

opinions

The Daily Collegian
Thursday, Sept. 6, 1984

Have our cake and eat it too

The University Board of Trustees tomorrow will decide the fate of a small, hidden garden located near Buckhout Lab.

According to University officials, the garden may be destroyed to make way for a new building to house student laboratories and faculty offices.

Local environmental groups and some students are outraged, and have called for the preservation of this open space. However, administrators still maintain that the building is necessary and the flowers must go.

Like many conflicts between students and the administration, the best solution is a compromise.

First, there is little dispute that the new lab and office space is necessary. After all, we are here to get an education. When our pursuit of that education is impeded by lack of laboratory facilities, and funds are available, new labs should be constructed.

The new labs and offices are needed to house a rapidly growing biology department—one which both students and administrators can be proud of and should actively support.

On the other hand, the college experience is much more than books and labs. The appearance and character of our campus is an important part of University life.

Students need room to breathe, toss a frisbee, study in the sun, or just relax in the shade.

As some environmental groups have pointed out, space is in short supply on campus—the problem faced by both the student groups and the biology department.

There is not enough land in the area of Frear and Buckhout buildings to accommodate both the gardens and a new laboratory.

At one extreme, the environmentalists have proposed the new lab not be built or placed on the periphery of campus where space is abundant.

This would not be a realistic solution because it would not only inconvenience faculty members, but make it extremely difficult for students to get to and from classes on time.

The environmental groups claim to be working in the interest of the students, yet they completely ignore this practical consideration.

On the other hand, the administration wants the gardens bulldozed to make way for the new lab. This is also unfair because students will then be deprived of a quiet, beautiful spot. Again, the students are not being served.

Relocation of Buckhout Garden is a compromise which would serve the interests of all involved.

Not only would the biology department be able to construct its new lab, but the gardens would be preserved for the students' and faculty's enjoyment.

A University Student Executive Council sub-committee will propose a vote tonight on a relocation of the gardens to the vicinity of Birch Cottage.

If USEC votes in favor of that proposal, which would serve the best interest of all parties involved, the proposal will be recommended to the Board of Trustees tomorrow morning.

This option could make the gardens far more visible than they have been in the past and thus allow more students to use and enjoy them.

In their present location, it is easy to walk right by them without noticing they are there. It makes sense to relocate the gardens for that reason alone.

As the Board of Trustees ponder the fate of Buckhout Garden, they should keep two things firmly in mind. First, the Trustees have one purpose—to make decisions which best serve the students and the University. And second, the answer to the future of the garden doesn't have to be an either-or situation.

Surely both a garden and a new lab can coexist at a university the size of Penn State.



reader opinion

Dark clouds over PSU

Due to certain changes that have occurred since last spring we as students of this University, feel compelled to speak out at this time.

Firstly, we feel that our academic well-being has been adversely affected by Academic Information Systems. Although we realize that the implementation of a new computer system does produce problems, these problems are too extensive. We think that the recent editorial by a University employee has significant accuracy to it. As parents to the administration, we wonder what went on in the smoke filled rooms of Old Main when the new system was being planned; was this implementation premature? We don't know.

But what we do know is that our housing requests were disregarded, lines of four, five and even six hours were commonplace at most drop/add departments, and some returning students found themselves erased from University records in this so-called better system. We hope the administration will re-evaluate the effectiveness of this new system.

Secondly, upon returning this Fall Semester, we found that a "thunderstorm" had passed over the social atmosphere here at Penn State. The Penn State tradition of tailgating could be infringed upon due to enforcement of new borough laws on open containers. New University laws could bring an end to another Penn State tradition, the money raising Phi Psi 500, which brought about \$25,000 to the Big Brothers and Sisters of Center County last year. Also, although the outcome has yet to be seen, the new beer distributor policies could cast a darker shadow over Penn State's social atmosphere.

We think it is time for the surfacing of more viable solutions to these problems.

Scott Seifried, sophomore-pre-med
Tom Bonney, sophomore-accounting
Aug. 4

Ruthless soul

In a recent editorial opinion, "Remember the past, don't repeat it," I was once again befuddled by the liberal tendencies of the Collegian editorial staff. After reading the opinion and studying its implications, I was pushed to believe that the United States had been partially responsible for the downing of the Korean airliner KAL Flight 007.

