

# W-20: Repressive Rule

UNIVERSITY SENATE rule W-20 states that the University can ban from sale or distribution any publication which it deems "unacceptable." It does that and a lot more.

The controversial rule, which grew out of the fury over the Administration's banning of the first issue of the Water Tunnel last winter, may soon be challenged by none other than the normally placid Commonwealth Campuses.

The Ogontz Campus News, the student newspaper at the Philadelphia area campus, has taken the first step in what will hopefully be the end of W-20.

THE NEWS, ALONG with some members of the faculty at Ogontz, has asked the Senate to abolish the rule.

Indications are that support is increasing, slowly but surely, from other campuses of Penn State. University Park, the main campus, should be in there fighting, too.

The reasons for abolishing the rule are clear. Foremost, the University does not have the right to ban the sale or distribution of anything on this campus—no matter how obscene or treasonous.

THERE ARE STATUTES upon statutes, and the U.S. Constitution, which have been written to determine who can ban what.

When W-20 states that the University can ban any publication "which in

its opinion violates the civil libel laws," it is stepping on ground that is reserved for the courts of this nation, not the universities.

And when the Supreme Court often has difficulty determining civil libel suits, it is doubtful whether the University could do so. Unless, of course, the Administration plans to enforce its prejudicial views, similar to its tactics in the banning of the Water Tunnel.

IN ADDITION, it is nearly impossible to determine what the standards of the University are: "The University shall ban on its campuses any publication which in its opinion is incompatible with the University's standards."

Whose opinion constitutes the "University's standards"? The Board of Trustees? President Walker? SDS?

Hardly; a look at the Board of Trustees alone shows that even those men and women probably could not decide unanimously on such an issue.

When The Ogontz Campus News called on the other Commonwealth Campuses to print an objectionable word, they were doing the entire University a service.

IT IS ONLY WHEN antiquated, naive and repressive rules such as W-20 are abolished that the Pennsylvania State University will grow to the stature of a "true university."



# 'Hamlet' and 'Rosencrantz': Disappointing and Delightful

By BEVERLY WYATT  
Collegian Film Critic

In contrast to Friday night's slow presentation of "Hamlet," the American Theater Productions' version of Tom Stoppard's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead" provided fast-moving entertainment. I'm sorry to admit that this production of "Hamlet" disappointed me. Perhaps the company had an off night, perhaps the stage was awkward, perhaps a lot of things; but a professional repertory company is supposed to deliver, no matter what the circumstances.

**Rosencrantz and Guildenstern: 'Audience Was Left Utterly and Laughingly Behind by Peculiar Logic'**

According to the Artists Series brochure, "the critics gave this company rave reviews—superb production... coherent, cohesive, lucid and exciting." I would like to know where all those dazzling qualities were Friday night. I am inclined to attribute the general lack of contrast, pace and script to sloppy directing rather than to sloppy acting. It is generally assumed by actors that the manner of line delivery tells greatly in its effectiveness...I have never seen more professional people deliver lines 'on the run'.

I lost the conscience of the king, the rottenness of Denmark, and several other statements of affairs to an incoherent mad dash off the stage. Pace is picked up between the lines, not between the scenes, or the words. I also objected to the static posing of the players, the lack of definition of transitions and passions in many of the speeches, the need of Laertes (Harvey Solin) and Ophelia (Margo Ann Berdeshevsky) for voice lessons, and the interpretation of the characters of Hamlet, Ophelia, and Claudius. Despite my many objections, I found several moments of the play cap-

tured the passion and high tragedy of Shakespeare's script, as well as his raucous humor.

Scenes that stand out in my mind include Ophelia's mad scene, the gravedigger encounter, though I greatly missed the second gravedigger, the excellent portrayal of Polonius by Frederic Warriner, Laertes' distress over Ophelia's broken will, the conflict between Hamlet and Laertes at her grave. Although I disagree with the interpretation of Ophelia—I somehow see her altogether more meek and forceless when sane, more bewildered and pathetic when mad, rather than the throaty amazement of her hysteria between herself, Polonius, and Hamlet, and the raucous distraction of her later madness—I was greatly impressed with Margo Ann Berdeshevsky's portrayal. Although she was not Ophelia to me, she was a very real person gone mad, and the horror of it came through. I didn't feel that Robert Burr took advantage of his speeches for their potential of passion and revelation of character in his interpretation of Hamlet. Perhaps the speech Shakespeare has Hamlet deliver to the Player had something to do with it. He advises that over much show of ranting and raving is as bad as not enough. Especially in his soliloquies of suffering and self-torture, I think Mr. Burr left out a great deal of torture, so that Hamlet's later adoption of distraction makes him appear offhand—somehow Hamlet just didn't convince me of his own tragedy. My objection to Claudius was that he made himself too one-sided, so that the soliloquy before prayer appeared ludicrous...1) no indication had been given that this man might even possess guilt, 2) his address to the audience as an admonishing father to a rather dumb child completely robbed an excellent speech of its qualities of inner examination and revelation of character.

