

Emotionalism Leads to Confrontation

AFTER DISSIDENT students lowered the American flag on Old Main lawn to half-staff yesterday, a struggle of wills ensued. Pulling on one part of the flag's rope were students trying to raise the flag. Pulling on the other part of the rope were students trying to maintain the flag at half-staff. Neither side could move the flag, neither really had an advantage.

Similarly, neither side was clearly right or clearly free of blame. Both had objectives, and both fought rather bitterly to see their objective fulfilled.

BUT THE REACTIONARY, right wing students fought the most, and they were the most violent — they and University Security.

We cannot understand why students who oppose the actions of dissident students feel compelled to start shouting matches and fistfights. It is understandable that they are upset about what often happens, but if they condemn the leftists

for their actions, must they feed the fire by starting additional trouble?

THE REACTIONARIES who are opposed to the dissidents feel they must become involved in the ruckus. They must always go into the center of the trouble. But we don't understand this, especially when the dissident's actions are not bothering anyone else.

This was the case when the flag was lowered yesterday and Wednesday. Emotionalism overcame both groups, and it led to fistfights and violence.

While one group felt that the American flag which their fathers fought for in World War II was being downgraded, the other group thought, just as fervently, that this same flag had been corrupted by actions of the United States today.

A RADICAL fervor overcame both groups. Both felt compelled to fight for what they believed right, yet both groups were wrong.

The SDS supporters could have taken

advantage of the proper administrative channels to request the lowering of the flag. Even if their request were denied, it would have been to their advantage to try the channels.

When black students lowered the flag Winter Term on the anniversary of the death of Malcolm X, they made requests to the Administration for permission to lower the flag. Their requests were denied, but at least they had been made.

AND ACCORDING to Charles L. Lewis, vice president for student affairs, it was after the blacks lowered the flag that administrative officials formulated a policy — a policy which resulted in the arrest of a University student yesterday.

It is, rather simply, against the law to break the locks on the University's flagpoles and lower the flag.

And we feel that the half-staffers over used the Berkeley murder as a confrontation tactic. The dissidents were trying to show that what happened at Berkeley

could happen here. SDS supporters made their point Wednesday, and we thought they were showing constructive concern when it was announced at the SDS meeting Wednesday night that the flag would not be lowered again.

BUT THE FLAG was lowered again, and it was a dangerous move to carry out. Emotionalism, by that time, had reached far too high a point.

The situation became more dangerous when some University officials in the crowd stood by while students punched and clawed at each other. While these officials were concerned with seeing that the American flag was raised to full staff, they also should have been concerned with insuring harmony on campus as some of their fellow administrators were yesterday.

WE HAVE DOUBTED before the sincerity of some members of the Administration in its attempts to avoid student-

student confrontation. But after yesterday's antics, we are convinced that at least one member of University Security is not really determined to stop conflict between students.

Just as it is the duty of a law officer to defend a criminal from the wrath of a vengeful public, University officials should take steps to protect all students, even those who oppose the University.

A few students also tried to avoid further conflict yesterday. When tempers were the hottest, some student leaders climbed the base of the flagpole and attempted to cool the students on both sides. Even though their attempts proved unsuccessful, these students at least tried to ease tension.

AS A MATTER OF principle, what we would like to see is a concerned majority of the American people, sickened by the hatred and violence that seems to pervade much of America, determine to legally have the flag lowered to half-staf-

Of Wales Tales and Frat Pins; Yeah, It's the Greeks Again

BY JOHN BRONSON
Collegian Assistant City Editor

Greeks, to some people, are nothing more than a band of intellectual cripples who live somewhere beyond Beaver Ave.—out there in fratland.

Greeks have been ranted and raved over for their offensive habit of painting windows while wars are being fought and chugging beer (for fun or profit—makes no difference) while people are starving in East Po-dunk.



BRONSON

Why not criticize the waitresses at the NCD for their indifference to the fact that there is a tse-tse fly plague in a wild beet pasture in Lapland? It follows the same logic.

But let's remove the argument from the realm of apple pie, motherhood and John Wayne. It's absurd to believe that the Greek system causes indifference merely because it is the Greek

The question is whether fraternities, as social organizations, should take a stand on such problems as poverty and racism.

A fraternity is a place to live and people to live with, but it is not a way of thinking.

It is up to the individuals within each house to decide for themselves on how concerned they are going to be over the problems of the outside world. And this decision is made on the basis of the person being a member of society — affiliation with a fraternity has nothing to do with it.

If the fraternity houses were closed down tomorrow, any apathetic brothers living there would merely become apathetic students living somewhere else. The Greeks hardly have a monopoly on apathy and hedonism. They are only easier to identify than those who live in apartments or dormitories.