The author, who narrow-mindedly believes that there are only "two alternatives" in the viewing of this devastating act, wants the reader to conclude that the Soviet paranoia about the securities of its borders is a "recent result to "name calling and accusations" by the Reagan administration, who openly defined the Soviet Union as an "Evil Empire" that would stop at no end to spread its dominating wrath over the world. Because of this recent paranoia, the Soviets were suspicious and thus had motives—whether justifiable or not—to seek and destroy the airliner.

The author states our apathy over these actions as sounding "more like gradeschoolers fighting over positions on a kickball team." Are we then to conclude that we should accept the Soviets actions with a grain of salt, or maybe we should give them a big pat on the back for their accuracy in destroying a civilian airliner? According to the author, it would be immature to act otherwise.

The utter ignorance of this opinion continues when the author states "we will never be certain who was to blame for the deaths of the 269 passengers of KAL Flight 007." Maybe the Collegian staff does not know or would like to make further political implications about the event, but the facts do present a tight case as to whom is to blame. Whether the pilot was at fault for entering Soviet airspace carelessly or mechanical failure was to blame, the Soviets had no justification for making such a decision. The only possible motive to defend national security in the name of self defense does not wash when one considers the plane was unarmed, carrying civilians, and violated Soviet airspace in a time of so-called peace.

The liberal media likes to paint Ronald Reagan as a trigger-happy cowboy, while insisting that the actions of the Soviets are the faults of you and me as Americans. But can we take the responsibility for every action the Soviets take? (i.e., Is the United States responsible for the Soviets' attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II? Are we responsible for the Soviets' subversion and undermining of Latin American nations?) Are they really just pawns reacting to our policy or do they set their own agenda and follow their own rules?

Despite what the Collegian editorial staff wants its readership to believe, I feel most of us know better: The madness of this event does not lie in the minds of Washington nor the soul of America; it belongs to the belligerent leaders of Moscow and in the ruthless soul of the Soviets' Communism.

Michael J. Selker, sophomore-business administration
Sept. 3



the Collegian

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Apartment survival: ice cream for breakfast, pancakes for dinner

So, you are on your own for the first time in an off-campus apartment or house. You've survived the housing hunt, the signing of the lease, and the initial chore of moving in. Satisfied with your new place, you and your roommates prepare for one of the major adventures of off-campus living—cooking your own meals.

Judith A. Jansen

I have never claimed to be a gourmet—or even a decent cook. As I was growing up, my sister was applauded as the talented cook of the family after her early successes with the Easy-Bake oven and my miserable failures (I never could resist the chocolate batter). But, since my move from the residence hall to the apartment building this summer, I have arisen on many occasions which, for better or for worse, have tested my culinary skills.

My former experiences in the kitchen hit their peak in the art of chocolate chip cookie making, and even I, a firm believer in the nutritional value of chocolate, realize that there are more important things to be burnt, sizzled or undercooked in the kitchen.

My guess is that there are thousands of students living off-campus who share my cooking insecurities. As I roll the shopping cart around the aisles of the grocery store, I can't help but grab the "fun stuff" first, and then reluctantly circle back around for the dull necessities like lettuce and milk. I've even tried reading those magazine articles which tell how to most effectively stock your apartment cabinets with ingredients for five-minute meals.

The only one which has worked under the time limit so far has been tuna-fish salad. Despite the difficulties that one can encounter cooking on his or her own, the advantages are definitely rewarding. The choice of what to eat is your own—you can even have ice cream for breakfast if you want (not that I'd strongly recommend it), and you won't have to sprint from your 5:30 class across campus to slip into the dining halls before the doors shut.

One of the most important things about surviving on your own cooking in an apartment or house is to have a rough idea of what you are trying to cook before you begin. I've tried experimenting with a variety of ingredients, and I have had some success. Fortunately, my roommates are tolerant of my shortcomings and neither claims to be a combination of Julia Child and Betty Crocker. After all, who has the time to whip up culinary creations when there is barely time to keep up with the assigned chapters for the next week of class?

One of my most memorable meals has been labeled the "Jacques Cousteau dinner" by one ungrateful first guest. I attempted to make a pot roast during my first week in the apartment. I diced, chopped and otherwise mutilated a variety of vegetables and added them to the roast sitting in the bottom of a borrowed crock pot. At this point, I committed the fatal error. Instead of adding a cup or so of water, I decided that it might need to be filled to the top with water since it was to cook all day and a mere cup of water was sure to evaporate. So, by the time dinner arrived, the poor roast emerged soaked and wrinkled (after I had finally located it in the murky brown water) and looked as if it had spent the day in the bathtub.

