

Black culture

THERE USED TO be an instant formula for producing "culture" in the classroom. Every student had to go through some of it just to absorb a little.

"Culture" was an indelible mark of every high school and it passed with the graduates right into the universities. Hardly a student left a secondary school without at least two years of French or Spanish "to enrich his cultural background."

Step two of the culture process was a quickie course in Shakespeare, followed by one play each by Ibsen and Strindberg, with Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" bringing up the rear.

AND TO WRAP IT all up in one neat, little package, the room was decorated with faithful reproductions of the works of Renaissance artists, while music of the Masters

was piped into study halls.

If you underwent all this, give yourself an "A" in "Culture." You passed the course, all right. Now, it's time to learn something.

"Culture" seems to have been perverted by American society over the years. What's preferred by the American bourgeois is good for the American public, and is, subsequently, "culture."

At the risk of shocking America out of its chastity belt, that's not necessarily so. What you have in any culture is the sum of a people's arts and concepts, their contributions and developments.

THE BLACK CULTURAL CENTER will present the Black Arts Festival this week. Yes, blacks have a culture every bit as "cultural" as white America's. And after years of white disdain, the

producers of the black culture are no longer hiding it. Blacks are displaying their cultural traditions with pride and dignity.

The entire week is filled with black cultural exhibits and productions. Besides painting, playwriting, fiction, dance and song, forums will touch on blacks and administration, professional opportunity and black involvement in politics.

Saturday will include a concert with Gill-Scott Heron and Mandril, and Sunday will feature a concert by Curtis Mayfield.

Take advantage of the Black Arts Festival all week long and learn some things they didn't teach you in high school.

YOU MAY EVEN end up being truly cultured.



Letters to Editor

'Mamma University'

TO THE EDITOR The student employees in Simmons Dining Hall are concerned about the alienation that exists in that dining hall.

There are often losses of tempers and unpleasant scenes between the student employees and the students eating there over the University-wide policies regulating the dining halls. Out of this has grown a sense of impersonality. The student employees are looked upon as a part of the University whose function is solely to create hassles. Student employees feel it is time to reaffirm that they are students, first and foremost.

The student employees have planned a meeting on Tuesday, May 2, at 7 p.m. in Simmons for all students assigned to eat there. This meeting is to be a discussion for and by the students. We hope to state what our obligations are as employees, explain how we feel as students concerning these obligations, and provide an outlet for opinions of the students who eat in Simmons on the policies that govern the operation of the dining hall.

We feel it is important to promote understanding and harmony in this area. We urge all those assigned to eat in Simmons to attend.

Linda M. Rock
(9th-history)
Ann Litzelman
(6th-individual and family studies)

Dining problems

TO THE EDITOR: I read an article in the April 19 Daily Collegian with mixed emotions of amusement and disgust. In the article, Vice President for Student Affairs Raymond Murphy stated that the University doesn't view residence hall students with a paternalistic attitude.

Despite what he says, at the six Commonwealth Campuses which have residence halls, policies are made by administrators with a good deal of paternalism in mind. Varying regulations of curfew hours and visitation periods highlight the University's treatment of Commonwealth Campus residence hall coeds.

Here also, Murphy has pointed to security situations as the sole determinant. Sure. To say the least, it is questionable whether it is a security risk for a female to escort a male friend to her home during other than a few specified hours of the week. And shouldn't mature women be able to decide when to come home at night without big mamma university watching — and locking her out of her home at the zero hour if she's not there?

All this is not new to University Park administrators. But they have maintained a hands-off attitude. Despite what Dr. Murphy stated, the University does practice paternalism at its Commonwealth Campuses. And this "loco parentis" coupled with the "laissez-faire" approach of University Park officials forms a disheartening pair.

John Casciotti
Commonwealth Campus member,
University Council, Student Advisory Board

Muldoon creates modern legend

By JAY FINEGAN
Collegian Columnist

A great man of our time — the greatest perhaps — graduated quietly from Penn State at the end of fall term. No banners, no bands, no nothing. Diploma in hand, he left the bitter northern winter to seek his fortune in warmer climes, and one week later he smashed his Volkswagen into a Fort Lauderdale palm tree, reducing the car to scrap metal. The story of this man, whom we shall call Muldoon, is worth telling.