It's easy to ride through fratland on a Saturday night and hear the "two, nay, who's" and see the people partying and assume that every decadent person on the Penn State campus is a Greek and chugging for all he's worth.

But don't believe it. Just because a house is having a party doesn't mean that every brother is there.

As for the apartment dwellers, they

have even more opportunities than the Greeks to indulge in debauchery and I'm sure they're not all sitting around pondering war and poverty.

It cannot be denied that fraternities offer a social outlet, as this is one of the reasons for their existence. However, there is much more to a fraternity than the "unending wine and cheese parties and the ridiculous composite and trophy raids" that the outsider does not see.

Without trying to sound like an IFC rush guide, fraternities do, in fact, offer a sense of kinship and security and provide the opportunity to be a responsible. Running a house on a \$50,000 a year budget is hardly a job for a group of mindless idiots.

In short, the fraternity is nothing more than what each individual puts into it, for what he gives, he has.

Sure, there are those who are living in their own little world of crested jackets, cokes in the HUB and Friday night...socials, but you'll find them anywhere. However, it's not fair to label the whole fraternity system for the indifference of a few.

It is not the Greek system that molds an individual. And it is not up to the system itself to be concerned with problems outside of its scope, but to the individuals within the system who are acting as people — not as Greeks.

'Pitifully Chewed-up Print'

'Belle de Jour': Dampened Enthusiasm

By PAUL SEYDOR
Collegian Film Critic

After viewing Luis Bunuel's "Belle de Jour" a second time six months after the first, I find my enthusiasm for it has dampened. What I liked about it most was its technical execution. Though I harbored serious reservations about the story, by and large it seemed to me to be dressed about as well as a story can be dressed in cinematic wardrobe.

This aspect has suffered only in that the Cinema I has received a pitifully chewed-up print, which wrecks

havoc on the editing and drains much of the elegant photography of its lovely texture. As if that weren't enough, this version is dubbed, an inexcusable procedure unless the audience is illiterate. And if my ear and memory are to be trusted, some of the actors didn't even do their own dubbing, including the star



SEYDOR

Catherine Deneuve. The acting wasn't very good in the original, but it's even worse here. (In the original, part of the fault may be Bunuel's; it is rumored that he is notoriously lazy about working with actors.)

The story is less good than it seemed the first time. It is about a young wife's sexual fantasies and problems, which at first seem to stem from frigidity until, unknown to her husband,

she begins working afternoons at a Paris brothel where she becomes infatuated with a gangster. He shoots her husband, is later shot dead himself. Meanwhile, her husband is left paralyzed and confined for life to a wheelchair.

The theme seems to be an extension of Bunuel's "Viridiana": the futility of trying to separate the physical and the spiritual. In "Viridiana" the result was near-rape and murder; here it is paralysis. I take the ending to mean that for Severin her marriage can at last be "pure" (i.e., sex free), because her husband can no longer function sexually. Bunuel may be saying that if the physical and the spiritual don't co-exist, people aren't whole and are therefore crippled in one way or another, physically or psychologically. (Notice, for instance, that we leave Severin content with her fantasies; and that the gangster was permanently maimed.)

But since the dialogue, the visual imagery and symbolism, and the surrealistic jokes and innuendoes are so confused, deliberately ambiguous, and obviously meaning-laden, "Belle de Jour" is liable to mean anything. I thoroughly disappreciate artworks or entertainments, which aim to be jigsaw puzzles and invite audiences to play pretentious "intellectual" games with them. And after sitting through a few such sessions with friends in New York City, where sorting out the illusions, memories and realities of "Belle de Jour" has become this year's answer to "Last Year at Marienbad," and coming up with nothing definite or even-very intelligent or relevant, I'm especially eager to leave exegesis to those more ingenious.

Rather, I suggest enjoying "Belle de Jour," like other Bunuel, for the director's bits, and pieces of mordant humor and clever reversals of the normal scheme of melodrama. Bunuel has a reputation for being intensely unsentimental. He always ridicules

his characters' altruistic motives, showing their good deeds come to naught simply because there's so much evil in the world. For a while, it's fun and liberating to laugh with equal abandon at the efforts of good and bad.

But Bunuel often goes so far out of his way to avoid sentimentality that he bumps into it from the other direction. Notice that he is always careful to protect his cynical characters (like the couple's misanthropic friend here), that is, to protect himself. He will never reach the level of, say a Shaw because he doesn't seem able or perhaps lacks the courage to work in the opposite way: presenting a positive moral stance, conviction, or criticism without making an ass of himself. He eases the creative burden by never committing himself to anything. Thus, he can scorn but not be scorned.

