editorial opinion

Fine tuning

For some 12,000 University students who receive grants from the Pennsylvania Higher Education Assistance Agency, the upcoming academic year could be met with more than just pennies from heaven.

PHEAA recently approved new guidelines for its grant recipients that basically increase the total grant money available by $1.3 million.

The new rules will increase awards for some students, and PHEAA spokesman John Ebersol said "the types of problems we have addressed will give many (students) a better shake."

The new guidelines include increasing: eligibility for students from single-parent families; eligibility for students with dependent children; the off-campus housing allotment; the equity shelter for families with more than two children; and the investment shelter for families with more than two children, to name a few.

PHEAA is apparently trying to keep its aid in step with the rising cost of living and inflation. At a time when the educational system is not receiving the financial backing necessary to offer a quality education on a national level, such fine tuning is music to the ears of financially needy students within the Commonwealth.

It is refreshing to know that some organizations still believe in the need for a quality, affordable education — especially after students have had to foot an ever-rising Penn State tuition bill and listen to the anti-student rhetoric of leaders such as President Reagan and Education Secretary William Bennett. Moreover, PHEAA is willing to do something about it.

Bennett and Reagan have made it clear that they think students must bear the responsiblity of paying the rising tuition and that if they can't put the cash up front, education should take a back seat.

In light of that ludicrous mindset, PHEAA is to be commended for being realistic in its attempt to help build the foundation of the Commonwealth and the nation: education.

A deserving hero

Saving the day is nothing new for Julius Erving. And in his final home game as a Philadelphia 76er Friday night, Dr. J saved the day in more ways than one.

Although the 76ers lost, the final score of the game was not really important.

What did matter was that following one of the darkest weeks in professional sports history, a week that featured several professional athletes being indicted on drug charges, another checking into a drug rehabilitation center and yet another being arrested on DUI charges, Erving let professional sports fans know that there was still someone worthy of the label *hero*.

Erving scored 38 points, one more than his age, to become only the third person in professional basketball to score more than 30,000 points in a career. He did it with the same moves that made him a superstar, a legend, and an idol in basketball circles over the past 16 years.

The same moves that sent aspiring young players to bed every night dreaming about playing like the Doctor. Among those aspiring players were many of today's NBA All-Stars, including Michael Jordan, Dominique Wilkins and Magic Johnson, just to name a few.

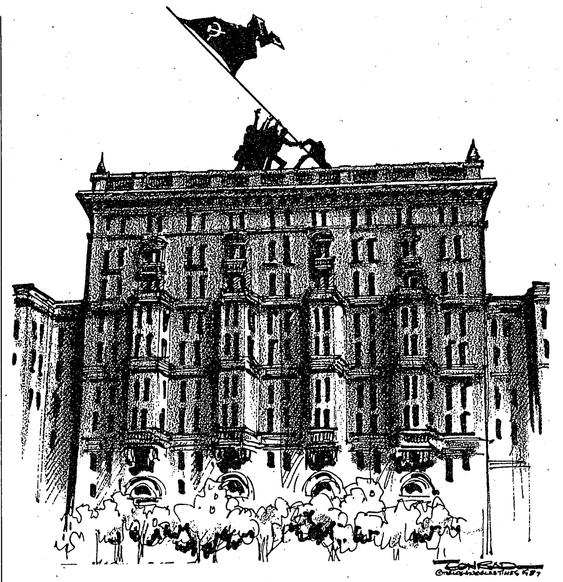
"He's who we all wanted to be," Jordan said.

But what really set Erving apart from other players, more so than his flashy playing style, was the way he handled himself off the court.

Over the years, he became a model human being as much as a model professional athlete. At various times he has been a spokesman for the game, a businessman, a friend, a teammate, a father and a husband, all of which he is equally proud of.

And all the while gaining the respect of peers, fans and even non-fans.

Erving is certainly deserving of the title *hero*; he is one of the few who was able to maintain the image outside the realm of sports, and one who probably always will.



FLAG RAISING OVER AMERICAN EMBASSY IN MOSCOW

the daily Collegian

Monday April 20, 1987
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reader opinion

A guardian

John Orr: You are a guardian.

You are one of the few American males — if not the only American male — who understands the pain of far too many women. In this sense you are privileged: your views are not obfuscated, your understanding is deep.

