# Raise the pens

### Take time over break to write your legislator

With finals coming and term papers due, there's not much time to worry about what President Reagan is trying to do the federal education budget.

However, many students found the time this past week to write their congressman as part of a well-organized effort by the Undergraduate Student Government: SOFAR (Students Opposed to Financial Aid Reductions) week. Others went so far as to hold an official protest — with signs — outside the State College Municipal Building where U.S. Sen. H. John

Heinz spoke Thursday. For the most part, however, students continued listening to the Dead, studying for their physics quiz and calling out for pizza.

But the routine will be broken soon as classes end and students take their last finals and abandon college life for a while.

friends or lie in the Florida sun.

Then, there's nothing much to do but watch "Hogan's Heroes" reruns, party with some old If all that gets a little boring, maybe students will have time to wonder about whatever Reagan is trying to do to the education budget.

Maybe they'll get up enough energy to read

find out what may happen to their Guaranteed

Maybe they'll discover that Reagan wants the loan to be entirely need-based and eliminate graduate student eligibility. And that he wants the federally subsidized 9 percent interest rate to jump to the market rate — now at 19 percent — two years after the student leaves

Those restrictions could take effect as early

Maybe students will find out that the president proposes eliminating the State Educational Opportunity Grant and the National Direct Student Loan, and that he wants to cut Pell Grant funds from \$3.35 billion to \$1.8 billion. Maybe they could talk with Ma and Pa about how those cuts might affect things. The cuts

might change plans on how to finance an education. They could even make an education unaffordable for many. Maybe students can find time over break to write their congressman — or even visit his

local office. Maybe students can find time to Those are pretty big "maybe's." But a little awareness and action now could mean a lot of some newspapers and magazines in depth and money later. And a little ignorance and apathy

could mean no college education for many.

# Crucial question

### Book examines judicial role,

It has all the elements of a juicy novel, an versial pending appeals with then-President intriguing movie and a shocking newspaper story. It involves a powerful Supreme Court iustice's desire to continue his control over the realm of public policy once he had donned his sanctimonious court robes. It involves a wily Harvard law professor who was only too willing to act as a liaison between the marble corridors of the court and the chambers of the legislature — and to get paid for doing so.

It involves the very nature of America's iustice system. Louis D. Brandeis, in his 23 years on the United States Supreme Court, paid Felix Frankfurter, who was then a Harvard law professor, more than \$50,000 to further the

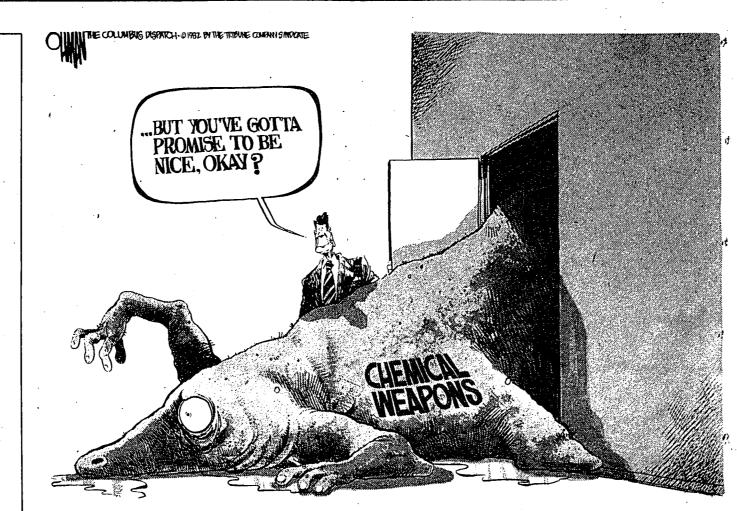
Justices's goals on public policy. Far from being mere historical trivia, this new information focuses a problem that plagues the American judicial system even today. Only last month, for example, a new memoir by John Ehrlichman alleged that

These new findings, revealed in a book "The Brandeis/Frankfurter Connection: The Secret Political Activity of Two Supreme Court Justices" by University assistant professor of political science Bruce A. Murphy, should cause some serious thinking about the extent to which justices' and judges' political activities should be regulated, what kind of limits should exist and if the limits should depend on the political questions of the period.

