

The Final Insult

IT IS THE final insult. In two weeks the members of the class of 1969 will graduate. But Penn State couldn't let them go without a parting shot, without one last insult.

The seniors had invited Milton Shapp, unsuccessful gubernatorial candidate in 1966, to be the commencement speaker. They contacted Shapp's Philadelphia office, and he made plans to be in Beaver Stadium when the more than 4,500 students receive their undergraduate and advanced degrees.

BUT IN A statement released yesterday by T. Reed Ferguson, vice president for public affairs, it was announced that the seniors were told that Shapp would not be allowed to come anyway.

Also, the Senior Class president was told that a person like Shapp would alienate the Republican members of the State Legislature. Besides that, Old Main says an invitation to the unsuccessful candidate would be taken as an insult by present Gov. Raymond Shafer.

These arguments are weak, narrow minded and show faulty reasoning.

IF UNIVERSITY OFFICIALS seriously believe that Shapp is such a partisan politician in the opinion of Harrisburg officials, then it is surprising that they could make such basic errors in evaluating the legislature as bad arithmetic.

The State Senate is comprised of 27 Republicans and 23 Democrats. In the State House of Representatives there are 106 Democrats and 99 Republicans for an overall edge of three votes for the Democrats. So any Armageddons staged between the parties in Harrisburg over the appearance of Shapp in Beaver Sta-

dium would go to the Democrats anyway.

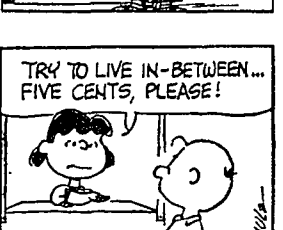
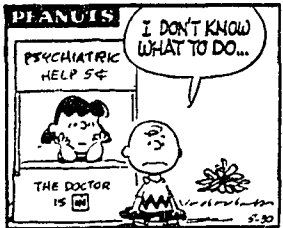
We would like to know what would have happened had the seniors invited a Republican, say former Gov. William Scranton, to speak. Would it then be argued that Scranton would alienate the Democrats in Harrisburg? Even this hypothetical case has a stronger argument than the one now being used to negate Shapp's invitation.

A UNIVERSITY, EVEN a state-supported one such as Penn State, should be a free academic community. Persons coming here, whether they are commencement speakers or faculty members, should not be influenced by a force so base as partisan politics.

Why doesn't the University stand up to the threats, if there really are any, from the legislators? Why isn't the freedom of the academic community defended against the politicians' threats and economic pressure?

If there really are pressures being directed against this University by state politicians, and the Administrators' feel is well-founded, then the Legislature must decide whether the institution they are sending funds to is a free academic community or a political plaything.

THE SENIORS INVITED a speaker because they want their commencement to be something special, something different from the traditional Penn State June exercises. Old Main said a speaker would make the ceremonies too long, but this year's exercises are for this year's class. They should be allowed to plan their final formalities with the University. And the Administration should cooperate.



Recruiting Is Too Slow

Robert H. Dunham, assistant to the vice president for resident instruction, said yesterday that the spaces reserved by each college for disadvantaged students were not being filled "fast enough."

Dunham, who is also coordinator for the committee on the culturally disadvantaged, said he doesn't think that the colleges are doing a fast enough, or thorough enough job of recruiting blacks. "I'm hoping the spaces will fill up a lot quicker. I don't think they're being filled quite fast enough. With summer here, the colleges are going to have to do quick work."

Approximately 198 spaces were reserved for the disadvantaged throughout the University. And so far, the colleges have only 76 acceptances from students, from the 171 offers they extended.

Most likely, one reason for so few acceptances is that the colleges have not been able to offer adequate financial aid to the disadvantaged.

Blacks with the desire and ability to go to college frequently need financial assistance—and until the University is able to offer that assistance, it will be difficult to recruit the disadvantaged.

But despite the low number of acceptances, we would like to know why each college has not offered its full quota of spaces to the disadvantaged. Nearly the entire class

of '73 has already been offered acceptances, and half of that class will be starting in a few weeks.

But why haven't the colleges been able to offer admission to enough blacks?

