

# Private lives

The Supreme Court recognizes a right to privacy among married couples on sexual matters. But unmarried people in 38 states can be criminally prosecuted for performing "deviant" sexual acts in their own homes. In fact, under Pennsylvania's sodomy law, unmarried people can be imprisoned for up to two years for having oral or anal intercourse — even if the acts are voluntary and even if they are performed in the privacy of the couples' homes.

The people who suffer most from this law are homosexuals. The sodomy law is rarely enforced against heterosexuals (except in the case of prostitution), but homosexuals are often prosecuted.

On Monday the United States Supreme Court reaffirmed the constitutionality of this invasion of privacy. The Court ruled that adults

can be criminally prosecuted for homosexual acts performed in their own homes. The decision is as unfair as one which would prohibit people from eating hamburgers in their own homes simply because a majority of those in power were vegetarians.

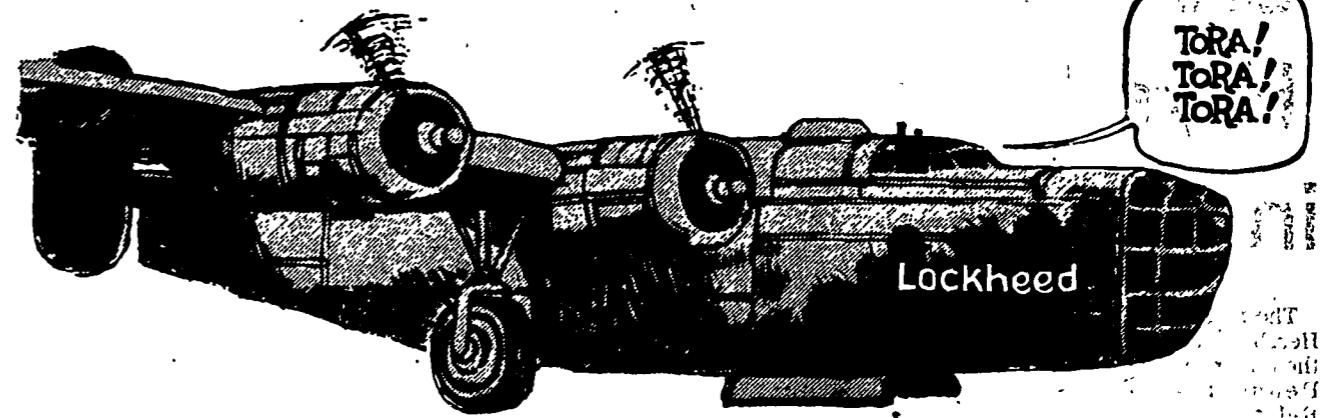
This hypothetical decision would be even more outrageous if the lawmakers did not have to prove that eating hamburger was harmful. But the states can get away with punishing homosexual acts without showing that moral delinquency actually results from homosexuality.

States that choose to prosecute homosexuals have dismissed statements by the American Psychiatric Association and the American Psychological Association. These groups said that homosexuality is not a deviance or mental disorder.

Obviously, if freedom of choice in sexual matters is to be guaranteed, changes must occur at the state level. Gay lobbyists and the Governor's Council for Sexual Minorities are conducting statewide efforts to establish constitutional rights to equal treatment for gays.

But they are faced with a formidable roadblock of public prejudice and ignorance. Society has ingrained in many people an attitude of disgust or fear towards others who are "different."

Until these attitudes are eliminated and people accept the fact that everyone does not have similar values and preferences, outrageous rulings allowing invasion of privacy and discrimination, like Monday's Supreme Court decision, will continue.



THE DAYTON TRIBUNE

ONE REAGAN DOESN'T MAKE A SPRING



## Buses invade squatter's rights

# Go stag — leave touching to us

It's the State College-bound bus from Philadelphia, and I'm comfortably stretched across two seats, writing this column and trying not to be distracted by the six-year-old reading Dr. Seuss's "Green Eggs and Ham" out loud to her doting grandmother.

The couple across from me are strangers to each other. The girl is reading the classifieds section of the Philadelphia Bulletin and the man is staring out the window at the traffic crawling like an army of ants to the city.

I like having the whole seat to myself. I wish I could say it's because I'm a claustrophobic who immediately breaks out in hives whenever I'm in a crowd, but that's not the reason at all. Anyone who has ever taken a bus ride knows that it's a lot easier to go stag.

