

Men's lib?

The times they are a-changin'.

Within the past few years, local women have struggled for University support — financial or otherwise — to establish a women's resource center. Female students fought Penn State's sexist alma mater so that they would no longer be forced to stand at "boyhood's gate." And, on a more universal level, female graduates battled male-dominated job markets.

With each attempt, be it fighting over songs or salaries, the individuals met stubborn, reactionary minds who condescendingly reviewed their proposal — then said: NO.

This week, the tables were turned a little. The request to the University was made by men, not women. But the outcome was the same: a firm denial. Last February, after receiving

encouragement from the College of Human Development and administrators in the Individual and Family Studies Department, representatives of the Second National Conference on Men and Masculinity (M&M) approached Continuing Education with plans for a series of workshops.

The conference, which was to attract 300 persons from the U.S. and Canada, was to give men an opportunity to discuss their specific problems, to explore assumptions about their traditional roles, and to examine attitudes of society.

Sounds like a constructive idea, you say?

Apparently not. Apparently — at least to University officials — the M&M conference was a little too radical. Seven weeks after they ap-

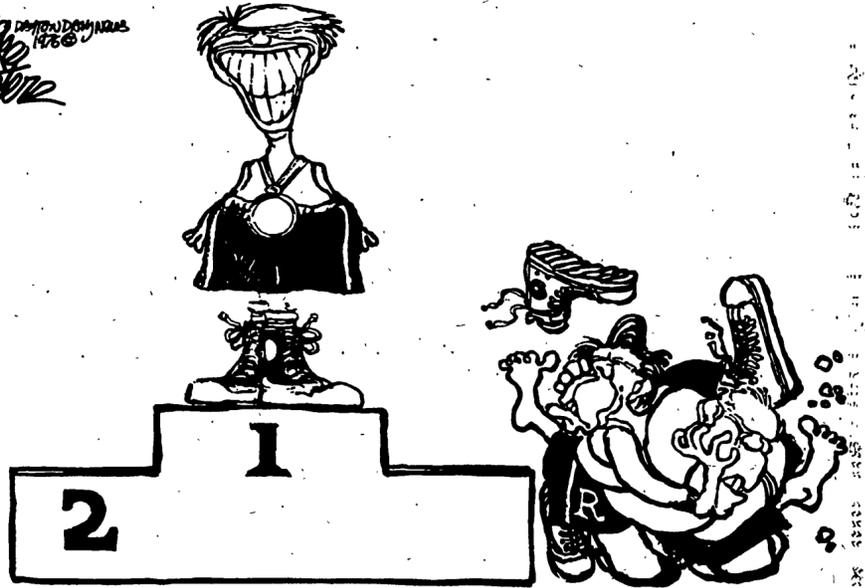
proached Continuing Education, M&M coordinators were told they could not use University facilities without a University sponsor. The Free University agreed. But in June, Free U discovered they could not get University facilities either.

Some claim that the University feared issues discussed at the conference would upset the balance between the University and the legislature. Issues like liberation, men's hang-ups, and (God forbid) homosexuality.

Rumors, heresy, speculation. Nobody seems to know exactly why the M&M request was denied. All we're asking for is a reason — something more than a bureaucratic run-around.

The times they are a-changin'. But some things never change. Like narrowmindedness and blind fear. And discrimination.

Mike Selinger



'BLESSED ARE YE WHO HAVE NOT SEEN BUT DO BELIEVE!'



If the U.S. wants a religion, they've got Jimmy-on-the-spot

Brethren, I was once as you; crippled by cynicism, paralyzed by mistrust, crushed by guilt. But I have seen the righteousness of the savior. I have seen the light of the word. Yes brethren, Jimmy Carter has touched me and I have been healed.

I have thrown down my crutches and I have learned not merely to stand or to walk, for those are simple cures. Jimmy Carter has taught me how to dance, and I thank him for it. And brethren he can teach you too; he wants to teach each and everyone of you. Let us stand up my brethren and receive the teaching of Jimmy Carter. The time is right now for each and everyone of you to stand up and dance. Let us not hesitate my brethren as the Apocalypse nears, for they are playing our song: "Happy Days Are Here Again". With a Hustle beat ...

Jimmy Carter almost had me snowed. This close. After all the rhetoric of last week — that media circus they call the Democratic National Convention — I would have thought myself impervious to Carter's finale. But I nearly fell for it. All the clichés and platitudes that had been so nauseating throughout the

proceedings rang true from Carter's lips. Not any more believable mind you. Just more believed.

There's no doubt in my mind that when it comes to the issues Carter talks out of both sides of his smile. His promises shouldn't be taken as anything but the usual campaign hyperbole. It's the novelty of his presentation that makes it effective.

