

LOOKING BACK

by Jim Bollinger

Looking back on my first full year here at the dung-heap of the Penn State campus system, I can only say: "God, I wish I was gettin' outta this place." But that's being cynical. Capitol does have its good points. For instance, because of the abundance of garbage, there is never a food-shortage in vendorville. And the apathy everyone is always complaining about, I have found, doesn't exist; many of our students have had their vital forces squeezed out of them by a combination of things, so that all we have here is a bunch of warm bodies walking around.

Enough of this amusing reverie, however, and back to business. When I first came here, I was led to believe that it wouldn't be much different than HACC. How wrong that belief was. All along, they had me believing that HACC and Captiol Campus were, together, the educational ideal of the future. Well, maybe they were right about the former school, but, man, did they fumble the ball on that latter count. It didn't take me long to learn that Capitol Campus is just a new (?) way to get really (expletive deleted) - over.

First, I had to acclimate myself to starting the regular school year long after all the sane people and institutions had already gone back to work. Then I had to put up with these ridiculous class schedules they saddle us with (including a course which was totally unnecessary), followed closely by having to put up with this insane trimester academic year.

With the start of the Winter term, I had another unusual (to me) problem to contend with - ten straight weeks of class without a single holiday. Then followed a Spring break which had no practical correlation with more sane time schedules, being too early for Easter and too late for Washington's birthday; I spent the whole week twiddling my thumbs and watching daytime TV (which is enough to send anyone to the funny-farm).

Finally came this crap of the Spring term lasting half-way thru the summer, which allows students from other colleges (and even high-schools) to gobble up all the decent summer jobs. C'est la vie.

Throughout all this came the fruitless protest against the exorbitant parking fees, the equally as fruitless complaints about the registration situation, and the security hassle. But even with all this and all the other things that are wrong on this campus, there are signs that things may be getting better: registration now stays open over the lunch-hour, agreements have been reached over the security situation, and the new SGA administration is working hard and is realistically optimistic about its future prospects.

Looking ahead to next year, I seriously doubt if any major improvements or accomplishments will be made, partly because administration will always have University Park to pass the buck to, and they hardly pay us any attention anyway (I doubt if they know we exist).

However, minor improvements appear to be on the horizon: nothing earth-shattering, but it is, at least, encouraging. For example: here in our very own Reader office, we're finally going to get an electric outlet, and maybe even a typewriter that works correctly. Like I said - minor developments.

There are strides being made in more significant areas, however, and the prognosis is not entirely bleak. Yet for these strides to mean anything, we - you and I, the students - will have to help.

How can we help (as if you care)? Get involved in something - anything, as long as you're interested in it. There are many worthwhile organizations on campus - XGI's, BSU, WZAP, Beta Chi and Aviation Club, not to mention intramural sports and a myriad of other things (including the good old Reader).

If you're not involved in any of them, give some serious thought to joining one; and pick the one that intrigues you the most. When you come back next year, find out more about it. If you like it enough, don't hesitate to join.

And while you're thinking things over, keep the C.C. Reader in mind. We still need a staff, and we'll take anybody, regardless of talent or experience. All we require is that you possess some degree of literacy.

If things are going to be looking up next year, don't miss out on the action. Pull your head out of the ground and look around and take the time to see.



The Capitol Campus Reader

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Letters

TO THE EDITOR:

Who is this guy, George Dressler and how the hell does he come off being Administrative Director of Capitol Campus?

I understand about the parking rate, I'm already resigned to the fact that I'll always get the Nittany Screw as long as I'm associated with the Penn State System, but shit, when he said that Cpaitol had all its freedom in the academic field, I had to laugh. Laugh at the absolutely unoriginal, backward, boring scarcity of courses, not only for the three big terms here, but also the mere pittance of courses offered for the Summer term. Laugh at the four courses in humanities. Which isn't so funny for humanities majors.

What this campus could use just to name a few, are a journalism course, a photography course and even a film course that could possibly give students some idea of what American has done in the film industry from the Marx Bros. to Stanley Kubrick. (But that's too much to expect from this school.)

Aside from that, what provisions are being made for the populace in Middletown on this new construction? Are programs being instituted to provide the adults and children with some kind of learning experience? If there was a pool included in this new construction, (since there isn't, I see no reason to build it, a library would be a much better idea), I'd say that programs in swimming instruction should be a must, but of course this is not the case.

What is this campus doing for the community anyway? What is Public Relations doing besides filling the outside media with University social news?

And God Almighty, what is this crap about Dressler not knowing what the reasons were for the discontent between Student Security Forces and Mr. Paul? He said they were unknown to him - UNKNOWN? Man, this is the guy's job isn't it? What does he get paid for?