Because you are a guardian, I presume that you have never made a sexist remark in your life. I also presume that your interpretations of of history, of literature, and psychology have never been tainted by your masculinity. And I presume that you have never used your masculinity for self-advancement at the expense of a woman.

No — none of this — because you are a guardian.

But the rest of us, we are the dogs.

We are the insatiable, lascivious beasts who won't keep our pants zippered. We are the voluptuaries, incapable of developing a meaningful relationship with a woman. And we are the hedonists, flatly refusing to help a woman in distress or need.

All of this — because we are not guardians.

When I look at the history of the last 150 years, I see a lot of guardians: I see Joseph Stalin, slaughtering those "God-fearing Russians," because he knew they would never be good communists; I see Fritz Klein, an SS physician who knew the Jew was the "gangrenous appendix on the body of mankind" which had to be surgically removed — that is, exterminated; and lastly, I see our own White House, where the guardians know the real dangers of the Sandinistas and therefore aid the Contras in slitting the throats of innocent Nicaraguans.

John Orr, you know that the American male is a base creature. And we will beat our wives, abuse our daughters, and exploit our mistresses until you, the guardian, mend our ways. Because we are so base, you may use any method to purify us: the keys to the torture chamber lie on the table.

But before you drag me in, one question — a perennial question of political philosophy, if there ever was one:

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes? "Who guards the guardians?"

David Tubbs
senior-political science

Real volleyball

I would like to comment the men's volleyball team for their fine representation of the University on their two recent visits to Southern California. I'm sure they were under a great deal of pressure to perform well in such hostile territory.

Ever since I moved to Los Angeles eight months ago, I've discovered that Californians actually believe that they are the only people who know how to play volleyball. They have this idea that nobody east of the Rockies is capable of playing "real" volleyball.

At every match I attended, the fans were rude and arrogant. They spent their energy yelling insults at the Penn State players instead of cheering for their own teams.

However, the team played admirably in spite of the less-than-friendly crowds. It's really a shame that the home team crowds wouldn't even show a little respect to such a well-deserving Penn State team.

Coach Tait and the entire team are to be congratulated for their performance, both on and off the court. They truly make me feel Penn State proud!

I will be looking forward to seeing them play in the Final Four at UCLA in May. Good luck guys! Let's show California what an Eastern team can do!

Theresa M. Milore
Los Angeles
Class of 1986

Praise

Currently being a freshman at PSU I have to admit that I am just learning the real importance and values of the *Collegian*. It's only taken me almost two full semesters.

In the beginning I would only pick up the *Collegian* for two reasons,to read the Far Side and to get the Domino's coupons. Then one day I started to read the articles. To my own surprise they were full of important and interesting information.

The *Collegian* is a paper that has good human and political values that represent the views of the majority as well as the counter culture. It is a paper that doesn't use the "power of the press" to influence its' readers and many times prints both sides of a subject.

I feel the *Collegian* is a symbol of excellence in college journalism and is in a class by itself. I enjoy reading the *Collegian* and for that reason I would like to thank you and congratulate you on your 100th year.

Mike Ryan
freshman-business administration

Fear

Confident through Israeli bombings but unnerved at the clap of a Brooklyn thunder

Not once during my seven week stay in Israel last summer did I cry as a result of fear — fear that might have been caused by acts of terrorism from inside the country or outside.

Susan Goldstein

At least once a week we would hear news of bombs on buses or the exchange of gunfire near the borders. And that's only what we heard from others; the majority of us could not understand the Hebrew on the radio or in the newspapers reporting the same occurences, *daily*.

One night some of my fellow American students returned to the dorms at Tel Aviv University shaken and teary-eyed, telling stories about a bomb that had exploded on a street where they had been a mere fifteen minutes beforehand. I listened and didn't even flinch. I had the attitude that it just couldn't happen to me, or to any of us.

Later we learned that only one person was injured as a result of the explosion, which only bolstered my confidence.

Shortly afterword, I was riding on a bus to Eilat, at the southern-most tip of Israel, when an Israeli soldier told me that two Israeli soldiers and a few Lebanese terrorists were killed when the soldiers tried to stop the terrorists from entering Israel from the water. The incident occurred at a place called Rosh HaNikra near the border between Israel and Lebanon.

My confidence was slightly shaken because the group I was touring with had visited Rosh HaNikra one week before. It was a strange feeling that we had been at the exact location where people were killed; it could have easily happened one week earlier.

