

Editorial opinion It makes sense

THE PUGH STREET Parking Garage, which up to now has been of questionable benefit to State College borough, now is being proposed as the site for the State College Transportation Center.

That looks like a very sensible, worthwhile and profitable move to make. There are a couple of problems preventing Borough Council from going all out for the idea, but those problems can and should be overcome. The benefits resulting from this center far outweigh difficulties which may be encountered in its establishment.

If the Transportation Center is established, it will mean additional traffic to the tune of 18 Greyhound buses, many taxis and a car rental

service, all using overtaxed Calder Alley. And that is the reason for objections to using the parking garage as the site for the Center.

STORES ALONG College Avenue, which are supplied from trucks parked in the alley presently, present the major problem. Greyhound buses side by side with huge trailer trucks will create a formidable barrier to everything else trying to use the alley.

Borough Manager Carl Fairbanks says reversing the present westerly flow of Calder Alley traffic would solve the problem. This sounds like a reasonable explanation; but if it doesn't work, hopefully Council will not give up the whole idea.

Nearly every form of local

transportation — buses, taxis, airlines, etc. — is laughable in its provision of "non-service" to the State College area. But bus service is most absurd, with the present terminal at least two miles from the center of population in State College. Establishing the Center would be a great advantage, and probably would mean an end to the compromise bus stop at the Hetzel Union Building.

HOPEFULLY FAIRBANKS will be able to muster enough Council support to authorize the new Transportation Center. If established, it will be a most useful and practical solution to the ever-growing transportation problem in State College.



Germany, 1936—Russia, 1972

Conrad's Corner



'I THINK this attack is unauthorized'

by Paul Conrad

Letters to the Editor

Demonstration brewing

TO THE EDITOR: An open letter to all concerned students and faculty.

We appeal to you to show your opposition to the inhumane treatment of Jews and others in and by the Soviet Union. This will be done by means of a peaceful demonstration outside of Rec Hall on Friday night, Oct. 6, when the Beryozka Dance Company of the USSR appears.

Our demonstration is to discourage people from buying tickets and attending this event. People must be made to realize that the money the Soviets obtain from their cultural shows is used for weapons that murder innocent Olympic athletes, buys tanks that crush freedom seeking Czechs and Hungarians (the list is endless) and maintains one of the most extensive, brutal slavery systems in the history of civilization. That their dancers are a "goodwill" event is merely a deceptive way of making the free world pay tribute to the "good will" that has produced such malicious crimes.

If you believe in justice and freedom for all peoples, then you must indicate your opposition to these Soviet dancers who represent a system that is the antithesis of moral human values.

We will organize the protest on Sunday night, at 8:30 p.m., Oct. 5 at Hillel. Help us demonstrate for basic human rights.

Henry Gerad
Hillel president

Nixon takes a break

TO THE EDITOR: Now more than ever, political expediency has come to the forefront of American politics. Perhaps it is true that this kind of political expediency is as American as apple pie, though most of us would like to believe differently.

After all we are the young and idealistic, and that means we are going to change things — right? Alas, just as Nixon's silent majority never existed, neither does McGovern's dream of a youth vote — or does it?

And look what President Nixon has done. He has gone from Kitchen debates to peaceful meetings with Mao and Brezhnev and he even addressed the Russian people promising there won't be any more Tanyas (I guess that it just isn't possible that there are any Tanyas in Vietnam — right?)

Letter policy

The Daily Collegian welcomes comments on news coverage, editorial policy or non-campus affairs. Letters must be typewritten, double spaced, signed by no more than two persons and no longer than 30 lines. Students' letters should include the name, term and major of the writer.

Letters should be brought to The Collegian office, 126 Carnegie, in person so proper identification of the writer can be made, although names will be withheld by request. If letters are received by mail, Collegian will contact the signer for verification.

