

Letters to Editor

OZ the indebted

TO THE EDITOR: "If you want to control the attitudes of others, you need only provide them with a suitable illusion." (JOURN 302, 4-7-72) To those of you on the staff of The Daily Collegian instrumental in the creation and pervasiveness of the "OZ the idiotic, insincere Plantman" illusion, I, Robert Angelo, alias OZ, am forever indebted.

Nancy Lowry of The Collegian, in her brief article of 4-19 which formally announced my candidacy, misrepresented and misquoted me no less than eight times. Things that I said ten minutes apart were spliced together with commas in her article, destroying the meaningful context in which each was said. The basic premise upon which I based my position viz. a functional definition of U.S.G., was stated apart from the point which made it significant ... viz. my belief concerning the future autonomy of the working departments of U.S.G.

Art Turfa of The Collegian stated that, during the great debate of 4-20, I had called for 1) a free student laundry agency and 2) a student hotel. May I encourage this mendacious disgrace to the field of journalism to visit the WDFM studio and listen to the recording of my statement. As for further advice, Turfa is remarkably qualified for a public relations position with either the Pentagon or the Nixon campaign, both of whom deem political distortion as an admirable practice.

Jay Finegan is an amusing asshole whose penchants for comical rhetoric and literary style and whose genuine non-partisan approach to political analysis have won him recognition as the most dedicated brown-nosed, sycophant in PSU's oblong political circle.

I accuse The Collegian of presenting a non-representative image of OZ, the candidate, to the voters for mass consumption.

I was portrayed as a Jim Antonione (abolish U.S.G) and a Plantman (marijuana gardens on the HUB lawn), with no journalistically ethical regard given to my sincerity. I thank those few individuals who did realize my sincerity, as they had the depth of perception to see beneath my unconventional modes of expression to my message.

Daily Collegian, your illusion has done its designated job. I guess that if one expects to be taken seriously, he must do things "by the book." Only then will those politically brain-washed individuals, those who venerate the ORGANIZATIONAL effort and the meaningless political rhetoric banded about so indiscriminately by the "good guys," give me a few moments of their time. Things will be different ... next year.

Robert Angelo (OZ)
USG presidential candidate

It's a shame

TO THE EDITOR: It is a terrible shame when one person can ruin something for an entire group of people. This is exactly what Mark Trachtman accomplished with his article "Selling Insults in Heart of Dixie". He gave a distorted and negative view of a summer job that could benefit many Penn State students.

The majority of the students who read Trachtman's article will be completely turned off if ever approached this spring by a guy with a southern drawl talking about summer employment. Trachtman said that this "fast-talking southerner" has already tricked 75 Penn State students into working with his company this summer. I happen to be one of those 75 students and believe me, I was not tricked into anything.

I say this for the reason that if any student looking for a summer job is interviewed by a southerner here at University Park, please, and I repeat, please listen to his side of the story before rejecting him. The job he talks about may not be suited for you, but at least you can show good character by listening to his ideas. If you are offered and do accept the job, you can thank yourself for being open minded and not taking the words of Trachtman as the gospel truth.

Stephen Bratkovich
(9th-forest science)



'The world will little note nor long remember what we say here...'

Fonda makes it big with 'Klute'

By EARL DAVIS
Collegian Film Critic

"Klute" is a hard-driving, no-nonsense private detective yarn with the caper set in New York. It is one of the best entertainments of its kind and positively one of the more interesting films of last year.

The movie benefits from some top-notch directing by Alan J. Pakula, an overall spellbinding production and evocative camerawork from Gordon Willis, and two simply exemplary performances by an altogether admirable cast whose total commitment to the material lifts the entire film to a plateau from which it is to be admired.

Basically, it has to do with a private detective searching for a friend who has been missing for more than a year in New York. He has the help of an insecure call girl, with the girl herself being stalked by a mysterious killer who has been responsible for three deaths

already.

Pakula's subtle and imaginative direction keeps things hopping and the audience is put thru the emotional wringer before it's all over. He is greatly aided by Gordon Willis' fine abstract camerawork and some equally fine moody music by Michael Small.

With this picture, Jane Fonda, without any shadow of a doubt, becomes one of, if not the most talented, serious young actresses now working in films. Her shattering, sensitive and finely honed portrayal of Bree Daniels is even more of an achievement than her Gloria of "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"

Miss Fonda is maturing as an actress in the right manner with roles which demand of her so that she can create something tangible, and she's doing it very successfully. Her performance in "Klute" ranks as one of the most fully-realized actorial assignments of the past few years and one to be treasured for its

honesty and genuine emotional range.

As Klute, Donald Sutherland is excellent and he creates his best screen role in a long time, with a skillful and masterful job of under-playing, achieving the much needed contrast and balance to Miss Fonda. The rest of the cast (particularly Charles Cioffi, as the killer) are equally efficient in their roles, be they large or small.

Pakula is a director of great sensitivity (he previously directed Liza Minnelli in "The Sterile Cuckoo") and he's a stickler for detail, knowing exactly how to make his characters real. No one can now deny that he is one of the more talented directors in the business. With "Klute," his position is secured, along with that of Miss Fonda, and the film itself is nearly faultless in all it aspires to and achieves. As you may have guessed from this review, bravos and superlatives are most definitely in order.

Money problems change teaching

By DOUG STRUCK
Collegian Senior Editor

After a hard day in Harrisburg, John Oswald must envy his predecessor for giving up the polished president's seat when he did.

