

## Sexing the Dead

By Crispin Sartwell

Capital Times Advisor

Perhaps you've heard the news. Dead men are having babies.

A Los Angeles urologist named Cappy Rothman harvests sperm from the corpse and delivers it to the bereaved but focused widow/girlfriend, who triumphantly carries her man's genetic material into the next generation.

The most edifying part of this story is the way the sperm is obtained: one inserts a device similar to a cattle prod into the rectum of the deceased and administers a shock to the prostate, which causes ejaculation.

Death, here is thy sting.

This procedure has kind of bummed out many respected bioethicists.

But as I was doing a web search for "dead men's sperm," and murmuring to myself "so, my career has come to this," something snapped.

I came to the literally blinding realization that cattle-prod necrophilia heralds an amazing future in which death will be the happiest part of life.

Soon, the dead years will be the golden years.

I began to contemplate an era in which all dead men have sex.

And then it occurred to me that in general the formerly alive have far too few recreational opportunities: I saw a vision of corpses at Club Med doing yoga, windsurfing, getting mud packs, and sunbathing, while their children gambol happily about on the beach.

The history of our great nation has been a history of enfranchising dispossessed groups. Many would extend full constitutional rights to the unborn.

Friends, why not the dead? Cadavers are human beings, just like you and me, or perhaps just like you and I, though they are in their less active years.

The Declaration of Independence says that all men are created equal. That broad, beautiful vision does not exclude black men, red men, handicapped men, short men, or dead men. It excludes only women, as well it should.

The true vision of the founders of our great nation

shows us clearly that male corpses have an inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness, whether that means sex or country/western line dancing.

In many localities, the dead already have won the right to vote.

But I foresee a future in which the dead are entitled to full welfare benefits, in which social security protects you beyond the grave, in which being dead is no barrier at all to pursuing your dreams.

Some will say: Senator Sartwell, extending social security to the dead would bankrupt the system. We just can't afford to do it.

Call me a visionary, but I say we can't afford not to do it.

We are a nation that has always cared for those in need, from the time the first settler heaved the first dead Indian into a ditch.

Keep hope alive. Tragically, many people die young.

But must their dreams die with them? Of course not.

Education is the key to realizing the American dream. I teach college, and many of my students seem dead as Kurt Cobain.

Yet I still gladly draw the salary that their tuition payments provide.

Why? Because I care deeply about educating our impressionable dead people for the challenges of a bold new century.

Eventually we will all be dead. Death is our only hope for tomorrow.

I for one am a strong advocate of affirmative action for the decomposing.

Until now there has been a pine ceiling limiting the opportunities of the dead. We must create a level playing field, both for those on the playing field, and those beneath it.

All public buildings must be deceased-accessible.

We need even more dead people in the United States Congress, if that is possible. And those dead congressmen should, like Bob Dole, be having sex.

We need more dead role models in our corporate boardrooms.

The ascendancy of Ken Olin, David Duchovny, and N'Sync are hopeful signs. But we need even more stiff in the entertainment industry.

It's obvious that we are going

to have to pay more attention to the reproductive health needs of American carrion, but I think that the dead require and are entitled to a plethora of health-care services, from psychotherapy to massage.

Really, the best investment in health care for the dead would be prevention and wellness, which are much cheaper than treating the dead for life-threatening illnesses later on.

Why, that's just good old American common sense.

Even our very language inscribes our terrible, irrational prejudice against the dead.

When we like someone, we often refer to them as "lively," while it is a terrible insult to be told that "you look like something the cat dragged in," much less "you look like a corpse that just floated up in the Schuylkill."

Often the way the dead are depicted on television is terribly stereotypical: they just lie there, crumpled in a heap or stretched out in a coffin.

There have been horrible instances of dead-bashing, and even cases where dead people have been killed just because of the simple fact that they are dead.

Only when we change these destructive messages can we deal with the horror that is anti-dead prejudice.

Some of my best friends are dead. Now, thanks to the miracle of modern science and its cattle prods, they can have sex.

But sex, my fellow future corpses, is only the beginning.

### Finally Hitting the Big Time

by Alice Potteiger Wilkes

*Quit'ring excitement!  
All senses accosted*

*Before me he stood,  
And He stood,  
And I thought they'd*

*Both kill me with joy,  
Or, I'd just die, exhausted*

*By the time  
The long Nighttime,  
To morning, lay losted.*

### PSH Society News

#### Anniversaries

**Barbara Roy** (Communications) and her husband Charlie celebrated their wedding anniversary on Sept. 14.

**Krista Austin** (Accounting) and her husband celebrated their 11th wedding anniversary on Sept. 10.

#### Weddings

**Kae Beard** (Accounting) married Tom Anderson Aug. 15, 1999. The wedding took place at the St. Jacob's Lutheran Church in York New Salem.

## You Know You're Out of College When.....

1. Your salary is less than your tuition.
2. Your potted plants stay alive.
3. Shacking in a twin-sized bed seems absurd.
4. You keep more food than beer in the fridge.
5. You have to pay your own credit card bill.
6. Mac & cheese no longer counts as a well-balanced meal.
7. You haven't seen a soap opera in over a year.
8. 8:00 a.m. is not early.
9. You hear your favorite song on the elevator at work.
10. You have to file your own taxes.
11. You're not carded anymore.
12. You carry an umbrella.
13. You learn that bachelor is a nicer term for a jackass.
14. Extended childhood only really pertains to your salary, which is a little less than what your allowance used to be.
15. Twenty-something means over-qualified, under-paid and not married.
16. Your friends marry instead of hook-up and divorce instead of break-up.
17. You start watching the Weather Channel.
18. Jeans and baseball caps aren't staples in your wardrobe.
19. You can no longer take shots and smoking gives you a sinus attack.
20. You go to parties that the police don't raid.
21. You don't know what time Wendy's closes anymore.
22. You refer to college students as kids.
23. You drink wine, scotch and martinis instead of beer, bourbon and rum.
24. You parents start making casual remarks about grandchildren.
25. You feed your dog Science Diet instead of Taco Bell.

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**Advisor:** Crispin Sartwell • **Editor:** Matthew McKeown

**Business Manager:** Serena Silverman • **Sports:** Barry J. Hicks

**Design & Layout:** Alice Potteiger Wilkes, Matthew McKeown

#### Writers & Contributors:

Nicole Burkholder • Brad Clements • Amanda Fry  
Tabitha Goodling • Jesse Gutierrez • Deb Hoff • Bryan Kapschull  
Jill Karwoski • Ken Lopez • Paula Marinak • Daniel McClure  
Brad Moist • Cathie McCormick Musser • Kristy Pipher  
Barb Roy • Tina Sickler