

Your chance at revolution

Penn State needs a revolution. The student government must be overthrown.

Even Undergraduate Student Government senators seem to realize this need, since they are resigning almost faster than they can be replaced and since a majority of those remaining either desert meetings in disgust or do not show up at all.

But before students can burn off the USG wart, a new student representative and coordinating organization must be planned, approved and prepared to take its place. The present student government is chaos, but anarchy would only be worse.

A constitutional convention has been called so that the new government can be ready to replace the old one when it falls.

The new constitution will not be written by just one student or by some secret, subversive organization. Planks for new constitutions will be submitted, studied and improved by many students.

Not by special students. By students like you and your roommate and the kid next door. The only way you can make sure the new government will serve your interests is to help compose the new constitution.

This may be a once in a lifetime chance. The chance to tear down a government

and replace it with a better one. The chance to work out and decide on what the new and better one should be. The chance to be a revolutionary and not have to carry a knife in your sock or be followed by secret service men or meet secretly in dark, damp cellars.

You are invited to be a delegate at the constitutional convention. To be a delegate you do not have to travel long distances on horseback through mud to get to the convention. All you have to do is walk to the HUB before 7:30 p.m. one week from today.

The first conventional meeting will be held in the HUB Assembly Room. Be there.



... THEN, OUT OF THE MURKY SWAMP AT THE BLOOD DURLING STRIKE OF MIDNIGHT, CRAWLED THE LOPSIDED, VETOPROOF CONGRESS ...

Letters to the editor

Student councils

TO THE EDITOR: We, the executive board of the Liberal Arts Student Council, would like to compliment the Collegian on its reporting of an area long neglected and, in many cases, totally unheard of by the student body. This is in reference to the article on the College Student Councils. However, for this article to be effective in creating student interest and participation in the student councils, the information needs to be accurate.

The Liberal Arts Student Council does not, as the article reported, require that "students must have a 2.4 average, be above first-term standing...and be appointed by a department head." Although some students are recommended by department heads, any student in the Liberal Arts College can be a member of the Council provided that he or she attends two consecutive meetings. No specific GPA or term standing is necessary. The only real requirement we have is that the person be interested in representing and aiding the students of the Liberal Arts College.

Mark Gurevitz
Vice President, Liberal Arts Student Council
Kevin Byrne
Chairperson, Good Offices Panel

In his testimony before the PLRB, Olsen was asked "if PSUPA was working to become an alternative to the Senate..." "According to the Oct. 9 Collegian, Olsen answered, "after some hesitation, No." Kind of sounds like they've been so busy doing the PSUPA side step shuffle that they haven't gotten around to thinking about the implications of what they're doing. To mess up a musical metaphor, PSUPA danced while Penn State burned.

In their letter of Oct. 21, Olsen and Golatz say "NEA is unlikely to renege...on its commitments to its constituents and adherents." An-a-one, an-a-two, who are those constituents and adherents? The dues paying members of course, not the students.

In my letter to the Collegian of Oct. 11, I charged that the students were getting the short end of PSUPA-NEA's actions. Do Olsen and Golatz refute this charge? Instead we get the PSUPA side step shuffle once more. Why the elaborate dance? I don't believe that PSUPA can demonstrate any student benefits to faculty unionization.

It all boils down to one issue, in my opinion. Are we going to dance around all the time? It's your choice.

R.E. Bruneau
Instructor in mineral economics

Bargaining dance

TO THE EDITOR: See, I told you that the PSUPA-NEA union people were sometimes comical. And now, ladies and gentlemen, for the first time ever on stage, screen, or the written line, this world famous comic troupe brings to you a new height in comic dance the "PSUPA side step shuffle." Come and see PSUPA agilely and gracefully pirouette about the issues, flitting here, flitting there, defying the eye, never seeming to land on an issue. In the words of Charles Sandman, "Isn't it amazing!"

In their letter to The Daily Collegian of Oct. 21, Messrs. Olsen and Golatz do a pas de deux behind the refuge of Public Law 195 to justify their attempt to disband the Faculty Senate. An-a-one, an-a-two, and it's the old PSUPA side step shuffle performed right before your very unbelieving eyes. If the Senate is disbanded, the students at this institution are in a great deal of trouble. Do Olsen and Golatz tell us that they are accepting this terrible risk simply in order to serve the ends of their union? Do they tell us that they have even considered the risk involved? Nope. An-a-one, an-a-two...

