

Kennedy: High Ideals and Common Sense

Eugene McCarthy's explosion onto the national political scene could not have been better timed. If ever America needed the shining, white knight in politician's clothing, 1968 is the year.

When the term "credibility gap" is synonymous with the Administration line, a silver-haired, philosopher-poet from the Midwest is in demand. The soft-spoken symbol of the common man took up the cause of the young, the disenchanted and the idealistic, and a new political cult was born.

Starry-eyed youngsters rallied to McCarthy's side and brought with them a whole new political vocabulary. "Courage" and "integrity" are the bywords of the campaign. Who could argue that Eugene McCarthy lacks these attributes so rarely associated with politicians?

But are these enough to qualify a man for the presidency? We think not.

This is not to say that McCarthy falls short of successfully meeting the issues.

Quite the contrary. His views on both domestic and foreign affairs coincide remarkably with those of Senator Robert F. Kennedy, whose beliefs we have long admired. With their mutual distaste for the war in Vietnam, their pledges of massive aid to the nation's cities and their concern with civil rights, the two senators share more than a party label.

For the nation's voters of the same persuasions, the choice is not one of issues, but of personalities. And therein lies McCarthy's strength and Kennedy's weakness with the aforementioned young, disenchanted and idealistic.

As a self-proclaimed idealist, McCarthy emerges as a brave and principled civil servant fighting all that has given politics a tainted image. As a practical politician, Kennedy looms as the unsavory opportunist.

While courageous Gene took on the seemingly hopeless task of upending Lyndon Johnson, where was Bobby Kennedy,

the McCarthyite ask. "Dancing in the light of the moon," according to McCarthy.

In the praise that followed McCarthy's courageous venture into New Hampshire, one point is generally overlooked. The Minnesota senator was taking a rather small risk by opposing the powers-that-be. He was a nonentity on the national political scene, with little future outside the plains of Minnesota.

Kennedy, on the other hand, was regarded as the fair-haired boy of the Democratic party. Come 1972, RFK would be the man to beat, said the party professionals. To jeopardize the potentially brightest political future in the land would have been foolhardy.

Some people, however, did not see it that way. Because he waited until McCarthy had successfully gauged public opinion, Kennedy was termed an opportunist.

Since a politician is by definition an opportunist, it is difficult to see why ambition

could be held against a political aspirant. Will Hubert Humphrey be assailed as an opportunist when he announces his candidacy?

We would guess that there is more to the anti-Kennedy sentiment than his late start in the presidential race. The same resentment against the family name and money that plagued John Kennedy is haunting the junior senator from New York. Even some of those enthralled with the memory of the late president have rejected Bobby as a pretender to the name. There are others who take offense at his New England accent, the long hair, the toothy smile.

And finally, the image of Kennedy as the aggressive politician has hurt him more than anything else. Against the soft sell of the shining light from Minnesota, Kennedy often appears overbearing.

But it is precisely the difference in personalities that moves us toward the Kennedy camp. For in the real political

world—the give and take battlefield of Congress—the idealist, the dreamer, does not get far. It is unfortunate, but true, that a man of unswerving convictions—of uncompromising attitudes—usually cannot accomplish what a practical politician can.

It took the practical politics of a Lyndon Johnson, for example, to convert the dreams of John Kennedy into legislation.

We do not suggest that the best compromiser is necessarily the best president. Rather we support a man who both knows the solutions to the nation's problems and can provide the dynamic leadership necessary to enact those solutions.

To criticize a candidate for his charismatic appeal, driving pragmatism and youthful flair, is to hold against him three essentials of leadership.

We support and urge the student body to support Robert F. Kennedy, the candidate who combines the high ideals of a statesman with the common sense of a politician. —P.J.L.

From Outgoing Editor

Final Reflections

By RICHARD WIESENHUTTER

The Daily Collegian was founded as The Free Lance in 1887. Shortly thereafter, I started writing USG stories. And observing the University from that peg gives a person a good perspective on what stuff composes the people that come here.

I've gone through seven elections and seen uncountable congressmen and USG bills come and go. It's been interesting but generally uneventful. Then the 1968 executive elections came along—the most unusual and most surprising on record. And, it said something about the student body.

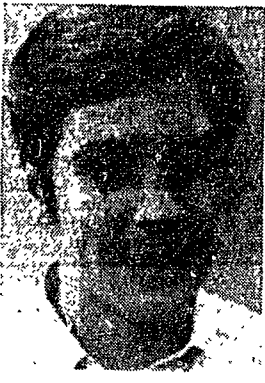
They said the Titanic couldn't sink and they said Jon Fox couldn't lose. Both did.

