

Where Is Kheel?

WHEN LABOR MEDIATOR Theodore W. Kheel released his report on the Office for Student Discussions, he promised to return to Penn State in "a month" to review procedures.

Kheel also recommended Jacob J. Kaufman as director of the office. And we assumed that when Kheel returned, he would review the job which Kaufman has done. This was assumed because Kaufman himself said his position was only temporary.

But more than seven weeks have passed since Kheel's last visit to the University, and we wonder if he plans to return at all.

IN HIS REPORT, Kheel said, "We would be prepared within approximately a month to review the operations of this Office to determine how effectively it is serving the intended purposes and what changes if any should be made."

The office is not serving the intended purpose, at least if that purpose is the discussion and eventual mediation of problems.

But Kheel and Kaufman have said that the Office for Student Discussions' purpose is not to mediate. If Kheel, if and when he returns, still feels that mediation is not needed, we see no further reason for the existence of the office.

STUDENTS, FACULTY AND administrators can sit around a table for hours and discuss issues, but that will not solve many of the problems. Mediation is needed — and Kheel must recognize that fact.

He must also recognize that Kaufman has effectively alienated two important student groups — the blacks and Students for a Democratic Society.

If Kheel does come back, we will be

interested to see what he thinks of the job Kaufman has done in solving, or at the very least discussing, the black situation at the University.

A NUMBER OF problems arose when Kaufman was appointed director. Students claimed that they were not consulted on the decision to choose Kaufman. The storm of protest concerning the matter, however, died away. But it died without a word from Kheel, who earlier said the appointment of a director should be "acceptable to all sides."

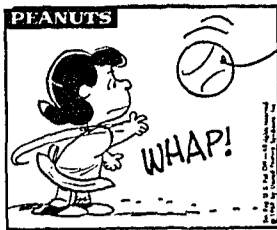
Kheel was supposed to evaluate not only the function of the Office when he returned, but also the job done by Kaufman. And it is easy to assume that either Kheel forgot all about Penn State or he plans not to return at all.

IN HIS RECOMMENDATION to the University, Kheel made two points: that effective discussions could not take place unless the different groups were prepared to recognize and respect each other's point of view; and, that there must be full discussion on every bona fide demand submitted by a student group.

These goals have not been reached. Although they might not be entirely the fault of Kaufman, it is obvious that had Kaufman made a better attempt at reaching the student groups, like going out to them instead of waiting in his office for them to come to him, a more effective job could have been done.

With Summer Term quickly approaching, Kheel must return soon. If he does not, Kaufman should be replaced. He and Kheel, whether through complicity or other reasons, have seemingly determined not to carry through with the original plans.

KHEEL MUST return now, or Kaufman should resign.



'Pompous And Rude'

Embarrassed Over Capp

By DENISE BOWMAN
Collegian Staff Writer

Saturday night, for the first time, I was embarrassed to be a Penn State student.

I imagine the controversy over who was right at the Al Capp Colloquy address will be a topic for discussion for quite some time.

Al Capp was, as he usually is, rude to the questioners, pompously

reeling off his one-line solutions to the complicated problems facing college students and the world. In some cases his uncalculated — for personal attacks on members of the audience did merit righteous indignation.

Al Capp was a closed-minded, rude, and, at times obnoxious and cruel. Yet the fact remains, he has never pretended to be anything else. His actions should have come as no surprise to anyone who has ever read anything about Capp's campus appearances. It seems inconceivable that the Colloquy committee did not know Capp's personality before they invited him to Penn State.

Which brings me to my main point: Al Capp, as pompous and rude as he might have been, was invited to the University. Whether he was paid 25 cents or \$2,500, he was still our guest. He was invited to speak his views on campus and world issues. It is true he was not interested in the viewpoints of certain stu-

dents, but there was nothing in his contract that stated he must listen politely to the harangues of students, however valid their points might have been.

Some students, including several of the more radical elements at the University, booed Capp vociferously when he shouted down students who attempted to argue with him. It was interesting to note that these were the same students who cheered loudly when Bouie Haden or Mark Rudd shouted down a "straight" student trying to do the same thing. The shoe seemed to be on the other foot and was pinching just a bit!

It was my impression that the purpose of the microphones in the center aisle of Rec Hall was to question the three keynote speakers, not, like the various panel discussions held all week end, to debate the speaker.

If, on the other hand, students were to debate the speaker, Capp was wrong to cut them off. He was then guilty of rudeness. Even so, the fact that he was wrong does not make it correct to declare open season on him in the manner that some of the "bedwetters" did. This may be trite, but since when did two wrongs make a right?

To the students who reacted in such a childish manner, let me ask you this: if a guest in your home committed such an unpardonable breach of manners as to insult your cooking or taste in furniture would you deprecate him in front of your other guests? An adult would tactfully smooth over the bad manners of a guest and, if he thought it a grave enough offense, speak to him later, in private. An adult would not condescend to the level of a gauche guest to reprimand him in such a childish manner.

An adult would, rather, conduct himself in a manner which would be above reproach, setting a better example for his wayward guest. The offender would then be punished in the best, and most devastating manner: the silent condemnation of the very people he wanted

to impress. Instead of giving him ammunition for a self-righteous rebuttal, he is left without a leg to stand on.