Rudeness

TO THE EDITOR: I would like to express my annoyance that I and others feel toward the discourtesy displayed by a great many students in my Bi Sci 3 class. Rustling notebooks, putting on coats and leaving in the middle of the professor's sentence is rude enough, but I was appalled by today's incident. The reason I mention the class by name is because a film was shown this morning on an endangered species, a timely topic one would think would generate some concern. The film was approaching its climax, with about four minutes of class time remaining, when the majority of students began rustling belongings, talking and pouring (noisily) from the lecture hall. It became so distracting that the professor shut off the film and those who were interested never did see the end. I can understand students leaving at the official end of class, but the bad manners and the apathy displayed today by students leaving during the main point of a film, especially one of such ecological concern, irritated me. I hope that some awareness of this behavior changes the situation.

Name withheld

The champion terrorists

By PATRICK SOKAS
of the Collegian Staff

If you're a fanatic working for Puerto Rican nationalism and nobody pays much attention to you, what's a good way to win some respect? Why, blow up New York, of course.

In the early morning hours of last Saturday, five bombs exploded in front of banks and large corporate offices in Manhattan. The Puerto Ricans had cut themselves in for a piece of the action.

Terrorism is big business these days. Never before in history have crackpots wielded such power. The wonders of modern technology have enabled any person or group dissatisfied with the way the world is running to become a lethal power. This is bound to cause a few problems.

People are so clever. Who would have thought that, by adding some plastic explosive to your protest letter, you could add more punch to your message? Yet some unsung genius came up with that remarkable idea, and the letter bomb was born.

And those terrorists show up in the strangest places. Who will ever forget those wild Olympics, during which a band of touring terrorists surprised

everyone by visiting Munich and shooting Israeli athletes? That firmly established the Palestinians as the world champions.

The Arabs still face strong competition from almost any South American old enough to walk, however. And some of us are still rooting for that old guard, the lunatic Japanese. The old bit where the four Japanese shot people indiscriminately in the Israeli airport is still a classic of the genre.

In a new twist, presumably on the sound basis that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, the Israeli government is becoming pretty good in the area of terrorist activity itself. No, you can't tell the players without a scorecard.

New challengers keep coming along, though. In the Netherlands, of all places, four prisoners recently broke out of jail and took 22 captives. As of this writing, most of them are still sitting around.

The normal European site for terrorism is, of course, Northern Ireland. The Protestants and Catholics in that little province have been exterminating each other at such a rate that even the Arabs and Israelis are favorably impressed. But the Irish have an unfair advantage in that

bombing a pub at the right time can be expected to wipe out a fair-sized community.

To date the United States has been sorely deficient in terrorism. In keeping with the great American mobility, skyjacking really caught on here, but killjoys with funny devices which deprive us of our right to bear arms have changed all that.

Thus, we owe those Puerto Ricans a great debt of gratitude. They have defended America's honor in an area in which we were lacking. They have returned us to the international terrorist arena. Every loyal American owes them his full support.

Oh, don't be bashful. We all do more than our shares for terrorists. Who shot Lincoln? Who shot Kennedy? Now try to name the Presidents who weren't shot. There, you see, you reward terrorism with a cherished place in your heart of hearts. Move over, Bonnie and Clyde. Patty Hearst, we love you!

And collectively we do even more for our beloved terrorists. Has it ever occurred to you that if we didn't make guns and explosives so easily available, some terrorists might be put out of business? Perish the thought! But it just might happen.

Side orders

Sixteen years and still no book

By BILL SPANGLER
of the Collegian Staff

Trying to find a book in Pattee is always a risky operation. And after what happened a few nights ago, I may never try to find one again.

I went to the library to find a linguistics book, "The Return of the Dative" by Victor Poltschnitzen. As I started to check one row in the stacks, I noticed another student at the end of the aisle. He came over to me and asked, "Say, have you seen a book called 'Return of the Dative'?"

"I wish I had, I'm trying to find it, too."
"Damn! I've been looking for that thing all night."

He started to walk away but did so slowly. And he kept looking at me as if he didn't understand something. "Is something wrong?" I asked.

"Uh — no."
"You sure?"
"Uh — well — your hair is sorta long, isn't it?"

I shrugged. "I don't think so. But they tell me short hair is coming back."

"Coming back?" He seemed genuinely puzzled.
"Yeah, you remember long hair. The 1960's. The Beatles." I was beginning to wonder about the guy.

"Sixties? What're you talking about? This is 1958." I was about to tell him to come off it, but then I took a good look at him. His hair was very short, a crewcut, and he was wearing brown, straight-legged pants. But it

was what he was wearing on his feet that convinced me: brown penny loafers and white socks.

"Uh — I hate to be the one to tell you this, but it's not 1958. It's 1974."

"1974? Are you serious?"

"How long do you think I'd last with this hair in 1958?"

"About 30 sec —" He stopped in mid-phrase, and slumped against a wall. "Oh my God. I've been here 16 years."

"I'm afraid so."

