

Riddles

Rizzo has won again. The Pennsylvania Supreme Court ruled Thursday that the Rizzo recall movement is null. Never mind that 154,000 Philadelphians signed petitions backing the mayor's ouster. Never mind that the City Charter has provisions for recall actions. The voters who objected so strenuously to Rizzo's governing tactics — the hidden financial debt and post-election tax hike of 30 per cent, the "management" of police and unions against the Philadelphia Inquirer that closed down the paper for a day — now have no recourse, no way to get answers to their questions or satisfaction in their complaints. Rizzo somehow got the court on his side. We must say "somehow" because the state supreme court neglected to back up its 4-2-1

vote with written explanation. This judicial mystery would be reprehensible enough if it dealt strictly with a one-time occurrence in only one city. But it is conceivable that this decision may be applied to every elected office in the state of Pennsylvania. As such it behooves the justices to justify their vote with a written explanation of how they came to their decision and to what other cases it may be applied.

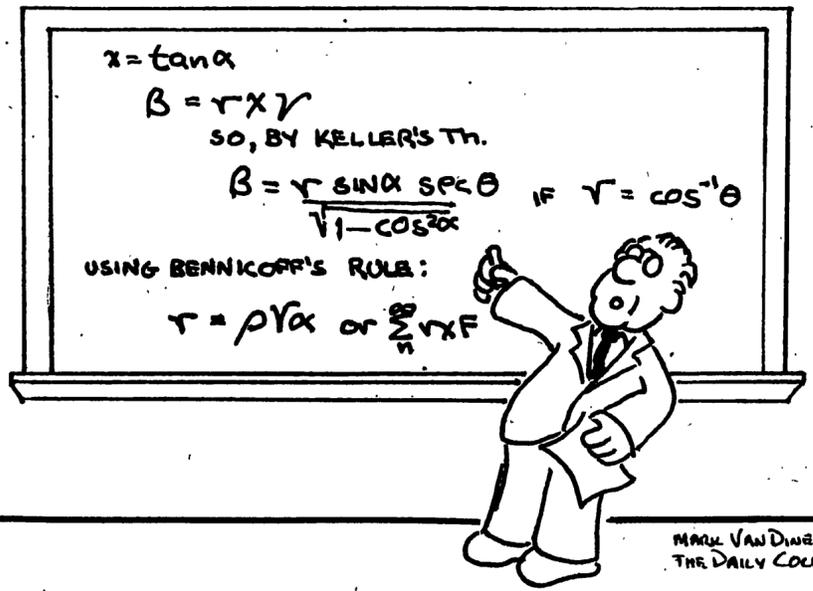
As it now stands, the voters of Pennsylvania have no clue as to how responsible their elected officials must be to their constituencies once seated in office.

If this decision is to be interpreted as an across the board moratorium on recalls the state supreme court should let us know. If voters get only one chance to

choose their officials, let them know before they enter the voting booth in November. Let voters know that once they've marked their ballot, they have used their last power. Let them know that no matter what monstrous or idiotic deeds an official may do, they have no right to remove him from office.

That is precisely what the court has told the thousands of Philadelphians who wanted Rizzo out. The recall referendum on Nov. 2 has been cancelled. But if the discontented are patient enough, they may yet get Rizzo out of his City Hall office — the arrogant mayor is now thinking of running for governor.

The court owes the citizens of this state an explanation. And it is already past due.



MARV VAN DINE '76 THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

"WHICH PROVES CONCLUSIVELY THAT AN UNDERSTANDING OF NUMBERS IS NON-ESSENTIAL TO THIS MATH COURSE!"

From the Editor

Disco 5th hits dissonant nerve

I awoke Saturday morning from a dark and frightening nightmare. I'm hoping the dream resulted from a book I had just finished about a vampire, and not from some perverse sight of things to come. In the dream, I lay on my bed in a room decorated in early kitsch. A blue throw rug shaped like a foot (with all of the nails painted hot pink), rested underneath a life-size color poster of Donny Osmond, who exposed all of his teeth to me.

Sewn onto my sheets, bedspread, bureau, mirror and teddybear were my initials. I vaguely recall seeing them branded onto my neck also. The mood ring on my finger showed black.

The room's decor distressed me, but not half as much as my alarm clock. For somehow, a night demon had removed the gentle, persistent Oriental gong on my radio and had replaced it with dingo disco.

And not just any dingo disco. This was an especially painful disco. It rent my heart and throbbed in my head. Some

Philistine disco-mogul had packaged Beethoven's 5th Symphony. I endured the violation of Beethoven on Vanquish commercials. Remember? Dit, dit, dit da. At least the headache "givers and takers away" left the great music in the form Beethoven had intended.



Sheila McCauley

Anyway, I awoke from that troubled slumber with chills, only to have a convulsion because the disco-ed 5th bled from the radio.

The sounds assaulted not only my ears, but my finer sensibilities.