Richard Heidorn

The medium is the message in this campaign and the message is mind over matter. The country wants a new religion and Carter — Jimmy on the spot — just happens to be a preacher.

What's wrong with that? There is nothing dishonest about a placebo as long as it works. Considering the alternative (or lack of one) this November, I'm willing to chance his vacuity for the hope that he could pull the country out of its psychological rut. And I wouldn't feel betrayed if he did nothing else.

Unfortunately however, I am troubled by the feeling that Carter is as deceived

by his image as the rest of us want to be, and that the good Carter can do may have already been done.

Consider the scene Thursday night when a newsman confronted Carter with precisely this fact, shattering for a moment the euphoria that had been orchestrated so painstakingly. "You've promised a lot of things tonight Mr. Carter," he asked, "how long do you think it will take for you to accomplish them?"

Carter's smile evaporated. If it was such an obvious question in my mind, it was clearly one that had not occurred before to the candidate; reality was a dimension not considered in the platform.

Carter pondered the meaning of the question. Then with all the sobriety he could muster: "I'll do it my first term." It sounded good he decided. "I'll take a full four years."

Least supporters consider that prediction overly modest of the candidate it should be remembered that the Lord Himself took a week to create the universe. It took Carter that long to pick his running mate.

Earl Davis

See, now, I admit I've a bias of sorts. I'm immediately suspicious of people who wanna adjust your sights to fit their own narrow scanners. Especially when 85 per cent of the population can't even distinguish 'tween quality and quantity and think bigness buys 'em both. But what wouldja expect from a culture that endorses mass-produced comfort and then mass-markets it as luxury? With those kind of warped values, the visionaries 'mongst us are at a distinct premium. If the

Unionization: the issue is jobs

By ALEXANDER W. HOLT
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The current events regarding the Campus Loop bus drivers and the attempts by the Teamsters Union to, in effect, sharply reduce the number of hours which the students can drive is, so to speak, the tip of a much larger iceberg. The central issue throughout this controversy is the number and availability of jobs for students. This is tied in with the recent studies which indicate that the enrollment patterns for Penn State will begin decreasing this coming year and continue a steady drop for at least the next ten years. In addition to this the costs of instruction and services will undoubtedly continue to rise throughout Pennsylvania.

This is not a good omen for Penn State. An even more serious pattern is developing in the decline of the number of lower and middle income students while the number of upper income class students is dramatically increasing. Indeed, the question may rightfully be asked whether Penn State is pricing itself out of the education market.

The University maintains a substantial number of part-time positions for students including jobs in the dining halls, departmental and administrative positions for students who receive Work-Study grants, and other temporary jobs which do not strain either departmental or University budgets. Nevertheless, these are not a sufficient number of positions for all students who desire work and cannot find jobs in the job market of the State College area. Even the Work-Study grants are not available to some students who need them for survival. I know of several cases where students are still considered dependents of their parents without having any support from them. The present regulations for the Work-Study grants attempts to limit abuses, but at the same time disqualifies a number of students who cannot receive money from their parents. These

students must also attempt to support themselves without grants or other financial support.

Neither the University nor the members of the local unit of the Teamsters Union are anti-student. The Teamsters want to ensure as many full-time jobs as possible for the residents of the Centre County region, and, as a matter of course, to increase the size of their collective bargaining unit. The University, like any employer, must negotiate with the union to settle contract terms for the next three years; and both sides must be willing to compromise on bargaining issues.

Collegian forum

Where does this leave the students who have part-time positions? One can simplistically say that they are pawns in a much larger game. The efforts of the Campus Loop drivers to save their jobs reflects a desperate desire to hold a line someplace so that students can work their way through college. If even one full time driver were hired to drive a bus, forty hours of driving time would be lost to students. Multiply this by four and you have the total number of hours lost if four union drivers take over. The increased wages and benefits for such drivers would greatly increase the costs of running the bus system while reducing the number of jobs available for the students who drive now and in the future.

With the decreasing enrollment and the loss of lower and middle income students, this University threatens to become economically elitist in much the same manner as the private schools have been for many years. Any increase in Federal Work-Study grants and other scholarship-grant programs will go far towards reversing this trend, but such things cannot be taken for granted these days.

It should not be a surprise that the bus drivers would

ultimately turn to collective bargaining in an effort to save student jobs. The University and the Teamsters Union must understand that the current effort to unionize on the part of the drivers is not anti-University or anti-Teamsters, but rather directed towards job security. Having students work for the University saves money for the University, the students who pay the tuition, and the taxpayers of the state of Pennsylvania. At the same time holding the line in the number of student jobs, or, preferably increasing the number of jobs would perhaps help to reverse the dangerous trend away from lower and middle income class students in enrollment. After all, this University's economic life blood depends largely on the number of students attending Penn State. If in the next ten years we see a measurable decline in enrollment, what will happen to the annual budget of the University? Where will cuts be made as costs continue to increase?

