

We're waiting

Last month, an editorial appeared in this same spot applauding the Pennsylvania legislature for acting on a measure that would allow voters to register by mail. Headlined 'No excuse,' the editorial urged students to take advantage of the new option, and reminded them that they now no longer had a valid reason for not becoming registered voters.

But it seems that they still do. You see, of the 13,700 voter's registration cards available to Centre County, Penn State has not received any.

Of course, they have been promised to us; USG has been told that they will be able to distribute

them to the students.

But they were also told that County Board of Commissioners is unsure about how many cards the campus will get — or when.

Some voter's registration cards have gone to the State College Municipal Building. Others have gone to libraries and bookmobiles in Philipsburg, Bellefonte and Aaronsburg. Still others have gone to district magistrates' offices in Centre Hall and Snow Shoe.

But Penn State's still waiting.

Granted, the sites chosen for the initial distribution of the cards rank as key locations in the area. But doesn't Penn State, with its large

student and faculty population, deserve equally prominent consideration?

At one time there was talk that the registration cards would even be distributed at such a variety of public places as banks and State liquor stores. Surely Penn State deserves as much attention.

But we'll have faith. We'll have patience. And we'll have hope that the student population of State College is not overlooked.

Penn State represents a large portion of un-tapped Centre County voters. And while making the cards available to students probably will not cause a massive political change in local politics, we still deserve the chance.

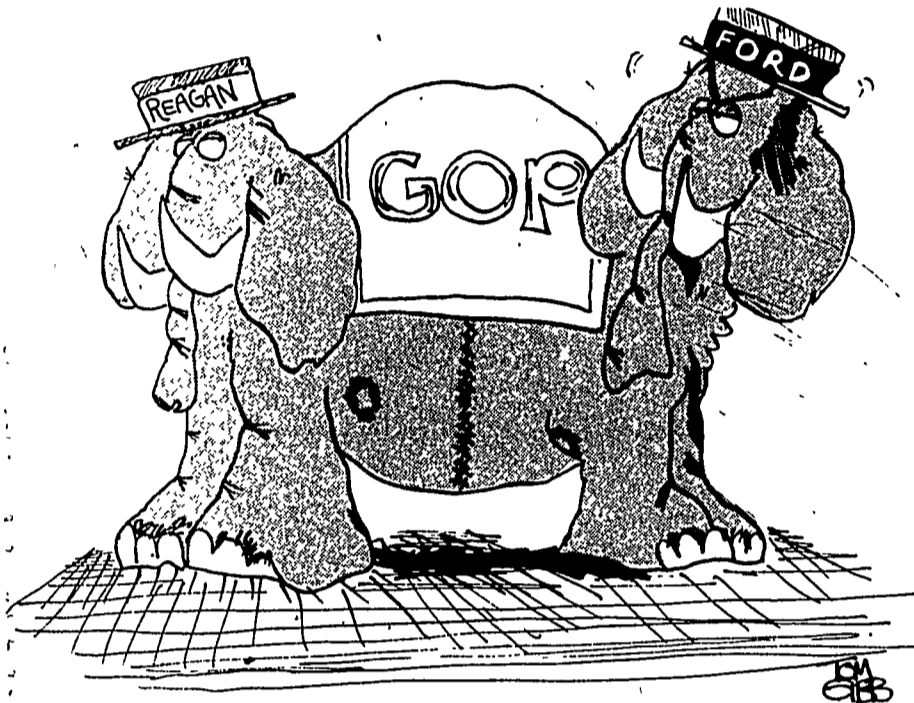
The REAGAN HYMN

FROM THE HALLS OF WHITE RHODESIA TO THE PANAMA CANAL,

HE WILL LEAD US INTO BATTLES AND LIFT UP OUR MORALE,

AND HE'LL FIGHT THOSE DIRTY COMMIES, ON THE LAND AND ON THE SEA,

AND HE'LL PROVE TO US, WE'RE NUMBER ONE, BY STARTING WORLD WAR THREE.