I wondered if the Israelis felt fear every time they heard about a bomb. Does the fear continue to increase, and do they wait for the next one to hit them? Or has it become so routine that they tend to disregard them as normal?

The only real fear *I* had was that of the news reaching my parents, who had so reluctantly allowed me to take this trip. If every week they were to hear of these incidents, it would probably have taken years off of their lives.

They were overwhelmed with relief and joy when they received my phone call from New York confirming that I had arrived on U.S. soil safely.

I, on the otherhand, was not so joyful.

I cried when the wheels of the plane left the runway in Tel Aviv, because I was leaving a place that I had grown to love and did not know if or when I would return.

I was welcomed back to the United States by a grey, humid New York day after seven weeks of nothing but beautiful sunshine. And rain was expected! I hadn't seen rain since I had left here seven weeks ago.

The Entenman's chocolate chip cookies my sister had waiting for me in the car cheered me up a little bit, but it was going to take a lot more than cookies.

My sister and I decided to spend the night in New York, rather than drive home in the dark. I went to sleep fairly early due to the exhausting plane ride and our early morning journey home to two anxiously awaiting parents.

It was between 12 and 12:30 a.m. when I experienced fear like I have never experienced before. There had been a series of loud clashes of thunder followed by a bolt of lightning that lit up the entire sky. I awoke to find myself sitting up, staring at the light fading through the window, my face streaming with tears. I finally realized that the quivering voice asking between sobs, "What was that?!" was my own.

In a matter of seconds, my sister Judy — who rarely displays affection — was holding my shaking body, reassuring me that it was only a thunderstorm.

I remained sitting and shaking, while I clutched my blanket to my chest. I kept repeating the same line over and over again: "I thought it was a bomb." Each time my voice became slower and softer because every time I heard those words they became more ridiculous, and as time passed I realized that I was not in my hot dorm room at Tel Aviv University, but I was in an air-conditioned bedroom in a Brooklyn house.

Judy returned to her bed, and I sat staring at the window. The tears slowly subsided, I released the blanket and listened to the unfamiliar sound of rain. Carefully I returned to my back, then to my side and curled into the fetal position, wailing for my heartbeat to return to normal. My eyes were wide open like those of a child who has suddenly realized he lost his mother in a large department store: alone and frightened.

During those seven weeks in Israel, I was confident and never cried for fear that my life was endangered. Seven weeks later, during a stormy night in Brooklyn the experience of Israel became a reality and I finally cried the tears.

Susan Goldstein is a sophomore majoring in broadcast journalism and is a sports writer for The Daily Collegian.

Bullfights: bravery, pride, and performing an art, while daring nature

"Don't do it. You will not make it, you will die," the Spanish woman said in broken English.

I and the eight Americans I were with stood in silence. We had not been in Ciudad Rodrigo 15 minutes when this short, frowning woman approached us. She had overheard the four guys from our group — three from Stanford University and one from Penn State — talking about running with the bulls.

Jeanette Krebs

It was carnival day in this town about an hour and a half from Salamanca, Spain. On carnival day it is traditional here to run a herd of bulls through the streets and all the brave men and boys run with them. While it is not as large as the famed running of the bulls in Pamplona Spain it is still as dangerous. One man was killed during the running last year.

In spite of this peril, the Spanish woman, whom the guys dubbed "Mrs. Doom," was the only person to reproach my friends. All other Spaniards we spoke with thought is was natural and valiant that they wanted to run. Some old men even gave them tips, such as staying away from corners since it's difficult to see the bulls coming and staying our of crowds. The man who was killed last year was crushed by a crowd running from a bull.

Sitting in the stands in the plaza with everyone else who, like me, were either less brave or more sane, it hit me just what my friends were attempting. I ate some bread and cheese, drank some cheap wine and loaded my camera hoping it would take the worry out of my mind.

A man rang the town bell. It was beginning. We had to wait since the plaza or arena marked the end of the run.

In 15 minutes the 5,000 spectators in the stands around the plaza became quiet. Suddenly men, pushing and running poured into the plaza gate, followed by four huge bulls. Then more men, but not as large a group, tumbled in. In the stands, we scanned the ring for the daring four. Two had jumped into the stands and two were hanging on the gate. They had all made it. For the rest of the day we heard many bull stories (which can probably be taken either way). When I asked them why they had done it, none could give me a good answer. They shrugged their shoulders and more or less said it would make a good war story back in the U.S.