In hiring, promoting

Quotas halt opportunity

By ANGELA ZITO
Collegian Staff Writer

In his labor day statement from the Western White House, the President trumped down hard on the quota system, calling it "as artificial and unfair a yardstick as has ever been used to deny opportunity to anyone."

What caused these nasty words from sunny San Clemente? It was the enforcement of Executive Order 11246, which prohibits discrimination in employment on grounds of race, color, sex, religion or national origin, by the Health Education and Welfare Department's Office of Civil Rights.

Some federal contractors, including Penn State and other large universities, have been told they don't measure up to Executive Order standards and that they had better improve hiring and promotion practices, or lose federal funds.

"Improving" means setting up an affirmative action plan, a "good faith effort" to hire more minority people and advance them fairly.

In the hoopla of investigation, some institutions have cried "unfair quota systems," saying that the goals set up by the affirmative action plans amount to trading discrimination against the minority for discrimination against the

majority. That majority is white, middle class and male.

HEW director for the Office of Civil Rights J. Stanley Pottinger agrees: bullshit. While Pottinger never said "bullshit," he did say "The erroneous charge that the Executive Order requires quota hiring or reverse discrimination has obscured the true spirit of affirmative action." You bet it has, Mr. Pottinger.

According to the Association of American Colleges, numerical goals (quotas) are a starting point in determining good faith compliance to affirmative action plans to end discrimination. If a contractor does not meet his self-set quota, but can show he made a good faith effort to do so, the government takes no action.

The problem with a good faith effort is that it implies that all institutions that are government contractors recognize there is a problem. Pottinger said the reluctance of "some college officials to recognize past discrimination as a fact, is shocking."

The point of affirmative action goals is inclusion, not exclusion. Surely there is room in academic institutions and with other federal contractors for qualified women and minority group members.

The charge that goals would lead to the hiring of unqualified personnel implies that there are not enough qualified ones to fill the jobs offered.

On Labor Day Nixon also referred to the "great American idea that a person should be able to get ahead in life not on the basis of how he looks or who he knows, but rather on what he can do."

Affirmative action goals are trying to insure exactly this. They do not mean preferential treatment for women and minorities; they do not mean reverse discrimination; they just mean competition on an equal basis with other candidates.

What Pottinger found so shocking, we expected right along. Faced with a future of competing with women and blacks and Chicanos and other minorities for those same jobs they had had all to themselves for years, that established white, middleclass, male hierarchy is going to grab at anything to discredit the Executive Order. Thus the unjustified cry of "un-American quota".

It may well be that some member of this hierarchy will lose out in the job race to a better qualified black or woman.

Minorities and women have been losing for years.

the daily Collegian

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Soft pedaling new laws for bicycling on campus

By KEN CHESTEK
Collegian Senior Reporter

HARRISBURG — The legislature today passed a law providing that bicycles are now classified as motor vehicles and shall come under all laws an automobile or truck does.

The bill was introduced after complaints by cyclists that drivers of cars were using discriminatory practices against bicycle riders.

Among the requirements imposed by the new laws are drivers licenses for bike riders, registration certificates, and license plates.

Police officers are instructed under the law to arrest any cyclist running a stop sign, ignoring a traffic light or breaking any traffic law. Riding on sidewalks is prohibited because cars cannot drive on sidewalks.

New safety standards for bikes will go into effect with the new bicycle model year 1973. All bikes must be equipped with headlights, a horn, running lights, brake and tail lights, and bumpers.

The story of the law began several years ago when a group of irate bicyclists from State College pedaled to the capital city to seek justice after several cars ran them off the road.

The group's leader, Harrison Q. Schmeddlapp, later said, "We should have realized from the outset we were doomed to failure."

After talking to 37 secretaries and one state representative whom they met in the bathroom, they were referred to the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation.

PennDOT officials received them warmly. Sympathetic to their cause, they promised to introduce legislation that would "give cyclists equal rights to use the roadways." Schmeddlapp and his group left, satisfied for the moment their quest would be fulfilled.