It would be easy for the colleges to state that they just couldn't find enough disadvantaged students who qualified for admission. But certainly, in a state whose population is more than 12 per cent black and probably close to 20 per cent disadvantaged, the University could find 200 qualified applicants.

We wonder if the committees whose job it is to find potential students have really looked very hard. And we wonder now why the responsibility for finding these people is left to each college as an individual unit.

Perhaps if the University's Office of Admissions would have taken the major responsibility for recruiting the disadvantaged, more students could have been found. The system, as it is set up now, is too decentralized for effective recruitment. The Colleges of Liberal Arts, Education and Human Development are probably competing against each other for applicants.

As a result, nobody is getting anywhere. And the black student is losing.

The colleges have offered 27 spaces under their quota. And only 76 disadvantaged students have

accepted. As a result, the colleges complain that there isn't enough money, there aren't enough qualified blacks to go around so they won't be able to fill their quotas.

The colleges should have operated in the same way in which the admissions office works. If there are 200 spaces, offer admission to 300 students. That way, when 100 students turn down the admissions offer, the University won't be left in the cold.

Qualified black students are in demand, but that does not mean that there are not enough of them to recruit for Penn State.

Dunham said he thinks the colleges are holding out for the cream of the crop—the very best qualified disadvantaged students. But if that is the case, those blacks could get in under already operational admissions systems.

The word disadvantaged implies that although the potential is there, the students so labeled have not yet shown it. So it takes more than just a little effort on the part of the colleges to find disadvantaged students.

Dunham said the colleges are going to have to do "quick work." But that is an understatement. The colleges must find students now or the racial imbalance at Penn State will be just as bad next year as it was this year, and that imbalance is intolerable.

Absolutely Invisible

By BILL MOHAN
Collegian Columnist

There was an accident here today. One car into another car into another car.

They looked at the car. They stood around. They bounced into no one. They stayed together. Like a litany. A fair-weather bible. A valley of trees.

They kicked the fender. They stood around. They complained about the damage. They got into their car and left.

They were sitting a gainst the tree when I came up. There were a lot of people standing out in the street. The cops out checking driver's licenses. Little pudgy red-haired lady whose car was the fourth one hit. Three ricochets and bang, into her sixty-two oldsmobile. Man laughing and upset.

There's a lot of glass on the street. It takes a while, but you finally see the four cars, staggered at different places on the street. There were five or six cops, one had his red blinker light on. The news sorta swarmed around the area and soon kids were looking from their balconies in U.T. An unfriendly man with a gray crew-cut gave me no information. Everybody else "just got here."

So the eight of them (there were about eight) sat under a tree by the side of the road, in front of one of the damaged cars. The wind was blowing spritely through the trees and they were green as fish in the summer sun.

The one you first notice is a blonde girl



MOHAN

who undermines you. Her beauty but then more her unattractiveness makes her a curious, interesting figure there in the center of the group. Her total lack of understanding for anyone else makes her marble, cold cold statue, an unhealing wound. Like giving a diamond to a man in the desert. Timeless in the twilight, sunshine in the afternoon.

When the men came to put her in the burlap bag, I was happy. I was running out of time so I was glad when the pick-up came. Two guys get out in work clothes, one had a red ruddy face and three days growth, can't remember anything about the other.

She didn't give them much trouble, just waved her arms a little bit and made a few little noises, but mostly they just put her in the bag and took off.

Her friends really got very upset and they ran around and two boys started crying. One girl started climbing a tree. Cars were passing and one of them stopped and asked what happened but the boy who was asked just ran around like a moron with hands in his mouth and his ass sticking out. The guy who'd asked looked for a minute then rode away.

Meanwhile Dena in the back of the pick-up truck. She slept for a while, then just laid there thinking about her day. The ride was bumpy and sometimes her back hit up and down against the floor, rattling some chains. It was dark and cold. Dena in a summer dress.

And the two men in the front they did bulshit. All along the ride, with the radio on some country station. The front was dirty like the back, but it bothered the two men. They intended getting rid of some of the dirt and papers at the next stop. They slid their feet around the floor on the yellowed dirty newspapers. They would be there, soon.

