in the mind of the listener: that special coupling of words which creates images, evokes moods, paints pictures with soft words.
In "Grandmother Watching at Her Window," the narrator — Grandmother — reflects on her life, recalling moods and events and moments of joy, sorrow, pain. Of her children, she wonders how they "slipped through my fingers like stitches."
Snatches of soft floating images weave in and about each poem. From the title poem of his fourth volume, "The Drunk in the Furnace," the poet sees "a twist of smoke like a pale resurrection;" from "Sire," a memory of the grandfather Merwin never knew: "your good woman presented you with children like cakes."
In "The Egg," "the sky was an immeasurable shell of shadow" A haunting moment from "The Lake" stirred through the mind: "and the wind and the sun and the calling around you;" and from an unpublished poem entitled "Strawberries," the writer sees a wagon approaching down a country road in the twilight of dusk, "dry and grey, horse already hidden and no driver."
Memories are as vividly drawn. In "Pool Room of the Lions Club," Merwin recalls the special days when his uncle took him into the smoky place where he saw "the spidery hand stinking and cautious;" where he heard "the ivory click," and the table was "safe in its ring of dusty light where the real dark can never come in."
Although Merwin selected from his more narrative works, poems which seemed more conducive to the evening's atmosphere, as opposed to his love poems, and poems of death, this choice did not take away from any of the beauty inherent in all of his works.

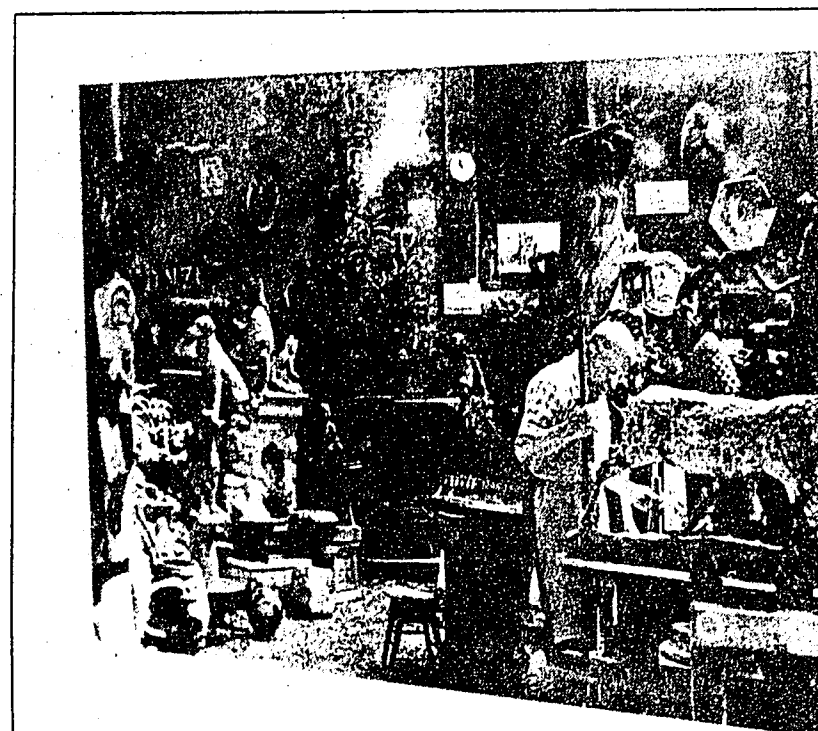
the daily collegian arts



Plianists Lonnie Liston Smith and Dexter Wansel performed on campus Saturday as part of this year's Black Arts Festival which continues through tomorrow.

Wansel and Smith well worth a listen

By DAN MCKAY Daily Collegian Staff Writer
Dexter Wansel split a bill Saturday night with Lonnie Liston Smith, playing before a small yet receptive audience at Eisenhower Auditorium. A good many in the crowd were probably torn by the ravages of this year's fabulous Phi Psi festivities, but the show had the buffering effect of a gentle spring shower.
Smith and his sidemen in the Cosmic Echoes, however, came next into play. Their smooth, soulful jazz style showed the vitality and polyrhythmic contrast of Earth, Wind & Fire, and they were every bit as together as that band. In fact, singer James Robinson had all the range and power of EWAF's Maurice White. The band's music is something to lay back and float on — like a king-size waterbed.
The band's music is like very fast, but light, fusion jazz. It was not nearly as heavy or funky as the music played at last fall's Atlantic City Jazz Festival; Robinson's delivery of some very beautiful lyrics stood out like a brilliant ruby.
He and the others in the band mostly played tunes from their most recent album, "Love is the Answer." If this concert is any indication (a reasonable assumption), this disc should be worth a listen.
game, takes his ball with him as he storms off in protest.
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Statuesque "Roman Courtyard" by artist/photographer David Rubel, shows the artist's love for form and light. Other photographs as well as several paintings by Rubel can also be seen at Kern Galleries.