A bill was prepared by W.E. Soakem, Assistant Vice Chairman of the PennDOT Subcommittee to Study the Feasibility of New Revenue Collection Procedures, after extensive consultation with his wife and pet parakeet. A month and a half later, his bill

was given to a member of the House who walked into the PennDOT office thinking it was the pool hall.

When Schmeddlapp received a copy of the bill as introduced, he withdrew his support and formed a small lobby to fight the bill.

"We realized PennDOT had developed a plan to allow cyclists the same hassles as motorists," Schmeddlapp said. "We had to pay registration fees and the like to earn the rights to these pains in the butt, yet we got no assurances for our safety in return."

Schmeddlapp's lobby first tried to amend the bill to death. However, all the legislators they talked to were deaf, and could not be aroused from their comic books. As a result, nobody could be found to introduce any amendments.

They soon realized the House was using their plan. In 35 days of debate on the bill, 23 amendments were added. Twelve amendments corrected grammatical mistakes made by Soakem, seven cancelled previous amendments, and four were added to provide House members with 25 per cent of the additional revenue brought in by the bill.

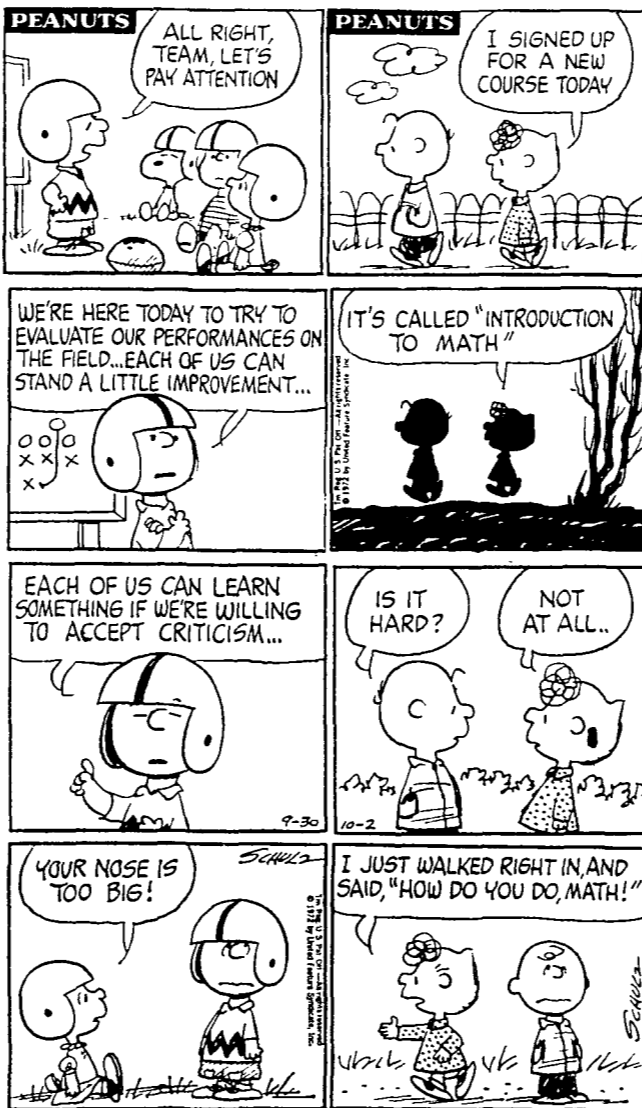
The bill passed because there were more Penn DOT employees on the floor to hold up representatives' hands than there were lobbyists.

Schmeddlapp found less success in the Senate. They delayed their vote on the measure until after their seven-month vacation, then amended the bill 32 times. Passage was unanimous when the parliamentarian ruled snores counted as a yes vote.

A conference committee of the two chambers was called to compromise the number of amendments. Twenty-seven and a half amendments were finally agreed on, and the compromise bill then passed both houses.