Fox's loss was heart-breaking. There he sat on the left ventricle of the University's heart, using all his tremendous energy in a sincere effort to take PSU back 10 years to the rah-rah 50's. We couldn't help smiling at his attempts to bring the flair of school spirit back to the University and at his schemes to bring caged mountain lions to Rec Hall as official mascots.

But the voters last week showed that the university no longer wants that. They showed that the University is very different than it was when this Jungle crop of graduating seniors entered in 1964.

At that time, PSU was just entering the last phase of a school where fraternities count the most and where terms like TGIF (Thank God it's Friday, in case you've forgotten) were acceptable parts of conversation.

There are many imitations Jon Foxes at this University. The real one changed last week. In fact, he was changing all last year. He finally realized how easy it is to overdo a nice thing. Unfortunately the price was USG's loss of what could have been its most ambitious president.



WIESENHUTTER

Many of his imitators and followers won't change, however. They hang on, grasping at collegiate activities that are far gone in the past. It's cute when they're freshmen and sophomores, but it's unfortunate and uncomfortable when they're still that way as seniors.

It's nice to escape the realities of the world chuckling at freshmen wearing beanies and at football game honor lists, but 1968 is a year when no one can really laugh very hard or very long when he considers the problems facing the nation: civil rights, Vietnam, the alienation of black Americans (which this middle class school can never understand no matter how sympathetic it may be), and the isolation of the University from the world.

All of these things characterize The Pennsylvania State University. They always will—despite attempts of various secret organizations to work "for a better Penn State" never realizing that they are perpetuating the University as it is simply by the nature of the organizations themselves. The smug elite of students that run this school won't change either. How can they begin to help build a better society or understand different groups in it when they can't even trust or believe each other?

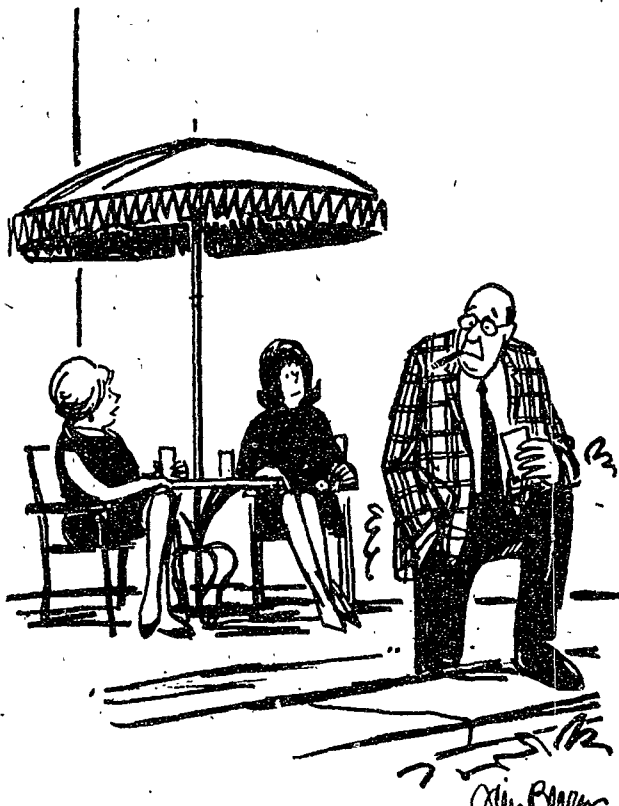
That's why the major problems which that coterie of concerned students continually try to change won't ever see a solution. The situation is the same at universities across the nation. There's nothing very sparkling about college graduates 1968. And there's nothing sparkling about the world they're entering.

Every senior has had his Bad Times and Good Times. He's learned a lot—probably more so out of class than in. Some have made every minute count, others have done the opposite. We've all gone to jammies, football games, fraternities. There's nothing wrong about that except when this escape becomes an unjustifiable substitute for, not a temporary escape, from reality.

Commencement is six weeks away. Most of us will probably spend that time drinking our way to Beaver Stadium. The sobering thought is that it will be all over, completely over, on June 15. For quite a few of us it will be the best reason to drink that we've had in the past four years.

—30—

BERRY'S WORLD



"Charles is VERY CONCERNED about what could happen come the long hot summer..."

'The Fox' Cinematic, Artistic Pussyfooting

By PAUL SEYDOR
Collegian Film Critic

Why can't most film directors handle symbolism with subtlety, humility and restraint? The camera, with its subjective and objective eye, affords them limitless opportunities to construct elaborate and/or simple symbols that would enhance but never interfere with film stories.

Yet, when these opportunities knock, most directors seem never to be at home. Instead, they're out devising symbolism that is either pretentious, like that of Fellini's "Juliet of the Spirits," or obvious, like the guns in "Bonnie and Clyde." (There are exceptions, of course: Norman Jewison's "In the Heat of the Night," Ingmar Bergman's "Persona.")

