

Police State

FRUSTRATION may lead people into trying impractical, useless methods to find a way out of a dilemma. The problems of theft and general security in residence halls certainly is such a dilemma.

But the frustration of residence hall personnel seems to be showing. Beginning this week, residents of Beaver Hall and all East Halls will have security receptionists in their lobbies at night to insure that everyone entering the hall either lives there or is a guest of a resident.

Charles C. Spence, director of residence hall programs, certainly was understating the case when he said "There will be some hassle" concerning student reaction to the new plan.

This new system may decrease, to a small degree, the number of visitation violations. But it probably will have little effect on the violations which need to be stopped: thefts and "visitation" by

persons who have no real business being in residence halls.

THE BACK DOORS still will be open all day. No preventative measures are planned for the daytime. What is to prevent a band of male students from taking a tour of Simmons or McElwain some afternoon?

The fact that thieves will have to work in the daytime only makes their work more difficult; it will not deter them. And what will prevent thefts which occur within one residence hall?

In the meantime, residence hall students, including others who visit them frequently, are unnecessarily inconvenienced. This plan is not what is needed, and further increasing the receptionists' hours or forming "daylight patrols" will only compound the folly.

WHAT IS NEEDED is a new approach to the problem; something short of establishing a residence hall police state.



'Ich Bin Ein Peking!'

'The Hospital' Medical madness

By GLENN LOVELL
Collegian Film Critic

Of late, the medical profession and its operating rooms have been taking quite a battering in Hollywood cutting rooms. After years of clean-cut interns in TV soap operas, the screen has shifted to the opposite extreme by presenting the hospital as a bureaucratic nightmare staffed with white-frokked lunatics who do more to invent disorders than cure them.

Robert Altman's "MASH" got in a few well directed jabs at military field clinics before it deflated in conventional slapstick, and Otto Preminger's "Such Good Friends" managed a few moments of effective satire before deteriorating into mawkish sentimentality. The most recent movie to take the pulse of our medical institutions is Arthur Hiller's "The Hospital," based on an original script by Paddy Chayesfsky.

Filmed on location in New York hospitals, this is a sort of one-day-in-the-life melodrama about the insanity inherent in our health centers. More specifically, it traces chief surgeon Herb Bock's (George C. Scott) journey from frustrated indifference to recommitment.

Suffering from what he diagnoses as "menopausal melancholia," Bock is the quintessential victim of middle age neuroses. Estranged from his wife and family, fearing impotency, and questioning the importance of his work, he is a prime candidate for suicide; and as much an inmate of this modern bedlam as he is its overseer. If this plot line sounds a bit 'too tragic and moralistic to be effective satire, that's because it is.

For black comedy to work as social criticism, the artist must possess the conviction to carry out his absurdities to the end, as did Kubrick in his devastatingly funny "Dr. Strangelove." Lacking this stubborn singlemindedness, "The Hospital" gains its momentum from a few well-placed shocks ("If I brought in Jesus Christ fresh off the cross, I couldn't get him a private room," explains one intern), and then resolves itself in tame, pro-establishment terms.

The basic flaw in "Hospital" is Chayesfsky's talky, over-serious screenplay. At the drop of a scalpel his characters digress into true-life confessions, and soap floods the corridors. Not really sure of what he is about, Chayesfsky wavers back and forth between an indictment of modern society's growing insensitivity in the face of technological progress and a public relations tract for New York hospitals.

While theatre audiences might delight in Chayesfsky's use of the emergency waiting room as a Styx-like underworld where lost souls are "forgotten to death," this and other contrived metaphors unravel ineffectually on the screen. As in Chayesfsky's earlier scripts ("Marty," "The Goddess"), this one is directed at the ear rather than the eye.

But as long as Chayesfsky maintains his status as the author of popular, humanistic kitsch, few commercial minded moviemakers will force him to change his old habits, least of all a director as inept and conventional as Arthur Hiller. Lacking anything resembling a personal vision of reality, Hiller seems more than content to photograph someone else's speeches.

As the wizened, gin-swilling Bock, Scott is properly red-eyed and desperate; but not even he can rescue this character from Chayesfsky's gushing, misdirected rhetoric. Like Rod Steiger, Scott is a character actor of awesome potential whose talent must be submitted to the type of stringent discipline that director Hiller is unable to supply. However, Scott's brilliance as a comedian does occasionally escape as he slips into the foolish grin of boyish guilt he used to such good effect in "Dr. Strangelove."

After cardboard radicals have laid siege to the hospital and a patient posing as an avenging angel has sacrificed three doctors to the machinery of modern medicine, Bock decides to stay and face the music; and the medical profession survives Hiller-Chayesfsky's operation with prestige intact. Maybe the Hippocratic Oath has something appropriate to say about artistic malpractice.

Songs that can teach something

'Health music' attracts nation's attention



by Rick Mitz

Two new songwriters are writing creatively cathartic music as they reveal and reveal through musically "meaningful" experiences.

