

Fable

Once upon a time there lived a toad (Elmer Toad) in the sleepy hamlet of State College. Elmer was a patriotic toad and proud of his right to vote which he had obtained through the usual channels.

Elmer's only problem was that he was the figment of two men's imaginations whose sole purpose in creating him was to test a weakness in the state's mail registration program.

The state failed the test.

Donald A. Asendorf, Centre County controller, and Edward J. Todd successfully registered Elmer Toad and obtained an absentee ballot for him which they never cast.

After proving the flaw, Asendorf and Todd released their plot publicly and opened themselves to a penalty for falsifying a mail registration form — a fine of up to \$1,000, five years in jail, and suspension of voting rights for 10 years.

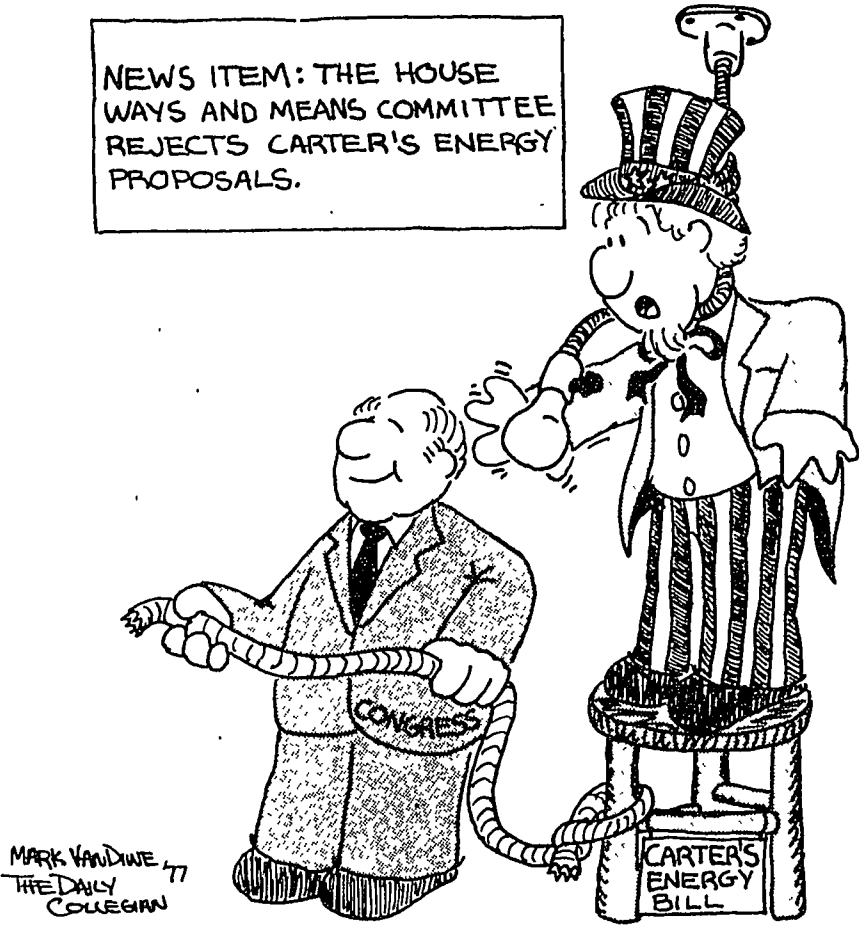
While The Daily Collegian

does not condone the men's actions, we admit the scheme proved a good point — that anyone, regardless of age, political affiliation or species can register to vote in the state.

Voter registration by mail is a convenient and worthwhile idea. But procedures are needed to insure that voter fraud, accomplished by someone with worse intentions than Elmer Toad, are discovered effectively.



NEWS ITEM: THE HOUSE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE REJECTS CARTER'S ENERGY PROPOSALS.



Madison Avenue provokes nausea

And now for a commercial break

Just once... ah, just once. How many times have you wished that just once Bob Barker would say, "OK, we've got Raoul Slugwart here to spin the big money wheel (whizzzzzz click click click). It looks like... is it going to be... No! I'm sorry, you missed the \$10,000 by one peg on our big money wheel."

"You do, however, get \$2.75 and a year's subscription to 'Popular Hamster Magazine.' Thanks for playing, sucker."

Just once don't you wish they'd run one of those grocery market commercial interviews live?

"Isn't that Flextron cereal you're buying?" says the oily announcer.

"Ah, yes it is," replies the baffled housewife.

"Did you know that Flextron, the vitamin packed cereal of the 1988 Olympics, is high in fiber?"

"No, I didn't. I remember reading an article about fiber, though."

"Yes, many articles."

"It said something about asbestos..."

