The Point Of Specification

I just want to make one thing perfectly clear.

Any point once specified, may become a rut. It's all very simple once one gets into it. So the issue here, stands to reason, but then again I'm sitting down. Its simply a morning trip of sittin' and listenin' to records and wakin' up to a stone; But then, that's not the issue. Though it should be a more personal trip with me, so I say that it is in within me. There appears to be a conlict, and no it wasn't always like this; Everything used to be A-OK until these capitol crotch honkies tried to roll my finer sensibilities. My best form of descriptive rationalism became emotion, and then I was just freaked out. (its really fun recalling events) What specific thing could I say, except, well I don't believe it, that's all. Here we got these newspaper jock hounds runnin' around frenzied cause they lost their perspective runnin' through the light; Sleeping debutants cryin' for the written or drawn word, and then what does it come down to. It comes down to free expression. What could be more easy than to make myself clear. Here I got this light shedding from my brain in diffused activity; Slithers fall by the wayside only to be swept away by the rising tide of mediocrity. Value judgement time.

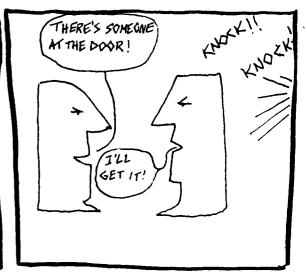
We all passed the basket and dropped some of our shit in. It was a communicative process, but nobody knew what it meant. We were just havin' a good time and just diggin' it. See we were into it, and bein' our music; Later we split to the rock and roller concert, but first we painted our faces up. We were

lookin' for people who were trippin'. Later, everybody got down to a boogie, and rocked out with him. Boogies are such interesting things, but still they're rather peculiar. You can't make head nor tail of them. What are they trying to say? What specific point do they want to divulge to my naked brain? So I asked him, and all he said was: Dig what you see, I gotta' boogie, I'll see you later. So we passed some more shit, an go over then again. It was as though the point was lost in a mind sea, rockin' with the music. It didn't know either, it didn't care. So we put on our airs and stilted on out of there. Practically speaking, what did we accomplish? We go so framed in a perspective, and then we couldn't get out of it. What could we understand? To the staff editors I say: Off the capitolist, let it be. To: Johnny Slick

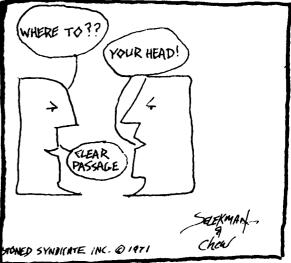
I once knew this dude, Klutz was his name, and he was sittin' on the toilet. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw this mouse eyein' up an unidentified capsule under the side of the bathtub. Old klutz jumped off the toilet and sucked that capsule right up. There's one for YOU: Right Up. Later he said, like wow, I need this bull weed to cool out my head, but his stash was as empty as old mother hubbard's sex life. In the middle of his stay, a door opened up and a few people came in, therupon closing the gap in his performance. Later that century the kids were leaving, and as they left, the Bhudda sitting on the toilet said: Bless You Kids!

-His Mendacity

SEE YET!! I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANYTHING TO SEE OR UNDERSOND BUT, NA ANYWAY...







Spotlight: Mike Shahade

by R. W. Bonaker

Mike Shahade is an interesting person. The Pennsylvania Chess Federation Champion says he is no primma donna yet many people see him in that light. He can devote the time necessary to maintain his chess proficiency and still be active in intramural sports and retain a high grade average as a student at Capitol Campus.

Mike thinks a person does not have to possess "any extra brain cells" to be a chess expert, but "you must have a knack for learning the many parts of the game, no matter how smart you are."

Born in Philadelphia, he first learned to play chess when he was 14. He attended Northeast Catholic High School in Philadelphia and joined its chess club. Mike came into contact with many reknowned chess players while on the school team and fell under their influence.

"I was at an impressionable age, then," he explains. "They turned me on to chess. That first summer I averaged about five hours a day studying chess books and magazines."

Since that time, Mike has lived in New York, returning to Philadelphia to attend Community College of Philadelphia. He is currently an 8th term Social Science major here at Capitol, being in the pyschosocial option of that program.

"To be a good chess player, you have to know what it takes. You have to have confidence in your own ability," he says. A discipline to devote hours of studying chess techniques every day displays that Mike has the mind for the intensity of concentration required, qualifying him an expert. He asserts, "It really takes a long time to learn the game, and most people don't become good because they don't take that time."

Mike says that when he first began he "didn't have any do ye th brich if do fit ma

visions," of becoming a chess champ. Yet in 1968, he became United States Amateur Champ. That same year he won the Manhattan and North East States tourneys. He has been Pennsylvania champion for the past two years and has conpeted in international tournaments.

He plans to take a leave from school next term to compete in the world championships in Europe, but plans to return to Capitol next fall. He will compete under the auspices of the United States Chess Federation and will face the world's best players. He does not think he has much of a chance to win, "but it will be exciting and also will be a valuable experience," he asserts.

Mike has often played against Bobby Fischer, the United States Champ, and defeated him a few times, "but that was at speed chess, and he beat me much more often." Fischer is rated the top player in the world today, and is favored to dethrone the current World Champion, Spaski of the Soviet Union.

"If Fischer wins, it will be a tremendous blow to Russian prestige," he emphasizes. "Chess is part of the Russian culture. It's taught in the schools and the players are subsidized by the government. The players compete before capacity crowds

in huge stadiums. The world championships have been dominated by Russians for 30 years. A loss will really shake them up."

Shahade is also considered a bridge expert. He thinks that chess and bridge are related and if you do well in one, you can do well in the other. Physical fitness in imperative for a chess master. "During a championship match, the contestants sometimes play non-stop for as long as five hours. You have to be in top shape so you don't become tired and lose your concentration," he explains.

At a recent chess exhibition

At a recent chess exhibition here, Mike played over 25 people simultaneously and defeated them all inside of three hours. Sweat poured from him throughout the match, reflecting his intentness of concentration. He said such exhibitions are exhausting ordeals but are tremendously gratifying once he has won them.

Dick Kendall and Dr. Susskind were his toughest opponents in the chess exhibition, he professes. At the conclusion of the exhibition, Mike was challenged to a rematch by one of the losers. Mike was chagrined that he was so obnoxiously challenged by one who could not possibly defeat him. "Good players know the extent of their ability," he says. "The weaker players don't know this. I know I can't beat Fischer or Spaski in world competition. But that contestant thought he could beat me. It was ridiculous.'

Mike wishes that chess were as popular a sport in America as it is in the Soviet Union. "If it were, this country would dominate world chess competition. Perhaps a Bobby Fischer victory will provide a stimulant."

Perhaps it will. But one thing is certain, the presence of Chess Champ Mike Shahade at Capitol Campus has provided a chess stimulis here.

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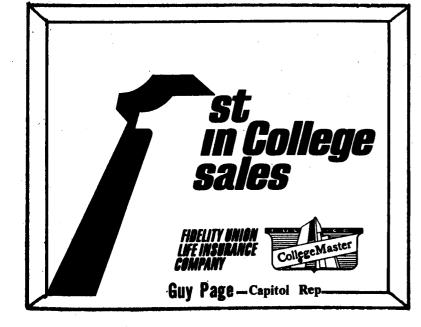
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