

OP-ED

Voice from Hell...

Robert Caton
Cap Times Staff

The cheery holiday season is almost upon us, and all of us are thinking the same happy thought...What am I gonna get for Christmas from Mom and Dad?

The problem is...with the heavy partying schedule we all have here, getting home to see the family pales against the opportunity to swill mass quantities of cheap brew, so Mom and Dad may have forgotten our names by this point in the semester.

Well campers, never fear, the Voice is here with the Official Capital Campus "Letter from College!" Just cut out the letter, circle the appropriate multiple choice response where needed, mail to your most recent address, and just wait for grateful family members to start sending money and presents! Enjoy!

Dear (Mom, Dad, Grandma, Grandpa, Parole Officer),

Hi! Life is really great here at Capital Campus. I know I haven't written since I started school in (Fall 1990, Spring 1990, Fall 1989, Spring 1989) but I've been kind of busy. My classes are (great, good, fine, being held somewhere on campus, I think) and my grade point average will easily be (4.0, 3.0, 2.0, roughly equal to the sales of Yugo U.S.A. this year) this semester. My profs are (fine, O.K., bad, former Nazi SS Officers in hiding) but they put too much emphasis on (attendance,

grades, consciousness, not calling them "dude" and playing Megadeth CD's in class).

My social life is doing fine. I met a great (girl, guy, farm animal, appliance) the other night at (Club Met, Shane's, Lamppost, the dumpster behind the "Uni-Mart" in Highspire) and I think (he, she, it) really (likes me, hates me, is into having sex while listening to Roy Clark and Buck Owens albums).

Don't worry, I haven't been drinking much. Why, I think I've only had one drink of (wine, beer, grain alcohol, lighter fluid, battery acid on the rocks with lime) in the last (week, day, hour, thirty seconds).

Well, I have to get going now, I have to (go to class, study, sleep, drink, write an extortion letter to my prof, sacrifice a lamb in the hopes of getting a 1.3 this semester) but I'll see you (at Thanksgiving, at Christmas, when my money runs out, when I'm kicked out, sometime before the year 2013)

Love,

Your (Son, Daughter, Wife, Husband, crack dealer, Wayne Newton fan)

That should definitely ensure the delivery of that Twin-Turbo Testarossa by Christmastime...and just think of the joy your family will experience when they realize you are still alive.

Happy Holidays from the Voice From Hell.

helpful hint for anyone that becomes confused when he or she hears or says "NO". Webster still defines the word as expressing a negation. Webster provides reasonable definitions for every other word in the English language, so why assume that "no" is an exception.

Recent statistics state that one out of every six women will be the victim of rape. These figures, although alarming, only hint at the pain and humiliation involved in sexual assault by a "friend." An individual guilty of date rape not only commits a breach of intimacy but also violates trust that most friendships require for survival.

Date rape is defined as "forcing sex on a date." Force crosses the legal line and separates rape from romance. That really is not a difficult concept to comprehend. Most people often have difficulties interpreting their own sexual feelings, let alone someone else's. The solution: don't try. Accept "no" as no, like we did before sex entered the picture.

The physical bruises of rape disappear, but emotional ones do not. Rape is an attack on the body and spirit of a woman and inflicts wounds, leaving scars that may never disappear.

Victoria Cuscino
Editor-in-Chief

Date Rape Taken Lightly

Rape Crisis Awareness Week (last week) went somewhat unnoticed by many students on campus and even provided a forum for jokes and graffiti opportunities to others. Students walking the halls of Olmsted or the dorms either walked past the large white signs that quoted alarming statistics about date rape, or else they stopped to write interesting messages about specific women on campus or new twists to the headlines.

One headline asked "When does a date become a crime?" and someone stopped to write "When she comes into my room." This sign hung on the bulletin board outside the men's bathroom in one of the dorms. Cute graffiti. But did the man that had enough time to scrawl the message spend time to read the message? NEWS FLASH everyone: if a woman enters your room, says "no" and sexual acts follow, you are guilty of date rape.

"No" is a very simple word that we all learned very early in childhood. And all through our childhoods "no" meant just that--no. However, as we jumped into the teen years and learned about sexuality, that small word took on a new meaning. We learned that "no" could actually mean "yes."

One could say "no" but really mean that she would consent to sexual intercourse with a little prodding. Confusing? It sure is. But here is a



Q Uh, like.. how cum I dint got no place to live, man?

A Yes, well...my temptation to assume the grammaticalistically excorciastic stand notwithstanding, I'll suspend reducivism for now, confident the reparative precepts will surface vis a vis attention to the higher resolution for which therefore, & whereby heretofore your query beckons.

We both know the answer is the answer when and only if it is the question of the answer--right? Look at the essential motifs and there it is, but, I'll admit, not very clearly. Follow along.

The historically embellished analog spiral grasp is always helpful in dissection of the sublime, ie: the key embedded foci (but remember to put it back--it's a sensitized concept, and reusable).

Use this autoneonontechnocritique to open the paradigmatic aperture of the comfort monopoly. Hell, the postpredere-constructuralistic transmorphormal kinematic evolutionary view itself should assuage any residual circumscriptive ideolog dilementia. OK?

Truth is thus crystallized. Precisely because you don't fit in, you fit in, but not materially. I can't help you there; if you want a place to live, write your damn congressperson...and proofread first.

Have a nice day. Next?

CMS

Words from Within

I Am Not The Person I Used To Be

I used to be a person who was strong willed, trusted others and contested for what I believed

I used to be a person who was proud of my ambitions, goals and accomplishments that I achieved

I used to be a person with understanding, kindness and compassion

I used to be a person who had the ability to think decisions through and I always tried to ration

I am no longer the person that I used to be

With every last effort that I resisted, struggled and battled...

He took my stability, trust and security

With every endless plea or frightened cry that was left unanswered...

He took my courage, confidence and faith

With every unforgettable tear that raced down my youthful cheek...

He washed away my hopes, dreams and aspirations

With every vigorous kiss, objectionable touch and forbidden trespass...

He stripped me of my pride, dignity and self-respect

I am no longer the person that I used to be

For rape took me away from me.

--Kelly Jo Lieberman

A newspaper for the student body

Capital Times

Editor in Chief...Victoria Cuscino
News Editor...Jon Fleck
Sports Editor...Don Walters
Photography Editor...John Rudy
Copy Editor...Huan Nguyen
Staff Artist...Craig Smith
Poetry Editor...Kelly Jo Lieberman
Advertising Manager...Rodney May
Business Manager...Michael Hermick
Advisor...Dr. Peter Parisi

STAFF.. Aji Abraham, Pat Byers, T.J. Brightman, Robert Caton, Tami Eremus, Joyce Haskins, Amy Killeen, Eddie Miller, Robin Price, Karen Putt, Kathleen Rickabaugh, Nancy Strawhecker, Paula Styer, Lorraine Walleth, Marshall Walters, Scott Wolfe

The Capital Times is published by the students of Penn State Harrisburg. Concerns regarding the content of any issue should be directed to the editor in room W-341 of the Olmstead Building or by calling 944-4970. Opinions expressed are those of the author and are not representative of the college administration, faculty, or student body. The Capital Times welcomes signed letters from readers. Unsigned letters cannot be printed however a writer's name may be withheld upon request. The Capital Times does not endorse its advertisers.