

# Opinion & Review

## Editorial

### The Price of Freedom

By Greg Jurkowski

The first amendment to the Constitution guarantees the right of free speech to the people of this country. It also guarantees freedom of press, among other things. This we all know, because all of us voice our opinions and beliefs every day of our lives. But why does this freedom get us into trouble at times?

Because we take this freedom for granted. We act like the freedom to speak our minds is a right, not a privilege. We say whatever we want, whenever we want. Don't deny it. I surely can't.

I've written quite a few good things for this newspaper in the past year. I told everyone the story of my wasted semester last spring, I destroyed Valentine's Day, I argued for armed security guards, I called you apathetic...and for what reason? Because I was able to by the grace of the founders of this nation.

I almost filled this space today with an editorial on why certain clubs on this campus ought to be disbanded, but I didn't. I didn't because I realized that sometimes I have to step back and put myself in your shoes, the shoes of my readers. I realized that there is a price for having the freedom to say, or print, what you want. And sometimes that price is the alienation of other people.

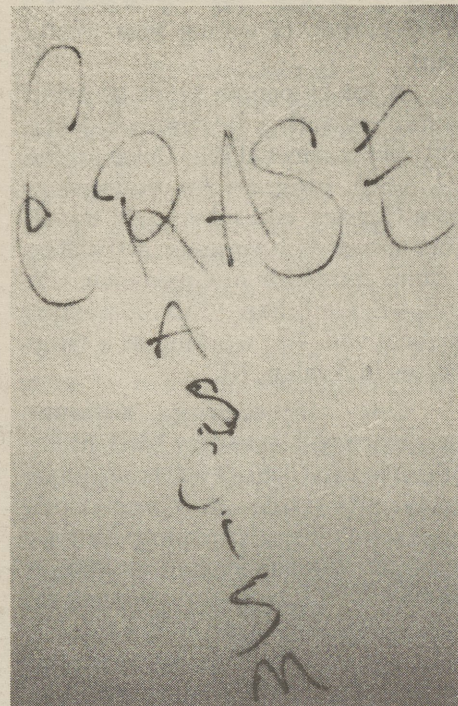
I know now that I have suffered this penalty the most. Perhaps, my words, written or spoken, have inspired some people to think. But I have paid the price for that.

Sometimes I think I have made more enemies than friends on this campus. Now that I'm leaving here for University Park, let me humble myself for a moment.

I'm sorry. I say that to every person that I may have offended in one way or another for the past year. But, as Mr. Bob Purdy once said to me, "I'm only human."

It seems that I have learned one of the final lessons of life, how to assume responsibility for my words and actions and know when it's time to apologize.

Run with it, kids. It's the only time you'll see me admit I may have been wrong.



Vandalism, not always as positive as this, frequently appears in the men's bathrooms on campus.

## Graffiti

### Clean It Up And Grow Up

By Audie Miller

Boys will be boys. This is something I know is true. What I don't understand is why they do the things that they do.

I have had extensive talks with maintenance. I am constantly told of the problems they have with graffiti, garbage, and the like. Maintenance has been spending way too much time sanding, scraping, painting, and cleaning up messes that should not happen. There is a constant stream of graffiti in the men's bathrooms. Pen, pencil, marker, all over the walls and stalls. I understand that it is everyone's personal right to free expression, but when it's on the bathroom walls, it's silly. Penn State is spending money everyday to clean up these free expressions all over the hopper.

Whether the bathrooms are in the Main building or in the library, boys are writing all over them. These are not adults doing this. These are "little boys" trying to be funny, profound, whatever. All I know is that if your message is so important, come to the newspaper, we'll print it. If it's so profound, share it with the girls. If it is just vandalism, save your time and the time of maintenance. Nobody wants to hear it.

I know this is a college institution. Therefore, we are all out of high school, aren't we? I think it's time we act like the adults we are trying to become. That's why we're here, to grow. The stupid graffiti in the bathrooms seems like a digression to me.

Stop wasting money, time, and thought on childish pranks. Grow up, take pride in what you are accomplishing here. Don't ruin it for yourself and everyone else. Clean up your act so maintenance doesn't have to.

**Join the Lion's Eye Staff!  
Sign Up for English 297A  
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(3 Credits, M-W-F @ 3:30)**

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## "Beam Us UP!"

By Christina Papa

Amongst all the end-of-year excitement, such as the Spring Fling, finals, and award ceremonies, for many Penn State Delco students there is yet another exciting aspect to the completion of the spring semester.

Everyone knows at least one fortunate individual who is planning to make the move to University Park next semester. These students, totaling approximately 315, have finally acquired the 60 credits needed to transfer to University Park. Of the 315 students who are transferring, 200 are on the automatic transfer list. The rest have requested academic or personal changes of assignment.

Many students, such as Justin Mayfair, 4th semester communications major, are transferring because there aren't any classes left here for them to take. This is also the case for Walter Ent, fourth semester Labor and Industry Relations, "There aren't enough classes for my major down here, and I also want the experience of living away from home."

Lisa Colucci, fourth semester athletic training, agrees. "First, I'm going up there for my major, and I also want an away-from-home life experience. The responsibilities will help me mature and the experiences will make me grow as a person. I also want to try out for the dance team."

## "I Was Much Older Then, I'm Younger Than That Now"

By B Ray

Just got dumped again.

Man, you really never get used to it, do you? It's not like it is the first time, and I'd be willing to bet it won't be the last. It's just weird. After every time I keep telling myself this will be "the last time" this happens to me. Now, here I am again.

I still can't figure out what bothers me the most about this or any other break-up. Maybe it's that I lost that title "boyfriend". It has a certain ring to it, like I'm this lion, proud and strong, chest sticking out, not a fear in the world.

Maybe it's not the title I lost, but the one that she did. "Where is your girlfriend?" "Don't you have a girlfriend?" "I saw your girlfriend." How many times am I going to have

to hear that in the next month?

And I just know that she's letting everybody know about it too. I really hate to think what she's telling

**"Here I am this 19-year-old kid who knew everything about nothing."**

everybody about me. It's none of their business what the hell happened to us. I just know somehow it's all going to end up being my fault.

There are some things that people share that no one else should know about. Now the next time I see her friends, all I'll be thinking about is them saying stuff like "I hear he drools when he sleeps" or "He cries whenever he watches the movie *Pride of the Yankees*" or "I hear whenever they

were alone, he always did this".....Oh my God, my sex life!

I don't know which is worse, the fact that everybody is going to know

about "it" or the fact that I don't even know when the next time "it" will take place. As many times as we did it a week....a day..... an hour, and now I gotta go without at all. Man, it just hit me, you never really get used to it do you?

So where do I go from here? Sitting home alone on weekend nights with a case of beer, the remote, and a box of tissues to wipe away the memories from my eyes. Can my life

— Bob Dylan

get worse? This might be one of the hardest things I have to go through....again.

It's not the hardest though.

The distinction of the hardest circumstance I've been through with a female goes to another lovely young lady. For the last 6 1/2 years she's been in my life. I can't see her enough, and even though I try to as much as possible there always seems to be some intangible that stands in my way. Still, I see or talk to her several times a week, and each time she gets more lovely and intelligent. I will never forget the first time I laid my eyes on her.

It was November 19, 1990 at 11:59 PM. At that minute I knew this one was special. I will never forget the first

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