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EDITORIAL Waste Some Time

"Slow down, take your time. One thing I've got plenty of - is time. I've got all the time in the world!"

If the movie accurately quoted, (you realize there can be some discrepancies between movies and real life, and as a trained journalist to be unaccurate is not acceptable; therefore, the word "if" is used) these words spoken at some time in the life of John Dillinger, we can get an idea how he valued time.

According to the laws of supply and demand, when supply is abundant, demand is lessened, and consequently, prices drop.

Presumably the infamous Dillinger cared little of time, placing no credence in the concept of optimum time efficiency. However, one can not always have the spontaneous income or job opportunities, afforded to Dillinger by some twist of fate.

We are normal and our society has certain rules and guidelines for its citizens. One of the rules say: What you are worth is often measured by how much you do. Whether quality is combined with those quantitative measurements is not necessarily important. It seems quality has been replaced by numbers, more and bigger, and other terms of this genre, are sought after as desirable attributes.

This then means how you budget your time must be important. To obtain maximum performance you must cram minutes into seconds, hours into minutes, weeks into days and so on.

Beat the clock. As if time was in a race against you, you struggle to win. But what do you win? Probably Time doesn't even know he was racing. Had he known, who knows what would've happened to you by now?

It is ubiquitous. Time deserves to be savored and sipped, like wine. Actually waste some time sometime. It's really nice. Do absolutely nothing, but be conscious of it, and completely free of guilt for doing so.

It is easy to do; just take extra minutes getting somewhere, drive around the block a couple times, you could always say, "I'm late because my turn signal was stuck."

Squander it, chances are you'll never be accused of being selfish. You won't be condemned and confronted with the argument that persons way over in Biafra can't get enough time, and for you to waste it like that, is immoral.

Notable Quote

In his dream he was shutting the front door with its strawberry windows and lemon windows and windows like white clouds and windows like clear water in a country stream. Two dozen panes squared round the one big pane, colored of fruit wines and gelatins and cool water ices. He remembered his father holding him up as a child. "Look!" And through the green glass the world was emerald, moss, and summer mint. "Look!" The lilac pane made livid grapes of all the passersby. And at last the strawberry glass perpetually bathed the town in roseate warmth, carpeted the world in pink sunrise, and made the cut lawn seem imported from the Persian rug bazaar. The strawberry window, best of all, cured people of their paleness, warmed the cold rain, and set the blowing, shifting February snows afire.

Ray Bradbury
"The Strawberry Window"

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Inauguration '77: Peanuts to Pennsylvania Avenue

By Ed Perrone
Washington Correspondent

Never go to Washington, D.C., after it snows. They never clear off the sidewalks down there. Ray Martin and I got out of the car at 4th and F Streets and slid almost the whole way to the Capitol Building. We didn't reach people until we got to the Capitol area itself. There, we ran into a crowd bigger- and almost as rowdy- as the people you'd find waiting for tickets outside a sold-out Grateful Dead concert.

The lawn of the Capitol was ringed with 82nd Airborne troops, who would've looked like statues, except for the fact that they blinked once in a while.

Clutching our tickets, we let the crowd push us towards the gate.

"Hold your tickets in the air!" a guard shouted. Dozens of hands shot up. "Okay," he said. "Thank you. Okay. Go ahead..." In ones and twos, the mob passed through the gates. As soon as I got in, I let out a long breath and lit a cigarette.

We had finally made it, with all of ten minutes to spare. Just as we got as far forward as we were going to get, the Methodist Bishop of Atlanta, William Cannon, stepped to the microphone to give the invocation-which turned out to

be almost as long as the new President's Inaugural Address.

Then, House Speaker Tip O'Neill swore in Walter Mondale as Vice-President. It was painless-not nearly as dramatic as I had expected. The people applauded, but not enthusiastically. It sounded more like they weren't sure if they were supposed to mar the solemnity of the occasion with applause or not.

When they stopped, Chief Justice Warren Burger and Jimmy Carter, The Peanut Farmer From Georgia, came forward.

"I, Jimmy Carter, do solemnly swear..."