But the reasoning was very different for the Spaniards who ran. I began to understand the bravery, the powerful bulls and the chance taking with death later that afternoon when I saw the bullfights.

The town isn't big enough to attract the great matadors of Spain. But, Ciudad Rodrigo is famed for its show at the novilladas or young novices training to be bullfighters.

I didn't know what to expect as the first matador appeared in the ring wearing a tight-fitting gray striped outfit, black hat and hard cool smile. The band in the stands played marches as he strolled around, and a man near me explained that he had only one eye due to a bullfight.

Next, a gate opened and a black bull ran into the ring. The bull was huge but I heard some people say it wasn't as big as the older ones more experienced matadors fight. These bulls were not from the famed Salamanca of Alipio Perez-Tobernero Sanchon, who raises the best bulls for fighting in Spain. Yet, they were still supposed to be fierce and quick.

The bull circled around the matador, moving in the directions the man steered him. The animal seemed confused. But unwilling to give into the confusion, he lunged at the matador. The audience yelled "ole" with each pass of the bull, man and cape between them.

Then, the matador left the middle of the ring and the picadores moved in, carrying pink capes. One man jumped up and down trying to anger the bull enough to run toward him. As the bull gained speed, running directly at him, the man raised both hands holding two colorful banderillas — picks with barbed steel ends. He lunged with the banderillas jabbing the hump of muscle over the bull's neck. He then jumped out of the way just before being struck by the bull's huge horns.

Instantly blood began rolling down both sides of the bull. It was easy to see since the sun reflected off the animals sleek back. Showing even more confusion but now also rage, the bull dug the dirt with his right hoof and then galloped, head low, toward the matador's red cape. After about 10 more minutes of graceful maneuvers, the matador brought out his sword. A lone trumpeter in the band played as the matador, aiming for the back of the neck, plunged the long blade into the beast.

The bull tried to rear up but couldn't move his head. He roamed aimlessly around the ring. His torso moved in and out as he tried to breath, and he opened his mouth, allowing the blood to drip into the sand.

As the bull came closer and closer to death, the matador strolled gracefully around the ring to the cheers and applause of the spectators. The band played a happy, quick march. But the bull would not fall.

The one-eyed matador walked over to the bull, removed the sword and stabbed him again. The bull fell. The crowd cheered with joy and I think some relief. A picador removed a small knife from his belt and struck the bull's head. The animal was dead. The picador then cut off the bull's right ear, and handed it to the matador. If it had been a better kill — with only one knife — the matador would have received both ears and maybe the tail.

Next, a chain was wrapped around one of the huge horns and two horses dragged the dead "toro" out of the ring. A small trail of red to the gate opening was all that remained as evidence of what — in 20 minutes time — had been the bull's tragedy.

The matador was still walking around the ring, people threw flowers and hats; some stood; others waved their handkerchiefs.

I couldn't stop watching. I was experiencing "Death in the Afternoon," seeing what had become an obsession with Hemingway and more than intrigued James Michener.

On the surface the performance was probably the cruelest scene I've ever witnessed. But I watched four bullfights that day, and after a while the setting lost its cruelty and I began to see it for what it was — Spain.

One bullfighter, standing near the bull, threw his cape and fell down on his knees, daring the bull to come at him. Other matadors turned their backs to the bulls and gestured for the audience to cheer.

This exaggerated "machismo," this daring pride is the country. Suddenly, this man in a country with a 20 percent unemployment rate, that hasn't been a superpower since the 16th century was all powerful. He was passing through an ancient ritual and taking everyone in the stands with him.

The bull has been a sacred animal in the Iberian Peninsula for hundreds of years and it is revered as a strong adversary to man. It is interesting that along with Spain, bullfighting is also popular in two other poor, yet proud countries — Portugal and Mexico.

The matador is pitted against an animal weighing some 11,000 lbs. While the bull's death is assured, in the ring he still has the ability to kill the unprotected man. Last year one of Spain's greatest bullfighters, Francisco Rivera "Paquirri" was fatally wounded after a bull rammed him and then picked him up off the ground with his horns.

Bravery, pride, and performing an art while daring nature is what a bullfight and Spain are about.

There's much that can be learned about a country in an afternoon's sun and I'm looking forward to seeing my next bullfight.

Jeanette Krebs is a senior majoring in journalism and Latin American Studies and is a columnist abroad for The Daily Collegian. She is studying in Salamanca, Spain

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