It all began about five years ago with Arthur Janov's controversial Primal Scream therapy. Neurosis, Janov says, is frozen childhood pain. All neuroses are symptoms for releasing that Primal Pain, brought about by unfulfilling childhood experiences relating to parents. He points to a single cure: The neurotic person must dismantle his defenses and return to where he made the decisions to act out expectations of others rather than his own feelings. Janov's theory is complex but, briefly, the Primal patient must re-live pain to remove the "curse" in order to understand his neurotic tensions. Naturally, Mother and Father are an integral part of the therapy. The Primal patient is urged to call out his parents and, as he does so, the patient often begins screaming long and sorrowful sobs. This is the Primal Scream.

But now, Primal Scream Mothers and Fathers have found their way to the phonograph. Dr. Janov's best-known patient is John Lennon, former Beatle. Lennon's latest two albums underscore his therapeutic involvements. In a song called "Mother," he musically writhes in pain, screaming: "Mother, you had me, but I never had you; I wanted you, but you didn't want me... Good-bye." He ends the album with a short and snappy song to the tune of Three Blind Mice: "My Mummy's dead; I can't get it through my head; I can't explain; so much pain; my Mummy's dead."

In his album, Lennon has creatively attempted to work out his Mother Thing, yelling at and for her at the beginning of the record... putting her to rest forever at the end. There is a blurred photograph of Lennon as a young boy on the album cover.

Dory Previn's music is of the same genre. When her husband, Andre Previn, left her for Mia Farrow, Dory's psyche cracked. She was institutionalized. "While I was in the hospital," she has said, "I started writing to get some order out of chaos. What I've tried to do is bring the madness out in the open."

And she's succeeded. Maybe too well. Her three albums contain more Mad Songs than all opera combined. In one song, she relives her four-month long sanitarium experience. But mostly she sings about her parents.

This song is dedicated to her father: "The telephone rang; my sister calling; Dad is dead? when did it happen?; six a.m. she said; did he ask for me?; what did you say?; never mind... God is kind." Health Music affects the listener, too. It's easier to work out our own problems through someone else's efforts. And sing along. We can easily play audio voyeurs and eavesdrop on other people working out their neuroses. And some of ours surely overlap. This Health Music has been called names from Freudian to Fraudulant — but it's a music that can teach us something. Between Previn and Lennon, there are five albums to show for it. Might just be the perfect gift for your parents' anniversary.

There's a new music — newer than Joni Mitchell, American Pie, the Taylor Family, and Mrs. King's rock Queen Carole.

There's a new neon-lighted music that makes Janis Joplin seem like just another pretty voice and makes Frank Zappa the boy next door.

This new multi-dimensional music is gaining impetus like the sound of umbilical cords snapping all around the country.

In an era of environmental health, health foods and mental health, it's only natural that there should be Health Music.

Music often has been used as a means toward health. For more than twenty years, psychologists have used music as a tool in treatment of mentally handicapped patients. Opera is well-known for its Mad Scenes. And many songs — from Deutschland Uber Alles to On, Wisconsin — have provoked an emotional reaction in their listeners. But now, music is changing its tune.

The Daily Collegian

Successor to The Free Lance, est. 1887
Member of the Associated Press

ROBERT J. McHUGH
Editor

Opinions expressed by the editors and staff of The Daily Collegian are not necessarily those of the University Administration, faculty or student body.

Mail subscription price: \$13.00 a year.
Mailing Address — Box 467, State College, Pa., 16801

Editorial and Business Office — Basement of Sackett (North End)
Phone — 865-2531

Business office hours: Monday through Friday, 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Board of Editors: Managing Editor, Doug Struck; Editorial Editor, Paul Schafer; City Editor, Jim Wiggins; Assistant City Editors, Stephanie Foti, Theresa Villa; Copy Editors, Andy Beierle, Tina Hondras, Mary Ellen Thompson; Feature Editor, Karen Carnabucci

DRUE HAYDT
Business Manager

Penn State Student, Faculty and Staff

BAHAMAS

8 days



\$155.00

March 26 - April 2

Philadelphia Departure

ACAPULCO

8 days



\$249.00

HAWAII

8 days

\$299.00

BERMUDA

Sonesta Hotel

\$266.00

Holiday Inn - Meals

\$280.00

SAN JUAN

\$159.00

JAMAICA

\$239.00

Check our low rates!

Call for information

Larry Gordon

865-4831

Joel Frankel

865-8285

or call

212-986-4452

215-879-1620

Intercollegiate Holidays Limited



need we say more?



moyer jewelers
216 East College Avenue,
State College, Pa.

VALUE LIVES ON
AT
FRUGAL MacDUGAL'S



The
**Triple-Decker
Burger**

Two all-beef burgers on
a sesame bun with
melted cheese, pickle
and a special sauce.

The Tall
Cool Coke



Both For
Only 64¢



**FRUGAL
MacDUGAL'S**

134 West College Avenue

Q. Is the Next Door the
only place in town to
get a hoagie?

A. No, Just the best!

The Next Door
(Next door to Herloch's)

"Ski for Cancer"

at

Oregon Ski Hill

(Sun. March 5th)

Snow Queen Contest Lift Tickets
Raffle 2 pr. Skis Transportation

On sale this week at

**Record Room Centre Sports
People's National Bank**

238-9144

All proceeds go to the
American Cancer Society

New **SHRIMP**
shipment has arrived

ALL YOU CAN EAT

8 - 12 PM

Mon - Thur

\$2.00

**THE
NITTANY
LODGE**

Now serving hoagies — Jewish,
Ham and cheese, roast beef, tuna/fish.