"People are just waking up to the importance of fiber in their diet." "Now I remember! Asbestos fiber causes lung cancer! Oh, oh my God." "So next time you do your shopping..."



Bob Frick

"I think I'm going to be sick, I've been eating that stuff for years." (Housewife gets sick over oily announcer's pin-striped suit).

Of course the "just once" concept can be applied to all facets of life. Just once I'd like President Carter to refer to his meddling old mother as a wrinkled bat, just once I'd like a professor to say to one

of his toady students, "What an ignorant question, please refrain from such banality in the future." And so on, and so on.

Of all possible situations when a "just once" would bring relief from something traditionally nauseating, television programs and especially commercials are the overwhelming targets.

It seems the trend from the late 60s to the present has been for revolting televised advertisements to become more numerous, and, if possible, more inane.

What inspires advertising people to create the likes of Mr. Whipple, Rosey and her diner, and the "I think I'll keep her" Geritol premise is beyond me.

I hope the men on Madison Avenue simply figure nausea makes a stronger impression on viewers than entertainment or rational arguments.

An alternative reason, I fear, might be that like other art forms, television commercials and programs reflect society, or rather reflect what society wants to see and hear.

In any case, a recent, informal survey (conducted by me in the Collegian office) was overwhelmingly against the present system of commercial interruptions every ten to 15 minutes.

Suggestions ranged from grouping commercials in half-hour increments through the viewing day (so people could easily avoid them if they so choose) to eliminating them completely.

This latter suggestion has worked successfully in other countries. People simply pay the networks directly for airing programs, rather than paying for the mark-up television advertising eventually adds to products.

One estimate has viewers paying one cent per person per show — a small price for seeing programs from beginning to end without interruption.

Just once, if advertisers don't start upgrading the content of their commercials, they are going to insult viewers' intelligence once too often and some alternative system, hopefully, without the likes of Morris the cat, will be instituted.

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.

Radically broke

Jeffrey Imm wants to know why radicals do such annoying things. It's simple — they have no money. Social crusaders are rarely as rich as Armand Hammer, former president of Occidental Petroleum. When he and his friends have a political axe to grind they take out a full page ad in the New York Times, sponsor a T.V. show, hire a lawyer for the legal battles, and pay a lobbyist to keep their point of view constantly under the noses of the legislators.

Not only establishment people, but entrenched organizations can propagandize successfully by a judicious outlay of cash.

For instance, the Catholic Archdiocese of Pittsburgh alone pumped \$63,000 into the anti-abortion campaign in one year. Access to vast quantities of money makes it possible to command attention without doing anything undignified or irritating. Radicals, on the other hand, have only letters to the editor, letters to legislators, and money raised at bake sales to fund court battles, etc.

They can't buy much T.V. time or newspaper space, therefore they must become the news. The crudest way to become news is to throw a bomb, step in front of the cameras, and read your six point plan for improving public housing, or whatever else is bugging you. If you want your picture in the paper with an article about the recovery of your charred remains from a burnt-out basement following an F.B.I. shoot-out, this technique is for you — not me.

Then there's the demonstration that was developed into an art form by black revolutionaries. Caesar Chavez added the boycott and quasi-religious processions to the repertoire. Feminists developed consciousness raising techniques and

outrageous tactics such as setting hundreds of mice loose at a bridal fashion show.

Some of these antics are bound to anger a certain percentage of the public. Are they counterproductive? Probably not. To many people, Norman Thomas' quadrennial bid for the presidency on the Socialist party ticket was an exercise in futility. As an ideological cootie he could not even be elected dog catcher. However, over the course of six campaigns the Democrats adopted his Socialist Party programs wholesale. He lost elections but won the fight for such pinko schemes as Social Security.

At the other end of the radical spectrum stands Barry Goldwater, right-wing gladiator of the 1964 presidential race. Who would vote for a maniac like that? Funny thing, ever since his overwhelming repudiation, all the Republican presidential hopefuls act and sound like contestants in a Barry Goldwater look-alike contest, even Rockefeller. The gland-handling, empty-headed politicians of the American mainstream owe what few ideas they have to the radical fringe. Today's kooky notion is tomorrow's orthodoxy.

Claudia McClellan
University employee

Parking plot

Are you aware that there are (at least) 36 different ways to be fined for a parking violation? In addition to the Borough's handy little postpaid envelope (check off the violation), there is also the added bonus that State College's finest, who seem to have nothing better to do, can ticket one for something that the police claim was done yesterday. Today is not the first time that my ticket, which I found on my car at the Women's

Resource Center lot, indicated that the violation was for parking on the street, South Burrows, at a time which was actually after I had left the area.

This seems like extortion to me, but, then, we ought to be used to this since we allow the Borough to extort people into renting spaces for their cars — no one is to park on the streets between 2 and 6 a.m. If you are fortunate enough to own property, or rent from places that have space available, then, I guess that's OK.

