

editorial opinion

Last laugh

Wimpy's support at the polls sends a message

Via The Associated Press... the humor pages of newspapers all over the country this weekend.

hear from them are complaints about rising tuition and requests to lower the drinking age and make illegal drugs legal.

law school, and student government experience is important... In the Washington, offices of big-wig education officials, grumblings were probably heard.

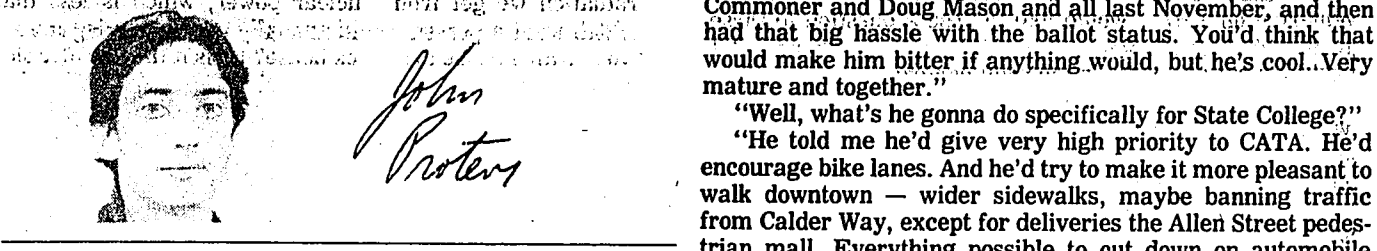


A student for mayor? Why not?

"What? A student running for mayor? What's his deal? What's he trying to prove?" "His name's Tom Ortenberg."

"But who cares about the State College mayor? I mean, come on, I'm only gonna be here for four years... 'No, I mean he's not some slick student-pol-on-the-way-up, you know '12th-resume building, or anything like that, but he's very pleasant and personable. He's smart enough to know you don't get anywhere beating people over the head.'"

"What's that?" "That's cool." "Yeah, he ran the whole Centre County campaign for Commoner and Doug Mison... 'You know the Consumer Party - they're into stuff like decentralization, energy awareness, alternate transportation.'"



"Big deal. So he's active. What's he gonna be active about?" "You know the Consumer Party - they're into stuff like decentralization, energy awareness, alternate transportation." "Man, don't gimme that idealistic shit. Realism is where this country is at. The people who voted for President Reagan won't go for radicals, man."

John Protti is a 14th-term philosophy major and a columnist for The Daily Collegian.

Sparking USG

Students must watch to see that promises are carried out

The new Undergraduate Student Government team of Bill Cluck and Ken Reeves, elected last week by a pathetic showing of 22 percent of the student body, must offer the initial spark to ignite student government into a flame of action and accomplishment.

Cluck will try to get more people involved. Other campus issues on the Cluck/Reeves platform are improving academic advising, publicizing available study space and investigating available athletic facilities.

Not just hokum

Wendy Miller's ideas about bluesgrass music are not unique. This "get-down-and-boogie-foot-stompin'" attitude really gets to me. Do you want to know why? Because I wear red checked shirts and blue designer jeans, drink Dr. Pepper and clap my hands in time while watching the Beverly Hills reruns.

Each year, excellent bluesgrass gatherings (some in existence for several years) are being dissolved because the "get-down-and-boogie-foot-stompin'" rowdies have taken over, and the fans are no longer able to bear.

The life of a bluesgrass musician is very hard. One achieves fame through developing the respect and admiration of a solid core of devoted fans. They pay high gas prices and plan days or months in advance for the chance to hear their favorite singers or bands at these clubs or festivals.

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Grad grumbles

"They've got hollow, purple eyes. Their hair is gray by age 23. They're always in motion, always rushing from class to office to class." "Who are they? The University's graduate teaching assistants. Doubtless most T.A.s survive better than that description - but the fact remains that T.A.s are very busy folk. Are these invaluable people overworked and underpaid?"

