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NOW IS THE TIME

Throughout the world the student's voice is heard above the general din urging the rest of the populace on to action. History is stained with the blood of those youth fighting for a principle. It is the youth of a country who lead their elders in protest; it is the young adult who gives impetus to the major social reforms undertaken in the social environment. Hungary, France, Italy—all have rung the cries of the young seeking some new measure of freedom.

Throughout the world the student is the one who leads—that is throughout the world with the exception of the United States.

It seems that in this country, now so staunchly conservative, the student either does not know the state of affairs, or does not care. The general student population in this country has never stood up to be counted, or raised its voice to be heard. Is this apathy or ignorance?

An organization has been formed at Behrend to attempt to remedy this situation. Loosely knit, no officers involved, this organization has chosen the name PROTEST.

The brainchild of David Goodwill and Eugene Sherlock, the organization grew from an idea presented by Mr. Preston Peightal in his History 19 class. Mr. Peightal stated that in this country, as in no other, it is the student who follows rather than leads. Could it be that the student population in this country is reflecting the general overall apathy? Is the individual student so wrapped up in his own being that he has no time to take stock of the state of world affairs? Why is the student voice a whisper instead of a shout?

The major purpose of PROTEST is to bring to the attention of the general population the strength that can (and should) be wielded by America's college youth. Plans are under way at the present time to incite . . . , yes, incite, other students to think!

It is time that America's youth decided what they are for and against. It is time they decided what steps in this country's long strides toward the future they will support and which they will reject. NOW is the time for the young men and women of America's colleges and universities to begin using their thinking faculties. Graduation from an institution of higher learning does not guarantee one the ability to make competent decisions on intensely important issues, if one has had no experience in using one's brain beforehand. It is time for American youth to make its thoughts heard and felt by the rest of the nation. And, in so doing, they will arouse an interest in the rest of the populace, which will be wondering what is taking place. And this is the purpose of PROTEST—to make the students leaders; leaders that will be heard and listened to, and given some thought by the rest of the

off the top of my head A Parable for Erehwyna

Walt Whitman's egalitarian assumption of a "hiatus in singular eminence" was surely belied by Dave Manning's fine acting in James T. Miller's production of his own one-act parable, "Richman, Poorman, Beggarman, Thief . . ." which played to sizable and responsive audiences in Erie Hall on 8 and 9 November. Manning's superb performance as Poorman gave that role the strength and the intensity of focus that the parabolic nature of the play called for. The marvelous impassivity of his countenance and his feeling for a laconic style of utterance suited the role perfectly. But he was singularly eminent (to steal Whitman's idiom) in the powerful way he conveyed the illusion of a fisherman's exhausting struggle to land a hefty fighting fish—this with an inflexible bamboo pole.

Yet the play as a whole was a triumph for everyone concerned. From the moment the curtain opened on the first of Leslie Mitchell's and Carol Bellini's stunning sets (what luminous water blue cellophane can make!), the play came and stayed alive. The boat came on effectively, and John Nescoda and Paula Harris conveyed well the devastating irony of the Young Man's irrelevant preoccupation (When in doubt, sound!) and the Young Woman's pointlessly nagging admonition to Poorman in the midst of his struggle (Watch your form!).

In the second scene, Carl Holland brought off well Richman's equally irrelevant manifestation of self-flattering concern for others—taking out his wallet when Poorman fell off the dock (and a convincing fall it was) and asking if he could help, and prefacing his abortive interest in the Game Warden's disillusioned wife (Diane Ausem) with "Have you tried counseling?" Greg Glassner beamed fatuously as the Game Warden when Richman conferred his equally fatuous praise on the Warden for the latter's niggardly—but also opportunistic—inter-

pretation of duty, while Diane Ausem's very tone of voice made one feel how wide of the mark Richman's abortive Don Juanism was.

The third scene, played on a virtually bare stage, called for somewhat more pantomime than dialog—and first rate pantomime it was. Now Poorman was landing the hefty ones, and Jake the Beachcomber (appearing first in the wings as a peopewatcher) helped him drag one up to the aquarium tank, at center upstage. Don Austin was speciously sincere as Jake in pleading with Poorman to teach him the art that had cost Poorman the better part of his life to master, and was watchfully and deliberately cool in the passage of pantomime that revealed Jake's real motive. In fact, the whole interlude of sustained pantomime in the closing minutes was so effective that the final blackout left the air quivering.

Mr. Miller's labor as director and producer of his own play has had the happy issue of doing justice to the excellent qualities of the play. As parable, the play can encompass the whole range of human life—not exhaustively, but characteristically—with an esthetic economy denied to the mode of painstaking material realism. With audience attention successfully concentrated on the main dramatic issue, the conventions of the vividly simple stage resources are accepted and the play gets on with its artistic business.

With the evidence now before Behrend audiences of Miller's basic mastery of dramatic form—evident in his selection of just the right dramatic resource for the matter at hand, and in his instinct for form whereby the play does get on its business without side issues (to steal from Whitehead's definition of style)—our appetite is whetted for more of this quality of drama, more of this quality of performance and production.

Alexander Wilcox, Nittany Cub drama critic

nation.

PROTEST is but several leaves raked into a pile. Either the winds of national interest will blow them over the country or the warmth of nation apathy will put a match to them.

Let us hope that PROTEST is but the herald of a new era in the general student attitude in this country.