"These were good, well-intentioned men who did good things for America, never themselves," Murphy was reported as saying in the Feb. 22 issue of Newsweek. "But can we have one set of rules for the well-intentioned and another for the others?"

Murphy leaves this crucial question for the American public to ponder and decide.

The Daily Collegian's editorial opinion is determined by its Board of Opinion, with the editor-in-chief holding final



## =reader opinion

#### Sam-aritan

"If a brother or sister is ill-clad and in lack of daily food, and one of you says to them, 'Go in peace, be warmed and filled,' without giving them the things needed for the body, what does it profit? Faith, by itself, if it has no works, is dead." (James

in the whole damn town — according to Sam): You don't count Sam Hodes, you plain and simple, do not

To Sam Hodes and his dog, Buster Brown (the meanest dog

What's your major? What term are you in? Where is your job? Or at least, where is your car? You're a bum. You're a walkin' man without (no need) a walkman. You got your own.

What have you done for the economy? For the new (?) same old federalism? For the biggest peace time military buildup in people not like you. Helped get rid of that Ferguson mall, don't like that Nittany Mall, they're gonna build another multi-story parking garage (using funds for the poor) and move all them

Now they're talking about a 6,000 acre high-technology park. The borough hauls tons of snow (frozen water ) using oil and gas eating trucks while Skimont makes 4.3 million gallons of snow with machines that eat the same.

Where do you and Buster Brown fit in? "Has not God chosen those who are poor in the world to be rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which he has promised to

those who love him?" (James 2:5) Sam, you said that State College has the faith but not the works. I disagree, but only a little. State College has the works but these works won't last for much longer. State College may have the faith, but only the kind of faith that doesn't work - to be perpetuating works like these. You and Buster Brown are the works and the faith. (Though

tempted to call Sam the works and your dog faith, I know you both to be both.) I was flat on my back in a pool of my own blood, a broken head, dying slowly (out of faith) so many works to no avail. Buster Brown, I'm sure smelled me first, saw me next and you tagged along behing. I'm alive now to write this today because of your (plural) faith and works. Sam, don't wait for

"Even Solomon is all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." (Matthew 6:29)

The Daily Collegian

Monday, Feb. 22

State College resident

## Cheers and jeers

I am writing in response to Joe Berkowitz (Feb. 17) who was

But jeers go to Joe Berkowitz, a sixth term English major who is certain that he is capable of making his own decisions in a rational way. His idea that self-defense skills might be better for some sudents than swimming may be sound. In fact many of my students have expressed similar opinions during the past three years. But his argument is worthless, His letter is the product of thoughtless, emotional drivel. He is accusing the physical education department of perpetuating a "vicious and deliberate lie," and of plotting "to manipulate students." He implies a willful, intentional conspiracy to mislead students, but suggests no motive. This is a strong and libelous accusation. Joe Berkowitz has written a letter without having given any intelligent, careful thought to his statements. He has demonstrated an immature mentality while claiming to be an

Harvey Abrams, p.h.d. candidate and personal defense in-

so upset by the Daily Collegian editorial "Staying Afloat," (Feb. 16). The misunderstanding concerning the swimming test has been clarified by the recent publicity and dialogue on into the policy which caused him distress and cheers go to Professor Jim Thompson who listened to Darryl's concern and acted so promptly to correct the situation. A cheer also goes to the Collegian editorial staff for its perceptive article stressing the importance of swimming skills for all human beings and the idea that it should be a requirement for graduation from Penn State University.

## Chief Justice Warren Burger discussed contro-responsibility. State College or anybody else 'cause they'll come along some Dream on but don't imagine they'll all come true. . .

early-evening chaos of the Collegian newsroom ately to change things — but realized after two or until . . and wrote a column about a dream, and about ten or twenty years of fighting that maybe it just ideals and aspirations. The adrenalin was surg- wasn't possible. And it hurt them. ing, the emotions soaring and all the wishes and promises of the past 2½ years straining to be at last realized as I began a year as editor.