Other issues surface when the topic of T.A.s is brought up, including language barriers between students and foreign T.A.s, the advantages and disadvantages of being taught by a T.A. instead of a professor and the importance of teaching fellowships to the graduate school.

On Tuesday, April 14, The Daily Collegian's Op-ed page will take a look at the problems and prospects of T.A.s as assistants. If you have something to contribute, please bring it to the editorial office, 126 Carnegie, by 4 p.m. on Saturday, April 11. Letters (one page double-spaced) and forums (2-3 pages) are welcome.

Right to privacy

On March 27, Snyder House held a party in room 710 Snyder Hall which was busted by the coordinator on duty who failed to knock before entering the room.

The coordinator said he found an invitation in his mailbox, which was not addressed to him personally. Invitations, printed on computer cards were given to residents of several female dorm floors by two house residents. However, these two residents did not place an invitation in the coordinator's mailbox.

Obviously, someone else put an invitation in his mailbox. The coordinator had to have realized that the invitation found was not placed in his mailbox by a Snyder House resident who had authority to invite guests to the party.

The coordinator said that since he nabbed someone walking down the hallway with a mug of beer under his sweatshirt before 10 p.m., he felt the party was "out of control" according to university policy. After opening the door, he said more than once that he had the right to enter and search a room without knocking.

The coordinator had this right even though he admitted the music was at an acceptable volume, the guests were well behaved, not rowdy, and house residents were both in the room and sitting outside the door monitoring the party in order to assure it remained peaceful.

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LCB hassles

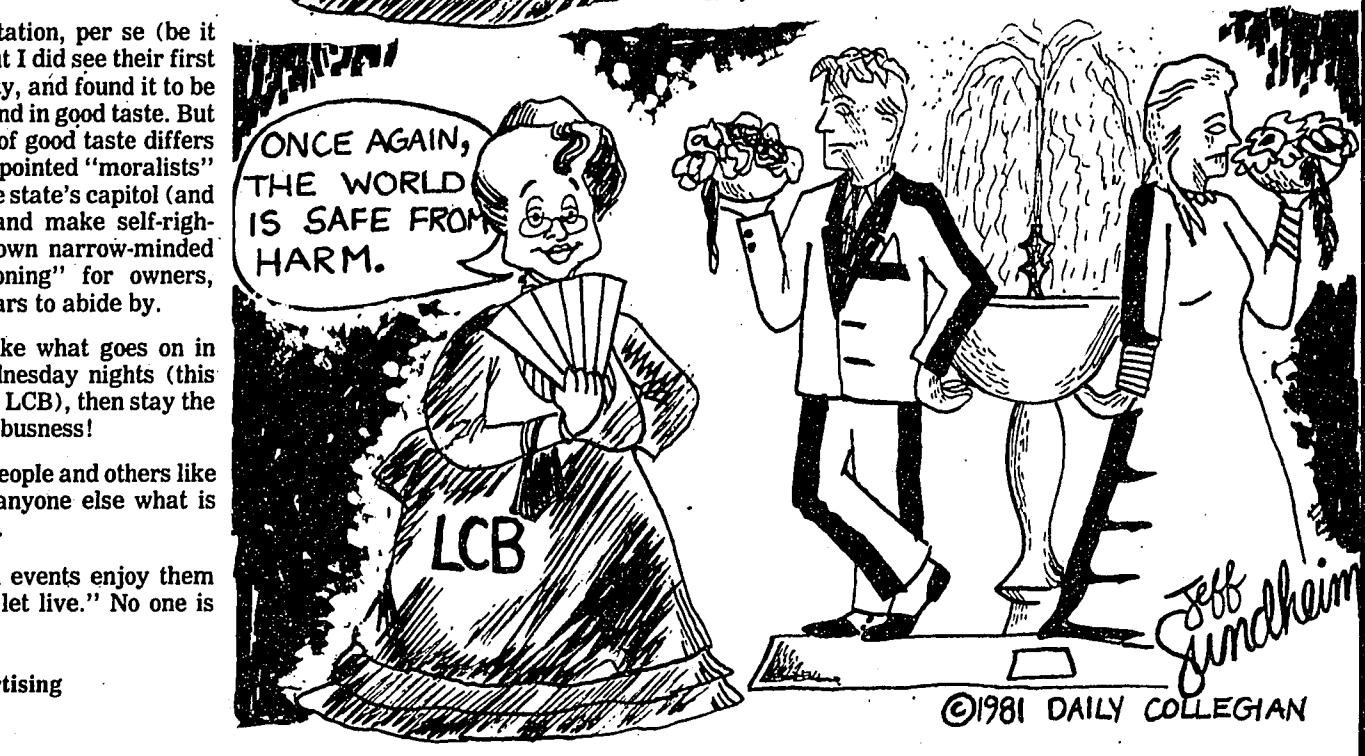
Well, looks as if the so-called moral majority has struck again. This time in the name of the Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board. It seems that they don't want Mr. C's All-Male Revue to continue.

