

# Comedy: solution to mid-semester blues

Ann Knorr  
Capital Times Staff

Well, we're midway through the semester, and I'm sure everyone is up to their armpits in papers, projects, and tests. HAVE NO FEAR, ANNIE'S HERE. I have just the solution for you...comedy.

You heard me. Attention all engineers...put down that chemistry book (the symbol for hydrogen will always be H; no need to look at it for the 50th time tonight.)

Elementary Ed students stop trying to memorize the "fifty nifty United States" song and all you Secondary Ed students close those planners, it's Monday; if it's not done by now you're too late.

As for you ComSci majors, turn off your screens and join us in front of a bigger screen that will turn your brains to mush. Besides you're developing arthritis in your pinkie from trying to stretch to the backspace key. (That goes for all you main frame junkies - you know who you are - if it's that important they will leave you a message on E-Mail.)

Communication students out there, put away your "sassy reporter notebooks," drag yourself away from that editing booth, put off the Film and Criticism paper one more day (don't worry about it. Remember, a certain percentage of our grade depends on watching and talking about a movie. Hey, Mr. Churchill never said we all couldn't talk about the same movie).

What am I babbling about? Relaxing.

You know that one little thing that college students forget to do around mid-terms.

Let's start the evening out with a few classics. A little Abbot and Costello (may I recommend *The Time of Their Lives*...excellent flick), Chaplin perhaps, maybe a few Stooges (three to be exact). After that we could swing into a few favorites like *Barefoot in the Park*, *Funny Girl*, or any *Ma and Pa Kettle* movie is a winner, perhaps some Danny Kaye (not White Christmas though, that's for next issue) or how about a little sweetness from Shirley Temple (remember, not all of her movies were sad ones).

Our next flick should be up beat; maybe a musical like *Hair* (well it's funny to watch now), *Grease* (part I is preferred, but II will do), or *Annie* (go on...be brave...you can deal with the few sad parts).

Or if you not into musicals maybe some of those wonderful B-films (yes...they come in comedy as well as horror) such as, *Where the Boys Are*, *H.O.T.S.* (I have no idea what it stands for), you know the kind I mean...the ones where women prance around half-naked, bone head guys get lucky, and both of them save the world (well, not exactly but you get my point).

Then you have the ultimate side breakers like *Toy*, *Big*, *Mr. Mom*, all

the *National Lampoon Movies*, any movie that contains Rodney Dangerfield, Richard Prior (although they are offensive), Chevy Chase, Robin Williams, Whoopi Goldberg, Goldie Hawn, and so on and so on.

And of course we can't forget the award winning spoofs like, *Robin Hood*, *Men in Tights* (Carey Elwes is a God), *Hot Shots* (I and Deux), *Naked Gun* (part I and II half), *Money Python's The Holy Grail*, *History of the World Part I* (when is II coming out?), and *The Meaning of Life*.

Well I think that wraps up everything. This should keep you until finals week. Until then, let the mindlessness of the movies turn your brains into mush... and I'll see you at the movies.

## A Parable for PSH

To the Editor:

As I was at the kitchen sink washing the coffeepot early Friday morning, October 22nd, a parable popped unsummoned into my consciousness. I dried my hands, picked up a pen and wrote what seemed like dictated phrases and word. It needed hardly any editing.

Since I know you and the Cap Times staff are interested in extraordinary events and experiences of student, faculty and staff at PSH, I thought I should offer the parable to you to use in any black space you might need to fill (re: your lament -- "We need you to fill this space" in past issues).

I thought my inspiration might be something other writers and thinkers here would possibly understand better than I and in turn might explain to me, since my writing in the past has been more conscious and willed, more intellectual and interpretive, more abstract and theoretical. This strange dictation reminded me more of Poe than of Hawthorne or Nikki Giovanni. Was it something to do with Halloween spirits, evil or otherwise? Some mischief in the air?

To these ends--the potential answers to my questions--I offer this complete-it-yourself parable for your thoughtful consideration and that of your readers. I hope they and you will respond.

One advantage of having this out-of-mind experience at this time was the opportunity if afforded me to draw attention to TARNHELM, the campus literary and arts magazine, whose editorial and managerial staffs are now

forming. Professors Thomas, Ross and I have for many years advised the undergraduate and graduate students from all divisions and schools who work on TARNHELM. We know the wisdom of starting before Thanksgiving. Certainly, PSH sorely needs such a publication: outstanding writing and art created by students and, sometimes, faculty and staff. This academic year more than any other in the past, we need TARNHELM.

Here then is the parable.

### The Year We All Went Silently Mad

We count by academic year: nine months of gestation called the "M Contract"--who knows why? "M" for Mother?

Slide projectors blew bulbs; overheads turned on us, blinding us to the facts we had hoped to project (we'd given up on truths long before); reels of film kept breaking into pieces; VCRs played only the video of "Smell My Finger"--no Shakespeare, no Langston Hughes, no Emily Dickinson.