It's the approach of a sophist, and the fallacies show in other ways. He can not, I have read, tolerate people who think his movies beautiful; and once called those who thought "Un Chien Andalou," (an early film in which he showed a razor blade slicing through an eyeball) exquisite, a "brow of imbeciles who find the film beautiful or poetic when it is fundamentally a desperate and passionate call to murder."

This duality is the funniest part of the Bunuel syndrome and is the ultimate refutation of his outlook: though his movies may picture despair, corruption and ugliness, though they may ask us to drop the pretense that life is or can be good and worthwhile, they are, when all is said and done, nevertheless brilliant examples of beautiful filmmaking. Well, what I would like to ask is: if he really believes all that stuff he says, why does he bother? Isn't a well-executed movie, even if its content is insubstantial, ugly or dumb, a statement of affirmation, beauty and positive commitment? In Bunuel, the medium refutes the message.

Emphasis on FTC

Nader Looks for Help

By STEVE SOLOMON
Collegian Staff Writer

Going the route of the Edsel—although a longer one strewn with profits as well as congressional boulders—the last Corvair rolled off the Chevrolet production line last week. The event was the finale to a dirty little war between a single man and the corporate god of this corner of the universe.

The Corvair's descent into automobile Valhalla was engineered by Ralph Nader, the youthful, somber Washington attorney who delivered the keynote address for Colloquy on Tuesday night. In 1965, his book, Unsafe at Any Speed, hit Detroit with the impact of an 80 mph collision, exposing the automobile industry, and specifically General Motors and its Corvair, for conscientiously producing unsafe cars.

Trying to swat the gnat in its side as bloodlessly as possible, GM employed detectives to stay on Nader's trail and investigators to conduct a muckraking mission into his personal past. But far from being discredited, Nader later testified in a series of congressional hearings, calling the Corvair "the leading candidate for the unsafest-car title" and thus assuring it of an eventual junkyard burial beside the Edsel and other unforgettable uncorked by Detroit.



SOLOMON

Despite the impact of his expose of the automobile, and his other forays into the food industry and coal mining, Nader drew up his most significant battle lines last January when in a 185-page report he indicted the Federal Trade Commission for lethargic activity. Not only had he challenged an arm of the Washington bureaucracy, but the federal agency with the broadest responsibilities for consumer protection. In effect, Nader was a general directing an attack on his own forces. Those

forces, however, Nader believed to be turn-coats.

Nader directed much of his attack against Paul Rand Dixon, the chairman of the FTC, whom Nader said was attacking big business and consumer problems with all the unbridled ferocity of Ferdinand the Bull. He charged Dixon, a Democrat, with cronyism, overresponsiveness to big business, incompetence, and disregard for consumer demands. He called for his resignation, an assumedly academic request with a Republican Administration poised to assume control.

Although both are working in the same field, Nader and Dixon are poles apart in appearance and demeanor. Tall and willowy, Nader walks with hunched shoulders, his cheeks drawn and his face somber and absorbed in thought. He is an intense man, quick and deep with his thoughts.

Dixon is a cigar-smoking Tennessean, chunky and gray-haired with Ben Cartwright sideburns. He appears the caricature of a drawing Mayor Daley.

Dixon, having so far survived the White House turnover, takes the Nader report in stride. In an interview with this reporter last month, he said the investigation into the FTC attempted to prove a preconceived notion that the agency has been lax in its duties and big business unfair to consumers. "Businessmen love this country as much as Ralph Nader," he said.

While that may be true, it's doubtful that they love the 200 million consumers who live in this country. Not when they engage in price-fixing, pedal inferior food and goods, and sell cars that have the disturbing habit of leaving the road.

Nader obviously felt a certain degree of satisfaction last week when GM closed down shop on the Corvair. He had challenged one of the meccas of the American economy and won. Yet it is more significant that he now considers this an isolated victory; that he is now making a bid for aggressive allies in Washington, where the statutory powers lie. He needs an FTC with fangs, some troops with consumer-enforcing firepower.

"I hear that President Nixon will replace Dixon in September," Nader said after his Colloquy address.

Then he climbed into a car, his brown crewcut top touching the roof. He had some investigating to do in the meantime.

Sororities: More Than Prestige, Social Life

By DENISE BOWMAN
Collegian Staff Writer

I am a member of a group known by some people as "sorority snob-us."

These people label me as a Villager-wearing, fraternity pin-collecting, social-climbing, air-headed follow-the-crowder. To these people, I am, by definition, a conservative, independent-hating, stereotype. Know me, know my whole sorority. We are all the same.