As for the fiasco at the end of Capp's speech, the less said of it the better. If the intent of the Colloquy committee was, as they said later, to defer the presentation of the Nittany Lion to Capp until later, because of the mixed sentiment of the crowd (which I personally doubt), that idiocy on stage was more than unnecessary. It was downright misleading.

If, on the other hand, the demonstration on the stage was an attempt to slap Capp on the wrists for his presentation, it had to be the biggest case of poor taste I have ever seen. The consequences of such a childish temper tantrum were of such great magnitude that only a very unthinking person would have attempted it.

It is to Al Capp's credit that he is not a vindictive man, for, if the demonstration was indeed an attempt to publicly embarrass him, he could well make Penn State the brunt of his endless campaign against "foolishness, fakery and fascism" — not only in his comic strips but also on his radio shows. Fortunately, I doubt that he would have stopped so low — it would have been the same type of tactic that some students would use.

I did not agree with some of the generalizations Capp made in his presentations. I was furious with him for subjecting some of the questioners, whom he had asked to speak, to derision and ridicule. I did not approve of his unnecessary references to a young man "with his hands in his pockets." I did not like him, as a person — I was much more impressed with Heywood Hale Broun's manners and sincere interest in students.

Yet the fact remains, Al Capp was Al Capp, and Al Capp was our guest. He did not come here under false pretenses. His manners may have been despicable by our standards, but our manners were worse.



MISS BOWMAN

opening night

'The Firebugs': Body Without A Soul

By ALAN SLUTSKIN
Collegian Drama Critic

Sunday evening, "The Firebugs" by Max Frisch previewed in the Playhouse Theatre. With a few minor exceptions, it was a tight, textbook production that lacked only one thing—a soul.

Picture yourself walking down a badly lit, secluded avenue in the late evening. Suddenly, several hundred feet away, a beautiful automobile drives up. The door opens and out steps what appears to be a magnificently attired young woman who begins to walk towards you with a brisk pace, the lovely outline of her body accentuated by the moonlight that emerges in spurts from behind the clouds.

As she draws near, you see a beautiful hairdo, precious jewelry, artistically applied makeup and fabulous clothing. Then you are upon her, the two of you together are beneath the only light on the street. You reach out to touch her, look into her face, and confusedly realize that beneath the star spangled exterior there is no living thing.

This production of "The Firebugs" is simply that exterior. The play was directed by Jon Jory, who is a visiting professor of Theatre Arts and the son of the

famous film star and Oscar winner, Victor Jory. Jory seems to have expended so much creativity in the area of embellishments that he neglected to provide a heart beat.

Upon entering the theatre, you are greeted with an extensive "pre-game" show. There is a montage of taped sound and several shades of colored spots that glare out at you like miniature moons that characterize degrees of heat and refraction of the atmosphere. The tape ends with the sounds of "Sieg Heil!" as the chorus stomps onto the stage in their firemen's uniforms—but for some reason you kept getting the impression that you were being confronted with the Nazi SS—and sings all three verses of "The Star Spangled Banner."

As the play progresses, we see one of the best sets ever to appear in the Playhouse, a fabulous light show, great makeup and costuming, some very good acting and a great deal of theatricalism, but throughout, we remain steeped in confusion.

Robert Brewer portrays Gottlieb Biedermann, middle class par excellence characterized by the chorus when they proclaim: "He dreads action more than disaster." The chorus, incidentally, continuously shouts pearls of wisdom of this type that simply reek with biting social commentary. Brewer, however, is extremely funny, especially when he emotes in a hypertensive exclamation of humanitarianism.

The firebugs are Peter Beiger as Willi and Penny as Sepp. Beiger is beautiful. In his numerous bits, he breaks up the audience as he artistically manipulates the technique of exaggeration. More than any other character, he has superbly transcended his role into his reality.

Penny just lays it right on you. A beautiful contrast generates from his awesome hulk embodying a

sweet little guy. He is real, relaxed, spontaneous, and although he and Willi are a little crazy and fascinated with fire, you get the impression that he raises snapdragons and takes care of sick birds that can't fly.

The two remaining significant roles are Anna, the family maid, and Babette, Biedermann's wife. On any level of accomplishment, the girls in these roles are diametrically opposed. Kay Rentschler, as Anna, is moody, articulate, and makes her point in no uncertain terms. Sue Ryave, as Babette, is stilted, unsure, overacts, and practically pounds you on the head with: "Here I am, putting on a false accent (which I find very unnatural), I'm acting, see me walk, see me talk." — all topped off with an ear to ear grin.

"The Firebugs" is a spectacle. It is right out of the old motion picture genre of "a cast of thousands." Many good things happen, but it seems that the underlying purpose is to have you walk away "impressed."

Part of the psychology of this technique is the cheap trick. In modern theatre the "in thing" is to have some kind of audience interaction with the cast. As a result, the director has his chorus running out into the audience, singing in the audience, saying lines among audience, and sitting in the aisles.

The problem is that there is no motivation. It's done the way Strindberg paraphrased Shakespeare in "Miss Julie" and "The Cherry Orchard" in a cheap attempt to make his plays profound.

"The Firebugs" ends with a bang. There is an overwhelming exhibition of lights, including an obnoxious giant searchlight that swings directly into your eye, the playing of the Jimmi Hendrix song "Fire" and a closing speech by Biedermann with a "message." The lasting impression is a collage of superficial effects; a body without a soul.



SLUTSKIN

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