So they drove a couple more miles into the breeze and ducked off to the side of the road. There, there was a quarry and without speaking they got Dena out of the back of the truck and threw her into it.

'Skammen', 'Greetings': Rewarding

By PAUL SEYDOR
Collegian Film Critic

Ingmar Bergman's "Skammen" (now at the Nittany Theatre through Tuesday) has had such an overwhelming effect on me that I am not sure I can yet articulate my thoughts about it. But, as today's Collegian is the last of the term, I shall try getting something down in order to interest as many people as possible in this great film.

"Skammen" (translated, "Shame") is set on a Swedish island in the near future as a war is being fought. The story focuses on a married couple, Jan and Eva, two musicians out of work since the orchestra disbanded, who are trying to escape the war. The theme is, generally, war itself; specifically, it is war as it affects civilians.

I have rarely seen a movie that is so uncompromisingly honest in its depiction of the brutalizing effects of war on people; so penetratingly truthful in its psychological revelations; so painstakingly veristic in its setting; so perfectly concordant with contemporary concerns yet so elementally transcendent in its universal relevance.

We follow the lives of Eva and Jan, at first comfortably away from the war, then caught up in its horrors, then resolving to escape it entirely. The title refers less to the shame of war than to the shame of our indifference toward war, or, perhaps, to the shame of our ineffectuality in being able to do anything about it.

Part of what is so astonishing about "Skammen" is that it came at this time from Bergman, who seemed, in recent years, to be going in a different, less satisfactory direction. But here he

seems transformed: gone is the pretentious religion, the confused symbolism, the involuted esotericism that ruined many of his latest movies. He seems to have undergone some sort of metamorphosis from which he has emerged purged of his weaknesses but ever sure of his strengths.

Here is an artist for whom technical problems seem no longer to exist, who is in such supreme command of his materials, who has such profound confidence in his medium that he is in the rare position of being able to function at the highest level of artistic creation: that of idea and statement. He already knows how; he can concentrate on what.

I wish I were in the state of mind right now and had the space to detail the many excellences of "Skammen," how perfectly clear and apposite the style is to the content, how economical Bergman's means are. For instance, the way he tells us all we need to know about the characters simply by cutting between their actions on awaking in the morning; or how he suggests Eva's moment of happiness when Jan declares his love (the sun momentarily floods her face); or his demonstration in the house-searching sequence of how effective fast-cutting techniques can be if used judiciously and appropriately.

But I don't want to talk about how he does things simply because what he does is so much more interesting, such as, for example, the subtle reversals of his characters from beginning to end, where Jan finally becomes the man Eva wants him to be and then hates him when he becomes so; or the picture of a pathetic interrogator whose tasks force him to rule people and blocks the emotional fulfillment he wants and needs.

"Skammen" is Bergman's masterpiece. I do not believe that is an overstatement; nor do I believe it is an overstatement to say that his vision of war will rank with the visions of the greatest directors of the century; Griffith's, Eisenstein's, Renoir's, Kurosawa's, and Huston's.

If I may go beyond the medium, I would say

that if the novelist who gave us our greatest picture of the psychological devastation of war, Ernest Hemingway, had been Swedish and had made movies, "Skammen" would have been the result.

"Greetings," now at Twelvetees, was made by a couple of independent American filmmakers, Charles Hirsch (producer) and Brian De Palma (director), both of whom wrote this fresh and lively story about the efforts of three young Americans to avoid the draft.

These days most good, really good, American movies come neither from Hollywood nor from the underground, but from young independents who refuse to join the commercial gristmill of one or the slop house of the other. Men like John Korty ("The Crazy Quilt") and Noel Black ("Skater-Dater" and "Pretty Poison") are demonstrating that freshness, originality, and vitality are still possible in American movies.

Now De Palma and Hirsch have too. And what a pleasure it is to be able to report that "Greetings" doesn't cop out, that its attitude toward sex is genuinely youthful, enthusiastic and healthy. "Greetings" isn't a great movie, but it is so contemporary, so perfectly and accurately expressive of certain attitudes among the young, that I don't even feel like pointing out the few things that are wrong with it.