Schmeddlapp said he plans to test the law in court by violating it, getting arrested and going to Centre County Court. "I should have gone to court for justice in the first place," he said.

Some people never learn.



The Daily Collegian is looking for responsible comment from interested townspeople, faculty members, alumni, undergraduates and graduates. Anyone interested in submitting a column should call or write Gary Mayk, Editorial Editor, Collegian Forum, Box 467, State College, Pa. 16801. Telephone 865-1828. Offices in 126 Carnegie.

Brother Marjoe's original travelin' salvation show

By PAM and MICHAEL ROSENTHAL
Alternative Features Service

Marjoe's been preaching the gospel since he was four years old. We once saw his picture in an ancient Life magazine. He was six then, with peroxidized curls and little white cowboy boots, performing a marriage ceremony over a couple who must have possessed either a transcendent faith or a highly developed media-sense.

The name is derived from Mary and Joseph, and Marjoe was the hottest thing on the pentacostal circuit for a decade. He suspects that he earned about three million dollars during those years, though he never saw most of it, his father having split with the take. Abounding with outrageous details, Marjoe's stories come across as another grotesque saga of person as product, life as hype, slow death through merchandizing.

But Marjoe endured. In his mid-teens he refused to continue preaching, instead bumming around, living a while with an older woman whom he credits for much of his sanity. He went back to preaching on his own at the age of twenty.

Now, some ten years later, he's sold his hustle to the movies, featured in a documentary that attempts to expose the Holy Roller racket — a film that's a portrait of the kind of show biz that allows pious America to get it on and still be washed in the blood of the lamb.

The movie follows Marjoe on his last tour, through revival tents and marble temples, through singing and stomping and backstage money changing. Intercut are personal raps and confessions, and footage from Marjoe's early preaching years — a terrifying little automaton reciting hellfire by rote, but entirely professional; Billy Graham speeded up to 78 rpm.

This documentary isn't much of an expose. The largely simple-minded camera loves to zoom in on crisp ten and twenty-dollar bills, as though each appearance of filthy lucre were a sordid and shocking revelation. There are also "serious" shots (Marjoe contemplative) and more zooms (a lighted joint

at a New York party, to symbolize big-city sophistication; Coca-Cola at a pastor's patio lunch, to stand for middle-American dreck.)

But Marjoe endures this too. For whatever his motives, sincere self-purgation or a sharp sense of where the real action is (or more probably, some freaked-out combination), he comes through as an extraordinarily talented, magnetic, sexy and even likeable showman. With his Pierre Cardin suits and Mick Jagger strut — he's studied Jagger, and puts the act to better use than we've ever seen on the rock and roll stage — Marjoe performs miracles of audience involvement. Middle-aged men and women dance and sing, babble in tongues, and fall into quivering orgasmic fits as they "meet Jesus tonight."

There's still the hustle, though. Directors and cameramen try to make us feel sophisticated as we watch the marks get taken — the drip-dry, wash'n'wear, unhip, unelegat, bra-and-girdle, teased-haired, thick-glassed crowd who pay, and pay big, for Brother Marjoe's blessing.

Marjoe blesses, clasps, grabs, touches his flock; if it's consumerism, it's a less alienated brand of consumerism than we saw among the unmoving, glazed-eyed crowd on the hill at Woodstock. And most important, Marjoe's people don't pay in front. Marjoe's congregants don't pay until after the Spirit hits them. At least they get to try before they buy.

Luckily the unsympathetic focus doesn't destroy the film, perhaps because we're made to feel that Marjoe has experienced some level of rapport and affection for his congregations. We may be suckers for his line, just like his little old ladies, but we believed it when he said he enjoyed getting people to loosen up and have a good time — that maybe he'd still be in the business if he could have cut out the hellfire and damnation parts.

And they do loosen up: the film is most exciting when we see people in ecstasy, shuddering and crying, or smiling and hugging. The spirit of Marjoe's people comes through despite all odds.