

# Perspectives Page

## EDITORIAL A Recurring Theme

After years and years of doing and seeing the same things you might expect to get tired eventually. Hassles over money, who gets how much and who decides, is a perennial issue here. Problems, or should that be stated "personality conflicts", between white and black are also occurrences that seem to be repeated year after year. And now a move by the student government designed to help our resident students sleep better at nights, via armed security patrol officers. Once again an effort tried unsuccessfully in the past, but, who knows how it'll turn out now. Evaluation procedures for rating profs is once again being examined. We could probably go back into our newspaper files and dig up these same stories, tailor made for this year, except for name changes.

We students find all these late breaking news items news. What about our administration, our faculty and our staff? It must be old hat to them. If variety is the spice of life, then everyone around here, not including students, it seems, could use a good shot of garlic.

How many times can a prof teach Econ 802? How many Casino Nights must be held afore we break the bank? How many bathtub races and spring concerts will there be before a tired administrator stands up and says, "I'm bored." Of course there's a premise here when one asks why aren't they bored, that assumes administrators or faculty do get bored. Perhaps they don't.

Yesterday, as was reported by a reliable source, was Wednesday. That particular Wednesday happened to be exactly right smack dab in the middle of the 76-77 school year. We've completed 15 weeks of study, and we've 15 more to go. It's time to get your school ring. It's time to order your yearbook. You don't want to forget all the delightful times you've had during your stay at the Capitol Campus.

The Capitol Campus was to have a name change. It didn't go through last year. It didn't go through this year.

Let's make something really happen. Let's see what could we do?

Hi-jack a jet from Harrisburg International Airport and land it in the back parking lot.

Steal the piano from 211? Set off half a case of explosives in the energy building? Yeah, the energy building, you know the one. It was re-painted, exactly as it appeared last year.

How 'bout sit-ins? Stand-ins? Or don't people do those things anymore? Stop the war! What war? Kidnap Chief Paul?

Shit!

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## Happiness Is A Warm Gun

By Ed Perrone

It's a rough world outside. Everybody knows it. People are mugged, homes are burglarized, and maybe one of these days it'll happen to you. Odds are that it won't. But maybe it will.

If it does happen to you, will you feel any better knowing that, somewhere on campus, a security officer is walking around with a loaded gun?

Somewhere. Maybe right down the street. More likely a half-mile away. Will that unseen gun chase away your burglar, or mugger, a rapist? I doubt it.

Assuming, of course, that someone is going to bother to rob, rape or mug you in the first place. Which is a damn big assumption.

With all the talk of a rising crime rate on campus, there are still no reports of violent crime. No one's been shot yet. No one's been raped. I'm not saying that it will never happen; I'm not that naive. But

when? And how often? And is an armed campus the only protection from something that might happen once or twice a year? And that would probably happen anyway, guns or not.

The level of paranoia is rising rapidly on this campus - even faster than the crime rate. And in a lot of ways, that's good. Paranoia leads to caution. It leads to keeping your doors locked. It leads to reporting suspicious cars before the suspicious people in them can do anything. It leads to keeping an eye on your neighbor's house when he's not home.

But guns? That's overreacting in the wrong direction.

The police officers on campus claim that they need guns for their own protection. Bull. In the past five years, how many well armed policemen around the country were blown away by crazies bent on shooting up anyone in sight? Guns didn't protect them. A lot of them didn't even get the chance to use them.

And what will these officers be doing with their

guns when they're not playing Starsky and Hutch? Right now, there's absolutely no chance of an accidental shooting on campus, because there's nothing to shoot with. The odds against this go down tremendously, however, when guns are being toted 24 hours a day. Ask Claudine Longet about it.

I'm not saying that the security officers here aren't well trained. They are. They know what they're doing. But they're still human.

Nobody would like to come home and find their house burglarized. But would you rather come home and find the Earps and the Clantons shooting it out in your backyard? Or your living room?

Nobody's saying that the police here don't have the right to protect themselves. But guns are going too far. Try a blackjack, or a nightstick, or a can of Mace, or a tear-gas pistol. At least you can get up after they knock you down. But let's drop this insanity about guns right now. The only purpose of a gun is to kill.

## Shoot Out At The OK Corral Revisited

By Tim Adams

For some time now there has been a question as to whether or not the campus security force is sufficiently prepared to handle dangerous situations.

Namely, should full time security officers be armed? I put this question to my friend, Wyatt S. Shooter.

"You're damned straight they should," he answered. Before I could interrupt he went on, "Why, Tim, with what's going on today, criminals and perverts of all descriptions running loose, no one should leave his house without one of these little babies strapped on."

With that he proceeded to show me his "little baby", a .357 magnum. "Why with this thing cuddling my waist I just pray for some creep to give me

an excuse to use it."

"Well, what if you used it on an innocent bystander?" I asked.

"Shoot first and ask questions later," Wyatt responded. "Besides," he continued, "you don't have to use it. Just knowing it's there gives me security and can be mighty damn intimidating."



"But is it necessary?" I said, "I mean, given the crime

statistics in this particular neighborhood, don't you think you are over-reacting?"

"Hell no," Sharpshooter ricocheted. "Besides, I can't feel like a real police officer without one of these things."

"Well," I said, "I sure hope you don't hurt anyone with that thing, and for that matter yourself."

Sharpshooter told me he calls his weapon "a little piece of mind." "How come I don't feel any better knowing you're carting that thing around?" I said.

Anyhow if things slow down and the crime wave stops, maybe we'd like to get some guard dogs and throw up a huge fence and have the place guarded night and day; a safe little Orwellian camp where all the officers are friendly and full of "little pieces of mind."

## Tomorrow Or Tomorrow Or Tomorrow Or Tomorrow

By Tim Adams

I've been putting this article off for some time, but one finally has to do what one has to do.

There is an art to procrastination. While its true that everyone does it, there can be a difference in the end product that is as different as a Van Gogh compared to a Nick Ruiggeri. There both painters, but...

One young staller puts it this way: "I always do the next day what my mom told me to do the day before."

Putting something off requires skillful phraseology.

You don't simply tell some one you'll get around to doing something, you have to learn to be definitive.

A scenario might go something like this: "Sure I'm going to do that paper tonight. I know someone who had the course already. I'll get a list of books for the project and sketch an outline."

Your listener will be impressed with your positive attitude.

Sometime later that same listener will ask you how the paper's coming. You don't answer, "What paper?" You say "Are you kidding? I've got a thesis here that will knock his

socks off. Right now I have the problem of trimming it to 12 pages."

Now you have your listener worried because he's only written five pages and stretched it at that by triple spacing and enlarging margins.

The paper is due the next day. Your friend says, "How's the editing job on those 12 pages coming?"

Now your set to lay the Coup de grace on him, "I threw them out."

Dumbfounded, he'll grope for words or give you a disbelieving smile.

You simply walk away saying, "I'll do it tomorrow."