"The Fox," directed by Mark Rydell, exemplifies the best and the worst in cinematic symbolism. Adapted by Howard Koch and Lewis John Carling from D.H. Lawrence's novella, the story is about two women who work a farm somewhere in the back woods of Canada. March, the younger, is a child just discovering her own sexuality. J.L.I. the older, is a simpering and overbearing motherly type who, having had and rejected heterosexuality, tries to stifle March's emerging passions. Into their ostensibly idyllic life comes Paul, who falls in love with March.

Rydell's symbols are usually subtle when he decorates the scriptwriters' careful delineation of the three-fold relationship. The bleak, wintry landscape serves first as a metaphor suggesting lack of an outlet for March's sexuality. Later, when she is captivated by her reflection in a pond, she discovers a fox has been watching her. In a series of quick close-ups switching back and forth from March to the fox, we learn that the animal represents male virility to her—at once frightening and attractive.

Transfer of Symbols
In a well-accomplished transfer of symbols (vitiating only by a script which, in the matter), Paul becomes the fox, since at first, he too is a predator. He sees March simply as an easy make.

After he falls in love with March, he kills the fox. This is necessary and crucial: the symbol must be abandoned because Paul is no longer potentially harmful to March. Therefore he can't represent the destructive fox. Paul's act shows that he desires March for other than purely sexual reasons.

March's surrender to Paul not only completes her development as a woman but also momentarily severs her ties with Jill. Rydell powerfully points this up by punctuating March's ecstatic moans with Jill's desperate though unheeded cries for March to return. At the close of this sequence, in yet another transfer of symbols, Rydell employs the



SEYDOR

landscape to indicate Jill's utter alienation. She is seen kneeling in the midnight snow as her terrifying cries echo around her.

Paul then leaves, promising to return. March, meanwhile, decides, partly out of fear, partly out of sympathy, to remain with Jill. Though she writes Paul of her decision, he returns anyway. She is unable to ask him to go. The dramatic conflict is finally established. March must choose to be either the complete, sensuous woman she is with Paul or the incomplete, lesbian child she is with Jill. (Rydell nicely foreshadows this conflict early in the film. As March stands nude in front of a double-mirror, we see her twice reflected. One mirror reveals her full face, the other only one side of her face.)

Then, They End It

Then, just when Koch and Carling ought to go on and resolve the conflict, they end the film by killing Jill in an unbelievably-God-awfully stupid scene. A gigantic symbol of Paul's penis falls on her, i.e., he cuts down a tree that she insists on standing under despite his warnings. Death-wish? Accident? Murder? Who knows?

Now we understand why the symbolism during the last part of the film is so convoluted, contipated and obvious. Everything is either a phallic or a vaginal symbol: icicles, cracks in ice, axes, saws, trees, forked-trunks, ad infinitum.

Presumably the tree is meant to herald the return of the male-as-destroyer motif (thus, the last shot of the sneering face of the fox). But now it makes no sense. There is no reason to view Paul's virility as destructive. By declaring his love for March and subsequently seducing her, he plays a functionally constructive role in her life. He initiates her into womanhood; he is the means by which she effects her own physical-spiritual metamorphosis. Jill is the destructive force in March's life because she continually tries to prevent March from becoming a woman.

What the ending really shows is that Koch, Carling and Rydell lacked either the inclination or the ability to resolve the dramatic situation. By killing off Jill they lessen the force of the drama by leaving March with only one, hence no, choice. This is artistic pussyfooting. Audiences have a right to demand an intelligent resolution.

Mannerisms Unnerving

Sandy Dennis as Jill and Keir Dullea as Paul are both good, but not much more. Her mannerisms are unnerving, his emotional range is limited. Anne Heywood, as March, is the real star of this show. She is one of the most naturally sexy newcomers to the screen. She brings to her role a supreme conviction that forces one to believe she is March, has always been March, will always be March. A great, great performance.

I think if I had any critical or ethical backbone at all, I would advise you to ignore this film. Despite the crummy conclusion, though, there are fine things here. You've been forewarned, anyway. Now at the Cinema I.

opening night

marat/sade impressions

By ALAN SLUTSKIN
Collegian Drama Critic

revolution - revolution - revolution - copulation - copulation - tender-violent-kill hit sooth strike why-F-R-R-E-E-D-O-M! breuler discord martin meekness power breathe breathe the gasp a knapp by the shank to sleep.