Sacrilege, impure and simple. I wanted to cry. Recently I had experienced similar pain while watching Dorothy Hamill sell shampoo to the tune of Sant-Saens "The Swan" from Carnival of the Animals.

If we're lucky, disco won't last much longer. A new pestilence will ravage our minds, leaving disco to collect dust in the national schlock archives along with foot rugs and mood rings and sooner or later Donny Osmond.

It's a shame, though, that while it lasts, it has so many devotees. Quite a few people will be left shuffling and lost on lighted acrylic dance floors all over the country. And about 100 of them will have spent an hour a week bus-stopping in a Free University course.

Last week I went looking for a publicity workshop in the HUB and found instead, the 100 shuffling around disjointedly in the HUB Ballroom.

On stage, a blonde woman called directions in time to a nameless tune. I could tell it was disco, though — it

sounded just like all the other songs I had been told were disco.

I watched, fascinated, at the gangly arms and legs that bumped into other gangly arms and legs — more rubber band than line dance. Occasionally someone picked up the beat and threw some life into the mechanics of the shuffle, then lost it all and frustrated, watched others who knew how the thing worked.

Determination usually triumphed, however. Or perhaps fear of not belonging, or not knowing how to behave on a lighted acrylic dance floor.

Me, I'll opt out of the acrylic dance floor racket. Give me unadorned Beethoven, unblemished Beatles and undiscovered Rolling Stone.

So far I can find only one consolation in disco's latest stab at music with the Beethoven travesty. If Ludwig can endure Vanquish commercials and Sant-Saens can outlast Dorothy Hamill, they just may be on hand to hear the last four notes of disco. The bus stops there.



Ed Walker '76

Reflections of a former rushee

By EDWARD KADYSEWSKI
Collegian Columnist

The next time you're in a hurry, set yourself down on the nearest shaded bench on campus and take a few deep breaths of air. And while you're sitting and breathing that air so essential to your life and mine, ask yourself why you're in such a hurry.

Chances are that all of us would answer that question in very similar ways. "I'm not in a hurry. Well, even if I do rush just a little bit, it's because I have somewhere important to go."

Rush a little bit? Sure. Rush down College Avenue to McDonald's and gulp down two cheeseburgers and some french fries in three minutes. Then rush back up to campus in time for your next class, drinking your pop along the way. Spend the rest of the afternoon scurrying from class to class; and when your last class is finally finished you can rush over to your apartment or whatever else you may live in and prepare dinner for yourself and your roommate.

Now it's time for a break. Sit down in front of your TV set...and smoke three 7-minute cigarettes in fifteen minutes.

Then rush to Pattee Library and read for three hours (not understanding a word of what you read). Now it's time to have a little fun, so hurry up and get over to

your friend's place and grab a few beers. Catch a buzz, because tomorrow you may not have time to.

It's a shame and a sin. "Aha, but it isn't," you say back to me. "Look at all that I have accomplished — in class, at the library — in one day's time." Aha, but it is I say back to you. Because in your hurry to accomplish you have probably only experienced one thing. That gut feeling of having to rush about all the time.

But there really is nothing that either you or I can do about it, short of withdrawing from society to retire to a deserted isle. Ah, but that might turn out to be a bore, considering the pace we're all used to. Too bad. We can hope though, that society has restructured itself, has slowed down considerably for the lives of our children and their children. But where does that leave you and I?

It leaves us in an age during which the importance of quantity has far surpassed the noble standards of quality. Almost every facet of our society thrives on quantity.

For example, consider the atmosphere of a fast food restaurant. We rush in, they rush us the food, we rush out. Why we aren't even allowed, nor do we allow ourselves enough time to relax and talk

with one another. The institutions of our society have convinced us that time is of the essence (the more you consume, the richer I get).

As another example I offer you the automobile companies, who will continue to manufacture throw-away cars as long as we continue to swallow them (although the lump in my throat is becoming increasingly more irritable). Don't you think they possess the technology to make a longer-lasting machine? But there is money to be made here, and the faster it can be made the better. You and I are the ones that pay, not only with our money, but with how their practices affect our perspective of time relative to what we must produce.

Even our primary medium of entertainment functions along this same relentless pattern. As far as I can ascertain, entertainment should be for our enrichment, as well as for our relaxation. But we turn on our TV sets and a series of half hour programs are stuffed down our throats in our own living rooms to a point where at least I, for myself feel that regurgitation of this garbage is appropriate, if not necessary.

The intellectual quality of these programs is blatantly self-evident. It strikes me like a pile of manure. The characters in these facades, or at least

what we are allowed to see of them, run no deeper than the water in my bathtub. But of course how intense can a visual experience on a flat screen get in thirty minutes. Creativity will not allow itself to be rushed.

As for our own experiences, we allow ourselves to be burned just as badly. Why, John O. (you know) hands us diplomas as fast as Ronald M. hands us hamburgers. To put it bluntly (and interpret it differently), "a rolling stone gathers no moss."