In the company's production of "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead" I found a sense of rapid fire pace, humor and interweaving of plots that delighted me, at least in comparison with

the previous night's show. Perhaps Guildenstern (Clobert Ford) mused and mused his speech a little, but Rosencrantz (John Church) was unforgettable, his characterization precise, sensitive and self-possessed.

There were moments when the lighting people seemed as confused as the two courtiers; and there were moments when the audience was left utterly and laughingly behind by the peculiar logic of the two men; but there were also moments of realization, of sensitivity to the discovery of death and fear as in the two letters discovered by these two very real and bewildered men. It is here that Tom Stoppard's script transcends itself, and goes beyond the satiric and bawdy. To watch Rosencrantz cry out against death, to feel Guildenstern's bewildered distress left me clutching for more things to laugh at, when I suddenly knew Stoppard wanted me to double up with agony instead. The experience was like watching Mercutio die.

The agony of Romeo's young friend at the hands of Benvolio perfectly illustrates my reaction to the profoundly serious death that constitutes "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead." Behold, the clown: laughing, witty, satiric...dying meaningless, without compassion, pity, or even suitable reverence. Saturday night the audience laughed and applauded, and I watched them become Mercutio's jeering gang of friends, totally unaware of the struggle with ultimate death before them.

As for the rest of the matter: the bawdy humor that escaped an audience unfamiliar with Elizabethan double entendres Friday, found just appreciation Saturday night, especially when the troupe of actors was suddenly 'revealed' as a troop of exhibitionists. Robert Burr's role of the Player provided the catalyst for the action of the play, he being the only character who knew what to 'do' in the rotten state of Denmark. The brilliance of the play in its wit and pathos was well portrayed but owes its presence to an excellent playwright more than to its actors, or to the appreciation of its audience.

# Smile, Wave the Flag, Cough

By JONATHAN RICH  
Collegian Columnist

There is something of a bitter irony in being called for a pre-induction physical on Moratorium Day, but who was I to protest the inconvenience of the 120 mile ride home before arising at 5:30 a.m. to take a bus trip to discover that I was healthy enough to be shot at by someone other than the American Legion.

"What is a little inconvenience," I thought. "What kind of American are you? Hadn't my uncle and grandfather served well in World War I, hadn't my father almost been shipped to Alaska in World War II, hadn't General Hensley almost seen combat in his 89 year Army career?" I searched my soul. Yes, I would take the physical. I would endure all manners of indignity. I would give a blood sample. I would urinate in a tube. I would run in place on a cold floor while a physician pressed his dry ice stethoscope against my chest. I would cough. I would also flunk the physical, my eyes are terrible.

I tucked the papers, all signed by men proven in the eyes of their profession (doctors, optometrists and check forgers) in my pocket. I made a mental note to myself that no matter what happened this sunny Oct. 15, my attitude would be one of detachment. My primary task, I decided, would be to chronicle the experiences of the day, compare notes with Alice's Restaurant and get the word to all those undergraduates who look ahead with trepidation to the day when the smiling sergeant says, "This physical you men are taking today won't mean anything for a little while, unless sometime today you men take it into your heads to step out of line. Then it will mean something. You'll be called for induction immediately. Do I need to say anything else?"

The spirit of the bus picked up as old friends recognized each other, George Gels and I practiced singing the Canadian National Anthem and I was easier to sing than our National Anthem

but harder than "Everybody's Going to Ginos" which we had fun singing.

Some of the less intelligent on the bus occupied themselves by looking into the sun as it came over the horizon. Others asked the driver if he wanted to take the day off and drive to the shore, but he had a job to do he said so why didn't we look at the legs of the girls in the cars we passed. "It's a good angle," he said.

