

The End of the Beginning

For three years Capitol Campus has operated without a permanent newspaper. We have limped along on a series of transitory efforts; *Angst*, *Vox*, *The Capitol Cap*, etc., which have reflected the tentative period of gestation of this campus.

Last June, Capitol had its first regular graduating class, marking a change in stature of the campus with which this school found its individual meaning, its soul, and became an entity unto itself. No longer were we a poor relationship of main campus, for we had won the right to award the Bachelor's degree. It was the first such Penn State degree not awarded at University Park.

Granted that we had attained this new status, there was a void in the new being known as the Capitol Campus. It is this void which *The Capitolist* is designed to fill. We intend to represent the independent Capitol Campus as an independent news organ, promoting communications among students, faculty, and administration.

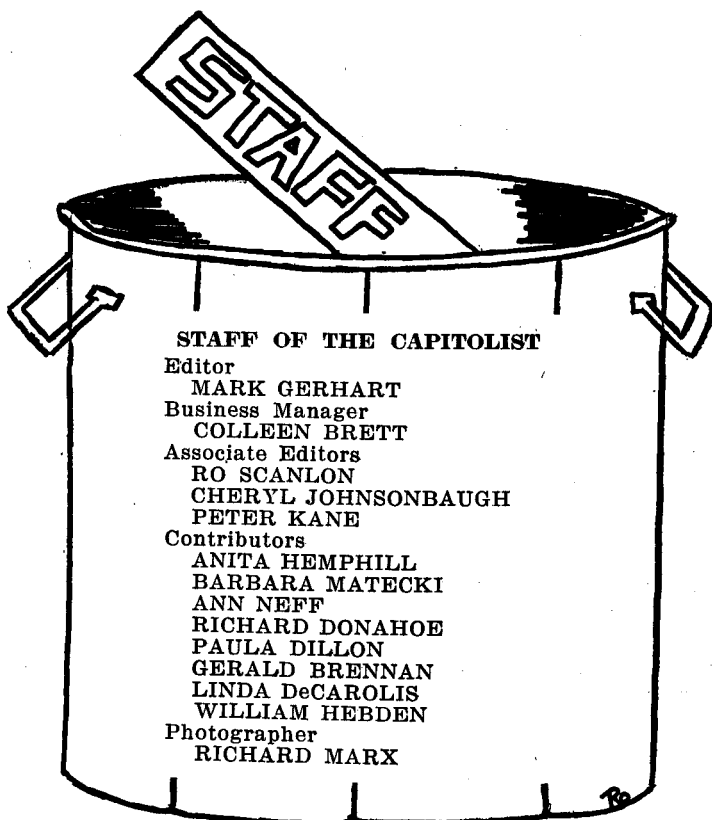
As a free-standing newspaper, *The Capitolist* will not bend to the views of any one particular group, but will serve as a marketplace of ideas in which all interested groups may express themselves. Contributions, in the form of letters and articles, are therefore welcome from any group or individual on campus or from the Middletown area. They may be left in the newspaper's mailbox in the Student Affairs Office. It is the policy of *The Capitolist* that all such contributions be signed in order to insure responsibility in communication.

This is the first issue of *The Capitolist*, which will appear bi-weekly hereafter. It is our intention to serve as the official newspaper of the college and in doing so, to bring together the disparate elements of Capitol into a true community—unique, independent, and proud. Together, we will mark the "end of the beginning".

Student Government

Any student with a suggestion about Student Government is urged to contact:

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War is Outmoded...

by Gerald Brennan

Both economically and political-ly.

Certainly war once had its place. But that was a long time ago. A very long time ago. It does nothing now. Except anger. And kill. And brutalize. Forget about morality? Although one must admit hate and violence do tend to be moral issues. But forget about morality? Intelligence says it's useless. Or at least the emotions should say it's unnatural. You know it's really very funny. I mean if people believe that human life is so valuable, and that just one person is worth more than all the objects and all the land in the world... well, it's just really very funny. That's all.

There is something else that should be said about war. It's wrong. That's where the morality comes in. I was always taught that wrong should be avoided. Granted, that's not quite so easy. But who ever said it was? Who ever said it was?

You call the argument emotional. Satiric cartoons and an admittedly melodramatic picture of a girl with her body mutilated (napalmed). We're sorry. When one is angry—and we are very angry—one has a tendency to become emotional. Thank God we still have emotions left. And a small sense of what is right and what is terribly wrong.

War is a moral issue, simply because it profoundly affects the morality of a man. If you are made to slaughter cattle every day in a meat factory, your adhorrence of the act will eventually subside into indifference, and you will quickly become anesthetized to it all.

Now everybody knows we need meat (and that all Communists-Viet Cong must be killed because they're not people—they're animals, or something else, but certainly not people. And besides, they're going to take over the world). So the slaughter-house routine is justified, and the man, who now does his work diligently (and sometimes even wins medals for it), is self-satisfied in the morality of what he is doing.

You see the analogy. Granted, Vietnam is one meat factory where the cattle fight back, and many times more savagely. But regardless of how you view it, this war has served to dehumanize the American soldier and the people at home whom he is purportedly fighting for. Violence is accepted as a part of life, both intellectually and emotionally. And what may have once shocked, now is received with new understanding—that unfortunately, this is the way things are, and there is nothing anyone can do about it (except, of course, drop the legendary Bomb and put an end to violence once and for all).

We even go as far as to laud violence, and fashion heroes out of those who administer it. A movie like *The Dirty Dozen* serves it up a la carte to the average American who has sat and watched the six o'clock news on television, replete with bleeding children, maimed women, and dead soldiers who died for real and not for camera take. After that, fictitious terror is mere pablum.

Personal and Confidential

Dear R.H.H.
Plans are being formulated for the second fertility day.

The committee