

OP-ED

Voice from heck ...

Bob is not in a good mood

Bob Caton
Capital Times Staff

I was going to write on football for this particular Pulitzer-ready edition, but ever since Randall Cunningham of the Eagles (my second fave team) finally ate some turf and left the team with the geriatric, whiskey-stiff legs of Jim McMahon to lead them to a glorious 4-12 record, AND, since Dave Krieg of the Seahawks broke his finger (and let's face it, campers, the guy was no Johnny Unitas to start with) so the 'hawks should be able to stay competitive with teams of approximately the caliber of the Eastern Mississippi Junior Teachers Technical School for Blind, Female Amputees.

So, needless to say, I'm not enamored with the idea of the stinkin' Giants, Bills, Dolphins, and 49ers in it again, but, the lords of football encouraged me to drop the soap in front of them again by rooting for the Eagles and the 'hawks, so I have no one to blame.

I'm not in a good mood.

Is it just me, or have certain parties been indirectly encouraged NOT to have a single thing to do with the 25th

Anniversary celebration, except of course, to be lackeys to the balding throngs of alumni? Oh, don't worry, when we finally escape this dark, dark subdivision of hell, the same affliction will come upon us.

In our minds will live the dream we had of college when we read the Nazi Propaganda, uh, I mean Penn State Catalogue. Elysian fields full of cool guys who would loan you money, bring you to "keggers" at their houses, and introduce you to their girlfriend's roommate, Inge, who has been just DYING to try out her new "complete body massage technique" that she learned over Christmas break in Denmark.

However, being the cruelly tortured students we are...we know better. Four years (if you're lucky) of poverty that makes the missions in Bwanga look like the main ballroom of the Trump Princess, drinking beer that can blind a rhino merely because it was only 3 bucks a case, and begging a girl that you don't even like to go out just so you can avoid listening to your roommates' nightly "Fart Your Favorite Game Show Theme" display.

Besides...who the hell would be diseased in the skull enough to want to attend wonderful events like the "Academic Reunion: Areas will be

designated by divisions for alumni who wish to reunite with the former staff and faculty who guided their years at PSH"...Uh, no thanks, I'd rather have "Ring-Dings" glued to my body, then be forced to watch "Hair Club for Men" commercials while lying in a hot tub filled with cockroaches.

One more Anniversary question...only ex-varsity athletes can play volleyball, but anyone who wishes to jump on the court...heart condition, bum knee, or sheer klutziness aside, can play Walleyball...a game that can get quite brutal. I guess we don't have enough money to feed all these polyester-clad, gin-soaked alumni, so we'll kill a few off before the big "Chinese-American" buffet in the CUB, and cut some costs.

And how about that rip-snorting, knee-slapping, vomit-spewing, good time that awaits all at "PSH night at the Marriott!" Nothing like a cash bar, videos of the days events (I think something like "America's Funniest Home Videos" is what they have in mind, but the coronary rate will make it look something more like "Rescue 911"), and, finally, an evening at "Cahoots" (any bar with a name like "Cahoots", "Scamps", "Confettis", or "Rumors" has to be a Yuppie Scum hellhole...where your \$4 Corona will

ALWAYS have a fresh lime, and mere mention of a domestic beer will send Muffy and Blaine into titters) that "will provide just the right mingling opportunities for bidding farewell."

Yep, male alumni can get shot down by the same goddesses who told them that they would rather be dragged over carpet tacks, then dipped in rubbing alcohol than go out with them in college, and the alumnae can all snip and hiss over who has more cellulite. No thanks...I'll try a lye enema instead.

If you're curious about problems in your University, I heartily recommend that you show up at 9:30 A.M. on October 5th, when University Commandant Joab Thomas will no doubt hold forth with a controversial "Aren't we swell?" speech. My advice...get sloshed, load up the ghetto blaster with Anthrax, and lets all go see Joab and ask him why our tuition keeps going higher and higher.

I've heard that students were not supposed to be excluded, and, in all probability, if you bitch and moan enough (you're reading a visual aid here, campers), you can go. If we weren't meant to be ostracized, why was the flyer written that way?

Until next time...

Just a thought...

HEY, what do you mean, I'm white?

Jeff Hildebrand
Capital Times Staff

Is it just me...or do you take offense to being labeled a certain color?

I, for one, resent being labeled "white". For starters, I'm not even white. A friend of mine described my color as that of her coffee when she adds "just a little bit of cream." Another said I'm a "brownish-yellow".

I decided to take this question of color on the road. One woman said my skin was "white". I asked her what color my shirt was and she replied "White." I asked her if my shirt and skin were the same color. She looked at me as though I were colorblind, and replied with an elongated "Nooooo."

Common responses as to the color of my skin were peach, beige, tan, lightly-tanned, and skin-colored. Some of the more imaginative responses included sort of a light camel color, goldish, light bronze, and fair, covered by dark fur.

What does all this mean? It means that if you are of Portuguese, Gypsy, German, English and French descent, like me, people will have a difficult time agreeing on the color of your skin.

It also means if you're going to wear me as an accessory, I'll complement certain outfits better than others. That's all it means.

I'm not "white". As for my heritage, I'm what you would call Euro-American, a la my friend Wayne, who is African-American. (His skin, by the way, is not black.) As for my skin color, I am partial to "sort of a light camel".

Quick, someone get Geraldo Rivera. I have discovered a major story.

While grazing through past issues of Sports Illustrated located in the scenic environs of our "state-of-the-art" library, I noticed certain pages had been liberated from the swimsuit issue I happened to chance upon, (and it was mere chance, I assure you.)

Further investigation revealed that over a decade's worth of cultural fashion statement had been freed from its stapled existence.

Cheap shot warning...Is Pee Wee Herman enrolled here, or what?

Imagine the headline, "Art heist at PSH". Quick, someone tell the librarian to lock up the National Geographics before it's too late.

CAPITAL TIMES STAFF MEETING

Attention all staff:
There will be a mandatory staff meeting on

Tuesday, September 24
AT 12:30 P.M.
IN THE CAP TIMES OFFICE
(ROOM W-341)

If you cannot attend PLEASE contact Karen or T.J.!

Anyone interested in joining the staff should come to the meeting.
No experience necessary, everyone is welcome!

THANK YOU!