Because the New Cumberland Army Depot is there, Harrisburg will never need to fear a ground attack from Richmond. Over the entrance gate the arch reads, "Arsenal For The Brave." Underneath the arch an old man rises from his chair to sneer at inductees or peek into cars with female occupants. These he checked for cards, thighs and other interests concerning the national security. I mention this, only because the bus driver spent the day at the gate.

Our bus beat the two other bus loads by 50 minutes, which gave us all plenty of time to think about our homes, families and other loved ones. I was surprised by the number of fellows who talked of escaping to Canada. Soon the young men from Huntingdon and Perry Counties arrived and we were set for one of the biggest days of our young lives.

First, we filled out forms. When asked to list criminal offenses in a seven by seven space, some guys asked for an extra page. One interesting lad asked how he should list a robbery he'd be charged with after he returned from the physical.

"Did you do it?"  
"No, sir."  
"Don't list it." Now that's what I call faith in the American way.

Under the marital status space, we were to fill in the following: Married; Single and Legally Separated. So then this nut asks for help. He was married but got conveniently lost. He doesn't support anybody since his wife is still looking for him.

"Well, son," the sergeant said, "you are still married." Pause. "You must

have a friend somewhere who reported you to the local board."

"Oh, I did that, sir. The card says to report any change in status to the local board."

"Try D for dumb."

I misread the subversive list and almost listed myself as an acquaintance of the German-American Band, but discovered somewhat sadly that it was Bund.

Then it was mental test time. We were told that under new Army regulations we only needed a score of one out of 100 to pass the mental test. I did the first five questions and asked if I needed to do anymore. Nobody loves a wise ass.

The physical part of the test wasn't bad at all, even if the equipment was. During the hearing test a plane flew overhead and drowned out the sound of any tone which might have been coming through the headphones.

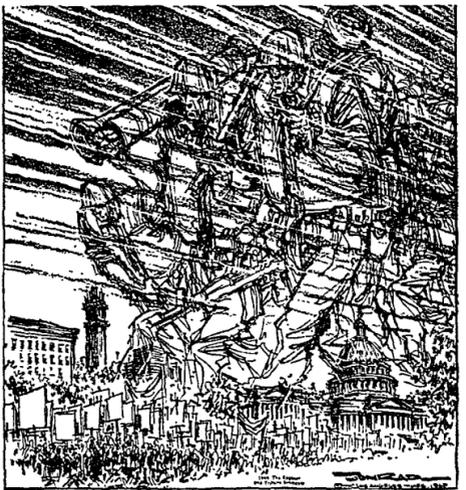
The test was neither insulting nor thorough. Anybody who has ever gone to summer camp has had to endure more in the way of an admittance physical. Two of the three MDs didn't show, which might have influenced that day's testing. The man counted my toes, asked me if I wetted the bed or walked in my sleep.

By 12:30 I was done. Here the works part of the day started. While everybody who didn't have an X-ray or whose doctor had died within the year went back for a more thorough examination, 100 of tomorrow's leapers sat in a room watching the recruiting sergeants listening to the World Series. Four of us spent two hours throwing rocks at a flower outside the confines of the Nittany-like structure. I finally crushed the flower in frustration. When all the rocks were on one side of the compound, we threw them back.

Finally at 5 the doctor and the recruiters gave up and sent us home. By this hour New Cumberland, Annapolis and Palmyra had their streets lined with American flags. As I clutched my lens prescription and looked at the flags, I knew America would be safe at least until tomorrow.



"... Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition ... praise the Lord and pass the ammunition ..."



"If only there'd been a Vietnam moratorium five years ago ..."

# Letters to the Editor of The Daily Collegian

## No Selection Until Function

TO THE EDITOR: Concerning The Office of Student Discussion, we would urge students and faculty members to take another look at this office. The Office of Student Discussion, Cornell, Columbia, Connecticut and other universities now have similar type offices, and have been used by students with some effect.

As it is now, the Office seems to be primarily a tool for the Administration at Penn State. It should be primarily a tool for the students and the faculty. With the support of the various student organizations, and the more significant interest groups such as SDS, WLF, NUC and others, but above all with the student government of the Blacks, the Black Student Union, the Office can be made into a worthwhile enterprise.

One last effort, to make the Office a significant machinery, will indicate that students are not disheartened by the slow processes and past evasion by the creators of the Office.

We fully realize that the response so far has been one of merely defining the Office's functions, without making it clear that the "definitions" are accepted by the Administration and by the Trustees. The students have made positive suggestions. They have repeatedly indicated support of the Office if the Director has some direct influence, some direct input, and some formalized duties.