Everything got away from us, got out of hand and in the appalling silence we kept trying to teach.

And we wondered if we were responsible--either for the disasters or the silence.

Lights went out in the middle of a lecture; chairs came unbalanced as students conferred in groups on the ethics of cultural diversity requirements of p.c., AC/DC, MBAs, TQI and CQI; blue paint on handicap parking spaces began to run off in the rain and the elevator (slowest in the western hemisphere) refused to budge; the copper sheeting on the tech building turned chartreuse; Vartan walk cracked in a hundred places and dandelions pushed up, joined by saxifrage and wild violets.

There were amazingly no outbreaks of violence, not even angry outcries, when the asbestos started to float visibly in the classrooms, halls, offices; nor even when the water sulfurous yellow. For everyone kept trying to teach.

And then as suddenly as it had all begun, it stopped. Nothing returned to its past state, no renaissance occurred. Folks just said, "Enough"; said, "No"; said, "Free at last" as they ...

Well, you know; you finish this parable. I'm heading for my spacious, well-appointed office to write a book. The research is over.

Theodora Rapp Graham

## Embrace the Lord

Ann-Marie Miller  
Capital Times Staff

"Show me the way. Give me the strength to believe that I'll get there someday, and show me the way." These are lyrics from a popular song from 80's, sung by the group Styx. Although the group is secular, their lyrics vocalize what many Christians, including myself, feel.

In this world of darkness, it seems harder and harder for Christians to be able to keep their heads above the murky waters of evil. To live in a society which openly accepts abortion, homosexuality, sexual promiscuity, and is becoming increasingly violent, Christians are finding it harder to cope and live Godly lives.

Time and time again we find ourselves feeling alone and abandoned, needing some kind of encouragement or sign from God. But instead of being patient and turning to Him, we turn to alcohol, drugs, violence and suicide. Satan thrives on our feelings of loneliness, targeting not only the old, but also the young. (Suicide is the nation's second highest cause of death among our teenagers today.)

It is in times of trouble that the questioning of God comes in. When death and disasters strike, we demand of God, "Why God, if you are a holy and just, would you let innocent people and children die?"

It wasn't until a couple of years ago that I came to realize why God allowed so much evil in the world. In the book of Second Corinthians 4:17-18, God said, "For this

slight momentary affliction is preparing for us an eternal weight of glory beyond all comparison, because we look not to the things that are seen but to the things that are unseen; for the things that are seen are transient, but the things that are unseen are eternal."

This is why God allows innocent people and children to suffer; we must endure these hardships in order for us to prosper. As the saying goes, one must break eggs in order to make an omelet. Even precious gold, in its purest state, has to be refined many times, melted down again and again in order for it to be as beautiful as it is in its finished form.

So in times of trouble, call upon God for help. For a word of encouragement, look to your friends and family. Galatians 6:2 says, "Bear one another's burdens." When you call on the Lord, He will not let you down. Second Thessalonians 3:3 says that "The Lord is faithful; he will strengthen you guard you from the evil one."

As a word of hope and encouragement, remember that you are never alone. Feelings of loneliness and depression come from Satan himself. If you call upon the Lord as well as fellow Christians and friends, you will get through your hard times. It may seem that you never will, but you will.

Although it may be hard to believe, life on Earth is only momentary. If you accept Jesus Christ as your Savior, you will live forever in mansions of gold. A thousand years will seem only to be a blink of an eye.

## Is "Carlito's Way," yours?

Michael David Winter  
Capital Times Reviewer

Now at a theatre near you, Al Pacino in "Carlito's Way." Another mob picture? Well, yes and no. That's also the answer to whether I liked it or not. It's just hard to say.

Pacino plays Carlito, a Puerto Rican New Yorker, just released from prison and trying to go straight. Carlito is a legend in the *barrio*, and no one is willing to believe he has given up his life of crime. No matter what he does, he keeps getting drawn back in.

Penelope Ann Miller plays his love

interest (Gail), a dancer who has done some legitimate theatre, now marking time in a strip/go-go club.

Sean Penn plays Dave, Carlito's Jewish lawyer and friend. Dave is out on the edge, heavily into drugs and busy ripping-off the mob.

I'm not going to give you any more of the story, that would ruin it if you see it for yourself. And it might just be worth seeing, if for no other reason than one of the coolest chase scenes I've seen - all on foot.

But, in some ways, the movie is almost entirely predictable. Part of it is the narration by Pacino all through the

movie. Other parts of the movie are just inevitable.

The final climactic moment of the movie did surprise me, but only because I actually heard a few people in the audience gasp.

But, don't get me wrong. I had a good time at the theatre. I watched some really good actors doing good work. I just knew everything they were going to say before they said it.

Sorry, but you'll have to make up your own minds about this one.

Rated R: violence, brief nudity

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