The reason (or rather, lack thereof), supposedly, for their decision is that they consider it "too lewd" and there exists too much physical contact between the dancers and members of the audience.

I don't get off on exploitation, per se (the male strippers' matter), but I did see a first-rate revue, mostly out of curiosity, and found it to be better than I had expected and in good taste. But then, I guess my definition of good taste differs from those of the moral majority.

I feel that if you don't like what goes on in places like Mr. C's on Wednesday nights (this includes the members of the LCB), then stay the hell out and mind your own business!

I'm sick and tired of you people and others like you trying to tell me and anyone else what is right or wrong, good or evil.



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TMI rally: fads, abstractions, a need for wisdom

When the alarm went off at 7 Saturday morning, I told myself not to go on this ridiculous trip to Harrisburg to cover the anti-nuclear demonstration. The rally was organized to commemorate the infamous accident at the Three Mile Island nuclear plant in Middletown and call for the plant's shut down.

Market Street Bridge and peering periously over the edge while their airhead parents were muttering over whether to buy "The Militant" or not. A number of freaky people were there, too. A man wearing a black vest and hat passed me on the bridge looking like he had just snorted rubber cement.

I had a feeling it wouldn't blow but I didn't have a plan to go and I was working with the state. Muriel had a similar reaction to the accident and said that even though she is pregnant she does still emanate nuclear radiation that may still be emanating from TMI.

"I don't think you can get away from it. I'm not a afraid of living here," she said. I left the woman in the playground and decided to head back to the rally in the parking lot of the Capitol building.

As the liberals screamed their abstractions, and corporate executives of Met Ed made plans on how to fund the \$1 billion debt, TMI stood silent. The as-yet-unseen reactor core lies beneath thousands of gallons of radioactive water and it will be at least five years before the clean up will reach its last stages.

One of the more outspoken speakers, Dr. Helen Caldicott, an Australian expert on the effects of nuclear radiation, spoke to reporters in an area one reporter called "the trenches."

After listening to more speakers and folk music groups (who spend their lives singing about the joys of working in coal mines and steel mills), my colleagues and I had to head back to the buses. Before we left, though, we sang along with a particularly dramatic song whose main line is, "They're long overdue for a kick in the rear/S-

land up and tell them we're here." Somehow kicking Met Ed and GPU officials in the rear does not seem the answer to this increasingly complex problem.

On the second anniversary of the Three Mile Island accident, the pro-nuke, no-nuke controversy has once again revived. Both sides have valid points, but they depend only on these points to support or damn nuclear power.

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With reservations

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Why not tax waste?

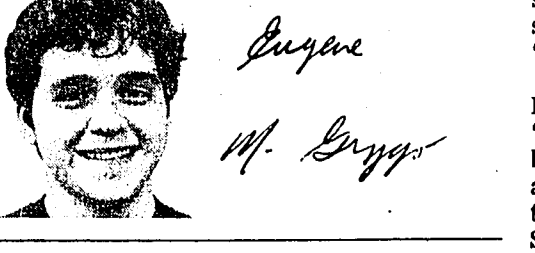
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