Last spring term Muldoon borrowed \$2,000 from a Pittsburgh bank. After paying his tuition, room and board, he was left with \$1,300 in spending money. It was enough, he said, to "drink some beer and play some pinball."

This Muldoon, a lanky rascal with a mischievous grin, went through four years of college in a manner so daring and perilous that his performance on a campus is likely to be approached by few and equaled by none. He graduated "magna cum fraudus" with an exact 2.0 cumulative average, and in the process he succeeded in making a good part of the Business School work on his behalf.

It has been said of him by one of his enemies, of whom he has very few, that he could have been a good student, only he was too damn clever.

Getting a healthy sun tan ranked high on Muldoon's list of priorities, and he let nothing interfere with this end. He nonchalantly cut mid-term exams and sometimes finals if finals if they fell on sunny spring days. Mere classes meant nothing to this man.

One spring term Muldoon carried 12 credits, and all term he attended only four classes, a personal record of which he was immensely proud. In June he simply approached each professor and explained, with a genuinely heart-breaking expression on his pliable face, that he had been away most of the term because he had gotten a girl pregnant down in Virginia and he had to attend to that. Or his grandmother had been deathly sick for eight weeks and he was called home for the family emergency.

Time after time Muldoon pulled this off, and the professor, brought to tears by the story, would give him the B or the C and ask if he could do anything to help. Muldoon would bravely say no, that things were okay now.

The man carried laziness to its highest point. At the

beginning of last Spring Term, he spent more than an hour positioning his bed in his room in such a way that the sunlight would not shine on his face until lunchtime. Then, waking at noon, he would peer out his window, and if the sun was out in a sufficiently clear sky, he would rally himself to prepare for that long afternoon in the sun. If the sun failed to shine, he simply rolled over until supper time.

On the first sunny day in March he broke out his baby oil, his stack of reflectors, his zinc oxide, and his cut-off jeans — the ones with the crotch ripped out that he kept for sentimental reasons. After supper every spring evening, Muldoon emerged from his room beaming radiantly with his tan, freshly-showered, combed and clean, wearing a light blue shirt to best show his color. Then he was off to the bars.

He once borrowed an expensive new cable-knit sweater from a friend, but trying it on he felt the sleeves were a little too short. They cramped his arm movement. No problem for Muldoon — he cut the sleeves off! "I didn't think you'd mind," he told his friend.

East community is possibility

By JOE ROARTY
Collegian Staff Writer

The East RESIDENCE Association is accepting nominations for its 1972-73 officers. Nominations are in the form of a petition signed by 200 East residents. The last day for their submission is Wednesday.

ERA seems to view its main goal as showing students a good time. Since the two activities which most appeal to students, sexual intercourse and getting high, are outside the realm of possible projects, ERA is hamstrung from the start. But ERA plays its auxiliary role to the hilt, sponsoring or funding pinnoche tournaments, movies, ice cream socials and an occasional jammy.

ERA is able to do this because it has money. Thousands of dollars come into

its hands, either from the University or from ERA's own fund raising activities. Most of this money is passed away in the form of small loans to small interest groups or on one of the above mentioned services.

An alternative course of action ERA could pursue would be to recognize East Halls as a tremendous complex, located far away from the center of campus, having the effect of making East a campus unto itself. It is not impractical to think of East as a place that could establish and support its own newspaper, theatre group, radio station, or even a branch of Free U.

These organizations could bring people together from all over East for the purpose of something other than narcotization. In this way perhaps the

complex will become more than a place to eat and sleep, but a place to live. To begin any of these things would require leadership of an altogether different sort from the type ERA is currently providing.

If any students out there are tired of movies and playing cards they might think about running for either president, second vice president, or treasurer. These are the key positions.

If you are unsure about it, call the Free Talk Center or go there, and ask for Mac Sadoris. He'll talk it over with you.

Human action isn't impossible; we can change goals and procedures. Community in East is possible, and we don't have to be isolated cliques and individuals in a dormitory area out of human scale.

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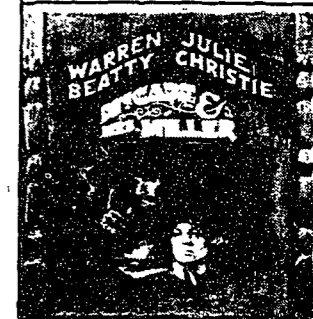
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