Gentle Thursday and so much, much more

There's a lot going on here within the next few days (besides, of course, Gentle Thursday's semi-gentle activities), so just as a reminder here's a schedule of special campus events going on here within the next few days. I mean, as long as you're going to party all of Thursday anyway, you might want to keep it up through the weekend.
Holly Near Concert — A singer, songwriter and cultural worker whose music is loved and respected across the country. Near and pianist Adrienne Turt perform in a concert at 8 p.m. Friday in Schwab.
Jazz Offering — Tim Eyerman and the East Coast Jazz Offering perform at 8:30 p.m. Sunday in the HUB Ballroom in a concert sponsored by the Student Foundation for the Performing Arts.
Command Performance — The Center Stage Players present "Godspell" in a special Gentle Thursday preview tomorrow night, and Friday and Saturday nights in Kern Graduate Center.
African Music — Mandinka griots, or bards, Alhaj Bai Konte and sons Dembo and Ma Lamin perform on the Kora, a 21-stringed instrument said to be the precursor of the banjo, at 8:30 tonight in the Paul Robeson Cultural Center.
Reading of Fiction — Novelist Mark Harris, perhaps best known for his works based on the realm of baseball, "The Southpaw" and "Bang the Drum Slowly," reads from his prose at 8 p.m. tomorrow in the Corner Room Hotel.

IFC/PANHEL presents GREEK WEEK 1980. Skits Wed. 7:30-45, 7:50-8:05, 8:10-8:25, 8:30-8:45, 8:50-9:05, 9:10-9:25. ΔΣΦ - 7th fl. Heister 9:30-9:45, ΑΧΣ - ΦΚΣ. Sat. 11:00-15, 0X-0X III sis 11:20-35, 11:40-55, 12:00-12:15, 12:20-35, 12:40-12:55, 1:00-1:15, 1:20-1:35, 1:40-1:55, 1:50-2:00. Wed., April 23 Chariot Race • 5:00 P.M., East Fairmont, Between Hetzel & Garner Block Party • 7:30 P.M., East Fairmont • Garner to Locust Skits • 7:30 at Block Party. Thurs., April 24 Gentle Thursday. Friday, April 25 Happy Hours — A Bar-A-Thon Scavenger Hunt • 7:00 P.M., HUB Lawn. Sat., April 26 Skits • 11:00-2:00 P.M., Lots of ΔΣΦ, ΦΚΘ Olympic Games • 2:00-5:00 P.M., Best "3" Skits • 7:00 P.M., Awards • 8:00 P.M. In cooperation with Pabst Brewing Co.

Everything from west coast folk to British invasion Hipsters: good rock 'n' roll is never far out of style

By MARY JO SANTILLI Daily Collegian Staff Writer
Looking rather motley in well-worn pull over sweaters and long hair, except for the lead guitarist who sported short hair and Elvis Costello-like horn rims, The Hipsters ranged through an assortment of original tunes and rock 'n' roll classics at a downtown bar last Thursday night.
The Hipsters followed within the garage band tradition in that they played, seemingly, with no other motivation than their love for playing rock 'n' roll.
Their equipment was unfortunately inferior: lead singer Reuben Sairs played a guitar that definitely looked like it had seen better days. During the first set he and the lead guitarist had to tune up between each song, and the amplifiers tended to fuzz with the volume was cranked up.
Yes, if The Hipsters ever become intent upon success, they may have to change their image from '60s Hippie-casual to slicker, more modern look, and similarly slick up their act.
But I guess I really can't be too sure: Sairs' attitude was impressive. "My dream," he said, "is to play a B.B. King Robuck guitar in Carnegie Hall." (The definitive punk attitude circa 1976.) The Hipsters may have missed the boat by a few years, but nevertheless good rock 'n' roll is never out of style.
Despite technical difficulties and some ragged edges, The Hipsters played rock with a reverent passion, which made for some intense music.
Particular numbers stood out for their drive and energy. During The Buffalo Springfield's "Mr. Soul" and CSN's "Wooden Ships," the guitarists locked into each other gathering incredible momentum; the dramatic impact of the songs' instrumental passages were overwhelming, proving that sophisticated equipment means nothing next to having your musical chops together.
Neil Young electrified "Hey, Hey, My My" which Sairs introduced as "the reason for my existence," was another high point. Here, their just adequate sound equipment actually worked as an advantage. This tune is Young's ode to rock 'n' roll in all its raging, ugly, offensive glory and the fuzzy distortion that resulted from the band's emphatic execution (the louder the band played, the more hideous the sound became) added an appropriate dimension.
All categorizing aside, I enjoyed The Hipsters' tremendously. Besides their musicianship, it was the sense I got while I was listening that these guys listened to and loved all the same music as I did while they were growing up. The relationship was from one rock 'n' roll lover to another.
Some '60s rock 'n' roll to that list, such as Buddy Holly and The Beatles.
This sensibility was well reflected in their original tunes, which, by the way, were pretty excellent. Both Sairs and lead guitarist Dick McEwen exhibited a real flair for lyric writing. Titles like "Nuclear Two," "Rock Around the Communist Block," (both excellent satire) and "Rumours of War," (well-done reggae) give one an idea of where The Hipsters' political sentiments lie.
Although many of their original numbers exhibited a decidedly new wave feel, their songs were mostly new wave by association, reflecting the attitudes and musical traditions that have fueled the new wave. In other words, "his nihilism and love of musical dissonance and atonality were mostly absent from their music. Their politics resemble The Clash's, critical but hopeful. Musically they range from the pure fun and traditional punk of The Ramones, to the British beat of The Jam, to the rockability of a stalwart traditionalist like Dave Edmunds.
All categorizing aside, I enjoyed The Hipsters' tremendously. Besides their musicianship, it was the sense I got while I was listening that these guys listened to and loved all the same music as I did while they were growing up. The relationship was from one rock 'n' roll lover to another.
The Hipsters played a wide variety of rock 'n' roll selections for a crowd gathered on the HUB lawn this weekend. This performance was one of many activities scheduled as part of Earth Day '80.