Now, nearly 12 months and innumerable peaks and plunges later, I find myself pacing about this deserted office at 4:30 in the morning, tense with the tormented energy and relentless frustration of all those dreams still straining for fulfillment This time around, however, I'm not beginning a year as editor but ending it, and as the last day approaches I can't help thinking about all that I honed for and wanted but could never get. And I wonder what ever happened along the way.

Then I think of conversations with my counterparts in student government during our less embattled moments when we stopped debating our differences and talked instead about what we all want to achieve — a "better Penn State" and how frustrated it made us. Or I think of talks with professors and instructors who once upon a time believed in the power of teaching and learning but now find themselves preoccupied with tests and meetings. Or with administrators in Old Main or Boucke Building or countless anonymous offices across campus, who shuffle and reshuffle ever-increasing piles of paperwork and ever-decreasing piles of money and try to remembe what it was like to be in the classroom.

I remember meetings in which I watched a circle of students passionately and insistently pointing out all of the University's problems and creating their own idealistic solutions and then questioning — sometimes accusingly, sometimes in innocent perplexity - why "nothing" was being done, or why whatever was done was

accomplished ineptly. At the front of the table during those meetings sat the administrators called upon to answer for their sins and the sins of their co-workers and of Penn State in general, administrators whose formal responses were at times contradicted through their eyes, their tone of voice, their fiddling with their glasses or pieces of paper. Some of them, sometimes, seemed sad. Sad and also frustrated, not in the fiery "angry young man" sense of the students' indignation but in a more quiet, almost beaten kind of way. As if they,

Then there were those who seemed oblivious to

the complaints, concerned more with the movement of the second hand around their wristwatch than with the decrease of academic standards or the increase of class sizes. Maybe they never hurt; maybe they never were Maybe they were hurt and frustrated so many

times that they finally just gave up. People talk a lot about Penn State. The talk is usually pragmatic, and almost always negative: there aren't enough teachers, not enough books.

not enough dorm space, not enough money, not enough money, not enough money.

Paula Frode\_

But what all the talkers don't talk about —what they probably don't even think about - is far

There's not enough humanity. And because of Somewhere, somehow, they all get smothered

by the layers of bureaucracy and mechanization those intangible dreams. The budget must be tions. finished today, the tests must be graded today, the incensed staff member must be assuaged

The dreams disintegrate to a mere struggle for this point, a reflection of the great frustration I've survival. a fight only to make sure that things been feeling lately. But there's no way I want to don't get any worse, or at least not much worse. The dreamers find themselves lowering their standards and accepting the same mediocrity and mundanity that they had always condemned, and in so doing feel their initial frustration at all the wrongs of the world further fired by their frustration at themselves for giving in to the status quo. The defenses then continue to grow. People become afraid to open themselves up, afraid to be human — afraid to be weak — afraid because they don't want to risk having their ideals crushed again. Instead they cower beneath facades of efficiency and bureaucracy and rules and regulations, nodding their heads, consulting their man-

uals and refusing to think or feel. They become cynical, sometimes cruelly cynical, automatically assuming that everyone is out to "get" everyone else, that motives are always evil and that anything that happens the way it shouldn't happen is not an honest mistake but a malicious manipulation.

They stop trying to think creatively, stop trying to change anything, and stop trying to fight. They stop questioning, at least out loud. And they lodge their thinking into a niche from which they rarely emerge, forever retaining their parochial perspectives and unseeing prejudices and stereotyped images

Worst of all; they cease being people and turn instead into machines. That's what the game dictates, because people with emotions clog up the system and sometimes even make it crash. So the rule is that the moment anyone leaves his dorm or apartment or split-level Toftrees home that have evolved as defenses for generations and enters the classroom or office, he must forget who've dreamed their great dreams and hoped his personal concerns and feelings and transform for the day when they'd finally be in a position to himself into a robot that smiles a professional achieve those dreams — but inevitably found that smile and plays a professional game and attempts when that day comes, so too comes new problem to solve the problems of the University or the after new responsibility after new pressure that college or department or council or newspaper or unsympathetically combine as barriers to all classroom with sterling rationality but no emo-