It's not that we're afraid of sitting next to a criminal psychopath who will quietly knife us in our seat. It's just that sometimes we just don't know what we should say or how we should act. Here we are, touching someone's shoulder but afraid to get to know him, to touch his mind.

So the typical passenger boards the bus and immediately looks for an empty seat. His next job is to defend his territory — so he puts his Samsonite

tote bag on the seat and stares out the window, hoping that others will think someone else is sitting there.

Travelling with a friend could have helped this situation, but friends can have it rough too. Sometimes there are no empty seats and a pair of friends must sit across from each other and carry on a conversation across the aisle. A threesome creates more problems — especially if they have to decide who sits together and who gets marooned with a stranger.



Cathy Cipolla

Sometimes choosing a seat partner is as unsettling as asking someone to dance at the Soph Hop. You climb on

board and scan the seats for an empty one, but all you can see are the isolationists. Some are slumped across the whole seat pretending to be asleep, and others are staring out the window with their tote bags beside them.

So you approach one of them and awkwardly ask if he's sitting alone. He smiles sheepishly and puts the tote bag on the overhead rack, and you sit down, and take off your coat, hoping you don't accidentally bump him in the face. So much for squatters' rights.

So what do you say after you say hello (or grunt, or whatever?) If he's wearing a Penn State jacket you could ask him "What's your major?", "Where do you live?", etc., but this type of conversation is often stilted. Besides, he may not want to be bothered. So usually the easiest thing to do is take out a book and read. Or you could close your eyes and pretend to be asleep (subtly exercising an iron grip on your pocketbook or other valuables). Or you could gaze out the window and watch for deer or road signs. Then suddenly the bus will swerve or turn and hurl you against your partner,

forcing you to feel his shoulder, arm and leg.

Equally uncomfortable is someone who thinks he has to tell you his whole life story. He'll bend your ear telling you about his parents' divorce and the time he was in the hospital for hemorrhoids, and you just don't know how to deal with it. Sometimes it's hard to strike the happy medium between stony silence and telling all, and it seems most of us miss the bull's eye because we're afraid.

It doesn't have to be this uncomfortable, and I really wish it wasn't. We don't resent our seat buddies at all. It's just that we've always been told not to talk to strangers and we're afraid they'll think we're too friendly, God forbid.

But maybe next time we should try to do something besides looking out the window. You don't have to start a "relationship" with your partner or tell him your deepest secrets. But you could make it a little easier for yourself and him. Even if it makes you forget about that shoulder, it's worth it.

# No more pot this term

I just told Charlie no more pot this term. He didn't like it much, but since I'm the supplier, he didn't really have any choice. Last night was the second time in three months, anyway, and he has to learn there are others that have needs just as great as his.

Charlie creeps. Along windowsills, over beds, across bookshelves. I lost my desk for a couple weeks last term, having made the mistake of feeding him. After he quadrupled in size we threw together a macrame holder out of left-over yarn and quickly banished him to hanging in the window. There he now sways gently in the draft, smiling to himself, averaging six new leaves a week. The ones below on the window sill cringe in awe of him.

If they're selling something in special stands in drugstores and bookstores, it must be a fad. The only place lately I haven't seen plants for sale is McDonald's. This is fascinating. I don't know whether everyone is growing them "because everyone else is" or if it's a residual effect of the ecology movement of six years ago. Either way, I'm glad

people are finding out how nice plants can be. They don't really ask that classical music be played for them four hours a day or demand to be talked to incessantly in order to thrive. All they need is careful and observant care and they will grow. To me, that is the most satisfying part of all — watching a two-leaf midget slowly unfurl new leaves one by one.



Sarah Martens

When I first came to this university I shyly brought with me a shoebox containing only a vining arillary and a Christmas cactus, because my childhood "thing" about greenery had been more of a stigma. Have you ever tried asking a fellow eight-year-old where's the best place to buy potting soil? Twelve years ago my mother gave me 50 cents to spend on anything I wanted in the supermarket. I came back to her clut-

ching a tiny, sad, fuzzy-leaved thing which dripped dismally on the floor. My first find.

"What is it?" asked my mother, backing off a step.

"Can't you see it's an African violet?"

"It's dead. Put it back. Why don't you go get a toy?"

In the end she had to adhere to her principle of "the child's freedom of spending to teach responsibility," but not without grumbling. The violet survived, grew and bloomed. It's a foot across now, a splendid old grandmother-plant.

