Editorial/Opinion

Lennon's Dead-ication

What can be said, that hasn't been, since the death of our friend and fellow "misunderstood" being, brother?, John, died.

The financial aspects of recording companies, publishers and manufacturers of miscellaneous items have been taken into full account and attended to. The instrument of his death, the handgun, has been thoroughly debated once more, and dealt with. Assorted citizens of London, and various other shady characters, have gone so far as to slur our homeland, our society, by stating that it "could only happen in America!" We all know better than to pay homage to a tired cliche of this sort. We tend to believe ourselves above such small thought processes. Through this cacophony of chaotic elements shines the message of this man himself—Peace, a word that cannot be spoken often enough, an idea, a desire that may not be felt often enough in our hearts. Respect for our fellow beings and peace go hand in hand. We cannot have one without the other.

The frenzied reaction of the world to the death of John Lennon created a circus atmosphere. Only Yoko Ono, his wife and lover, and a few others truly remember and honor John with the respect due him as a fellow humanist.

The humanists appear to be only a minority in the sea of world population. John was a member of this minority and we must all acknowledge the fact that he created much in the course of delivering his message to us all. We owe respect to this man, his music, his creation, his medium for his most important message to the world. We are all experiencing a sense of loss because we lost a humanist who delivered his counsel for peace far and wide. With the loss of John, all of us, including the humanist minority, have an increased burden to make world peace a reality.

We should all take note of John and his message and remember to build and create in the present -- with an eye on the future and a respect for the lessons of our past.

-- Keith N. Gantz

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The C.C. Reader has the following four-fold purpose: [1] to keep students informed about their campus community; [2] to provide editorial comment on issues facing the campus community; [3] to serve as a forum for student poetry, photographs, short stories, graphics, and other creative endeavors; [4] to serve as a learning mechanism for all students interested in the journalistic process. This includes reporting, editing, layout, typesetting, and paste-up.

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The C.C. Reader welcomes letters from readers. Letters intended for publication should indicate the writer's college affiliation, if any. All letters must be signed by the writer. Unsigned letters cannot be printed. However, a writer's name may be withheld upon request. Letters should be legible (preferably typewritten, double spaced); and any material that is libelous or does not conform to the standards of good taste will be edited and/or rejected.

Editorial Editor

The Assistant Editor shall serve as Editorial Editor for the remainder of the academic year.

Constructive Criticism

A library--any library--should be a "quiet place of study that is conducive to a good academic environment." However, because of the construction that is currently under way, the library at Capitol Campus is anything but quiet. The existing noise level may be suitable for a bowling alley or acceptable for a discotheque; for a library it is absolutely deplorable.

While a certain amount of noise produced by the construction process is understandable, the general chaos that is being created certainly is a nuisance, and measures should be taken to control it. The majority of this chaos is produced by the workmen's paraphernalia and, admittedly, cannot be avoided. The pounding of hammers, the grating drone of the electric drills, the monotonous buzzing of an assortment of saws and several other "tools of the trade" all contribute to the sonorous din, but the most blatant of the assaults on the students' right to study in peace is the workmen themselves. These workmen make no apparent effort to keep the noise to a minimum; their constant clattering of tools and other metal objects is bad enough, but their insistence on talking out loud and actually shouting commands from one end of the corridor to the other is uncalled-for. Under these noisy conditions, it is no surprise to observe students studying--or at least trying to study--while wearing ear plugs. It is that bad. What's next, fellas, trinitrotoluene?

Even if one is able to withstand the racket, he is still susceptible to the shower of debris that is usually falling in the hallways. This barrage of large chunks of plaster, bits of ceiling tile, and undistinguishable other matter is precipitated by these same construction workers who manage to deftly disperse it at precisely the same instant that innocent passersby happen to be in a most unenviable position.

Of course, the blame for this situation should not be placed on the construction workers. Granted, they make most of the noise, but the conditions under which they must work are certainly not the most desirable for them. We must remember that, as the workmen are a nuisance to the students, the students are similarly viewed as so many nuisances by them; they are professionals, and they seldom--if ever--must perform their jobs in silence. Indeed, the task of tearing down walls and the like is not meant to be done in such a manner as to require tranquility. If this is a job that entails noise--as obviously it is--we would be wrong to chastise the workmen for simply doing their jobs. If they must make noise, let them. They don't tell me how to write editorials, so I won't tell them how to demolish libraries. A simple solution to this problem is to arrange for the work to be done when the library is closed--conceivably during the night--and then the noise that accompanies the work will not be an annoyance to anyone.

The main problem in the library, however, is not the noise. The noise will be extant only while the construction is; it is not permanent. What is permanent, rather, is the damage which will remain long after the final hammer has been swung. For all intents and purposes, the work being done is unnecessary. While terrific amounts of money are being wasted to knock out walls and actually create a less pedantic atmosphere, the days of solitude are apparently gone forever. Does the so-called intelligentsia know that walls do more than hold up the ceiling? No longer can a student study in the main section without being disturbed by the incessant shuffling of feet as others pass to and fro. No longer will a quiet conversation among friends go unnoticed by anybody else in the surrounding vicinity. No longer will the telephone ring without reverboasting its attacents.

conversation among friends go unnoticed by anybody else in the surrounding vicinity. No longer will the telephone ring without reverberating its staccato tones throughout the entire library. Remember when silence was golden? Remember when noise in the library was only a word in the dictionary? Ah...those were the days, my friends.

It now seems impossible to rectify this horrid situation; the damage has been done, the barn door has been left open. Since the noise level will never be as adequately controlled as it was in its stages B.C. (Before Construction), measures must be taken to effectively limit it. The installation of carpeting in the corridors would serve to quell the riotous thunder of footsteps. The placement of acoustic tiles would help absorb some of the extraneous sounds. By attaining telephones which did not sound like fire alarms, that distraction could be offset.

In conclusion, these suggestions or others of a similar nature must be effected immediately, dammit, or pandemonium will continue to reign.

~ William J. Neil