Times have gotten a lot tougher in the two short years since Eric Walker left Old Main for good. The silver-haired Englishman used to be able to sally down to the state capital every year and return with his pockets bulged with money.

Not so anymore. It is hard to make even a meager living hustling money for Penn State in Harrisburg, much less run a multiversity. Oswald has found that every dollar has a string on it, and every string is tied securely to the golden dome of the capitol building.

The president's crystal ball does not look any clearer for the future, either. With the student population leveling off in the next decade, a surge of emphasis on long-neglected vocational education, and competition from ambitious new community colleges, University appropriations will remain tight. The financial managers will have to scramble just to meet present costs of the complex educational apparatus.

The University will be forced to find ways to cut back on spending, not only to pay existing bills, but to finance the new and needed programs that are the lifeblood of a University.

Already we have begun to see some of the fringes sheared: administrative costs are being pared, college and department budgets tightened, and student and faculty services being dropped.

In typical technological sequence, the next step will be to increase efficiency of the educational process by upping the "productivity per professor." This means packing more and more students into jammed lecture halls, using television and tapes extensively, and in short, applying the tricks of the mass media to mass education.

It doesn't have to come to this. If University officials had the courage to defy

some of education's sacred doctrines, some of the flab that weighs down progress in education might be trimmed in the financial squeeze.

One of the most damaging (and costly) of these groundless traditions holds that the more degrees a faculty member has, the better teacher he is. The corollary of this dictum is that a university must hire well-papered academicians to teach college students well.

Nothing could be further from the truth. It does not require a Ph.D. to teach Phil 2, a licensed CPA to instruct basic accounting or a noted biologist to administer BiSci 1.

In fact, no course in the first two years of the baccalaureate curriculum requires the expertise of Ph.D.

Most graduate and some upper-level bachelor's work may benefit from a full professor's knowledge, but freshman and sophomore course material is too elementary and student-teacher exchange too limited by one-way lecture techniques to justify a prestigious professor.

The real abilities needed at that level are selectively barred by the faculty hiring process. Undergraduates need the talents of teachers, not the knowledge of research fellows.

Yet in the warped reasoning of college academia, full Ph.D.'s who would not be allowed inside a high school because of their total lack of even rudimentary training in teaching techniques are preferred over certified teachers with 'only' a master's degree.

The illogic of this practice has not escaped everyone. A January issue of the respected educational journal Chronical of Higher Education documented the aversion of two-year community college administrators to Ph.D.'s:

"Community Colleges are pretty tired generally of the assumption that if you are not a research scholar you can't be a college teacher," one authority noted. "They would

much rather have someone with a master's degree who has a concern for teaching and student development."

Penn State steadfastly ignores this argument. Young, enthusiastic, certified teachers with master's diplomas are begging for work across the country, yet the University continues to pay a premium for dour old professors eager to get out of the classroom and back to their research.

1970 American Association of University Professors statistics list the average compensation for a full professor at Penn State at \$19,600. An instructor, who may have a master's degree and teacher training, earns only \$8,600 — less than half his more pretentious counterpart.

Penn State has carried this folly to extremes. In pursuit of a national reputation for

a "good" faculty, the University has become top-heavy in Ph.D.'s. Data from last year, compiled by the state Department of Education showed Penn State employed only 819 faculty with a master's degree, but paid for fully 1,035 professors with doctorates. This unique surplus of top-brass is analogous to a company with more bosses than workers.

The alternatives are clear: 1) Penn State can continue the expensive protection of the stuffy snobbery of over-trained academicians and pay the cost in the quality of undergraduate education, or 2) it can renew its Morrill Land-Grant commitment to education and replace high priced professors with teachers with master's degree, teacher training and a commitment to their students.

the Collegian

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Successor to The Free Lance, est. 1887
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THE MAN IS THE ALBUM

Home has been a lot of places for Christopher Kearney. He grew up in the rural village of Lindsay, Ontario and spent his musically formative years listening to Buddy Holly, The Everly Brothers and such now-legendary masters, and was moved to try his hand at playing the music. He began with the inevitable rusty-stringed, cast-off guitar and, not knowing to restring it to suit his left-handedness, he turned it upside down and learned all the chords backwards—a style he still uses, much to the dismay of jam-session musicians who try to follow him.

At sixteen he left Lindsay, traveled a bit, finding his way to Columbus, Georgia, banjo-picking with bluegrass pro David Berg. California next, where he played every closet folk club in the Bay Area. Next came the U.S. Army, Vietnam and helicopters, but he doesn't talk about it. Finally, St. John's, Newfoundland, parents, food and rest.

While attending Memorial University Christopher met Gordon Lightfoot, who provided the artistic attention and encouragement necessary at that stage of his career, and by 1968 Christopher was back in San Francisco, playing better clubs. The peripatetic Kearney returned to Toronto in 1969, signed with Lightfoot's Early Morning Productions, an association which introduced him to Dennis Murphy of Sundog Productions.

Now Christopher lives in Toronto and this is his first, long-planned album, produced for Sundog by Dennis. Together they've created something that gives focus to all those miles and all those years. Seven of the ten songs are by Christopher; the other three appear because he likes them.

Christopher Kearney, the album and the man, inseparable—as is the case with all truly thoughtful and intuitive artists. He invites you into his music. For him, it is home.



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