After six terms my roommate has gotten over her initial dislike of plants (the arillary used to shed leaves all over her bed and frequently she threatened to throw it out a fifth floor window) and the original two have multiplied to 27. We're not sure just where they're all coming from, but as long as there is room, they're welcome. I just hope the florist was wrong when he said the cute little six-inch schefflera will eventually hit 30 feet.

Coming, Charlie.

# Letters to the Editor

## Classical praise

**TO THE EDITOR:** The Board of the Centre Citizens Council would like to publicly commend the management and staff of radio station WDFM for the recent innovation in programming classical music.

This has been an area of interest for members of our organization for the past several years and several attempts were made to encourage local stations to include classical music. We are pleased that WDFM has chosen to fill this large gap in radio programming and hope that the "temporary" status will change to "permanent." We would also like to encourage an increase in the hours per day of classical selections.

We would also like to commend the excellent commentary and information which accompanies the selections. Thank you!

Susan F. Smith  
Centre Citizens Board

## Animal bites

**TO THE EDITOR:** Eat your column, Mr. Schwartz. Whether you do or do not believe the comments concerning the PIAA wrestlers is of no importance. I advise that you apologize or write an equally abusive piece about high school football players, basketball players, gymnasts, etc.

I did not hear any grunts. I did not find a spare ear. I did not see any hairy beasts. I did see and read an unfounded item in The Daily Collegian.

If "The Animal" is a composite of all high school wrestlers we were at different tournaments. You ignored the lighter weight classes, or do you feel that a 98 pound sophomore could intimidate a school board? The boys' early curfew necessitated their retire before State College's night life comes alive. You must frequent the pinball halls at early hours if you saw them there. Many fans were out but they were indistinguishable, except for some varsity jackets, from the usual crowd.

Obviously you did not make the team which accounts for the dusty shelf of your memories. One tends to suppress failings so it is understandable. Writing a senseless column is not understandable even for a past editor of the Collegian. It's circulation is good.

Patricia Frantz  
State College resident

**Editor's note:** Schwartz, weighing in at 5 foot 10 inches and 142 pounds, never tried out for the wrestling team in high school. In fact, he was once pinned in gym class in five seconds, a record that still stands at Upper Moreland Senior High School.

## Tired out

**TO THE EDITOR:** I am a mystical agnostic. I am mystical most probably due to my rather extensive background and training in the ways of Christianity.

I really must admit I always enjoyed reading the Bible. It was so very nice, although somewhat of a surprise, to learn that Mary was a virgin. It was so nice to read about Jesus, and his disciples, and about all their adventures together. It always brought a smile to my face when he would raise the dead and heal the sick. It was all such great fun. I used to root for him when the bureaucrats got down on him, and I simply loved all the tricks he used to pull. Unfortunately, in the past few years, my conscience has led me down the path to agnosticism. I have simply seen and heard far too much to allow myself to turn away. There are one hell of a lot of questions, one hell of a lot of problems, and whether the Campus Crusade for Christ, or anyone else likes it, there are one hell of a lot of answers.

While I dare say I'm not nearly so pompous as to claim to have the answers, I am bound and determined to look.

I am tired of would-be fascists parading in the guise of world saviors and moral giants. I am tired of organizations of self-righteous moralists who insist upon setting themselves up as interpreters, judges and juries. I am mostly tired of people who refuse to listen, whether it be because they won't, or because they can't.

I'm afraid that Mr. John D. Stephenson is all too correct in saying "The powerful usually win..." Tragically, I've seen the old adage "might makes right" borne out all too many times. While I have neither the inclination nor even the remotest desire to convert anyone, I can no longer sit back and watch while the Campus Crusade for Christ continues to trap and exploit those they are able to catch off guard.

What I would hope to see, and soon, is a body of people dedicated to tolerance, dedicated to listening and to learning. I would like to see a place where people could come and share their thoughts and ideas openly without threat of judgment. In a sense it is again time for a reformation. It is essential that we find an effective and workable alternative to the Campus Crusade. It is essential that we do so now!

David Olson  
6th-theater-film

## Power failure

**TO THE EDITOR:** What powers can the USG ever-hope to obtain when The Daily Collegian tells its readers that it is "staying home" when it comes time to vote? USG desperately needs the support of the students which can be shown through the vote!

Kevin Wilson  
6th-meteorology

## God's creature

**TO THE EDITOR:** The structure on the corner of Beaver and Garner is not a dinosaur. It does not eat litter. It is not a ship and the surrounding grassy plot does not swallow up litter as the ocean does. It is a church and a house of God.

Mary Lou Pratt  
12th-English



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