

# But can you dance?

by Andy Festa

I tend to write about the negative things at Behrend, that's what I look for. My approach might not match yours. That's ok. People are unique and entitled to their opinions.

This columnist takes one or more approaches to given subjects. One can look for and examine the negative (intending to make improvements) and leave the positive for someone else to cover, or one can examine the positive. It all depends on the individual and his or her objectives and philosophies. People will either understand your point, or they won't.

Not all writers are perfect, but most try to learn to dance. Some writers can't dance, and they know it. Some can dance, but won't (or are afraid others might see, even though most people feel the same way). Some writers can dance well most of the time, but have down times. Some can't dance well (or at all); those who know it stay seated, those who don't make fools of themselves.

For those who disagree with any of my columns: How well can you dance? Interested in trying out for a chance to dance? If yes, sign up for COMMU 001 in the

Fall and submit a sample article to *The Collegian*, in care of the editor. (The sample should be roughly 750 to 800 words).

For those who are interested in writing, but not at that length, there's always letters to the editor, which should be no longer than 400 words, and news writing which ranges greatly in length depending on the topic.

If you're a freshperson, *The Collegian* is a wonderful experience and a fantastic way to meet new people; it's also a great way to build a support group early in your college career, and to learn about the college. If you've been here for a while, you already know a lot about the college and your insights could be helpful or entertaining.

Sometimes, your message will be disliked (see last week's letter to the editor and column), or ignored, such as when a friend's teacher, after my column came out, told his class, "I don't think Mr. Festa would like this, but you can leave early." God, I hope I got through to some people that this is not right!

We (students) spend thousands of dollars for these class sessions, money with which teachers pay their bills. We should all demand our

monies worth from every teacher. If they can't or won't be there, give us a refund!

If "students only get out of education what they put into it," and if it's totally "the students' responsibility to get an education," and if the students are to "be most accountable for their education," and if



"Professors are not here because they need us," why not take correspondence and let the professors find other means of paying their bills.

As for a student's responsibility, I thought my column was an act of taking responsibility. Since my parents aren't paying my way, I feel it when my money buys me inferior quality. Like I said last year, "If Penn State

wants to charge us Cadillac prices, they'd better stop offering us Volkswagens!"

I'm not condemning all teachers. I've had some grade-A, quality teachers. Most teachers are open to suggestions. A young lady I know told me about a teacher she had who was so distraught at not having reached his students, he was actually upset. I thought it was neat that he cared enough to feel bad.

But, not all teachers feel more than, 'I have something better to do so I might as well let them go early even though they've paid for the time.' Imagine going to a shrink and paying for an hour and being told thirty minutes into the session that you can leave. How would you feel? Those who read *The Collegian* know how I feel.

It's been argued that students should say something to the teachers. The problem with that theory is: most students are concerned that teachers, in the position of 'giver of grades', would find a way to get back at the students. I know, "that would never happen at Behrend," but try telling that to the students who have experienced such low-life tactics.

Though my observations

might not agree with the observations of others, I do speak my mind. I thought, contrary to the opinion of others, that my last column was being responsible. I see a problem and, because I am trying to focus on those problems, I say what I feel.

Should I act like the stereotypical 'hippie' and say, "Geez, man, the flowers are pretty and the whole world is perfect?"

I challenge the entire people population at Behrend, all members, to write one 750-800 word column.

I'm not saying I believe there are people who can't match me -- on the contrary, I'm still learning, still growing, which is what it's all about anyway. Rather, I'm saying, think of the volumes of things that are right and good about Penn State, and put them into a collected volume of Penn State works.

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## TV 'Golden Years' look 24-karat now

by Mike Royko

They were rather bold personal questions coming from such a proper-looking young woman.

Did I have a fetish about wearing leather? And if so, did these leather garments excite me? Or maybe I had a foot fetish? I should call her and we could chat about it.

