

Farewell To TV

Television no longer deserves daily criticism on a serious level. Intermittent criticism is good enough for its increasingly lonely big shows. Silence is the only sensible greeting for most of the dreary new ones.

Thirteen years ago television came out of the laboratory a-glitter with great expectations. New techniques sprouted on experimental programs like "Omnibus," educational programs like "The Search" and "Adventure" and travelogues like "Wide, Wide World."

Today, filmed TV series are being turned out by bored professional hacks. Today, a television show seems designed only to kill time. Today, television isn't awful. It's a bore.

I am appalled that this great medium of information and education is to totally dedicated to utter vacuity. Don't be misled by the professional apologists that this is

all television can afford to do or all the public wants. The people want something better. As for what television can afford, all I know is that it annually grosses \$1,163,900,000, and for that kind of money it ought to do better.

If I limit myself to TV much longer, I'll go stir-crazy. Television—as Sam Levenson has remarked—is turning us into a nation of starers. We don't watch it, really. We stare at it—uncritical, undemanding, half awake and only half alive. The television set has ceased being an instrument of entertainment. It has become an anesthetic.

The other day I was arguing with an Englishman who hates our commercials. I found myself saying—it just slipped out inadvertently—"I don't mind the commercials. It's just the programs I can't stand."

— John Crosby,
New York Herald Tribune

Dirge

A hollow man with shrunken eyes
Used to sell sepulchres built to size.
Buy you a family size
Built for three,
Sold with a death-time guarantee.

Beaten in bronze and bound in brass,
Lined in lead 'till the atoms pass.
Buy one now and lay it away,
And do not open 'till judgment day.
Cherish your mortal remains in death
As you did when they held your breath.

Buy one now, while there still is room,
A color TV in every tomb,
Set on an altar for all to see
Who worship the goddess: Futility.
Thank you for calling; stop again
And we'll sell you a gilded garbage can.

— John Reeder

Florida Not Like School

By MARILYN SPONSLER

While the majority of Behrend students spent their semester vacations entrenched in snowdrifts combating the elements, three hardy fellows courageously forged to summer climes. Larry Dunst, Bob Johnson and Joe Gallagher packed up their bags and in true capitalistic style embarked on a two week vacation south of the Mason-Dixon (Hoverland, so to speak).

Although Ft. Lauderdale was temporarily the main center of operations, their nomadic tendencies did not limit them to any one locale.

The boys were particularly enthused over the unique floral array

at Cypress Gardens. Of course, Cypress Gardens is also known for its beautiful and talented female water-skiers; but this fact rates only brief mention in comparison to the tremendous opportunity for botanical study the Gardens have to offer.

In keeping with the Penn State tradition of friendliness, the boys visited the Georgia Southern Campus at Statesboro, where Larry was forced to impersonate a member of the Penn State Press (?) in an attempt to ward off co-ed advances.

Because they anticipated the beginning of Spring classes, the Don Juan's of Behrend Campus welcomed an end to their adventures.

Generation of Vipers

By EUGENE NUTTER

The following is to be a series of excerpts from Philip Wylie's *Generation of Vipers* which is a criticism of all facets of modern-day America. Written in 1942, it is a Thesaurus of Wylie's opinions, observations and predictions concerning this country's failures and abject needs. Judge for yourselves.

"Remembering my own years in college, and listening to the postulates of those who have attended colleges twenty years later, I cannot but come to the conclusion that our universities would be better abolished, so as to be turned into something fresh and vital, than to be allowed to carry on the revolting enterprise of stowing into every brain a few slices of science, a tenth of language, a one-semester course of pedantic gibberish concerning obsolete philosophy, and the brittle prejudices of some young upstart in the non-existent sciences of sociology and economics and, after that, of informing the container of this uncongealed morass, via diploma, that he is 'educated.'

"Our universities are hard at the chore of sending out into the world a tassled rabble of reformers who skid so hard and fast upon their pink profundaments that they pick themselves up, get a job, and try to forget all about the college years. A college graduate who has been nowhere, like the majority, but has only belonged to a commercialized 'athletic club' in which it was necessary to do a little required miscellaneous reading to maintain the membership, should never have gone to college in the first place, and there should have been no such clubs opened to him at so impressionable an age, for he is bound to go on trying to re-create the atmosphere all his life.

"What the colleges need is, first, undergraduate bodies who are there for hard study only—all others being tweedy morons and a waste of human effort; second, courses not in economics, but in Sin. The only reason for the existence of learning is the maintenance and increase of some kind of morals—the more realistic or homogenous with natural law, the better. Thus a college earnestly seeking to abet mankind would have, along with its science, its arts, and history, such courses as:

How to Tell Your Mother from a Wolf
The Life and Times of Frank Hague—A Study in Americanism
The Culture Corporations
Horst Wessel and Some Union Leaders—A Review of Pimps
Rabble-rousing and Wrapping Yourself in the Flag
Public Speaking for Future Leaders
Middletown—What's in its Bureau Drawers?
Is the Bok Tower the End of the American Dream?
Domestic Failures of Prominent American Women
The Double-Cross of Protestantism
Virtue—A Field Course in Juking
Clean Cities and How to Have Fun in Them
One Million Peeping Toms—A Survey in American Advertising

Students trained in the nature and reality of Sin by such courses as the above would go into the world prepared to meet life squarely. Forearmed with great learning, they would be hard to fool.

"Colleges never see man as a person or as a whole. Whole man is not just physics and chemistry, nor altogether the creature of his muddy past, nor yet entirely a producer and consumer of goods, but all three, and the creature of the future besides, unless he destroys the future by carrying to its ultimate end his preoccupation with the material aspect of now, alongside his denials of other kinds of time.

"But the students, still young and still with some instinctual sense of proportion because of their youth, are tearing down the colleges themselves, for it is the august want in education that has converted the campus into an athletic club—not the innate perversity of youth and the times. The proliferation of great stadia, crushing the discipline out of the libraries and laboratories, and the attendant parties, proms, minor sports, social events, sartorial activities, fraternities, sororities, packed parking lots, and predilections for courses that are piddling fun—all these manifestations are youth's mighty rebuke to age, a testament of youth's discovery that the leaders cannot lead, that education because it is of little help to a man or woman in these parlous times, might better be converted into trivial amusements lest the years spent at it be altogether lost in starving."

BEHREND FLASHES

Yesterday provided a laugh or three within the dormitory. It was invaded by Hannibal and his elephants. It seems that Hannibal's

head elephant, Sam Igof, related to his master that he knew a short cut to Carthage. Foolish Hannibal followed Sam's advice. This proves a known fact—you just can't trust elephants named Sam Igof.