AHH — instruments of dupperet tangled physiognomy — words and thoughts mangled screams run fall clamor brings in the background tear and terror magnified in silent wonder standing out from obsequies-henninger, ooh dangled sweet—

bang and blow jingle discs toulson pipes in organist in with all out among— tho-mas goes marching on!

robin tweet and bark to all— stretch a limb of long and thread, plant a seed then global visionary seek and revel by omnipotence, but woe and watch listen then striking shirking down the way — power potent coulmer — madame and/or oiselle melons plump thighs buttocks heads to roll



SLUTSKIN

McCarthy-Historical Parallels

TO THE EDITOR: In regard to your editorial announcing support of RFK, a brief review of previous nominating conventions will clearly serve as contradiction to your unwise statement, in reference to Senator McCarthy. "He has no chance of winning."

For instance, Warren G. Harding was not even considered as a "possible" prior to the 1920 convention. In 1940, Wendell Wilkie was clearly an underdog. Even Eisenhower had less than a majority going into the 1952 convention. In 1912, an intellectual named Woodrow Wilson was clearly in third place behind two other Democrats with machine backing. Wilson won on the 46th ballot. Is it necessary to point out political parallel between Woodrow Wilson in 1912 and Eugene McCarthy of 1968? The fact that four outsiders have won their party's nomination in this century seems to seriously threaten a "McCarthy doesn't stand a chance" position.

Whether those who subscribe to this "front-runner" philosophy are right or wrong in this case, the political morality underlying such a philosophy is, to say the least, not in the best interests of a democracy. To favor a candidate on the basis of his political power rather than his avowed policies cannot help but perpetuate the unhealthy condition of our government. Unfortunately, those who have the power to nominate candidates use this criterion all too often.

In a day when ever increasing numbers of American students are legitimately voicing their dissent against such evils in the political system, during a year in which the massive student participation in the presidential race has provided the first breath of fresh air American politics has felt

in too many years, your editorial was distressingly out of place. To be kind, it was not a breath of fresh air.

Stanley Cutler, Graduate
Craig Smith, Graduate

Clean Up the Campaign Trail

TO THE EDITOR: Now that the primary election is over, I wonder if ex-candidates Cooper and Tanner and their admirers plan to remove the campaign posters with which they so painstakingly defaced the Pennsylvania countryside.

Frankly, I'm surprised that such good, conservative Republicans as the aforementioned would stoop so low as to attach posters to trees. Tech! Tech! What would Teddy Roosevelt have thought? Walter Washko '70

Unjustified Endorsement?

TO THE EDITOR: On Tuesday you claimed that you were not supporting any Presidential candidate. The very next day you came out for Bobby Kennedy and in your rush to voice support, you failed to clearly articulate the reasons for such an overnight decision.

You are concerned that Humphrey be stopped from receiving the nomination, but this in itself does not explain why Kennedy is preferable to Eugene McCarthy — support of either man is itself opposition to the Vice-President.

Seeing the need to go deeper into the situation you make the claim that Kennedy should be supported because he can win the nomination easier than McCarthy. A critical logician could have a field day with this argument, but let me simply make the point that such a statement represents the kind of flabby political rationales which

(as I understand it) are supposed to turn off the turned-on young political activists of the left who are on a search for moral commitment.

So, aside from this politics-of-the-fifties mentality, I cannot see what reasons you have for endorsing Kennedy over McCarthy, especially since it was Eugene McCarthy who made it all possible, not just for us but for RFK too.

William J. Meyer, Graduate

Concert Tickets Scarce

TO THE EDITOR: An unavoidable situation at this large university is that the demand for tickets for many concerts far exceeds the supply. So it was for the Simon and Garfunkle concert. However, ticket sales for this concert had an added twist.

It was stated in pre-concert advertisements that tickets would be sold in blocks of no less than 20 tickets; unfortunately, there was no specified upper limit. As you may have heard certain groups on campus took advantage of this situation. These groups, after detailed battle plans, dispatched certain stalwart individuals, who, equipped with 'No Doz', waited patiently outside the ticket window at the HUB.

When the tickets went on sale early Wednesday morning these valiant, red-eyed young men began purchasing blocks of 800 or so tickets at a time. At this attrition rate the tickets were soon gobbled up leaving a vast majority of non-Greco-oriented students staring aghast at a "Sold Out" sign.

The ticket sales were a farce. USG deserves praise for bringing such an excellent duo to campus, but their method of distributing tickets leaves something to be desired.

Thomas L. Welmer '68
Linton Wildreck '69

Successor to The Free Lance, est. 1887

The Daily Collegian

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PEANUTS

"THIS IS VERY INTERESTING..."

"DID YOU KNOW THAT WRESTLERS HAVE THEIR OWN MOTTO?"

"RAW STRENGTH AND COURAGE"

"HOW FITTING!"