

End to Degree Factory?

THE STAFF OF the Yale student newspaper recently published a guidebook for prospective college students. It included tips on what to expect for schools of all sizes across the nation and, while it cited Penn State for having an extensive "down home" system of commonwealth campuses, another notation was less flattering.

The guidebook, in the very first paragraph in the section on dear Old State, charged that many students would find that education here is something like a degree factory.

GREAT. NOW HIGH school students across the country can get at least one opinion of what might be wrong with learning here. But for the first time ever, things are taking a turn in the opposite direction. Beside the thousands of courses computer-catalogued and offered every term, the Free University is offering 17 non-credit, non-mandatory, non-graded, non-competitive courses.

What is special about Free U's

Spring Term offerings is that the requirements imposed by even the most liberally-administered courses are gone. Free U type learning doesn't depend on how fast a student soaks up his assignment, term paper or exam dosage in a scanty 10-week term. Instead, its educational program hinges only on the student's ability to forget the red tape and learn what he wants to.

The College of The Liberal Arts' 493 series was a baby step toward a more formal drive for educational reform with its initiation of topics focused on current student interests. But Free U offers a broader, more exchange-oriented class with none of the assembly-line routine.

SAN FRANCISCO STATE University, originator of the free university concept six years ago, has proved students will support such a program. The overwhelming registration figures for the University's Free U program indicate Penn State students are now ready and have the same chance to get a new look at what learning here could be.



It's going to be mighty hard to fill Eric's shoes . . .

Daily Collegian Letter Policy

The Daily Collegian welcomes Collegian office, 20 Sackett, in comes comments on news coverage so proper identification erage, editorial policy, and of the writer can be made, al-campus or non-campus affairs. Though names will be withheld Letters must be typewritten, by request, if letters are re- double-spaced, signed by no ceived by mail. Collegian will more than two persons, and no contact the signer for verifi- longer than 3/4 lines. Students' cation. The Collegian reserves letters should include name, the right to fairly select, edit term and major of the writer, and condense all letters. They should be brought to the

The U. S. Census Bureau

Another Facet of Racist America

By COMMANDER ALI
Collegian Columnist

The Dick Gregory speech-interview at Juniata College will be continued next week. Today, the Census Bureau will serve as a vent for my innermost frustrations. Those bureaucratic bastards deserve the "gross malcontent of the decade" award. Those bumbling incompetents missed five million people in the '60 census. Last year, they just got around to admitting missing these five million people. I'm quite sure the figures are muffed. I wonder how many people they really missed. They'll make up for it somehow, some decade.

For the record, two million of those five million were black. The other three comprised various ethnic and minority groups, such as Puerto Ricans, Mexican-Americans, Orientals and a few overlooked poor whites. Curious as to where I got my figures? I'll list a few of my sources for all you doubting Thomases. Jet magazine sometime in the spring of '69 and TV 10 News (Philadelphia) interview March 25 with black director of the Philadelphia area Census Bureau.

The reason the Philadelphia Census Bureau Chief gave for the undercount was: "In 1960 there were fewer members of various ethnic and minority groups taking the census. Since most of the Census takers were white, they were afraid to enter poorer districts of the city." If they were afraid to go in the ghetto then why did they become census takers in the first place? This goes to show you that the cycloptic bureaucratic government will hire almost any "concerned" dimwit to perform important tasks.

Just today a friend mentioned that his mother was a census taker in '60. He mentioned how some census takers would stop at the corner store and take an estimate or go into an apartment building, count the mailboxes and make an "accurate" estimate.

Returning to my sources: Walter Cronkite's CBS Evening News of March 27; The MIT study estimate of 50 million about two years ago; Bobby Kennedy's Freudian slip of 30 million about eight years ago. Sounds a little inconsistent, doesn't it? Those are "reliable" white sources, not my cerebrum's. My figures are drastically different from those of that damn, racist Census Bureau. I see the miscount as a part of the indelibly etched racism within the American system.

I contend that 50 million black Americans are residing in the US. From 1790 to 1870 blacks weren't counted in the census, since we weren't considered citizens or even human beings. Slaves were considered as property, and three-fifths human under the Constitution. Therefore, their numbers were estimated on slave plantations. No great painstaking "care" was made to count them as in 1960. After 1808, four million more were smuggled into the country, that ending around 1860. For the record, 15 million Africans lost their lives on the "pleasure cruise" over.