At 11:58 A.M., it was all over. The United States had a new President. It was different from the last time. There were no demonstrations this time, no "Stop The War" placards, and no protesters shouting "Fuck Reagan" while throwing eggs at the smiling California governor.

This was not Richard Nixon's imperial coronation in 1973. No, it was 1977 now, and Jimmy Carter's down-home "Peoples' Inaugural".

"For myself, and for our nation, I want to thank my predecessor for all he has done to heal our land."

President Jimmy Carter. It still took some getting used to, especially since I voted for

Eugene McCarthy on November 2nd. But as Carter read his Inaugural Address, he sounded more and more like a President instead of a politico. He wasn't full of promises today, like he was during the campaign. Instead, he set before the American people, in fairly realistic terms, his new Administration's job.

"We have learned that 'more' is not necessarily 'better', even our great nation has its recognized limits, and that we can neither answer all questions nor solve all problems. We can not afford to do everything, nor can we afford to lack boldness as we meet the future. So together, in a spirit of individual sacrifice for the common good, we must simply do our best."

He went on, in one of the shortest inaugural addresses in history, to state his goals for the next four years: the end of the nuclear arms race, the end of unemployment, the equal treatment under the law for all Americans, and a renewed faith of the American people in their government.

Then, only 15 minutes after being sworn in, Jimmy, Rosalynn and Amy Carter did something which Richard Nixon would have had good reason to fear doing-they walked, smiling and waving, the entire route of the Inaugural Parade.

Can David Frost Do What

Rosemary Woods Couldn't?

By Tim Adams

In an upcoming television interview, David Frost will attempt to chronicle the psyche of Richard Nixon.

Why is David going to the trouble? The answer he'd give is probably that he thinks he can do what the American people and the special prosecutors weren't capable of doing, get Richard to talk.

In deference to Frost's ability as an interviewer, this is highly unlikely. The only other answer is money and the redoubtable prestige Frost will attain for this effort.

What will Richard say for five hours? If Rosemary Woods comes along we have the possibility of looking forward to five hours of dead air. If not we

have the entire evening to sit and listen to what we already know, that Nixon was duped by unscrupulous characters.

This exercise may prove to be an indictment of everyone but Richard Nixon. A useless display of Nixon regaling the audience with statements like "to the best of my recollection I had no knowledge of anything that went on in the White House during my reign and am therefore not responsible." A sad statement, but probably tinged with more truth than many of his other colorless remarks.

This is the stuff that real television is made of. Perhaps the network will run a disclaimer stating that "some of the material in this interview

may not be truthful, so people with low bullshit tolerance should be sent to their room."

Richard Nixon is a loser. To the American people he deserves sympathy. This is unfortunate because he showed the American people no pity, and now this interview, he'll stoop to anything. No matter what he is, he isn't worth a television interview.

To most of us, Nixon is a wart we'd like to be rid of and everytime we think we have it beat it pops back. To Gerald Ford he's the Ghost of Election Past. When will Richard get over his uncanny knack of doing the wrong thing? Let's hope that it won't be the start of a new series, Give em hell Richard.

Coffee, Tea, Or a Flick of My What?!?

By Staff Writer #27

"Coffee," "food", "noise", "coffee", "smoke"(of the legal kind), "puke", "coffee", "lunch, unless I'm in a bad mood, then I think about being bored", and "more coffee". These are the thoughts of some of the constant residents of a well-known "hang-out" called Vendorville.

Where is Vendorville? In the basement of the main

building, where else? It's open from 7:15 A.M. to 9:00 P.M., Monday thru Thursday, with the grill open till 8:30 P.M. (that's night stupid), and on Fridays, till 4:30 P.M. (nobody stays here on weekends).

You can get things like English muffins, home fries, grilled cheese, hot sausage, chili, and hamburgers (naturally). As well as a variety of cold sandwiches (egg salad is best),

salads. You can even get yogurt. If that's not good enough for you, they have: cold milk, hot coffee, pastry, hot foods, candy, cold drinks (in a cup), snacks, frozen dessert, and cold drink (in cans) machines. Occasionally, you might get ripped off, but what the hell. Just tell the nice ladies on the lunch line, and they'll try to get your money back (DON'T HASSLE THEM THOUGH, See Page 4