

# Job fair provides valuable lesson

By MARKO PRIMORAC

Assistant News Editor

In theory I will graduate in the summer (who knows, really) but preparation for the real world has to begin now. Everyone from faculty to fellow students to potential employers say that a student must intern if they want to get a job as soon as they graduate.

The problem with this reality for me is the simple fact that time is a very big issue; with an 18 credit semester presently, and a 16 or 19 credit semester in the spring (if I go the 19 credit route, then I am finito in May), I have no time.

I would like to get a job as a photojournalist, an editor, a DJ, a VJ, a cameraman, a professional liar (not lawyer, but public relations practitioner); anything in communications and the first thing that comes by, really.

All I want to do is have a 9 a.m.-5 p.m. job so I can finally give 110 percent to one thing as opposed to nine (the six classes I have, the Reserves, the Capital Times, and my favorite watering hole) and actually have free time for a so-called "personal life," for about a year. Then I will go for my graduate studies and be a student-slave worker again. Unfortunately, this means I have to add more to my ridiculously busy schedule next semester. Too bad, so sad.

I recieved an e-mail on Thursday about a job fair in Strawberry Square, so, instead of doing the papers and readings I planned to do, I went downtown to see what the broadcast industry had to offer.

I was noticeably out of place with my jeans and untucked button-down shirt; everyone was wearing a suit and tie or a dress (I'll do the suit and tie, but no dresses if it's not Saturday night). To add to this unprofessional look, I had no resume or portfolio, while everyone else in the milling mob, did.

I went up to the first table, and attempted to market myself.

"Hello, I am Marko Primorac. I am interested in doing an internship with your company next spring. I am a senior communications major, and assistant news editor at the Capital Times, our biweekly campus newspaper."

This was followed with a short, blank stare, a quick look-over, and the handing of a business card and a photocopied sheet of paper with job and intern opportunities.

"Send us your resume and a portfolio as soon as you can, then we can schedule an interview."

O.k. Great! Now where am I going to find the time to do that? Next week, taking time out of my paper and study time, that's when. Print weekend is a killer.

I then went to a few other tables of interest, making sure to break out the heavy artillery and throw around my military background, which really helped me out. The responses were much more positive. Who would have thought that something that has sabotaged my life on numerous occasions would actually benefit me for once. Marko 1, life 10,647,988.

Be warned, though, people are ruthless. I had some 40-something guy jump out

of nowhere in his dung brown suit which was a little too tight, with a tie that did not match, and budge in front of me as I was walking up to the rep who was meeting and greeting and distributing information.

I was absolutely shocked, my jaw even dropped. Before I could say anything he was giving the rep his pathetic story. I was too late. It was difficult to control my murderous rage. I wanted to choke Mister Brown-Stain to death with his loser tie, but then I would get arrested, and rot away in the can; as opposed to getting an internship or job and being a legitimate citizen.

I had to accept the injustice. He was hungrier than I was, and would stop at nothing to get ahead. He was also obviously a better man as well, for he had a resume and portfolio prepared, while I, the lowly plebe, did not.

No matter how primitive and juvenile it might seem, you have to respect the rules of the game and accept that you've been outmaneuvered. A stupid butt-face that fights tooth and nail to get ahead is a stupid butt-face that will get ahead, that's the bottom line.

Besides, who is going to hire an unprofessionally dressed psychopath shouting obscenities and choking a middle-aged man to death at a job and internship fair over a spot in line?

No one. Just like no one is going to hire a college graduate without experience gained from completing an internship. So you, like me, will have to suck it up and work on a resume and portfolio. There is a job fair this Tuesday, so we all have to get cracking.

It's a horrible life, but, you've gotta do what you gotta do, even if it means wearing a hideous brown suit and budging in front of people who were patiently waiting in line for fifteen minutes.

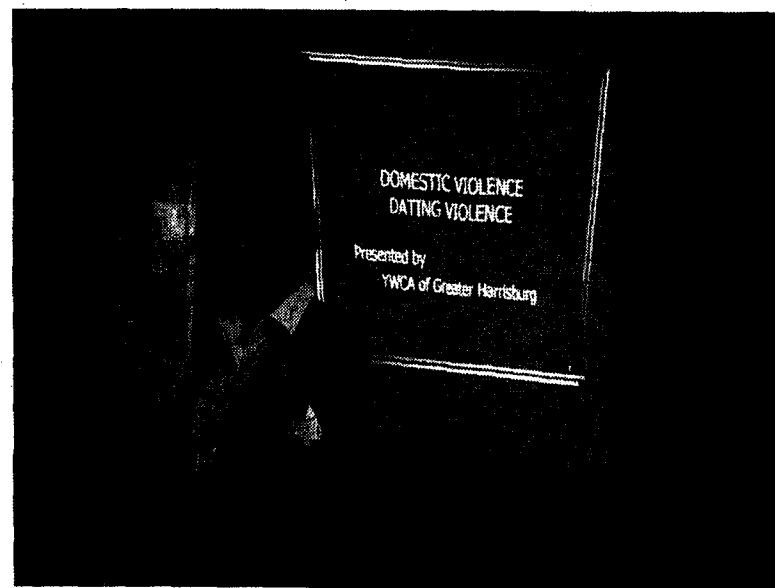
Either that, or the French Foreign Legion. You decide. I'll take the boring existence in a godforsaken anti-culture suburban hell, with a steady income, bad local restaurants, and a yearly vacation to Bangkok or Rio for a week or two. Stable income in suburban hell is safer and more respectable, though the cool points go to the Legion.

Who knows, if I make good money, am successful, and hoard enough gold in Swiss banks, I can be financially stable enough to get a one-way ticket to a tropical paradise with bountiful amounts of wine, women, and song for early retirement...

Who am I kidding? I am a communications major: run-down studio apartments and barely running used cars with torn upholstery and no tape decks or CD players for me, thank you very much...



**"...no one is going to hire a college graduate without experience gained from completing an internship. So you, like me, will have to suck it up and work on a resume and portfolio, a.s.a.p."**



Photos by Jennifer Allhouse

Above, Left: Judy Walter from the PSU Hershey Medical Center and YWCA informed students about domestic violence on Oct. 15 in the Gallery Lounge