

# THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT

subtitled: as little children

by Samantha Bower

One very hot summer day, I thought I would visit my friends, Sandy and George, so I did. But Sandy wasn't there, just George. So he invited me up and up we went. In the tiny living room were two enormous people. I mean fat, big, both of them. One was David and the other was female, and I can't remember her name. Both of them were attired in glasses and nothing else. They didn't have any clothes on at all. They invited me to remove my clothes, but I was freaked out enough and declined. Anyway, we had coffee and cigarettes and talked a lot about a lot of very interesting things. George also kept his clothes on, because he had to answer the door if necessary. These people were from a big university, which shall go unnamed to protect my two naked buddha friends. There they taught school and grew very special kinds of weeds and cacti, and made many magic potions for the cleaning and expansion of people's heads.

In a moment of quiet, the lady, for so she was, reached over and took my hand in friendship. We sat in silence, enjoying the touching. Then she asked me if anyone had ever entered my head to free it. Not understanding, I looked to George for guidance. He said the only way to find out if I liked it was to try it. So, trusting George to know what was good for my head, I placed my consciousness in her hands. It went like this...I closed my eyes and tried to totally relax, and clear my head of everything. I was at first

totally aware of my physical body. Both my hands and both my feet were touching. First I lost the awareness of contact in my feet, then I couldn't tell that my hands were touching each other. I got scared and opened my eyes. The lady was looking directly at me, and was shaking her head. She asked me to stop fighting, as I was stronger than she, and she couldn't force me to do it.

So I closed my eyes again and relaxed. The feelings of sensation again faded away and I was no longer aware of even the act of breathing (later George told me I was breathing at about half my normal rate). I felt as if my body was making a very slow backwards somersault. This feeling continued until I was free-falling in space. It was very light, but not bright, and soft, slow, warm, and liquid easy. Thought was not even in existence. Nothing was needed here by my consciousness given over through an act of self-denial, ego-denial, recognition of the oneness of our twoness, or whatever. That is what she did, for friendship.

There is no moral to this story. What I got out of the experience was this—a continued search for the me inside me; the loss of fear of physical death in the recognition of a possible spiritual birth; the ultimate trip without drugs; the ocean of existence within myself and everyone. I found myself through someone else who is also me. Bless you, my twin fat naked buddhas, for showing me the nakedness of my clothed mind.

## Words From The Other Side or

### Even In Disneyland

#### There Are Bathrooms

by Gregg Crescenzo

Has it occurred to any other citizen in Cam-pus that there just seems to be something out of sync in this mythical paradise of warmth and wonderment. All the comforts surround, envelop and lick us daily—trying to keep us from our appointed rounds; but in all our womb-like splendor, this subtle nagging swoosh of a feeling invades the pulsing tranquility.

Walking with the Ravine one day, hand in bush and branch in ear, following the Hansel and Gretel by-pass which meets the yellow brick road at the enchanted Ravine interchange, a thought struck me. "Hey," I said, "why don't yah watch where your goin', are yah tryin' to kill me or somethin'." The thought just swayed for a moment and then WOW! just like that, I knew what the missing link was—revealed to me in a tremor equal to what the great philosopher Dumpty must have felt as he decided to seek reality at the bottom of the wall. What Cam-pus needs is a subway system; a stale aired damp detergent sterile tomb, urine painted, keep off the third rail type of a subway.

Think of it, the CSS (boom bah), why construction alone would pay the taxes of all the citizens in Cam-pus for at least a long time, and with planned extensions to Pittsburgh and Philadelphia it just might be completed for the Second Coming. We have all the facilities right in Cam-pus to do the job, Engineering citizens to design the system and operate the trains; Social Science citizens to plan the route and study the deviate behavior that might occur; Education citizens to

teach other citizens proper use of a subway; Humanity citizens to fill its hallow tunnels with assorted graffitti and suicide attempts—yes we do have the all-around community needed for a successfully operated system.

I propose a list of probable underground connections; The Shang Cafe (for those night owl citizens forgotten under a table the evening before.), the intersections of Kirtland and Mars, Weaver and Mars; then to the land of the Dorms, from there to the Apart-ments of University, with the last stop the Ville of Venders. If any citizen has an alternate plan, please submit it to the Cam-pus Subway System Committee, c/o THE CAPITOLIST.

Our next step after accepting a plan would be to get a bond issue on the ballot in the coming election, then we'd get "VOTE YES ON THE BOND ISSUE" bumper stickers.

