

It's Time For... A Skin Flick?

By The Anonymous
Reviewer

Assigned to do a movie review, I was deviously assured it would be an educational experience. Webster defines experience as: something personally encountered, undergone or lived through. I prefer lived through.

Yes, it was also educational as promised, I learned many new words, some of them not even to be found in a dictionary.

The film masterpiece I viewed at the Star Art Theater, was entitled, "Doctor's Teenage Dilemma", despite that no one in the movie appeared to be under the age of 35.

The doctor, a sexologist, is doing his part for society by helping people overcome their sexual problems aided by an extremely devoted and capable nurse. The nurse, in a white stockings and garter theme, looks after the Doctor's male clientele. Perhaps because of his beady eyes and constant heavy breathing the doctor must continually remind his patients of his profession, "But, I am a doctor Miss, now please lift up your dress and..." He repeats this vague phrase at least eight times through out the course of the movie, in a condescending voice.

Included in this dedicated "professional" man's entourage of patients is a

necrophiliac, who believes with her entire body that she is performing an invaluable service to humanity by "taking care" of all the, "cold and forgotten stiffs in the ground, because one day it could be you."

A heart rendering consideration.

Her standard line consists of, "I bet you never tried it in a casket," she continues to list the advantages which are better left to the reader.

Other patient problems include a gentleman who is too well endowed, and Harriet Bush, a lesbian who sings suggestive songs and plays the piano, as well as finds other uses for it. Definitely a little something for everyone's tastes.

Camera shots, which left nothing to the most graphic of imaginations, consisted mainly of close-up shots. The movie seemed to be much longer than its actual 75 minutes, but then there are only so many variations on a theme.

Two of the more disturbing technical qualities were: overexposed film (no pun intended), which gave everyone a curious pinkish-green cast, and the dialogue was 30 seconds out of synchronization with lip movement. Not that it really mattered, the cliches were standard and the actions self-explanatory.

Liberal Arts Graduates Unsatisfied

(CPS)--Once considered the gateway to success, a liberal arts degree may instead be the route to restlessness.

A study recently completed by the College Placement Council shows that liberal arts graduates are increasingly displeased with their jobs and in many cases would like to find different places to work.

And to compound their problems, humanities and social studies students are having more trouble just finding a job--regardless of how well suited it is to their training--than students who started college in the early sixties.

The study was made by polling a group of 127,000 freshmen in 1961 and another 250,000 freshmen in 1966. A follow-up study done in 1971 queried a sample of each group to see what they thought about the jobs they got after graduation and how their education prepared them for their work.

The answers to both those questions aren't encouraging for liberal arts majors. Liberal arts degrees aren't as awe-inspiring as they once were.

The combination of increased unemployment and more sheepskin-toting job hunters has created a situation where "for the first time since the Depression, a college degree does not automatically assure employment."

Does Your Interest Lie In Pizza?

By Wm. Kane
Staff Writer

Do you ever wonder what you are doing here at Capitol Campus in Middletown where a business establishment can rightfully claim to produce the best pizza in town, which is no great achievement since there are only two and each has a 50/50 chance of being the best.

Did you ever consider your situation after you have graduated and received that diploma and are ready to seek employment in a country where many people are having a hard time doing just that, finding a job?

Perhaps you are a person who has his faculties together and know exactly what you are doing at Capitol (not including, of course, watching "Happy Days" in the T.V. lounge at 11:30).

And, you may well be a person who knows exactly what job you are going to step into, with no doubts or second thoughts, after that glorious and exalted day known as Graduation Day.

If you are among this group, read no further, you are only wasting valuable time that could be used for realization of your goals.

Now that those people are no longer with us, let us get to the purpose of this exercise, which I have chosen to do in a rather roundabout way.

The truth is there are a number of people who have no idea whatsoever what they'll be doing in two years.

And, there's the group of people who know what they would like to do and are taking courses to help them get there, but they still have a little doubt in their minds.

And, there's the group who set up options for themselves, so if they can't find work in the area they like best they can always take a different road.