"Greetings" contains that precious quality that we often go to movies for but so rarely find: disrespect for respectability. This movie sustains its subversiveness from beginning to end and we leave with a feeling of liberation tantamount to letting out a good glorious obscenity after a week of classes or a boring lecture. We're almost drunk from its sheer, total exhilaration.

It occurs to me that I have written no "30" column. In the event I am happy to be able to close up shop for the year on two movies as rewarding as "Greetings" and "Skammen."

Collegian Invites Faculty Writers

University faculty are invited to submit articles to Collegian's "Faculty Forum." Columns of opinion from all members of the faculty are welcome.

The articles should be typewritten and triple-spaced and should not exceed 75 lines in length. Interested faculty should bring their articles to Collegian office, 20 Sackett Building.

Letter Policy

The Daily Collegian welcomes comments on news coverage, editorial policy and campus or non-campus affairs. Letters must be typewritten, double-spaced, signed by no more than two persons and no longer than 30 lines.

Remember: The War of the Jungle

By MARGE COHEN
Collegian Feature Editor

It's Memorial Day, May 30. Today is the day we remember all those brave men who gave their lives to their country, who responded to the call to arms and died so their country could live.

In Lewistown, Monument Square will be decked with flags. The monument to honor the war dead in the center of town will be surrounded with flags and flowers to the memory of the men, long gone from the face of the earth.

The scene will be duplicated across the country too many times to mention, too many times to recall. And the people in Lewistown will drive around the square, glance at the flags and remember: "It's Memorial Day. No wonder the store is closed. Damn—what can I buy for dinner?"

The people in Lewistown will be more worried about eating dinner, about closed grocery stores, than about men who have died for their country. Even if their families have lost men in Korea or Germany or Japan, they will be too busy to remember.

Because they are too busy any day to be aware—aware of what is happening not only on the other side of the world in Vietnam, but on

the other side of the mountain in Bellefonte—for that matter, on the other side of the tracks in Lewistown.

But, one thing in defense of my dear hometown. She can be found anywhere, anytime. The names of the inhabitants can be changed, but they are the same all over.

Isolated from the world, yet conveniently located for escape within the narrow confines of the relaxed, easy living of bliss-filled America.

The two men pictured in an Associated Press wirephoto were probably raised in towns very similar to mine. Only, they were not matriculating at college as I am; they were engaged in battle, in war, two weeks before Memorial Day, in Vietnam.

A picture of war—a black soldier receiving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation from his white buddy in a muddy field in Vietnam—there, only because of time and circumstance.

A picture of war—a black boy and a white boy. A picture of war—two men together, fighting so other men can live together—even if it means killing and dying for a unified life.

The irony is too overwhelming to articulate the impact of the picture of the two men fighting not only for their country, but also fighting to stay alive.

How many of us have said good-by to brothers, fathers, friends leaving for the war—how many fathers who fought in Korea advised their sons on battle tactics to use in Vietnam... how many more sons will go?

Just when we have all the young men gone? "To flowers?" I doubt it. Because they are still around... remembering a war a half a world away on Memorial Day. And, some are recalling scenes at home in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, New York, wherever, while their brothers and sisters rummage among film and garbage for something



to eat, while families fight to stay alive in the war in the slums.

We talk about a jungle war a half a world away—what about the jungle war in our city streets? Why remember only a war in Vietnam while just as fierce a battle is being waged not far from us.

It all comes back to the human community—here we are in State College, safe from not only the bullets of the enemy, but also the bite of the rat in the race in the "outside world," and we say we will fast in protest to the war or we will enroll in a course on American racism.

But what does either really do? "Yea, I'm against the war," and "Damn—I guess I really am a racist. From now on, I am going to talk to every black I see to prove that now I'm hip," does nothing—big deal—you're a dove and a do-gooder. We all talk about man's inhumanity to man, meanwhile pointing our fingers at everybody else. But what do we do? Tomorrow looks very much like today as long as so many of us are basing our lives on yesterday.

Not until we—not our esteemed faculty advisers nor our respected parents—re-evaluate what we are doing here, what we will be doing once we leave here, can tomorrow include the sun—and I am not talking all flowers and sunshine; I don't believe in it.

