

Perspectives Page

EDITORIAL One More Time

One more time, what? One more time, apathy. Just one. No more will you hear about or read that word in the Reader. As of now, that word is officially stricken from the reservoir of terms that will appear in the Reader this year. I might also suggest that those of you who are reading this do the same to your vocabulary.

In fact, the Reader doesn't care about apathy. Let me explain this before the SGA gets the terrible feeling that they've been conned, by appropriating by a unanimous decision, the Reader budget for this year. A budget that will allow us to appear every week, with some careful business management, and of course, substantial advertising revenue.

Print is a persuasive medium, but the people who choose not to strike that ominous and foreboding word from their vocabularys, we must forget about. And that's being polite.

They are the people who commute, and live far away, and think it's a big hassle to come here in the first place. This school is the means to an end they seek, and they consider that end, namely some sort of employment, to be infinitely more important than some social affair or other form of entertainment held here, at this school, for everyone's benefit.

Well, like I said, we must forget about them. I'm being politic again! Let them sit at home and commune with their cows, or watch the grass grow, or watch the cars go by on Rte. 230.

A university is a place where you're supposed to broaden your perspectives, to open up and let new knowledge and experiences bombard your brain cells; in short, to learn.

One might say, "Their is nothing going on here to interest me." I say, "make it happen, organize, get it going yourself, you've got ideas, don't you? Then implement them. This is not a Nazi Concentration Camp, as some might consider it to be, there is freedom. Use it, for the benefit of yourself and for the benefit of all."

In the spirit of the free press, the C.C. Reader will accept Letters to the Editor. All letters should be signed by the writer. Publication will depend on this and the availability of space. Please double space all letters and set your typewriter margins at 20 and 80. Submit all letters by Monday of each week.

Notable Quotes

Every man has to learn the points of compass again as often as he awakes, whether from sleep or any abstraction. Not til we are lost, in other words, not til we have lost the world, do we begin to find ourselves, and realize where we are and the infinite extent of our relations." (Thoreau)

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The Reader Asks What Did You Think Of The Debates?



Sue Radman-7th term
Ford and Carter were stalemated--there was no decisive winner. Carter appeared nervous and as undecided as ever. Ford was too rehearsed--he had the opportunity to come out strongly against Carter and didn't.



Ken Love-7th term
Neither one said anything I haven't heard before. My general opinion was that it (the debates) was just boring. It was so bad I went and dried my clothes instead of watching.



Marge Sanford-10th term
The whole thing was very dull and lacking in spontaneity. I was forced to listen to the issues without having them clouded by the personalities involved. It was valuable but incredibly boring.



Patricia Manning-11th term
Both men were well-versed, but Carter came out on top. He seemed to hit the problems facing this country. He seemed nervous at first, but came out confident and very knowledgeable. He knew what he was talking about. Ford just rambled on and on like he's been doing.



John Robinson-9th term
It was boring. I had hoped for a little mud-slinging, but they never got down to any basic issues. It was not my idea of a debate. I hope the next one is "better".



Regina Haughney-7th term
The debates only reinforced my ideas I already had about the candidates. Carter came across better than I expected. They shouldn't have used so many statistics. Who cares about statistics?

Letters: Seeking Liberation Of Self

By Debbie Young

Back in 1970 when I was in Senior High School rules were definitely rules, and I did what was right. I wore imitation suede ponchos that were properly fringed and blue jeans that were embroidered with butterflies and other cute subjects. I wouldn't get my hair straightened because, at the time, anyone in my race who didn't wear a natural was considered not black enough. Everyone was constantly passing judgement.

I remember one time at a class party, a boy I had disliked for twelve years, gave me a farewell kiss on the cheek. It was pleasurable for a moment until a girl named Gayle, who always wore matching sweaters and knee socks, giggled. I came to the conclusion that with my black fishnet stockings and black velvet blazer I'd most certainly receive a reputation for being easy. And that was bad!

I began the long journey towards emancipation, a search for my own consciousness, about two years ago. Along with this search for "self" there is a certain amount of fear because so much of what you are is, most times, merely a reflection of what those around you expect. There is a certain balance which must take place, a need to realize that saying "this is me and I don't give a damn what others think" isn't a bit better than saying "my existence is what the world demands."

It is difficult and often quite painful to evaluate yourself throughout and discover the right direction and discipline you really need--a struggle to obscure years of mother's

training and schoolmates' rules and define what you really want.

Oftentimes wanting to act "natural" might be as much of an act as any other. I remember seeing a makeup company ad in which a beautiful young model eulogized the value of looking natural. You too could look natural if you wore the right foundation, cheek color, mascara and lipstick.

From what I've read and heard of adult life in the fifties, it seems that the same constraints exist today. We've just changed the command to be followed, and the image to be assumed. Back in the fifties women felt they had to follow the same dictate--stay home and argue with five-year-old brats. Then along came mass-produced tee shirts that said "you've come a long way baby" which intruded on women's club meetings and the new mission was to assert yourself.

We should be intelligent enough by now to recognize that some things aren't going to work for all women. You have to consider the individual suggestions of every process. I know a young woman who told me she never considered how she really felt about children until three weeks after her first baby was born. Then she had a dream that the baby was a massive hamburger and she ate her at a Labor Day picnic. However at that time it was much too late.

In back of all the sayings about what is best and most fulfilling, behind all those explanations and facts, will come the reasons for the individual case. My mother said she enjoyed the short time she had to be home and watch her children grow. I think I'd have

more fun watching my shoesize grow--but my decision to read Moliere instead of A.A. Milne is mine and doesn't have to be everybody's.

Some place there is a part of you that can be developed and re-shaped and is very much individual. When I was younger I desperately had a need for my parents to shape my world. I really trusted them--and much more important I had someone to blame when I was too fat, didn't get the grades I wanted in school and was lonely on a Saturday night.

But, that way of thinking indicates a personal uselessness, a personal distrust. You must take some risks, chance some things now and then--not ease along with undue optimistic good humor and figure that Destiny will determine what's best in this world.

It sometimes hurts to spend all your emotions in one person, career, way of thinking--sometimes hurts because what is gained can often be minimal. But explanations for inaction are only agreeable for a while--then comes that empty feeling again, and a whole lot of frustration. I guess there is an exciting feeling to being confident, to saying "I'll work until I'm happy" and that's all. I guess I'll know when I've accomplished true liberation when someone says "you look horrible today" and I can say "but I feel great" and not have my whole day destroyed.

I really don't need other people giving me my identity. I think I can handle the responsibility for my own life, if you please, not rely on parents, roommates, women's groups or men. My control on life can only be me.