I recall an incident several years ago when I was down at the State College Post Office delivering some bulk mail from the University. The employe looked at the large amount of mail and said that the University sent out too much junk and made too damn much work for the employes of the Post Office. I asked him what he thought State College would be like if Penn State was not here. How many millionaires would be in State College if the University and its student population did not contribute to the economic life of this region? He had no reply. Such a short-sighted approach, of course, is not shared by everyone in State College, but there are many who are so interested in short-term objectives that they may fail to see the economic realities of the next ten years. If this community is to survive this next decade with some measure of stability, students must be given a much higher priority for pursuing a viable economic livelihood.



Weep over Mars landing, but save a tear for Earth

Indeed. Life goes on, in places, it seems, where there isn't even supposed to be life. If we had to latch 'pon any significantly pompous phrase with which to celebrate Viking 1's landing on Mars, I suppose that would be it. That, I think, about says it all. Life. Marvelous phrase. Mysterious circumstance. Complex evaluation. Yet, not only does life continue as we know it here on Earth, so, too, does that elusive mixture of hope and wanderlust which characterizes the eternal best that is man. Aye, we struggle and we scrape, we stumble about and blather any number of redundant irrelevancies. Still, through it all, we get up in the morning and continue to trod ever onward. Romantically minded but reality tinted. Never knowing where we're going exactly, not even realizing what roots we may be sowing, and unmindful of the future seeds we're in the process of planting. Not that any of this matters, you understand. Rejuvenation takes care of itself.

If our space program has proven anything, it's the reaffirmation of the unknown, and the integral part it plays in our destinies. And the unspoken treasure which therein resides. Although I think of the human race as a pretty stupid animal on my darker days, I've gotta admit he's a sufficiently smart one, too. Intelligent, they euphemistically call it. Just when all the horizons of his making become unbearably haunted by his presence, he sets his sights far above his scope and says, "You're next, amigo". Don't worry when, don't bother us with how, and who gives a damn why: we'll get there. Imagination is the key to innovation; you can't have one without enlisting the aid and assistance of the other. And once you've got 'em

both, you can't ignore the smoke. Although some would want to. If a man's vistas are determined by his dexterity of vision, then too many of us are blind as bats (and bats ain't even blind; they do have radar, of sorts; we don't even have THAT excuse). Set your sights lower, they say, get rid of the slums and all the sicknesses that abound and afflict us down here on Terra. And, of course, there are those who couldn't care less. Man on the moon? Big deal, how're the Pirates doin'? Landed on Mars? I'll bet. Communist trick. Nothin' but red-skinned savages up there, anyway; that's why they call it The Red Planet, right? Didn't we take care of those suckers when we took over this country? These are the same idiots who will say living in a Shangri-la environment is the best of all possible artistic worlds. The rhetoric is as ridiculous as the reasoning. By their abject stupidity shall ye know them.

most noble aspect of the human race is contained in its eternal quest in conquering and defining the unknown, then its basest attributes reside in its continual emphasis on subjugating independence and insisting on The Herd Concept. Be like the rest of us, don't rock the boat, forget the future, don't revitalize the system with young blood, go for "security", not substance. To which I gladly extend the third finger of ye olde right hand. Truly, rank me right up front with the revolutionaries.

So I do rejoice in the lunar expeditions. They gladden the cockles of my craggy heart, and make me realize, for all the warts, this aged world does have its benefits, after all. We may never do the correct things (hardly ever) nor make priorities balance (never) and insist on the pleasurable well before the practical (always). But, for each regressive action, we counter it with something else that sustains some small semblance of our planetary self. I mean, when grown men can break out in tears on the landing of a mechanical craft millions of solar miles away, emotion, then, is not quite as extinct as we may sometimes think. Now, if we ever devise a method of splitting that tear in half — saving one for space, and one for Earth — then we'll really be on our way toward a renaissance that would've stunned even Leonardo.

'Tis good to be alive. (Especially when you think of the alternative).

Aye, and we will find other forms of life someday, as well. Not in your time, maybe, perhaps not even in mine. But we'll find them. Or they'll find us. I don't subscribe to this conceted Earth-chauvinism that we are the only race worthy of existence. Because that would mean that life is an accidental

mistake and the universe is finite and that energy has its limits and that the mind's sensitivity to stimulation beyond its identification is all a mirage. And I refuse to believe that. I know our epic insecurity would wish that grand isolationism 'pon us, but, 'tisn't so. We're not alone, and we never have been. They may be societies behind us and, on the reverse side, all things being equal, there are probably civilizations so far advanced from us that it'd make our heads spin.

Which is, perhaps, the sobering — and humblest — thought of all.

the Collegian

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