When the route is completed, we can import a few top notch union panhandlers and drunks from any part of the state, with at least two years experience and references, then through yellow journalism we can report attempted rapes, homosexual advances and indecent exposures, all of which would open the door to a union K-9 patrol (what subway would be complete without them); and lest we forget two Jehovah Witness members to disburse leaflets and the word (no not that word!). Yes, we'll be well on our way to re-living the days of yester year (what in the hells a yester) when it was a thrill a second on the lonely rails, men were men, and the Lone Ranger never took a bath.

## War

(from p. 1)

But mud holes and indignities were not reserved for the women entirely. After the battle, most of the warriors displayed evidence of suffering in these horrible pits.

Complete mayhem reigned on the battlefield. The forces became like mobs with no leadership and with little left of the battle plans. Espionage units were the only ones who successfully carried out their objectives. These clever people were assuming the markings of the opposing tribe and sabotaging entire enemy squadrons.

The war finally ended when UN mediator, Mike Bauer, arranged a cease-fire on the field. Both armies were badly splintered but fought tenaciously right to the end. The somewhat shakey cease-fire is still in effect at this writing, but with feelings running high, no one will say for sure that another war will not erupt.

In most battles, it is the field that takes the most punishment. This was no exception. What used to be a verdant field is now covered with remnants of the war. The park service is deciding now whether the mud holes can ever be repaired so that families can picnic on the grounds if a National Park is established on the site.

The only reported damage, however, was one broken window, wet, wet halls and walls, one cut on a warrior's head, one nearly broken toe, assorted scrapes and bruises, and one skin reaction brought on by the use of a fire extinguisher (a weapon which had been outlawed previously by the U.N.).

Tribal custom is to remove the dead immediately, so a body count was impossible. Observers at the battle estimated that about 300 people were involved, not including the Meade Heights rear guard who stayed behind in expectation of a Dorm attack which never came.

No winner was named although both sides claimed the victory. It was evident that the war took its toll on the participants, but at the time of the UN settlement, the battle could have raged for hours.

As peace-loving people, we hope that this was a war to end all wars. But if the treaty should break down—say, in the spring, maybe, when its warm and sunny and nice to be out having fun (perish the thought, tsk, tsk)—we will be there to give you all the gory details. If this does occur, it is expected that the battle will be even worse, with each group defending its turf and fighting for truth, justice and those goddamned water hoses.

## Socolow

### Exhibit

An exhibit by Edith Socolow is now on display in the Gallery Lounge through October 31. The display is open to the public from 9-5 weekdays.

Edith Socolow is a painter greatly fascinated by the poetry of color, who has a highly personal approach to form, color and design and strongly believes in the capability of art to reflect the spirit of our times. Her art continues to evolve as an expression of her sensitivity to the changing values of our society.

Edith Socolow studied fine art at the Art Students League in New York City and at the Newark School of Fine and Industrial Art. Her work has hung in several nationally known judged art shows: Boston Art Festival, Boston Museum Independant Artist Show, Portland Museum (Maine), Washington County Museum (Md.).

She has won many awards and citations including the Grant Prize at the Central Pennsylvania Art Show in Harrisburg, the Grumbacher Award, 1st prize in Watercolor at Washington County, and most recently the 2nd prize in The Petroleum in an Art Show at the William Penn Memorial Museum.

With works owned by many distinguished private collectors, Edith Socolow has been represented in galleries in New York, Philadelphia, Rockport and Harrisburg. She has had six one woman shows.

Edith Socolow has judged many Juried Shows, including the Scholastic Arts Awards. She is presently on the faculty at Harrisburg Area Community College.

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## PSEA CONDUCTS FIRST MEETING

The "First" Meeting of the Capitol Campus PSEA "Fall" Term was held on Thursday, October 7 at 8:00 p.m. in Room 212 (Air Room) of the Administration Building. Andi Verna, Capitol Campus PSEA President, presided over the meeting which discussed service projects, committees and ended with an election of the Chapter's Vice-President.

PSEA is considering working in such areas as conducting a program and display for the upcoming "Parents Day" Open House to be held on Saturday, October 30; a tutoring project

for the Middletown Area and an Elementary/Secondary Ed Book Program to be managed through the assistance of the campus library. A Program Committee and a Committee on the Problems of the Education Student (PSEA's COPEs Program) were formed. Mike Dini, a junior, was elected Vice-President of Capitol Campus PSEA.

Capitol Campus PSEA officers include: Andi Verna, President; Crystal Murray, Secretary and Marcy Olshansky, Treasurer. CAPITOL-ize JOIN PSEA

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