Ending a column like this one can be mindtoday and every day is like every other day with bending, both because the end of the column its incessant list of demands for today and all of a symbolizes the end of the editorship and because

unintended impression.

the idealistic optimism I feel half the time far outweighs my current frustration. What does seem appropriate, perhaps, is an excerpt from a note I wrote my staff after the Christmas/Hanukkah break. Reading over it several weeks later. I realized that it said precisely what I would like to say to everyone on campus And so, the last words of a lame duck:

all of life is a hopeless cause, especially because

"No matter how overloaded you get with the day-to-day hassles, the mundane annoyances or even the major crises, remember that the writers whose stories you edit are people . . . Remember that all those omnipresent, omniscient and omnip-

and titles that remain unaffected by what we write . . . Remember that our readers are people, I realize that I've sounded rather negative up to people who . . . might change something in their lives as a result of what we print. "Remember that the editors all around you are

leave either this column or this job sounding as if people, with problems and feelings outside the newsroom. Maybe at times their attitude or concentration or general performance isn't what it should be. But before you criticize, stop for just a moment and consider the possible reasons behind the problems. And then see if you can help. "Think about how all those people will be affected by what you do every night. Take some time to care about them. "Aim for professional excellence - but never at the sacrifice of human pride."

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# the Colegian

Paula Froke Debby Vinokur

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SHALL I SAY WE HAVE Thanks, kids I really hope that my humble letter makes it to print — so much in this column is 4,000 MEDIUM-RANGE derogatory, cutting, critical, sarcastic, hateful, condemnatory, reproachful and sometimes obnoxious that my words of praise may not colorful enough to leave However, I'd like to enthusiastically thank all those wonderful, friendly morale

people (and "black visors" and "green shirts") at the dance marathon. To think that these folks, who are also students with finals to study for and sleep to catch up on over the weekend, gave their time and energy to massage two-day old sweat socks (which was sheer ecstasy to my dogs), give encouraging words to cheer up incoherent dancers, fetch water and make more than unusual errands for us. This, in addition to the guff they had to endure when warning someone to "keep shifting" (their weight) and all for no compensation, prize or credit.

Therefore, I'd like to recognize these tireless souls — some of whom stayed almost as long as the dancers — for their support (physical and verbal), kindness, and smiling faces, which may have meant a lot to those who lost their partner or had no one in the bleachers to root for them.

Mac, Ellen, Tom, Lisa, Bob and all the rest, this is to show that your efforts didn't go unnoticed - I definitely couldn't have made it without you. It's nice to know someone

Elizabeth Louden, 11th-marketing

#### \*Cooperation

I was pleased to read the opening lines of a letter by Mary Beth Sworin and Robert N. Brinkerhoff: "... the J. Geils concert was excellent." Anyone who attended the show will attest to this. Mary and Robert went on to comment on the behavior of the ushers working at the concert. As head usher, I'd like to respond to their remarks. As explained in the letter, a new seating policy was instituted at the concert — the first five rows went straight across with no middle aisle. Also, six stage crew members were assigned at each side of the stage. The purpose for this is to prevent the perennial accumulation of fans at the front of the hall.

Such crowds are undesirable because: 1) People tend to get pushed or squashed and fights often occur. It is difficult for an usher, if it becomes necessary, to make his or her way through the crowd. 2) Overzealous fans sometimes wish to become part of the concert. They jump on the stage, possibly ruining the flow of the performance, injuring the artist, or injuring themselves as they are escorted offstage by a none-too-friendly bodyguard. 3) Others are encouraged to leave their seats to be close to the performers.