The ticket says that I can request a hearing before a magistrate, but I suspect that if I do, I will only wind up with having to pay court costs in addition to the ticket. It seems to me that something illegal is being done when the police can ticket a car on the day after one is guilty of bad parking.

Jean C. Guertler
graduate-solid state science

Dish it out

I am writing in reference to the advertisement placed in the Collegian May 13th by Mr. Frederick J. Jones. Mr. Jones' description of Mr. Byron Kamp, dining hall supervisor, is totally contrary to my experiences.

I worked nine terms in the Penn State dining halls under four supervisors, including Mr. Kamp for three terms. My personal experience as a student worker for Mr. Kamp was as follows:

- 1) The dining hall was always clean and efficiently run.
- 2) He had excellent rapport with the staff, including the student workers and full-time employees.
- 3) He was firm yet flexible.
- 4) You never found Mr. Kamp sitting back in his office. He

was always assisting on the serving line, the dishroom, or back in the kitchen.

5) Mr. Jones complained that Mr. Kamp ran the dining hall in strict accordance to University guidelines. What's so bad about that?

Undoubtedly he was transferred from Pollock Dining Hall to Findlay Dining Hall in an effort to improve the conditions in the larger facility.

Ellen Weiss
Penn State graduate

the Collegian

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It's only rock and roll but . . .

Another Beatles' golden oldies album is about to hit your local record store, this one a concert tape of a Hollywood Bowl gig the boys put on back in the middle 60s. It will sell, of course. Even "old" Beatles wrapped in a "new" package will sell in this country.

Why the Beatles keep hitting high in the musical charts even with the old stuff is simple. Pieces of America, some people in these here United States, are starving for the good music. Good rock n' roll music. Balls-out, knock down, drag-out rock n' roll music. The kind of stuff that went directly to the body and made you want to move.

With the exception of a few bands yet surviving on the outer limits of the musical spectrum, balls-out rock n' roll is hard to find. Certainly nothing like the Beatles' craze exists today. Bruce Springsteen keeps the spirit alive, the Rolling Stones are still in business when Keith Richards stays straight, and some of the southern bands can boogie, but a big, brassy, pound-down the doors rock n' roll band doesn't tour today.

That faucet has dwindled to a trickle and even drops like "old" Beatles are lapped up by some with a fervish.

The precise reasons why rock n' roll music seems to be on such an exile now are not clear. Certainly, it was never fully accepted by the establishment that runs the good old U.S. of A. The middle class just couldn't swallow that rock n' roll pill. The stuff's too hot, too

challenging, too rebellious. And look where the Beatles got their chops! From a Deep South mover named Elvis and raw, wild, black rockers like Chuck Berry and Little Richard. That great lump of middle America, the same people that blindly put Richard Nixon in office twice, just couldn't handle rock n' roll.



Bruce Springsteen

For good rock n' roll is jagged, undisciplined, not cut-out and plastic. That beat was the thrill. I still recall my sixth grade teacher saying that she couldn't understand the words. The hell with the words, it was the movement and the energy that counted. It's not something you sit back and analyze. The words are secondary. The Beatles were big in Europe but not because the Europeans could understand the words. The Germans nearly raised the Star-Club in Hamburg because of the beat.

But somewhere between "Sweet Little Sixteen" and "Disco Duck," rock n' roll was sequestered to the back room. No doubt, disco is safer. In many disco dens,

the uniform of the 60s, the blue jean, cannot be worn. You must have nice pants and nice hair and talk nicely. No yelling, no screaming and please, no loud or rude behavior. Disco is disciplined, not too challenging, but mostly, it is safe.

Not that all disco is bad. But let's face it. Rick Dees and his cast of Idiots with "Disco Duck" is a helluva lot safer than John Lennon and the Beatles with "Twist and Shout." Rick Dees' fans, won't tear the place down afterwards, John Lennon's might. "Letting it all hang out" has not only become a trite statement, but it is also antiquated in this disco-driven world.

Rock n' roll right now has been shelved, either by its own undiscipline and rowdiness or simply by the times. The kids that buy records today, mostly those of the 13 to 18 age group, don't have Vietnam or Johnson or even tricky Dick, Nixon to worry about. Today it's Jimmy Carter and whether or not I-can-get-a-better-job-than-the-next-guy.

But for the idealists and dreamers and rockers still left, every once in a while you'll hear it. It'll be the beat coming from Springsteen or the Stones or maybe even a local band. The oldies will prick the ears and maybe get one of those old, 60s shiver. Then we can all join Lennon in saying "I like rock n' roll music, man, and I don't like much else."

And that includes you and your idiots, Rick.