This is all too much for me - maybe I just don't understand, maybe I'm the one who's got things messed up - I just don't know.

Oh, and what took the cake was that bit about salesmen beating the bushes -- TOOOOO MUCH. The administration, whoever they are and whatever their job is, better start using their heads and realize that we're not dealing in the slave trade. If they want students, they better start offering students a little more than soggy french fries and a \$7.50 parking sticker. They better start giving them a faculty that cares and students organizations that work and are supported by more than a handful of real concerned students. (If you don't know how to do this then you better get up off your ass and find out.) I mean if you're going to have students as customers; you better start realizing that the customer is always right and thay they deserve a little more trust and respect than has been given to them.

Just don't give them so much red tape that they can't make a move. Offer them some courses that are different and unique in the college system. Give them a reason for enrolling here. Give them a helping hand.

I don't see it being done and frankly, being a graduating senior I don't give a damn anymore. I mean these people have to work in this environment and from the impression I got from Dressler, he wants to stay here. What a pity, because anyone that works here under these conditions has got to be either a masochist, a pervert or just some constipated old man that's only in it for the money.

Capitol is just digging its own grave and this guy Dressler put the first shovelful of dirt on it.

/s/ A concerned, but now disgusted student who finds the whole thing absolutely absurd.

Dear Complainers,

This is how I feel I should address the majority of contributors to our campus paper! It seems that no one is happy with the "System", Penn State, and/or Capitol Campus. Several issues ago, a poorly selected group of words appeared to let people know that this person was unable to cope with the decision as to whether or not he should purchase an order of french fries, which he found continously of poor quality (a sad situation after a four year education)!

So it seems to me that a few of us miss the point of our education! That is, we are here to learn from -others mistakes and discoveries, and to change, as best we can, the imperfections of our society and maybe the world! COMPLAIN - O.K. - but offer alternatives and get involved and right the wrongs and inequities.

This same issue carried an accusation about the Housing Staff of Meade Heights allegedly spying and informing on the

students. I must admit that I was both surprised at the source of the article as well as the logic used in writing it. PONDER THIS POINT: when you are stopped by a policeman for speeding, do you (1) get mad at the cop because he wasn't out chasing "criminals," or, (2) at yourself for being so ignorant as to break the laws of society and then get caught in the process? If you belong to the first group, then you would probably complain about the Housing Staff when it reported womens clothes in an all-male house, or what have you.

In the situation above, I can find only two explanations: (1) You are breaking University rules, by having an unauthorized visitor in your house (and therefore, as an adult, should accept the consequences) or (2) you are wearing women's clothes (and I wouldn't brag about that, either). I think the contributors of both articles have a problem with plain ordinary common sense.

My main purpose for writing this article is to defend the

people who are taken for granted and who do so much to make our life here as comfortable and unencumbered as possible. They are the Housing Staff, especially the group in Meade Heights!

I wouldn't want their job for all the education or money in the world. JUST IMAGINE: the lawn area that has to be cut, the painting that has to be done, the windows that have to be replaced, the pilots in the stove and two heaters that have to be relighted or cleaned. And the total amount of complaints received on the average day that are overlooked by our student population. And it's not the mass or diversity of complaints that make things complicated, but the fact that many people view their problem as the only one!!!

How about the personality clashes that inevitably happen when diverse living habits meet and conflict. Many people were extended quick and courteous relocation help in these and other matters, and who then seem to forget that they were once in need themselves.

So to the Housing Staff in the Meade Heights Area, my warmest appreciation goes to you for a difficult job well done. I feel that you were unfairly criticized on unsubstanciated, hastily drawn conclusions and that you are doing the best job anyone could do with the continous upkeep of an old one time military base.

Sincerely,
/s/ Dennis R. Burd

What to do on a boring afternoon

Why not try the library for a laugh or two.

It is fun to watch the Peeper Sneaker. He is the quiet human you see watching you as you browse and use the men's room, but when you need an intelligent answer this peeper sneaker will hide. Now the fun begins when you first realize he has you under surveillance. Then the idea is to wander around a lot so you keep him busy, he gets bored too you know. Remember while in the library keep your hands visible at all time, that is if you want out. They touch them on the way out to make sure they are connected.

Why

by bf

Why!
Why is what I scream in the darkness of my mind.

Why do I feel so lonely?
Why do I feel so lost?
Why do I feel?
Do I feel?
I feel until it hurts so I do not want to feel.

Why can't they help me?
Why can't I help myself?
Why can't I help?
Why can't I . . . ?
Why?