J. Geils is a special band; they truly want to get close to their fans. Peter Wolf proved this when he descended from the stage into the crowd. It is hard for a band to see beyond the first few rows so they don't mind more people down front. J. Geils in

The band wanted the crowd to amass down front — UCC didn't, preferring everyone sto enjoy an unobstructed view from their seats. UCC decided that toward the second half of the show, fans would be permitted to trickle down front. Thus, what may have appeared as ushers rushing the stage was only their moving into position so that the fans could move in closer. There were seven ushers located at the base of the stage to ensure safety and control. Self-interest was by no means their reason for moving

This plan was successful because of the cooperation of both the audience and ushers. Pushing and shoving was nearly nonexistant and only one individual climbed Norman Rule, 8th-general arts and sciences on stage. Thanks to both the audience and fans for making the J. Geils concert a Feb. 19

Cindy Freeman Head Usher, U.C.C.

## Pay attention

First off, I would like to thank Dr. Cave for pointing out something very important - the necessity of an attentive reading. Unfortunately, it doesn't appear that Mr. Carson gave my letter that attentive reading. In my letter that appeared in the Collegian on Feb. 15, I thought it was clear that I was bringing to Dr. Cave's attention the inadvisibility of quoting The National

Enquirer to anyone, especially college students. The reputation of The National Enquirer virtually ensures that anything in it will be disregarded by most intelligent people as, at best, creative journalism and at worst, pure fantasy. My letter was not meant as an attack on Trans-Species Unlimited. Upon reading it. I still don't see how it could be taken as one. It was, I hope, "an open-minded and wellintentioned criticism" to quote your Dr. Cave, Mr. Carson.

The last paragraph of your letter, Mr. Carson, had me slightly puzzled. You ask if I was going to continue to present statements based upon "dubious facts." I couldn't find any dubious facts in my letter, unlike in yours. Trans-Species Unlimited did use a Dru Germanoski, 14th-earth science National Enquirer story to publicize something that they felt important about. And, I Tim Joyce, 11th-administrative management



hope, it is common knowledge that the Enquirer has never (and probably will never) won an award for journalistic accuracy and integrity. I won't even point out the one word in your last sentence that turned your letter from a criticism of my letter to a personal attack on myself.

Do yourself a favor. Next time, give letters "a more careful reading" and not just a puick skim. You might get something out of them that the reader put in.

Barbaric

The goldfish eating contest is not the only example of the barbaric killing of helpless animals at Delta Sigma Phi. While attending a party at the fraternity, we noticed a can of spray disinfectant in the bathroom. You guessed it, not only do these young men sponsor "goldfish eating" contests, but they kill hundreds of thousands of

helpless microorganisms that peacefully inhabit their bathrooms! When will this senseless murder stop? First bacteria, then goldfish; next thing you know they'll be swallowing mice, chickens and ultimately small children! We're certain some people will say; "Oh, what's a gold-fish anyway? Nothing but small carp." Let us add a point about the broader issues here. It seems to us that Delta Sigma Phi is doing its utmost to add to the unavailability of a necessary food source to billions of house cats suffering from malnutrition in the third world. But, let's bring the issue closer to home. How are the fast food restaurants in State

College going to compete with Delta Sigma Phi's "All You Can Eat Goldfish At least you animal lovers can find some solace in the realization that the souls o the dearly departed are in the "Great Goldfish Bowl in the Skv."

## Looking back

Wow! Four years of Penn State will come to a close after my 6:50 p.m. final Saturday, Looking back, it has been four wonderful years. My only complaint is l

Penn State is really a Happy Valley to me. Where else can a person in four years play tennis on up to 70 tennis courts, go swimming in one of five pools, enjoy broadway shows, hear excellent speakers and rock groups and have a chance to belong to over 350 campus organizations? I was fortunate and took advantage of many things at Penn State. Maybe that is

why I will miss it so much. It's amazing. Besides leaving Penn State, I am leaving The Daily Collegian, ar activity that has become very much a part of me. It is hard to imagine that in less than one week, I will be leaving the paper for good.