The committee of four faculty and four students have agreed on these functions. It is now time for the President and the Administration to review these suggestions, and clarify if they want an Office as defined by the faculty and the students.

If the defined functions of the Office are not acceptable, the Office should be speedily dropped from the roster of non-functioning mechanisms at this University. It would be a plague on both the Administration and the academic community.

We do not think that any man could reasonably accept the position of a "director" if his Office has not been formally recognized as having a formal function. Student organizations

and interested faculty organizations have shown their willingness to participate and make use of the Office when the Office has specifically designated and formally as well as practically significant functions.

When the Office and its director have a function, a function that goes beyond talking and discussion, a director can and will be selected. Such a person may very well be someone who is acceptable and responsible!

Next Sunday afternoon—3:5 p.m.—the committee will hold an open session. We urge the above named groups, and others who have shown an active concern for a strong director and Office with power to influence decisions, to assist the student and faculty members on the committee, so that a worthwhile functioning OFFICE FOR STUDENT INCLUSION will be established. There is to be no selection until there is a function for the director.

Hal Sudborough  
GSA President  
Ted Thompson  
USG President  
Ronald Batchelor  
OSGA President

## Concern for Students?

TO THE EDITOR: The temporary housing situation needs a lot of improvement. It's a mess. We all know that. We have managed to cope with it as best as we can. But on the other hand, something's got to be said when being stuck with temporary housing also means one can be pushed around to satisfy the needs of others. Since I was one of the "fortunate beings" to be inconvenienced, the Department of Housing and Food Services assured me every effort would be made to get me in a permanent room as soon as possible. In the meantime, being concerned about my well-being they would do everything to help make our living accommodations pleasant, comfortable, convenient, and enjoyable... But this isn't the case. First they put me in the cellar of a dorm with the pipes squeaking away. There is hardly any

ventilation and the radiators don't work. There isn't enough room to climb into bed without kicking someone in the face. In the morning we find ourselves in a different location than the night before. That's due to the "ball bearings" on the bottom of the stiff cots. Despite these little quirks we adjusted reasonably to the conditions. Then one morning a coordinator calls and tells us to pack. By now the heat and the pipes were fixed and we had made our old room "livable." So, some of us refused to move.

Apparently members of various organizations and the housing department themselves felt our room would be useful for their weekly meetings. They could move us to a supposedly "more desirable staging location" and still be satisfied that they had shown the utmost concern for our well-being. We weren't so sure, but despite our feeling of injustice we looked into our "new living quarters" anyway. They weren't any better; if not worse! By now the heat and the pipes were fixed and we had made our old room "livable." So, some of us refused to move.

We told the coordinator we were not going to move. Since there is no written rule forcing us to move from temporary housing to temporary housing in a better stage, there was evidently little she could do. Therefore as a last resort she threatened to have letters sent home to our parents and claimed our rights in temporary housing would be relinquished. What rights? Well, it boils down to our being denied any requests for residence hall or roommate next term and we will be the last to be given permanent housing. Now there is a good chance I will be in temporary housing again in Winter term. Are we dolls? Are we deaf, dumb, and blind? It's about time for us to stop being shoved around like a herd of cattle and to speak up.

This sort of threatening, that the administration can get away with, scares students into complying. It's not our fault that we are in this situation and it's not right to be punished for it either. But, this seems to be the consequence if one holds out. The housing situation has become a game of wits. The administration tries to use force indirectly by threatening us. It fails. We win. But have we really won? Didn't they know from the very beginning that they had the power...the power to do with us as they want? But don't forget the Department of Housing and Food Services at Penn State is concerned for the well-being of every student here...  
Bonnie Field  
(1st-Computer Science-Huntington, N.Y.)

## 'To Help Your Fellow Man'

(Editor's Note: The following is from a letter written by S. Sgt. Neil Cross, of the 1st Infantry Division stationed in Vietnam, to Sandra Feinman, a graduate student at the University. It was written the night of Oct. 14, after he had heard a news report about the Oct. 15 Moratorium.)

Because you're in a college situation, which seems to be the situation which most of the organizers are in, I have finally felt it necessary

for me to tell you what these "protesters" do not know. They are the ones who are misinformed and know not of what I and the half million men here have been involved in. I feel now what my father and his comrades felt during the World War II when Nazism was the enemy. Although my service to our country was forced, I am grateful to be allowed to witness the horrors of our new enemy. No, you know me better, I'm not being "brain washed." But, rather, my situation has opened my mind and made it more than receptive to the plight of the Vietnamese people.