Your quantity in life is what you have accomplished, how far you have risen through the social pecking order. Your quality of life is what you have experienced through your own eyes. You can recognize your accomplishments and easily realize their worth. But you can't realize the worth of your experiences unless you take time to reflect. Do we allow ourselves the time? I am sure many of us would tell ourselves that we do. But I fear that society's thrust for quantity has lulled us into a false sense of quality.

But all is not lost, for when we reach the end of the road of life and look back at the race that we have just lost, we can admit to ourselves one thing for sure. What a rush!

CRIME IN U.S. DOWN 6% IN FIRST HALF OF 1976. — FBI REPORT



Letters to the Editor

The Daily Collegian encourages comments on news coverage, editorial policy and campus and off-campus affairs. Letters should 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 on request. If letters are received by mail, the Collegian will contact the signer for verification before publication. Letters cannot be returned.

Evil brew

TO THE EDITOR: I wish to comment on the ridiculous letters that I see quite often in this paper, opposing the alcohol policy. A big stir is being made, and it is really over a law that has been created to save lives. Alcohol is evil — no ifs, ands or buts about it. It's utterly ridiculous to say that dorm social life is suffering.

How many readers, I wonder, remember the radio ads against alcohol a few years back, the one about the boy who takes his girl for a drive and ends up in an accident. He ends stating, "I killed Cathy." How many real-life Cathys must die on the highways because of this evil? Many speak out in favor of abolishing the policy — but what about the silent ones, those whose lives have been touched by such tragedies? How would you feel if one of those Cathys was your sister or girlfriend? And how would you feel if you were responsible for the death of another, or a loved one? Would you "cheer for beer" then?

Alcohol is more addictive than drugs, but because we associate drugs with crime and evil, and booze as All-American, we don't usually sit up and realize this. A dope addict, at least, only takes himself to hell if he O.D.'s. Very few cases of accidents caused by drug-induced people have appeared (not to say that it has never happened). But the headlines every day are filled with stories of kids who take "a few social drinks" and end up reducing the population by three or four people, usually more. Make no mistakes, booze is as evil and as criminal as drugs, and should be treated as such.

And to those pitiful people who moan and groan that dorm social life is suffering, all I can say is if they can't have a social life without alcohol, then they don't belong in a dorm, but in a hospital! And if they like "social drinking" so much, then they

should try attending another kind of social entirely — at the AA!

Carl Nicastro
6th-journalism

No glamour

TO THE EDITOR: I am responding to the most enjoyable article entitled "Lifeguard's glamour pooh-poohed" by Doug Root. Having experienced the lifeguard scene, the author's comments were well appreciated.

Being female, I was often questioned, "Are you a teenager?" Reply, "No." Next question, "Are you a mother?" Reply, "No." Final inquiry, "Then what are you?" Try to explain it to a four or five year old child!

Last, but not least, thank you for presenting a true picture of a not so glamorous occupation.

Amy Becker
graduate-physiology

Concert calamity

TO THE EDITOR: "Folk Concert Disappointing" ... The point at issue, however, is for whom? Obviously, for Frank Halvoni, Collegian staff writer, who asserted malevolently that while lacking the intensity of Dylan, the electric set concealed the "shallowness of the material." Maybe Halvoni was expecting Dylan or something more profound.

Profundity was not at issue, for the audience did not command intellectual stimulation by their ignorant behavior. They provided no reinforcement for the artists. Then again, why should they alter paying their \$3.50; annoyed by waiting a

half an hour past show time in the streets of State College; sitting in the State Theatre, which was one degree above that of freezing; subjected to not only improper lighting, but also the reprisals of the folk group for not having the adequate facilities to tune their instruments? The audience had every right to be disappointed.

The source of the disappointment was that of the promoter's "novice-like" planning, which trapped the folk group victims of the situation. The lighting, temperature, and even the delays are excusable, but for those seeking quality music there is no excuse for "punctured eardrums." Why wasn't adequate electricity provided for a pre-engaged electric band concert by the State Theatre? I feel the State Theatre owes not only the audience an apology but more importantly Brewer & Shipley.

I spoke with Tom Shipley shortly after their execution and I feel it only fair to quote him directly: "The relationship between a performer and an audience is like making love. They have to get each other off. The promoters are the people responsible for setting up the environment. When the environment isn't proper it's hard for the performer to do his job properly. So, the audience doesn't get off and the artist doesn't get off. The facilities for tuning didn't work so the audience had to put up with down time in the show while fine adjustments were being made. It was the "audience" who put on the best performance tonight. If they hadn't been as groovy as they were it would have been a disaster for us. They got us off while we were hoping it could have been the other way around."

Thank you Tom Shipley and Mike Brewer!

Toni Maria Casale
13th-biological health

Death trap

TO THE EDITOR: The fatality which occurred on S. Atherton Street Monday night tragically calls attention to the lack of concern over speeding on that street and several others (notably S. Allen). Traffic lights and not parking meters should be a priority in State College.

Eric H. Neilson
State College resident

the Collegian

SHEILA McCAULEY Editor
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