"Is Eisenhower still president?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Don't tell me that sonuvabitch Nixon is in?"

"Well — not exactly." I paused, then continued, "It's sort of a long story."

"Don't bother with it, then," the other man replied. "I don't really bother with politics."

"Are you sure you're not from 1974?"

"What does that mean?" he snapped.

"Never mind. What do you want to hear about?"

"I don't know. There — there's so much. What's it like now?"

I thought for a moment, trying to figure out where to begin. Finally I replied, "Expensive. The cost of living has really gone up. A lot of people think there's going to be a depression."

"It's the Commies," he stated flatly.

"What?"

"I bet the Commies are behind it."

"I really don't think so," I answered. "Besides, we're friends with the Communists now. We've been selling them grain."

"Friends? He repeated. "With the enemies of democracy everywhere?"

I shrugged. "It wasn't my idea."

"That's unbelievable. Has everything changed that much?"

"Pretty much so."

"What's music like? Do people still play rock and roll?"

"Oh yeah. There're a lot of rock and roll groups. There's Mott the Hoople and Lou —"

"Mott the who?" he interrupted.

"Mott the Hoople. They're a glitter rock group."

"Slow down, slow down. What's glitter rock?"

Suddenly, I realized what I was letting myself in for. "Glitter rock singers wear a lot of makeup, and high-heeled shoes and —"

"They sound like they're queer."

"Well — uh — listen — I can't explain this by myself. Come with me, and I'll find someone who can help us."

"No, thanks."

"What?"

"If you think I'm going outside after what you told me, you're crazy." He paused, then said, "There is one thing you can do for me."

"What's that?"

"If you find that book, let me know, willya?"

Meanwhile, back at the Kremlin

By ARTHUR TURFA
of the Collegian Staff

President Ford's upcoming summit conference with Soviet Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev will prove to be his most difficult diplomatic task to date, even if Kissinger tags along anyway. But not all the problems are hanging over the White House.

Brezhnev really doesn't know what to expect from Ford. With Nixon, the bushy-eyebrowed apparatchick at least knew what to suspect. But since the change in leadership last August, the Soviets really don't know what to prepare for.

The following conversation between Brezhnev and several Party officials, with some KGB agents thrown in, could well be taking place in the next week or so.

The bushy-eyebrowed comrade sat with several Party officials, when the scholars were admitted into Brezhnev's office in the Kremlin. Anxiously

Brezhnev asked them, "The most important thing is this: will Ford bring me a car as a present like Nixon used to?"

After a moment of conversation among themselves, one of the scholars replied, "Of course, Comrade. After all, his name is Ford, isn't it?"

Brezhnev shrugged. "Another thing. Is it really true that he makes his own breakfast without the help of servants?"

One of the intellectuals said, "It is true."

"If I may suggest something," a senior KGB man interjected, "you must make all of your own meals while Ford is here, Comrade."

"Have someone teach me how to cook by then," Brezhnev ordered. "Someone told me that Ford plays something called football. What is it?"

A thin, bespectacled man told his leader, "It is a game invented by us that was stolen from us by the Americans. It is used primarily to provide en-

tertainment for the millions of unemployed American workers."

"Yes, yes," Brezhnev nodded, "Nikita once mentioned that to me before he had to retire. Enough about Ford. Let's discuss the plans for the spontaneous demonstration at the airport to demonstrate Soviet-American friendship. Comrade Samovar?"

Samovar cleared his throat and began, "We will have a thousand peace-loving Soviet citizens at the airport, and each will have a flag, either of the Socialist Motherland or of Uncle Sam's imperialist."

"I warn you to select your words more carefully," Brezhnev scowled. "Thanks to renegades like yourself, the wheat deal has fallen through. Such attitudes as yours have no place in our State, unless I say so."

One of the Præsidium members present rose to his feet. "I denounce Comrade Samovar for hoarding Wonder

Bread and for betraying dialectical materialism!"

Samovar denied this treasonous act. "Is not Wonder Bread, Is Peoples' Wonder Bread made by the Pskov factory?"

Brezhnev pressed a button and the quarrelling comrades fell through a trap door. "Now back to the demonstration. Everybody will be given good winter coats to show how well-dressed the Soviet people are. Afterwards the coats will be collected and, pending conclusion of a trade agreement, sent to bourgeois stores on New York's Fifth Avenue."

This last action went over very well with those left. Brezhnev was congratulated for being a better capitalist than the Americans. He shrugged off the compliments and said, "Marx obviously never anticipated Ford's appearing in the dialectic."

the daily Collegian

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Successor to the Free Lance, est. 1887
Member of the Associated Press
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Collegiate Media Association

Editorial policy is determined by the Editor.
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Business Office Hours:
Monday through Friday
9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.

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