I HOPE YOU KNOW THAT WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS!

From the editor

Unpaid 'tickies,' no 'diplomies'

Four years, and you finally made it! Today's the day when you get to stand up in Beaver Stadium or in Rec Hall to receive your diploma. Your mom's there, your dad's there, your Aunt Hattie twice removed is there. Everyone's there except you. You're not at your own graduation and when they read through the graduation list your name's not on it. What no graduation? How can that be? You and your adviser went over how many credits you needed and checked the requirement sheet at least four times to be sure. You never flunked a course, never had any grade point deficiencies and never had an overdue book at the library. However, you did forget to pay that \$1.00 parking ticket from the second week of the term.

And that's where they got you. Yup, one unpaid parking ticket can stand between you and graduation and according to a spokesman from the Student Traffic Violations Office, one ticket often does just that.

The University has a cute system of letting you know that you have been derelict in paying your fines. They send a first notice to the address that you use when registering your car, usually this is your home or parents' address. After this

first scare to mom and dad, a second more threatening letter is sent.



Janice Selinger

This second and final letter, drafted by Mel S. Klein, Director of the Office of Student Activities, says that until the fine is paid the University will put a hold on your graduation and will not release your diploma "for any reason."

What's more, the letter says, if you are not graduating you are still not in the clear because the University will put a hold on your registration "until the matter is resolved."

So until the ticket is paid, you cannot

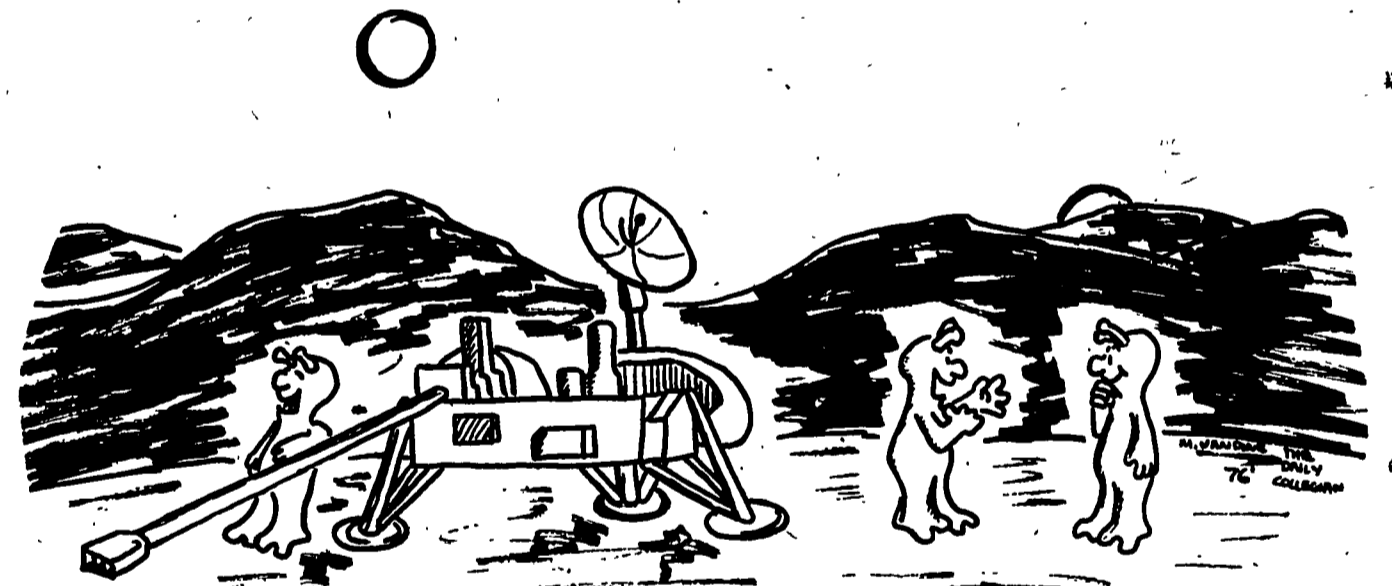
pass go, you cannot collect \$200, nor can you collect your diploma or pink slip.