In truth, she wasn't talking directly to me. She was on my TV set. So she was talking to all of us who happened to be watching, inviting us to share our kinkiness with her.

But that's part of the miracle of television. One moment, I was watching tons of water flooding Chicago's downtown. The next moment, a total stranger was asking me to phone her if I lust for toes.

She said her name was Jenny Jones. That didn't ring a bell, so I asked around and was told that she is hostess of a talk show that originates in Chicago.

Well, that explained it. The talk-show field is getting crowded. There's Oprah, Geraldo, Phil and Joan, all competing for the nation's weirdos.

So someone like this Jenny Jones is at a disadvantage. For one thing, many of the best weirdos have been picked over by Oprah, Phil, Geraldo and Joan.

And those who are still

available would probably prefer to tell veteran kinksters like Oprah or Geraldo why they must jog naked through brambles or bark like a loon on its honeymoon.

Which explains why Ms. Jones, who is just getting started, must go on the air and ask us to call her if playing "this little piggy went to market" is what turns us on.

Since I am partial to the underdog (could that be some sort of fetish?), I decided to do what I could to help Ms. Jones in her fetish search.

A call to her publicist brought the disappointing news that only 25 kinkies had responded to Ms. Jones' televised plea. That isn't much in a metropolitan area of 7 million. Why, on a summer day, you can see more than 25 two-legged oddities during a five-minute downtown walk.

However, the publicist said the fetish search isn't limited to those who want to romance a foot.

As she put it: "It could be anything from feet to smelly socks to straw hats or something kinky."

The old straw hat fetish. It happens that I have a straw hat. But I only wear it when I sit in the yard on a warm day. So I doubt if Ms. Jones would want to chat about how I have this fetish

about protecting my noggin from the dangerous rays of the sun.

Ah, but what if I wore the straw hat and nothing else but smelly socks while sitting in my back yard? That's something to think about, and I'm sure the neighbors would give it considerable thought.

We also asked the publicist



how Ms. Jones goes about deciding which fetishes to feature on a show. Let's say you have someone whose nostrils quiver with passion at the thought of a smelly sock, and someone else who can make love only while wearing his straw hat, and someone else who swoons at the opportunity to dab a toe with red polish? On a scale of 1 to 10, who gets the nod for their

moment of fame? Or do you put them together as a panel, smelly socks flying, leather undies sweating, toes wiggling, straw hat quivering.

"That's up to the producers," the publicist said. "That's their job."

What a strange job. Think about it. You raise a child, scrimp and save, put him through college, and he gets a job in television. Then he calls home and you ask: "How are you doing?"

"I am producing a TV talk show."

"What kind?"

"Well, this week I'm interviewing people who are aroused by sniffing smelly socks."

"Ah. Well, I'll tell your mom, and I'm sure she'll be as proud as I am."

And it makes you wonder: Who is weirder, the person who sniffs the socks or the person who interviews the person who sniffs the socks?

Or, for that matter, the person who writes about the person who interviews the person who sniffs the socks?

Well, I've gone this far, so there is no turning back. So if you are feeling weird and would like to share it with Ms. Jones and her audience, there is still time. The show won't be taped

until next week. That means you can put on a pair of socks today and wear them until they are ripe. You could be the star of the show. The number to call is (312) 836-9458. Tell them Mike sent you.

This could be your chance to become part of a new golden age of Chicago television.

It's true. When NBC decided to produce this show in Chicago, Al Jerome, president of the NBC television stations, said:

"Chicago once had a significant role in the development of national television programming. This is a first step toward returning to what were called 'The Golden Years.'"

That's really exciting, because I remember those early "Golden Years" -- "The Dave Garroway Show," "Studs' Place" and, of course, "Kukla, Fran and Ollie."

But I don't remember, who was it in those "Golden Years" who first brought us smelly socks? Was it Kukla, Fran or Ollie?

The memory grows dim. And so does the TV screen.

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