After that experience I took a few steps back and decided to work my way up to real stuff like meat and potatoes. One of my friends (who shares my lack of experience in the domestic arena) and I decided to try out those pancake mixes which require only water. After two experimental batches, we finally could find them without too much elbow grease and they looked almost as tempting as they did on the box. After pancakes, we graduated from the one-pan dinners into those more complicated processes of spaghetti dinners and chicken barbecues.

I have improved somewhat over the past few months. Not only have I mastered the simple tasks like making homemade iced tea, but I've even succeeded in multiple-step projects like french onion soup.

The prospect of a four course meal no longer sends me running downtown to the nearest restaurant, and my roommates and I have enjoyed a variety of interesting dinners. Despite those initial fears of smoke-filled kitchens and refrigerators full of untouched leftovers, cooking in my apartment has improved from its initial "best surprise is no surprise" stage when my roommate and I would lean on the refrigerator door staring into its contents for inspiration, to its present level of competence and almost well-balanced organization (we still haven't parted with our stash of macaroni-and-cheese and peanut butter).

Off-campus cooking is not the chore that some people claim it is. After several months out on my own, I've decided that all it takes is a little time, a bit of concentration, and of course, a sense of adventure.

Judy Jansen is a senior majoring in English and a columnist for The Daily Collegian.

opinions



'Bolero' is the worst film of this or any other year

I'd like to take this opportunity to cast my vote for possibly the worst film of this or any other year—John and Bo Derek's fiasco titled "Bolero."

I simply cannot say enough terrible things about this movie. The acting was bad, the plotline that was bad, the directing was bad, the dialogue was bad and the movie wasn't even as steamy as it was billed to be.

Michael Newman

This movie was so godawful that I left after only one hour and I've never done that during any movie in my life. I even had the courage to sit through the entirety of the last Derek film, "Tarzan." Up until now, I thought "Tarzan" was bad. The story begins with a relatively puerile plot: Bo Derek and a female friend play a couple of extremely wealthy women who just received their degrees from what appears to be Oxford University in the early 1900's. These women are hopelessly infatuated with Rudolph Valentino and decide to set out to lose their virginity to a real Moroccan sheik.

However, Morocco does not provide them with their worldly prince so they make way for Spain. It is here that Bo encounters a dark eyed, dark haired, handsome matador and the quest for heated sex begins.

That, essentially, was the plot as I understood it. All along the way, the movie is filled with senseless lines that try to be serious but only succeed in making the audience roar. For example, Bo does lose her virginity to the bullfighter and seems perfectly content to spend a good deal of her time in his bed. However, horror strikes when El Gigolo is gored in the groin by the bull. (This seemed perfectly confusing to me because he does all his fighting from atop a horse.)

But anyway, to Bo's chagrin, the doctors say he can no longer have sex. What is her reaction to this turn of events? Why, she'll marry him, of course. After all, she doesn't believe those silly doctors.

This gripping drama set up the scene which caused me to leave the movie theatre. The matador is recuperating on a bed when Bo enters and reclines next to him. She takes his hand and asks him to marry her. He says he would marry her in a second but, alas, he has no right. I mean, hell, he can't keep her satisfied, right?

However, don't give up hope because soothsayer

Bo has the answer. He can teach her everything he knows about horses and bullfighting and then he'll grow to love her with each passing day.

Eventually, Bo says, that thing (his penis) will work. Great stuff, huh?

Another great line comes just before the two make love for the first time. He leaves her in a room for the night and says he'll be back at sunrise to "help" her. As he enters the room the next day and drops the sheet, he had covering him, she shrieks and says, "Oh, you're as naked as the day you were born."

He retorts that being naked provides the most practical way to make love.

I really don't think this film has to worry about contending for an Academy Award, unless, of course, the Academy creates a new category for stinko films.

You know, it's embarrassing for me to admit that I even spent money to see this wreck, but if this column will prevent even one person from seeing the movie I'll have been worth it.

I've got an idea, though, for the theaters to make a bundle of money on this B-grade trash. Let the audience in for free and charge them on the way out if they want to leave early.

Michael Newman is a senior majoring in Journalism and a staff member of The Daily Collegian.

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