

Woodstock 3: The Love-In

By Crispin Sartwell

Marion Winik and I called our wedding, "Woodstock 3: The Love-In." It had a flavor of ersatz nostalgia: we were a bit too late (only 11 in 1969) to have been hippies the first time out. And our festival was more bourgeois than the original: we got married at our own largish house, and there were more people in twelve-step programs than on drugs, though it was a close call. Her 11-year-old son Hayes was my best man; my 11-year-old daughter Emma was her maid of honor.

But the festival had a homemade flavor: no caterers or servers, rock and roll handmade by the participants. The mysterious Coco emerged from the cornfield and slithered suggestively to "Groove Me Baby." Pete LaBonne played his new hit song "We Made a Mountain Out of a Molehill (of Love)." Naomi Shihab Nye sang

about lullaby rafts and rutabagas. The four-year-old Juliet Mallouk did her version of "Hey Mr. Space-man," accompanied by her father the research chemist on guitar.

The ceremony was cobbled together out of traditional and space-cadet elements narrated by Robb Green, the mayor of Jefferson, Pa., and Dana Ellinger, a shamanic priestess from Austin, Tex. I played "Here Comes the Bride" on a cajun squeezebox as Marion came down the aisle. And I kissed the piss out of her, persisting until our mothers raised a little howl.

By the time we reached our summer of love we were a bit more beat up than the kids who gathered in upstate New York to see Jimi Hendrix destroy the Star Spangled Banner. On a little table or altar were pictures of the people we had to let go of along the way: our fathers; my brothers, killed by drugs; her husband and brother-in-law, lost

to AIDS. Somewhere deep we probably both still believed in free sex and good drugs, but both the sex and the drugs had at some point started costing more than we had.

But even with all the damage, all the loss, all the carefully cultivated cynicism and exhaustion and isolation, love is still possible, still needed, still miraculous. By the time I reached Marion, I thought it was too late: I had people to love and screwed it up, or I had watched them die, or the love had been replaced one molecule at a time over decades with anger and pain, so that imperceptibly love had mutated into its opposite. I'd been jealous, judgmental, vicious. The people I loved had been irresponsible, faithless, ill.

Love was the last thing I expected or wanted. Marion was giving a reading at a bookstore in Baltimore when I met her; we went to dinner, then had a drink at her hotel. I gave

her a quick hug and drove back home, thinking: you should have kissed her. I wrote her an e-mail to that effect and then some, held my breath, and hit send. Two weeks later we were sharing a room on Rittenhouse Square. Then we were walking around Philly, telling our lives and falling in love.

When love arrives, it's always shocking, and this time it was so strong and so fast. We weren't looking for it; but it found us anyway. And we watched it happen or allowed it to happen; we didn't make it happen. I didn't want it until I had it, and then I didn't want anything else.

By the time we arrived at that wedding, we were famous for being stupidly in love, for talking only about one another, for spending all day e-mailing, phoning, exchanging Hallmark schlock. Our friends seemed tolerant no matter how irritating we became, and hence

earned their invitations the hard way.

It reached a kind of insane ecstatic crescendo at The Love-In; we couldn't stop staring into each others' eyes, couldn't stop kissing, couldn't control those ridiculous, blissed-out, drug-free grins. Over the next few days, couples that attended broke up, realizing that it wasn't the real thing, or re-plighted their troth, getting an injection of love juice.

So today, as you log on to match.com, or have that same old fight, I want to tell you what I've learned. You never can tell what might happen. Love is the real, pure, bizarre stuff that no one understands. It might find you today, or maybe in thirty years, or maybe in eternity. But I'm betting that it will find you.

CrispinSartwell (mindstorm@pipeline.com) married author Marion Winik on June 19, 1999.

Welcome Back!

By Roderick L. Lee

On behalf of the Student Government Association, I welcome back all returning students and extend a special welcome to all new students. You have chosen an exciting time to be at Penn State Harrisburg (PSH) because of the academic programs as well as expansion of the facilities.

During the fall, PSH will hold groundbreaking ceremonies for the Community Aquatic Center and new Student Housing facilities and dedication of the new Library during the winter. These events are sure to mark their place in Penn State Harrisburg's history.

The SGA's goal this year is to enhance campus life for present and future students. This year we spe-

cifically want to address the needs of the non-traditional students, and those students who live on campus.

Because this is your college, each of you is encouraged to become involved with SGA and the various campus clubs and organizations that offer opportunities to gain practical experience and skills that are readily applicable to the workforce.

Finally, the first SGA meeting will be held on August 31, 1999 at 12:30 p.m. and each Tuesday thereafter at the same time in Room 216.

Please be sure to find out who the senators from your perspective divisions are and visit them during their posted office hours.

(Roderick L. Lee is president of the SGA. You can contact him by e-mail at rll142@psu.edu or by calling 948-6137.)

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(We Know You're Out There)

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We are looking for talented and dedicated people to write stories, to interview campus officials, draw cartoons, and take photos of campus life. We also need a person to manage our business account.

If any of these positions sounds like something you would like to do, then please join us for our staff meetings every Thursday at 12:30 p.m. in W341 Olmsted Building.

The Capital Times is open to all students, so please join us!



Photo by Matthew McKeown

SGA President Roderick L. Lee

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