This paper is probably the major reason why I am confident in the so-called real world. What an experience it has been. Daily paper sizes, arguments with some of my favorite managing editors, several advertising complaints and great satisfaction. To think that I did all this and was a part of one of the top college newspaper in the nation makes me proud. Well, it is time to move on and I hate long, sad goodbyes. But maybe it isn't

goodbye. One of my favorite Weekly Collegian ads starts with "Is this Goodbye?" 'll answer that by "I hope not." I guess it is really, "See you in the future." Good luck to all graduating seniors who are probably going through my same emotions now. And I urge all undergraduates to enjoy Penn State while you can. Take advantage of as much as you can. It is well worth it in the end - except for the hard goodbye.

Debby Vinokur Business Manager, The Daily Collegian

# Penetrating the mind barrier

As we walked out of the room on the first day of winter classes, a girl behind me said to her companion, "This is only my second class and already I hate this term!" As an older student and a philosophy major at that, I was less willing to draw as hasty a conclusion. But I had to

admit that the professor had come across as brash, abrasive, intimidating, even conceited and certainly chal-During the first two weeks of classes, many of the students sulked, stared, looked scared, asked very few questions and, in general, had resistance written all over

them in their body language. The professor threw out these "Give me a scientific reason why someone shouldn't shoot vou!" "If you say slavery is immoral, how can you prove

#### torum

"Most of us are slaves even though we think we're free." "How can you prove that this desk isn't a Martian disguised as a desk?" No one took him up on any of them. And then the change

began. There were smiles as he asked, "Would you think I was dignified if I came to class wearing a toga?" Laughter came as he parodied a sandled, long-haired, hippy-type professor wearing love beads who wanted to be our friend. "If you walk into a classroom and see someone like that, get out of there! You're not going to learn anything from someone like that! What can you learn from someone you can't respect?"

I discovered that if I wanted to get a front row seat, I had to be there when the previous class let out, and even then there were always a few of his students waiting in the hall. In the class of 100 students, there was practically never a vacant seat. The students were frowning in concentration as he spoke. You could almost see the wheels in their heads beginning to creak, throwing off the rust. They began to ask intelligent questions, indicating they were beginning to understand the points he was making, among which were: "If you don't understand by virtue of your humanity the difference between right and wrong, then I can't teach

"If you live in a society in which there is no appeal other than 'the law,' and they have a law saying slavery is OK,

you have nothing to appeal to if you don't agree with that "When I say philosophy is dangerous it's not only because it has you thinking, but because we may not be able to prove why certain things are wrong."

"Getting humans to agree with the correct way of doing

things is the problem of theory and practice."

"To examine nature is to interfere with it, forcing nature to reveal itself, 'putting nature to the torture'; yet we think of science as productive. "Happiness is not useful; you can't use it to reach something else.'

"It's a tremendous mystery - why we all want to be "Socrates said, 'The unexamined life is not worth When he addressed a female student it was always, "Yes, miss?" when a student was floundering through a

question, trying to formulate it intelligently, he would

encourage them with a few words, reformulate it to see if

he understood what they were asking, and then would He would now and then especially praise the astuteness of a student posing a question. Now there were thoughtfully serious questions being asked by students. And there was often laughter, but it was never directed at a student. Then came one of those rare, magic moments that can

"I want to make a statement," he said. "This has been a good class. I don't know whether this is a tribute to me, or yourselves, or a sign of the times. Maybe it's all three. But you've been attending very regularly, which is unusual in a class this size. Usually when you have a 100 students there are a lot of vacancies every day, but there have hardly been any empty seats. I haven't seen anything like this since the '50s. And I just wanted you to know, you're good students. You shouldn't have any problems with the

occur in a classroom. He came in one morning looking

For a few seconds no one dared to breathe. It was like a tangible wave flowing out of him and over us, and then back to him. He cared enough to want us to think. And we cared enough for him to want to think. Then he was his old brisk self, "Well, let's get on with the discussion!"

So if you came to Penn State just to memorize a lot of facts, don't take a philosophy course. On the other hand, if you're one of those who has written to The Daily Collegian complaining that "students aren't asked to think here at Penn State," then run - don't walk - to the philosophy department on the second floor of Sparks Building, and ask about their offerings. It's not too late for spring courses.