But you can collect a lot of needless aggravation.

It certainly is heartening to know that if you play the University traffic rules by the book you are probably more likely to get a traffic ticket after 5 p.m. than if you drive on campus without registering your car.

Campus police admit that they ticket registered cars at night in no student parking areas but don't ticket non-registered student cars. They say they don't ticket non-registered cars because they don't know who the cars belong to. They might belong to continuing education students or family and friends up visiting. Though, more often than not, these cars probably belong to students who have just decided they'd rather not pay the \$3.50 but they save themselves the possibility of getting ticketed and missing out on graduation.

University Traffic in action brings to mind that old Ziggy card saying — "Sometimes I sits and think ..." But in this case, it just leaves me 'sitting.'



"SO FAR, WE'VE SPIKED THEIR ATMOSPHERE SAMPLE WITH NITROGEN AND PUT SLIDES OF JUPITER OVER THE CAMERA LENS. WANT TO POSE WITH US FOR THE NEXT GROUP OF PICTURES?"

Marvel Comic madman or literature connoisseur

Okay, I admit it. I'm a madman. So what else is new, you retort. Only this. Y'see, I'm not your ordinary, dime-a-dozen, run-of-the-mill, nine-to-five, everyday variety of madman.

I'm a MARVEL madman. And that makes all the difference in the world.

See, being a comics connoisseur in this day and age isn't as difficult as it used to be, say, when I was growing up (debates range far and wide as to whether I ever did). Comics were for the tot set then; those kids who oogled all the pictures, which was usually all there was to it, since the words weren't that enlightening to begin with, anyway. Although everyone knows who Clark Kent is, and the team-ups he used to have with his buddy Bruce Wayne, few of us will admit we cut our fantasy teeth on these titans. In fact, since many of us weren't around for that mythic Golden Age of Comics during the forties, our first exposure was probably via D.C., with its stable of stars that included Superman, Batman, Green Lantern, The Atom, The Flash, The Justice League of America, the early Adam Strange, done by the same duo who later spearheaded the impressive early Sixties revival of The Spectre, writer Gardner Fox and artist Murphy Anderson.

Now, I admit that these guys were augmented and sustained by stories that, in hindsight and maturity, reveal themselves to have been cardboard and synthetic. Only when the perfect match of artist and writer appeared — the aforementioned Fox, Anderson and Gil Kane, for instance — did they take on any appeal other than the adolescent. Granted, there was the Fifties' EC horror company, but we came along to its intelligent brand of horror far too late, too, since it was forced out of business by the Comics Code. So comics stayed pretty much the way they'd always been — the visual and literary equivalent of junk food. Without the french fries.

And then came Marvel. It's hard to believe, let alone admit, that it's been almost fifteen years since Stan Lee, Jack Kirby and Steve Ditko decided to try something new and radical in a field until then content to remain trite and staid. And, as is the case with all discoveries, the brainstorm was the soul of simplicity itself. When Spiderman burst forth on the pages of Amazing Adult Fantasy and the Fantastic Four appeared in their own mag in 1961, the revolution had arrived. With a vital vengeance.

For here were people who, due to accidents beyond their control (a radioactive spider and a cosmic radiation storm during a spaceflight) became something MORE than human, and yet — here's the stroke of genius — still retained all their human frailties, foibles, hassles, arguments, disappointments and despairs (albeit heightened) before their miraculous transformation. In other words, these super-humans (Marvel heroes are never superheroes) lived, breathed, thought, hated, got jealous, had babies (the females, I mean), wanted to kill, make money and usually didn't even wanna remain the way they were. When was the last time you heard of someone with super-powers wanting to be normal again? In fact, when was the last time you heard of anyone who wanted to be normal, period?