As our tracks roll down the roads of RVN the children hold out their hands calling, "G. I. number 1, G.I. number 1." It's these children whose fathers were dragged away, under fear of death or retribution by the Viet Cong, and forced to fight for a cause they did not, and never will believe in.

The students of today call themselves more aware of the world and the happenings around the world—never a bigger lie has been said. They have shown me only ignorance and susceptibility to the words of false leaders. Or perhaps these young men are only misinformed. But, as with the boy who cried "wolf," they are causing disruption and anarchy which will only lead to the destruction of freedom, one of our cherished principles, in the Republic of South Vietnam.

If you ever decide that it would bring stares and embarrassment to wear the fatigue jacket I have sent you, then it is me you hurt. I, and my buddies, have given our blood to save this country from servitude. Yes, it's a small, insignificant country, 10,000 miles away but, does that make these people any less real? They're very real to me. They're alive and free and struggling desperately to be free forever. Just as we discarded the British, they are trying to loosen the ever tightening and strangling bonds of Communism.

Corrupt as governments are and can be, these people exist nonetheless. I want so much to come home... But how can I leave until I've done my share to help these people.

I only hope that the truth (whatever that is) is closer to you. I feel that my country's armed forces, represented by that fatigue jacket, are engaged in a worthwhile task, and aiding the cause of humanity which should be "to help your fellow man."

## Send Supplies, Not Our Guys

TO THE EDITOR: Last week's Moratorium brought much criticism from the conservative elements of our society, as well as praise and admiration that the American people could band together peacefully in a just and noble cause. Critical conservatives said it was all well and good that Americans were in peace, but they wondered if we would really want to pay the price for peace.

They say we naively think we can pull out from Vietnam and reallocate the funds for the betterment of our own country. We cite crying needs for cleaning up poverty pockets and America, in general, to be magically cleaned up by the billions of dollars wasted on Vietnam. Eric Swenson says that young people always oppose the right things, but they never propose anything good.

Our class got together on Moratorium day to see if we could propose something good. Our

research revealed war to be very beneficial, economically. For instance, approximately one-third of all people in the states of California, Connecticut, Kansas, Nevada and Washington presently are employed in defense work. Also, the time honored notion that war brought us out of the Depression and has since kept us from sliding back into one. The "Report From Iron Mountain" says this is because funds for war can be used arbitrarily by the government, without consent of the people, to stabilize the economy as the government deems necessary.

Our class felt, after hearing a public opinion poll on the local talk show, that the American people would not support cleaning up the poverty pockets in America. We felt Americans would selfishly vote for reduced taxes instead. Therefore, we submit a plan which would save the millions of defense jobs and let the government retain the economic leverage it supposedly needs while, at the same time, protect American lives. We say, send the supplies, not our guys.

Louise Lopez, graduate-GFS  
Dan Joseph, (10th-Broadcasting)  
IFS 424 Class

## Attention to Courtesy, Detail

TO THE EDITOR: I have been reading with interest Steve Solomon's series on defense-related activities being carried out at the University. On the whole, I think the presentation has been balanced and definitely instructive.

I do wish to say a few words about the article in the October 22 issue of the Collegian, insofar as my own association with IDA is mentioned.

Mr. Solomon's comments would have been enhanced had he approached me in a somewhat different manner, and had he checked a few more facts. It is said that I was "not eager to talk about the project." I should say that I was called at home some months ago, and never directly interviewed. Mr. Solomon asked me a series of questions about my IDA consultantship, but only toward the close of the discussion did he mention that the material might be included in a later Collegian series. I think it is understandable that an essentially personal, otherwise unidentified call does not warrant an elaborate reply.

Mr. Solomon never called again, nor did he look me up in person. I had asked him, once told of the possibility of a Collegian story, that I be allowed to check the accuracy of his telephone conversation impressions. This was not done. The result is that some of the spirit of the phone conversation suffers from distortion, and several factual errors appear—for instance, the study is being sponsored by the International and Social Studies Division of IDA, not by an "Economic and Political Studies" division.

I hope that, in the future, Collegian interviewing procedures will be undertaken with somewhat more attention to elementary courtesy and to the details of material being published.

Henry S. Albinski  
Professor of Political Science

Successor to The Free Lance, est. 1887

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