And thank you Dr. Stanley H. Rosen, for caring enough to make us think

# Choir members demand the facts

the University Choirs The members of the University Choir have been denied the necessary support from the School of Music to pursue the unequalled educational opportunity of singing with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. A plausible explanation for this denial not been offered.

Two meetings were scheduled for Feb. 11 in an attempt to establish lines of communication on both student and administrative levels. The first was to be between the music majors in the choir and the music majors on the School of Music Student Advisory Board to discuss the lack of administrative support for this professional invitation. Dr. Maureen Carr, director of the School of Music, scheduled her own Student Advisory Board meeting for the same time, (12:30 p.m.) announcing that it was open to all interested students in the School of Music.

### torum

The presence of faculty members precluded constructive student-to-student communication and very little was accomplished. Dr. Carr's comment that the choir members left "because they didn't like what someone was saying" (Collegian, Feb. 15) is something of an understatement. They left because the wife of a faculty member began a vicious attack on professor Raymond Brown, director of the University Choir. Dr. Carr made no attempt to stop the tirade before the students'

Four other choir members were waiting outside Dr. Carr's office for a private 1 p.m. appointment with her. Instead, they were escorted into the ongoing Student Advisory Board meet-(by this same faculty wife) and accusations of undermining the

Also, a first year graduate assistant openly challenged Mr. Brown's professional ability as a musician. Once again, Dr. Carr made no attempt to maintain order Such inexcusable conduct and unprofessional behavior is what Dr. Carr refers to as a "lively debate." (Collegian, Feb. 15)

Since we have asked reasonable questions and have received labeled as "unrealistic, unfair, unethical and inexcusable." (Centre Daily Times, Feb. 16)

#### The charge that the protest activities of the choir membe have taken place under instruction of Mr. Brown must also be addressed. This is an attempt to dismiss genuine student

interest and to discredit Mr. Brown. A student-initiated sing-in was held on the steps of Old Main on the evening of Feb. 12 to inform the public of the choir's unsuccessful efforts within the School of Music to obtain its support. It is curious in light of this peaceful protest that some of the music faculty have deemed the actions of the Choir "out of control." (Centre Daily Times, Feb. 16) Out of whose control? Are students "out of control" when they are unwilling

to accept administrative decisions? The amount of misinformation that is circulating in the upper-level administration about the choir issue is appalling. A state representative was recently informed by a University official that Mr. Brown had demanded four graduate assistants and \$42,000 before he would accept the invitation to perform with Mr. Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Where does this erroneous information originate? Actually, Mr. Brown had only requested the equivalent of one full-time graduate assistant and a core group of singers receiving one credit. No request for money has been made. In the past, funding has been provided by the professional orchestra.

Raymond Brown was appointed Director of Choral Music in 1966. He had under his direction the University Choirs including he Chapel Choir, the Penn State Singers and the former Concert Choir, from which the most capable were chosen to sing with professional orchestras. After the reconstruction of the choral program, effective September 1981, all that remained of the University Choirs was a large choir of approxi mately 200 students, most of whom do not read music. When the invitation came in January from Mr. Ormandy. Mr. Brown knew that without a core group of strong singers, a professional quality performance would be impossible

Thanks are extended to the members of the Academic Assembly, the Executive Council, Dr. Rosemary Schraer, Dr. Robert Dunham and Dean William McHale, all of whom met with us and listened to us. We applaud the Collegian for having ing where they were subjected to mockery, shouting, profanity the courage to take a stand in this controversy (Feb. editorial). Thanks also to those who cheered and encouraged the singers on the night of the singing protest.

Despite this support, it has become increasingly obvious, that students have very little, if any, say in their education. This could easily be blamed on "the system." However, "the system" is composed of individuals who are actually misusing their power by refusing to use it responsibly.

And those who find themselves at odds with the system must in reply rhetoric and even hostility, we find it ironic that our struggle against administrators who mistakenly lead us to attempts to diplomatically resolve this matter have been believe that we do have an effective voice in our University. Yes, we are receiving quite an "education" at Penn State, the value of which we shall not soon forget.