If the Federal Government will admit to missing two million blacks in '60, then how many were missed in '50, '40, '30 on back. The old folks tell me we've had that proverbial figure of 20 million since '50. I can remember only 20 million reported "Negroes" for my entire 12 years in school. Rather odd, don't you think? I'm not going to freak out supporting my contentions to

you white folks. If you can go around making bland estimates, so can I. Only my estimates hold a little more weight, since I'm a member of Black Masses. I reiterate my figure of 50 million black folks here in America.

I've read white's rate of multiplication—it's seven per cent. The black rate is almost double that at 13.6 per cent. We have a higher fertility rate because the pill isn't as firmly entrenched in our communities as white suburbia. Not that I'm endorsing having a dozen kids unable to support them. Statistics show whites are trying to maintain having 2.5 kids. Over half the black nation in North America is under 30.

This is one explanation of the upsurge of Planned Parenthood Centers in the ghetto. Planned Parenthood Centers are nice names for "Genocide Clinics." These "Genocide Clinics" have also sprung up in other non-white districts of the city. Their essential purpose is to limit non-white America's population. Those of us who can't be eliminated in that manner they attempt "mental genocide" on in these hallowed halls of Penn State. Some are disabled spiritually with "medicines" like dope and booze. Others are done away with physically in such "far away exotic" places over the pond, like Vietnam. This completes the racist American 360 degree genocide cycle. One might ask how does mental, spiritual and physical genocide relate to the Census?

This is a part of the American racist "master plan." Once you can accurately total the numbers of various sub-cultures, you can devise more effective means to eliminate them. You right-wing swingers can open the concentration camps, start more Vietnams, give our women the pill and really get your thrills.

Over the vacation my parents received a census form. It said not to include students attending college and not residing at home. They will receive Census forms at their respective residences. At the end of Winter Term I changed my residence. I checked my old mailbox this morning, and have yet to receive a census form. I'm not going to lose any sleep behind those inadequate census takers. So I guess that doesn't make me an April fool. It does make me a non-existent member of an "invincible" population. "calling all non-existing members of an 'invincible' population." Is the black population increasing, decreasing or maintaining an unchangeable population? In other words, I existed in 1960 but don't exist in 1970, according to the "friendly" racist Census Bureau. That's one helluva' paradox to be caught up in.

An undercount can keep needed poverty funds out of the black community; the black communities are predominantly located in the urban areas; the cities are losing possible funds because of past undercounting. The new Census mailing system was devised to better count so-called minority (non-white) groups. Why else would they change methods in midstream if their older methods were so damn "accurate"?

Red Rush of Wine

By BILL MOHAN
Collegian Columnist

Guy went into his small footlocker at the end of the bed and pulled out a bottle of dark red wine. He sat down at the table in the "kitchen" section of his single room. There's bad light in the room, gas station men's room light, sort of a polluted yellow. Outside it is Saturday night at eight o'clock, almost dark, it should be dark, but Guy persistently sees a pink and white streak in the sky.

The early spring is deceptively cold, as cold as many parts of the winter, but the sun shines during the day and so you go out without a coat at night. The shades in Guy's room are drawn, and kind of symbolize his wanting no parts of that outside.

He holds the bottle like a test tube. He turns it slowly around, observing the red-green wrinkles in the thick-blown glass. The label, which is tissue paper with an inscription, is crusty and peeling. Guy stares at the inscription, ascertaining once again that the signature on the bottle is that of Napoleon I.

He had paid five thousand dollars at a New York auction for this wine. And, without the radio on or the record player playing, without distraction, he was going to drink it tonight. "The ultimate flattery is to drink one hundred and sixty five year old wine by oneself," he recited as he maneuvered the brittle cork with his thumbs. The ex-

plosion was somewhat gentle; a white cloud of liquid slowly curled from the bottle's narrow neck. He would get a good head on.

Guy was a fairly skinny kid, wearing tan pants and a burgundy crew-neck sweater as he took down the first gulp. It was very sweet, and tickled as the bubbles burst on his lips. He picked up today's Washington Post, then pushed it away when he remembered what he was drinking. He took an extra reverent swig. The bottle was half done. "The days of Napoleon," Guy thought half-jokingly, "are being played out in my stomach."

He picked up the bottle and went to the window, drew up the shade and sat on the bed. It was definitely dark now. Lights and cars were seen vacantly passing, voices like silverware, absent heard. The red rush of wine in his head made everything inscrutably humorous. The bottle being finished was humorous. He glowed.

