

Standard Deviation

many swirling energy patterns--different synaptic transmissions energize--the patterns develope, the communication unending forever in a mind stream drawn blank by ages of the death, but in the darkness a light-drawn towards its mirror, there only a mirror to be found, and the windows of your soul--ageless in beauty, romantic in thought--the day dreams by, is sucked into the ever foreboding night. day an night, light a dark--in the darkness there is light, the likewise for lightness, as thought; the vast darkness unknwn and unexplored--some insanity beckons from these reaches; and drawn to them to a mirror--only facing yourself now--the string breaks and the bag of chemicals falls and smashes--a bright cosmic flash takes us to that darkness, and in its many faceted madness--stories are to be told, a million carats spinning, each with a tale. Now that we have ascended to the thirteenth star of bhudda, the sun shrinks a little, a little more, until the sun shows no light, no path. the destination now speeds to infinity . . . i lack words, my wisdom tells me to pursue . . . on the silver steps of Rabalacia, i'm sinking slower and slower--i'm not walking down these steps, but sinking on an escalator--while i float by many dream paths, the doors to these thoughts and trips is known--and still i must seek out a journey among one door, why must it be a door . . . the nob now glows in my naked prescence--with no fear and much curiosity i seek its brass enlightenment--as if, even its touch would end some illusion and enlightenment would pass me through this door, only to find a hallway with many doors, and many more dream quests to be found . . . untangling my selves from sweaty, ganglion orbes, i walk towards my question. Orvath, Segma, and Olivion slip by as i have known them well and journeyed to their innermost secrets--their answers were well suited, and as i answered the answers, i knew my search to yet be endless, but the proper question led me to Kroywen--the magic inquisitor questioned me of my search--asking only of me to lay out myself in their proper succession to form my unending oneness--my many selves, but only one nature--trying to rise from the chaos of this infinite moment, in a strange mesmerizing delight, he found wisdom in my being--tainting it, beleaguering it, pushing and prying till i had nothing around me . . . voidal pinnacle--i felt in radical juxtaposition with nothing, i was everything as i sped thru the infinite void--movies flamed by me as comets, as i was a part in each--motion became unending as i stood still a moment, just a being . . . wierd entity . . . gasping breathes--Kroywen heaved a mighty laugh, of which i became endlessly involved in--my life died from me in his mad laughter--his madness encompassed me, life breathe and tears splashed my naked mind . . . wars raged--destructive orders created barricades--impeded slightly by unsure nothingness, i raised a tempered thought, only to have it snatched from my only twilight--beyond madness, i found a knocking at my door--this i knew not to be a flight from my journey, but its smart rapping made me question--the door grew

awesome with answers--too soon to be bleeding me--my sanity was rapping away and leaving with answers or my way--shift into trip--i groped and felt a numbness as it sucked life from my being--now positive, i felt this force field drawing me to some form--with some oneness of consciousness release--energies implode--the door slams behind me gone--in the mist and haze, i could only see objects of unknown origin, and there nebulous natures' sprung forth to become lucid, to slip back to the fog--my vision impaired, i felt a slow burning in my hand, as i slid back from the river bank into the murky waters--my one hand bloody by two gunshot wounds--the redcoats came charging through the woods--our reconnaissance spotted, i tried to swim away, but the water turned to a thick jelly--slowly drawing me down and away . . . as a ringing shot of lead smashed into my skull searing, thrashing, and ripping in slow fourth dimensional motion--my brain flesh splattered on the jelly as i sank . . . in slow fatigue, i bled--a sun raped my bleached bones; my being newly transplanted, i found walking rather difficult and odd, but stopped under an old oak tree and scratched a few mischievous fleas--my paw had been cut and was bleeding profusely--so i attended the rest of the day's light silently licking my wound--my fur was bloodied and i felt a slight shudder od cold as the night sore on, but the bleeding had stopped and so i tried sleep, even though there was a slight swelling in my front paw--i dared not to lay on it . . . in sleep, i again heard Kroywen's laughter and no longer did i listen; passing through the warped lines of time only to hear hideous laughter--though, i did not stand defiant . . . i woke up to boyhood dreams, as my life raced by me--the door bell rings and i answer the door--its only myself as i try and pull the syringe from my broken dream . . .

-MSP

University Scholarships

Application materials for University Scholarships may be picked up in Room E-106.

These scholarships are for the 1972-73 Academic Year, and are awarded to students who:

1. Give evidence of superior academic attainment (usually with a cumulative average of 3.00 or better);

2. Have a financial need, as verified by the Parents' Confidential Statement.

Those students who are interested should see Miss Toni Jennings before the deadline date of February 11, 1972.

FACULTY PROFILE

by Michael Nonnemacher and Michael Collins

One of the more familiar beards on campus belongs to Dr. Edgar Racey, the subject of this week's Faculty Profile. Having attended the University of Texas, Ohio State, Stanford and Claremont Grad School, Dr. Racey received degrees in English and Interdisciplinary Studies with emphasis on philosophy and psychology. Racey joined the Penn State faculty five years ago and currently teaches courses in English and Humanities. He was also a one time chairman of the Humanities Department here.