Rubbish! There used to be a time, when sororities were still very young, that women formed secret societies to use their collective might to strike out a blow for women's rights. People did not believe that women had the right, or needed the privilege, of a higher education. My own sorority's history tells of overt demonstrations against higher education for women. This was particularly true in the South, where many sororities began.

As sororities grew older, and women were accepted on college campuses, many of them turned to such harmful practices as hazing and pledge-beating — most rationalizing that a girl "appreciates" sisterhood more if she is made "uncomfortable." Hell Weeks were exactly that.

Today, virtually every national sorority has strict sanctions against hazing and pledge-beating. Now, many of them have had racial discrimination clauses removed from their charters, many of which were instituted after the civil war.

In place of childish practices, constructive pledge programs are being formed. These programs stress the higher ideals of college communal living: scholarship, responsibility,

personality development, personal integrity and many others. Instead of asking a pledge what her big sisters' mothers' middle name is, they are asked the purpose of their national philanthropic project.

It is true that, as a body, sororities do not take a stand on the merits of widening College Ave. They do not because they can not. They can not because, believe it or not, there are too many different people with different ideas to reach a consensus.

It is unfair to say that all sorority women are apathetic to world issues. There are sorority women on the Undergraduate Student Government (one even supported the vigil), Young Americans for Freedom, Students for a Democratic Society, Judicial, Student Councils and The Daily Collegian. They do not return year after year to these activities because they want an activity for their sorority. They must feel they are doing something worthwhile.

Sororities are changing because the rushees are changing. There was a time when the sorority with the biggest "snow job" in rush got the "best" rushees. Girls who are rushing now don't ask at what fraternity a sister dates. Most of the girls classified as "top" rushees ask questions about the pledging program, the attitude of the sorority on discrimination in pledging and what a sorority means to, or has done, for them.

At Penn State, a girl does not need a sorority for an expanded social life — not with a three to one ratio. At Penn State, a girl does not need a sorority for "prestige" — not with 80 per cent of the female population being independents. A sorority must offer something more.

What is it? I can't generalize. The realistic rushee is aware of the quality of her conversations in rush. If they are trite or boastful, the new rushee is repelled. The new rushee looks for such intangible things as sincerity, attitude, intelligence, poise.

If all sorority women are status-seeking no-minds, sororities would have died years ago. But the fact remains, sororities are consistently filling their quotas in pledging and are initiating a consistently higher percentage of pledges.

We must be doing something right.

Letters to the Editor

USG and the NSA Record Club

TO THE EDITOR: The barrage of double-talk by Tom Ritchey in Friday's Collegian merely serves as further proof of the fact that the "solicitation bill" is actually little more than an attempt to create a legal monopoly for the NSA record club.

It is ironic that USG and NSA bureaucrats, the first to condemn the corrupt practices of the bookstore oligopoly downtown, have no objection to forming the least desirable form of monopoly, a state monopoly, for the sale of records.

As anyone who has been waylaid several times on the same day by the same charity will gladly tell you, the various charities which solicit outright donations sometimes carry things too far. But the passage of rules designed to give special favors to friends of USG and to raise funds by freezing out competition is disgusting.

Why a racket such as NSA should be allowed back on campus without a vote of the student body is a question in itself. When asked about this, one USG official states "We decided not to let the students vote on it because they probably would have voted it down." When the will of the student body and USG's desire to make a fast buck are in conflict, it should be apparent to all who wins.

Donald E. Shultz

6th-business administration-Berwick

Laissez Faire Capitalism

TO THE EDITOR: In reply to a letter printed yesterday about Mr. Nixon written by Laurey Petkov, I would like to make the following points.

First of all, Petkov said that Jefferson, Washington, Adams and Paine would be considered radicals by our present government. Undoubtedly they would be however, not in the sense Petkov would have us believe.

Because these four men held the same views as modern day libertarians and conservatives, i.e., severely limited, con-

stitutional government and laissez faire capitalism. They would be considered, if they were alive today, "right-wing extremists," not left-wing revolutionaries like Petkov.

True, the government has become dictatorial and should be abolished. However, the American people, so caught up with the security of the welfare state, which Mr. Nixon supports, will do nothing to free themselves.

Petkov is really no better than Senator Eastland, whom he condemns for receiving farm subsidies. Both are collectivists. Eastland has his farm subsidies; Petkov his collectivist war on poverty. But if we are to regain our freedom, both must be repealed.

The only way to freedom and an end to collusion between big government and big business (headed by liberals like Henry Ford) is laissez faire capitalism. Any other way will lead to slavery.

Thomas A. Claycomb
4th-theatre arts-arts and architecture
Timothy S. Rogers
3rd-business administration-Emporium

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JAMES R. DORRIS
Editor

PAUL BATES
Business Manager

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