Earl Davis

The dam burst after that. The sixties were truly the Marvel Age of Comics and, for once, I swear the hyperbole was warranted. Almost singlehandedly, Lee spawned a coterie of characters that have become a new mythology so essential to our lives that to think of a month without them is pure heresy: The Hulk, Thor, Iron Man, Daredevil, Doctor Strange, The Avengers, The X-Men, Sgt. Fury, Submariner, Captain America, Ka-Zar, The Inhumans and the Black Panther. And Author Lee was aided in virtually every case — with the exception of Spidey — by the awesome artwork of Jack (King) Kirby, undeniably the Michaelangelo of the comics field. You don't just passively watch Kirby's work on his Kreationz: you experience his classically-proportioned, foreshortened, full-page bombshells.

Aye, the early issues of all these heroes was responsible for the genuine excitement that was Marvel in the Sixties. Lee and Kirby, Steve Ditko, Wally Wood, Chic Stone, Don Heck, Gene Colan, Joe Sinnott, Dick Ayers and Don Heck... there was such a rash of riveting talent that you figured there was nowhere else they could go or do to surpass, let alone improve, on all that had gone before. We figured that Marvel would merely rest on its already quite illustrious and

precedent-shattering laurels.

And then came Conan.

With the acquisition of Roy Thomas as writer, and his adaptation of Robert E. Howard's barbarian brainchild, it's relatively safe to say that that's when the Marvel Renaissance resumed. Of course, the oldheads 'mongst us 'member Thomas from way back when he, in the dawning of the Sixties, was responsible for the fanzine Alter Ego. But his reappearance as a writer, which perfectly fused the union of transposing Conan to the comics medium, achieved a symbiosis that hadn't been achieved since, well, since Lee started it all years before.

True, there was a period during the late sixties and the turn of the Seventies when Marvel did catch its creative breath, grooming new artists and writers. But the seed bore much fruit, and I daresay now there's not a company around — anywhere — that can touch the talent Marvel unleashes every month.

Luke Cage, Kull, The Defenders, Iron Fist, The Invaders, The Guardians, Warlock, Omega, Skull, Nova, Red Sonja, Son of Satan and others typify this new breed of stimulation with, at the head of the vanguard being Shanghi-Chi and Dracula. The writers — Marv Wolfman, Doug Moench, Bill Mantlo, Steve Engleheart, Thomas — are splendid, while the artists — Kirby at the helm, Colan, Rich Buckler, George Perez, Paul Gulacy, John Buscema and others — are impeccable. Hell, it'd take this whole page to name them all. My favorite, personally, is a crazy and certifiably wonderful fruitcake named Steve Gerber. Why? Oh, for one creation called Man-Thing. Why again?

'Cause then came Howard the Duck!

If there can be said to be three turning points in Marvel's history, then Howard is it. Suffice it to say, he's the most ridiculous and yet imminently logical creation of them all. But I don't wanna spoil your fun. Check him out for your own pleasure. He only costs thirty cents, and what's true of Howard can be grafted onto Marvel itself: the return in intelligence, satire, wit, fun, some sly profundity now and then, and adventure with an Olympian A... you'll find it all here. That goes for each and every Marvel title. Personally, I'm a little partial to Luke Cage, only 'cause I plan to write him one day. Are you listening, Bullpen?

Once 'pon a time, my comics collection numbered well over fifteen hundred, with five or six different companies included, the Marvel always led the way in digits and affection. For the last seven years, my loyalty has superceded all, and Marvel has been the only company I've read in that time, and for the time still to come. The over thirty-five titles I purchase every month is an investment in imagination and stimulation unrivaled by any competitor. It's almost like being married: when you've got steak at home, why go out and look for hamburger?

So the next time someone tries to make you feel bad by their condescending smile or remarks, let 'em pass on by in their splendid ignorance. We elite know what's happening. As always, the arrogant ones with their noses stuck in the air artistically and literally are constipated creatively, intellectually and emotionally, anyway. Let 'em smirk when they see us buy comics. Marvel legitimized the comics industry as a viable art form and honorable calling all its very own. And we are immeasurably the richer for recognizing it, reading it, and reveling in that knowledge.

Imperius Rex!

the Collegian

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