Since he began teaching here, Dr. Racey has observed the University gradually shifting from a free, unstructured institution, to one which is increasingly incorporating the traditional ideas of education and administration typical of American schools. He "thinks it's a pity" that this is occurring. The university is one of the few businesses today where the customer is wrong and he is afraid this might happen to our school. He professes the idea that the students are human beings and should be treated as such and not as numbers.

Commenting on education, he sees it as an understanding and hence a liberation from past conditioning. Racey feels that the ultimate goal of education should be freedom, and that the university should provide diversified paths for the student to follow to free themselves from past conditioning and enable them to develop personalities of their own. Dr. Racey takes what the student says seriously and tries to appeal to what is important to them. He also encourages processes of growth and freedom in students and feels that the individual is more important than the subject. According to Dr. Racey, the subject should be used as an instrument of greater understanding.

The students at Capitol Campus have been a source of joy to him and he is impressed by their intelligence, though sometimes it is a naive and unsophisticated intelligence. Dr. Racey feels that there is an immense source of untapped potential here for creativity and understanding but the student is trapped in the procedures of learning rather than the joys of learning, where more emphasis should be placed.

Outside of class, Dr. Racey has no hobbies contending that "my work is my hobby", and that the monetary rewards are insignificant. His only outside interests are in subjects such as mythology and those non-Western religions which lead to inner liberation, meditation, and the heightening of consciousness. By the way, Dr. Racey also conducts classes in yoga every Wednesday and Sunday night, anyone interested can contact him in room W-356.

DR. ED RACEY



Dr. Racey

At present Dr. Racey resides in Meade Heights, where he has been living for the past three years with his wife and children, and enjoying the open houses and interchanges with the students. Dr. Racey is happy to be at Capitol Campus and has no other plans for the immediate future.

Smilin' Faces

by Steve Wesley and Steve Rosensweig
Happy New Year and Welcome new students--also the returning lettermen.

You can tell the seniors--they are the ones who are back with shaved heads. We have to impress the interviewers.

You can also tell those of us who went to the Cotton Bowl--Look for black eyes. You can't see the bruised ribs.

My partner, Steve Rosensweig, is student-teaching so I'm willing to accept nit or wit for this column.

Welcome back Nancy Colnes.

I went to the placement office at 7:30 a.m. the other morning to sign up for interviews. There must have been 150 people in line--reminded me of the good old Navy days.

Congrats to the football team for their victory in the Cotton Bowl. 30-6 over Texas.

For all you ski freaks--I hope it snows soon.

For all you people who don't like snow--go to Florida.

Belated birthday wishes to Chris Beppel. If any of ya'll (I picked that up in Texas) has a birthday, let me know. It might be the only time to get your name in the paper.

To anyone over 30, don't worry, you'll reach your second childhood before us.

Al Capp is a red neck. Did you ever try to ball a six-foot chick in a five-foot sleeping bag?

Have any of you ever had Hard-Failure?

Nutbuster No. 1: If two archeologists walked into a cave and saw a man and a woman frozen in ice, and they knew right away that it was Adam and Eve, how did they know?

Trivia question of the week: Who played in the first Cotton Bowl in 1937?

If you have answers to these, or any contributions, contact Steve at 944-9751.

THE B.C.

While listening to a story about an older woman who, in good faith, had claimed her cat as a dependent for 20 years, I thought it would be a good idea for the Business Column to define for others with the same problem exactly what the Internal Revenue considers a dependent. (Besides that, we couldn't think of anything else to write about.) To claim a dependent or be claimed as a dependent, there are five tests that must be passed. The first test is support. More than 50% of the dependent's support must be supplied by the person claiming the dependent. The exception to this is if you furnish over 10% but not more than 50% of his total support, and if what you and others (except the dependent) contribute adds up to more than 50% of the dependent's support, he can be claimed. The second test is that the person being claimed must not have a gross taxable income of more than \$675. The exception to this is if the person being claimed is your child and is under 19 years of age or is a full time student of any age. The third test is that of relationship. The person being claimed must be related to you by blood or marriage, or he must be a member of your household and live with you for the entire year except for temporary absences. The fourth test is that of citizenship. The dependent must be a citizen or resident of the United States. The fifth test is that of joint return. The dependent must not have filed a joint return with another person. The exception to this is that you may still claim an exemption for a married dependent if all preceding tests have been met and the couple filing the joint return had an income below the amount required to pay any tax and filed a return merely to get a tax refund.

Another thing to remember when filling out your tax return is avoid using the services of places that advertise "We do your tax return for \$5". If your gross income is less than \$10,000 it is more educational and less expensive to obtain a copy of "Your Federal Income Tax, 1972 Edition for Individuals" and do your own return. This book is available at all Internal Revenue offices or can be obtained by writing the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C. 20402. If your income is greater than \$10,000 it is wise to retain the services of a C.P.A.

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