So now Guy put on his raincoat for the damp night air, turned out the light and left his room. He plowed up through the traffic of gravity all the way to the jammy, where the band was playing loudly. It seemed like a lot of people were coming up and saying "Alleuia" to him as he stood by the drinking fountain fumbling his change.

Inside, the hall was dark, and swarming with dancers and every kind of gaper imaginable. A black hustler and a blonde chick were dancing in a corner, Guy could hear the cat's high-pitched dandy voice above the music. The usual settlers were there: high school kids, the secretaries, the hard up hippies who came stoned.

"There's no sense in trying to pick up a girl," Guy mused in the midst of monolithic bother. How could he have ever entertained the thought? With hands in pockets, he turned and left, and walked until he was in the parking lot, where he had to piss. Good-bye Napoleon.



MOHAN

'Z': Biased Achievement

By MARC TRACHTMAN
Collegian Film Critic

The film "Z" is a superior film. It is a political film and it is a biased film, but contrary to a recently published review, "Z" is also an artistic achievement.

As far as I understand, art is the expression of life. This expression may be figurative or it may be literal and unadorned, as "Z" is. However, to deny a film credit as an artistic work simply because it lacks the frills of Hollywood scriptwriters is the height of arrogance. Besides, the clamor for "relevance" in all things today what could be more relevant to real-life people than real-life situations?

And how can a political film be called "terribly dishonest"? Biased, yes; stilted, yes; but never dishonest. Indeed, the people who made the film are totally committed to their cause, making their viewpoint a necessarily slanted one. Sure, "Z" tries to win audiences to its side, but then the makers think they are right. To expect an objective, detailed analysis of the historical events behind the film (such as info on the coup d'etat or the CIA) is to expect a CBS news film.

"Z" is not unbiased and does not pretend to be, as proven by the marvelous opening notice that all similarity to real events is intended. This remark proves the film is pretending to be neither "pseudo-documentary" or objective and also proves that the film is not "terribly dishonest."

As for relying on the viewers' knowledge of past events, it seems that for once a film has been made which assumes some degree of intelligence on the part of the viewer and does not spoon-feed every bit of information to the audience. I, for one, am pleased that the film respects its audience, proving that this film was NOT made for the masses of John Wayne addicts who go to films in order not to think.

I also claim there are several "living, breathing characters" within the film. Pro-

bably the most impressive is the government investigator who slowly uncovers the corruption within official circles. This character, although hindered as all others are by subtleties, does come through as an honest man with scruples (in fact, it is so stated in the dialogue) who must suddenly decide between honesty to himself or self-corruption. His decision is obvious one, but follows the development of the character smoothly and surprises no one.

Yves Montand as the all important "doctor" also has a strong honesty of character. He should not need to explain why he loves peace or why he continues to fight for peace. It is part of his character and is reflected in his actions and speeches.

Also, several of the "top brass" who appear sparsely throughout the film reflect a slightly stereotyped but still amusingly adept presentation of doddering, simple-minded officials, particularly in a scene near the end of the film in which they are all indicted for conspiracy and murder.

Finally, I must defend Mikis Theodorakis' musical score. For once this composer has created a background that fits neatly into the film. There is no "ear-pounding" noise, but rather a unique rhythmic composition to underscore a fight on the back of a pick-up truck and a brilliantly satirical march for that scene where the officials are presented with their indictments. It is unquestionably Theodorakis' best score and considering his emotional attachment to the story (he is currently in exile from Greece and his music is banned) it is quite understandable.

I realize that no one film can appeal to everyone, but "Z" is the only film I have ever seen three times, and I wanted to applaud at the end each time. I only wish the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences had the guts to give the film the Oscars it was nominated for, including the double-best-picture-of-the-year awards for best foreign film and best picture of the year. "Z" is alive.

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Members of the University community wishing to file formal grievances over news and editorial content of The Collegian should address correspondence to The Daily Collegian's Committee on Accuracy and Fair Play, in care of the executive secretary of Collegian Inc., publisher of The Daily Collegian.

Mrs. Donna S. Clemson
20 Sackett Bldg.
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JAMES R. DORRIS
Editor

CHRIS R. DUNLAP
Business Manager

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110 Sparks Bldg. 20 Sackett Bldg. University Park, Pa. University Park, Pa.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1970

Dr. Chadwick Hansen will speak on and play examples of "Early Recorded Black Music" at the Folklore Society Meeting, 7 p.m. Sunday, April 5 in 214 HUB - ALL ARE INVITED -

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