

Tarnhelm Editor Responds

By Patricia Bauer

The posters are down. Over 200 submissions have been read. The journal is at the printers. An exciting and successful campaign. Over? Apparently not. We're still hearing rumors of open-forums and still reading the ill-informed words of women on campus. As co-editor of Tarnhelm and the creator of the "submit" concept, I wanted to thank everyone who submitted and leave it at that. However, in the wake of ludicrous accusations and extremist self-serving fabrications, I hope to finally clear up at least a fraction of the multitude of misconceptions this concept has generated and continues to generate. (C'mon, this has to be the most misunderstood ad since Calvin Klein came up with kids, jeans and wall paneling).

For instance, as referenced in the latest Cap Times commentary, the dismembered, female-objectifying images were not part of my campaign, but were a visually enthralling and innovative attempt on behalf of the campus feminist underground to solicit sympathy for their Tarnhelm boycott. Another re-occurring presumption is that incorporating attractive, sensuous women as sexual subjects of art automatically ensures that



these models are sexual objects of art, thus contributing to gender oppression. (How this was even an issue in this case is beyond me since it was the women yielding the whips.) And equating my whip-yielding dominatrix with domestic violence is not only distorted, but just plain embarrassing.

And, speaking of attractive, sexy models, the woman in the second ad campaign was a self-portrait. This gagged image was my rebuttal to the anonymous opposition ripping off posters and attempting to stifle students from submitting their work. It also got a message to the students who might have otherwise succumbed to such dogmatic intimidation: "Don't submit to oppression." (We certainly weren't going to). Given that so many women on campus didn't get the first ad images, the First Amendment was included on the second set of posters to ensure that the concept was understood. Guess what...

It gets better. In addition to those clever flyers encouraging students to boycott Tarnhelm as a result of our obvious endorsement of violence against women, a few equally National Enquirer-

ish rumors surfaced. Therefore, let me assure you that I have not wrecked havoc on my co-editor's home, stealing her from her husband and seducing her into a lesbian affair. Nor have I contaminated the campus water system with hallucinogenic drugs, re-arranged the library books to an inverted Dewey decimal system, planted an irreversible virus in the computer lab or sabotaged the vending machines.

I'm an artist. I don't expect artistically challenged individuals to get it. If somebody is intrigued, fine. If somebody is disturbed, fine. Art does that to people. Any reaction is better than no reaction. If I saw an intricate mathematical formula posted on the bulletin boards, I would immediately flash back to memories of trembling and stammering in front of my 4th grade peers struggling to recite my multiplication tables. I wouldn't like those formulas. I wouldn't like those formulas one bit. I wouldn't get it. So what. Move on.

It's ironic to note that the young people responsible for all this hoopla and slander were crawling around in excrement enhanced diapers when I was burning my bra and fighting for the simple choices they take for granted. Talk about offensive

pieces of literature, I recently came across my W-2 form from 1978. My total secretarial wages for six months was a whopping \$2,137.50. I was also raising a daughter on my own. Help from the sperm donor? Forget it. But, unless a girl was a child prodigy or had wealthy folks, college was not an encouraged option, and a woman's wages were simply adequate enough to get you by until a good husband came along. (I'm still waiting for that one.)

I was there. I was there when a woman's social, intellectual and occupational choices were limited. I was there when a woman's sexual and reproductive freedoms were suppressed. I was there when a girl had to be ushered across the state line to obtain an abortion. I was there when the only sex education available was a 10-minute movie in gym class. I lived a lot of what you're learning in your women's studies classes. I was there.

After so much progress for women, it's very disconcerting that my ad campaign is even an issue on a college campus in the year 2000. It would seem imperative that in a fight for equal rights there would be no room for oppression. Yet, as evidenced by the past few weeks, it seems women have come this far only to begin oppressing each other.

Sexual freedom doesn't mean a new set of rules established by a select few and enforced upon the rest of us (I'll think for myself, thank you very much). I fought too hard and lived too hard to submit, er, I mean yield to any form of oppression - especially when it comes to my artistic and sexual freedom.

I have learned something from all this. I now understand. I understand why young women in class refuse to identify themselves as feminists. The militant few and lack of solidarity among all women within the feminist movement has always been a problem, and now it has become a real turn-off for the X-generation. A sense of humor is vital in any cause. Without it, the message becomes aggressive and intimidating. We are seeing this happen on campus right now.

So, as yet another successful and controversial Tarnhelm hits the press, I'm left to wonder how my whip-yielding women ever crossed the feminist agenda in the first place. And I'll never get the warped connection between Tarnhelm and domestic violence.

But, I'm an artist, not a fundamentalist. I'm not supposed to get it. Move on.

Library Noise a Distraction



Dear Capital Times Editor,

One of the differences I have noticed between things at Capital and the PSU Campus I came from is that here the library has not seemed to be particularly quiet place to study and work.

Now the old Heindel was a cramped and crowded affair with offices thrown in here and there just for good measure. I guess that, over time, people (students, faculty, and staff) just got used to it and the idea that continuous conversations, telephone calls, etc., were just things you had to deal with.

But now with the opening of the new facility, I think it is time for a change. I'm not saying that the library should be a cathedral of silence with grumpy old librarians shushing every utterance, but I do think that a certain level of noise is inappropriate.

There are numerous rooms where groups can meet to study or work on projects. There are doors on the photocopy room that, if kept closed, would keep noise at a minimum. There is a café where people can sit and socialize, exchange phone numbers, etc. And, once the novelty wears off, the VIP tours will abate.

Personally, I find it really difficult to read and study with a lot

of background noise, and I get the impression from the reactions I have seen from some others in the new library that I'm not alone in this.

Any time there is a new start is the best time to make changes. So I think this is the time to try and see if, with everyone's cooperation, this new library could be a quieter place to work and study.

Sincerely,
Tony DePietro
Information Systems



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

Business Manager: Serena Silverman • **Sports:** James J. Gadinski

Layout: Cathie McCormick Musser • Nicole Burkholder

Graphic Design: Alice Potteiger Wilkes

Writers & Contributors: Patricia Bauer • Nicole Burkholder
Edward Capozzi • Daniel McClure • Brad Moist • Paula Marinak •

Cathie McCormick Musser