But I am talking awareness... mental awareness if physical involvement is too much of a strain... mental awareness of what today really is. It's Memorial Day, May 30... a day to remember, but even more importantly, a day to think not only about past and present soldiers, but people living in war in the middle of central Pennsylvania or anywhere in this great land of America.

We profess to be so proud of her—the lady of nations who is such a lady, when will she start acting like one?

Arabs Answer Article

(Editor's Note: The following is a statement from the University Arab Club. The statement is in answer to a story on Emanuel Feuchtwang, associate professor of physics, which appeared in the May 22 Collegian. The statement is printed in full.)

Deliberate twisting of the truth, distortion of facts and reporting of half-truths is nothing new in the Palestine Problem. What is new, however, is that such an attitude is manifested by a professor—an educator. This casts doubt on the future of the whole mankind.

In a recent interview with the Collegian (May 22) Dr. Emanuel Feuchtwang added a new chapter to the crusade that is aimed to mislead the International public opinion, and the American commission investigated the treatment of Arabs in territory occupied by Israel... We challenge this statement. True, such commission has been established by the Security Council Resolution 237 (1967) of 14 June 1967 and General Assembly Resolution 2252 (ES-V) of 4 July 1967. But it is also true that Israel refused to allow the committee to carry out its projected mission—a humanitarian one indeed. On the contrary to "... found no evidence of ill-treatment"—as Mr. Feuchtwang mentioned—it was Michael Adams, the Manchester Guardian reporter, who drew the World's attention to the inhuman treatment of the Arabs in the Occupied territories: "I had my ups and downs during four years as a prisoner of war in Germany. But the Germans never treated me as harshly as the Israelis are treating the Arabs of Gaza strip, the majority of whom are women and children." The implied motivation behind these tactics is to make room for more "imported" Zionists. As Moshe Dayan put it to the youth of the United Labor Party: "our fathers made the borders of '47. We made the borders of '49. You made the borders of '67. Another generation will take our frontiers to where they belong. Isn't that territorial expansion by definition?"

To claim that the problem is just a competition between two nations is a gross oversimplification that grows into total falsehood. Judaism, the great religion, is international and shouldn't therefore be confined to a certain geographical area. Jews are citizens of whatever state they reside in. It is hard to conceive how a heterogeneous group of Jewish

refugees could be described as a nation to competing with the Palestinians who lived there for thousands of years. Nowadays less than one fifth of the Jews' population of the world live in Israel—a fact which, obviously, contradicts the above claim.

The problem of the Arab refugees was not created by the Arab Government—as Dr. Feuchtwang wants us to believe. Rather, it is a direct consequence of the establishment of Israel. To say it bluntly, "if there were no Israel, there would have been no refugees. The West has been led to believe that the refugees left home voluntarily. The famous British historian, Arnold Toynbee refuted that argument by saying "... The Jewish treatment of the Arabs in 1947 is as morally indefensible as the slaughter by the Nazis of six million Jews... The most tragic thing in human life is when people who had suffered, impose suffering in their turn... The massacre of Arab civilians by the Israeli armed forces were carried out cold-bloodedly and with purpose... He describes the whole mess as "This is robbery; and I am sure it is on the Jewish conscience." The aspiration of these unfortunate Arabs should be given high priority if there could be a lasting peace in the Middle East. A just solution which respects the eternal rights of the refugees is in accordance with the basic beliefs of Judaism, and it is our hope that the world Jewry will help undoing what the Zionists have done in Palestine.

Dr. Feuchtwang lived in Palestine from 1934-1951: the crucial period for the establishment of Israel. Nevertheless he failed to tell us how this peaceful little state came into existence. In particular the bloody and violent means he witnessed and therefore has first hand information. Most of us, the young readers, lack such information. We wish to ask where was he on the eve of April 9th, 1948, when the Zionist gang massacred some 250 people—women and children included—in Dir Yasin. Perhaps he was there, and perhaps not. Dr. Feuchtwang left Israel in 1951. If Israel was created as an ultimate solution to the "Jewish question," then one wonders what are the reasons behind his decision to leave. Perhaps it is the conscience feel of guilt that led him to flee the stolen land. But again, perhaps not.

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