It may be a good idea for you people to go to the Counseling Center and make an appointment to have your Strong-Campbell Interest Inventory evaluated. The SCII was one of the tests taken on orientation day, if you can remember that far back.

The SCII is not really a test. You can flunk. It's more like a service to help you consider what career might be right for you, according to your interests. It does not tell you what career to choose. It does suggest some that you would be better off not pursuing. It does this by comparing your likes and dislikes with those of people who are established in various professions.

From psychological research, the SCII establishes six occupational themes showing how people can be described or contrasted in a general way.

The realistic theme encompasses people who would rather deal with things than people or ideas. They usually have good physical skills but sometimes have trouble expressing themselves with words.

The investigative theme groups people together who are task-oriented, and enjoy solving abstract problems and are original and creative, especially in scientific areas.

The artistic theme includes those who express themselves in some type of artistic media and are often sensitive and emotional.

The social theme people get along well with others and are concerned with helping others get things done or being leaders.

The enterprising people are the salesmen of the world. They know how to use words, and tell you what you want to hear. They enjoy power and wealth more so than members of the other themes.

The sixth theme, the C theme, are people who are dependable, do not seek leadership or ambiguous situations and are most effective at well defined tasks. C is for conventional.

The SCII then has a list of 130 jobs that correspond to the six occupational themes, and tells you how your interests compare with those successful in these jobs.

So, if your score indicates your interests are high in the R theme (realistic) you might consider being a craftsman or a police officer or a farmer. Even though the thought of police may instantly flash paranoia on your brain, since you scored high in the realistic theme you do have something in common with police.

I-theme jobs include engineers, pharmacist and biologist. Some A-theme jobs are musician or photographer. S-theme includes social worker, priest or teacher. E-theme jobs cover those of lawyer, life insurance agent or realtor, and typical C-theme jobs include bankers, accountants or secretaries.

The SCII can only make suggestions according to your interests. It will not tell you which specific job to choose.

So, if you feel you can make a better pizza, I wish you luck.

New Course Due Spring Term

A new, provocative, experimental course, "Constructive Anarchism and Education" (Ed 498F) will be offered by Dr. Herbert Eisenstein, 4th period. Anarchism's ideas on the individual's and group's hopes and needs will be used to test American Education today. Guest speakers, free thinking, no prerequisites. Spring schedule booklet botched up the title.

Casino Night: A Loser's View

By Ray Martin
Staff Writer

These words are meant for those unfortunate few of you who did not lose everything they owned on Casino Night. You missed the joyous moments of sweaty palms, muttered obscenities and jumping up and down in frustration; and that was just in the line to the men's room.

No, really, most of the time I am a creature of logic,

so realizing the mathematical odds against success, I choose to proceed cautiously.

I exchanged one third of my money, and passed around a few booths for awhile, winning here, losing there. Then I got to the Roulette Wheel. And as I was watching this funny person in a green visor take away my fourth chip, I tried to compute the odds of a straight roulette wheel

rolling two green numbers in a row.

It was all down hill from there.

I had a near perfect hot streak at the balloon booth. The only problem was in timing. I stayed there about five minutes too long. As I was exchanging my last pennies for some blue and white scrip, I felt as low as a submarine's floor, and yet back I went.

About thirty seconds later I was staring at my last five thousand dollars, while watching an Egyptian, amateur dance group and wondering where Ed Sullivan was when we needed him.

About that time I started searching for something at which I couldn't lose, and there it was. ORGASMA! TRON. I remembered the name from the great Woody Allen movie "Sleeper".

Shortly there after, I found myself standing in front of the kissing booth holding three pieces of blue paper. The girl tried her best to convince me I didn't have enough money. Ordinarily I would have moved on, but at that point I didn't care about anything, including keeping up my image, so I went ahead.

During the auction, I found myself leaning on a trash can watching the winners, I couldn't help feel a small pang of compassion for them as they would never know what great fun you can have losing everything.

the Paddock
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TONITE - SAT.
ATLANTIC
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