

# Behrend offices charged with Student Abuse

Well it's that time of year again when the Bookstore gets to do its favorite thing -- rip us off. We all know the routine by now (at least we should) of how the Bookstore charges horrendous prices for cheap books. Then, when you sell them back (if you can), the book you paid \$64 for is worth \$17. Perhaps the icing on the Bookstore's lousy cake is how rude the personnel are to the customers. They get a perverse thrill out of being obnoxious.

**Are they afraid we're going to load up our knapsacks and shiftily slide out the door?**

So silly me went in there to get change for a \$5 bill. I knew I could have gotten change from the game room, but I didn't want to lug around \$5 worth of quarters. When I asked the woman behind the counter for five ones, she sharply announced that the Bookstore does not give change. At that very instant, every fiber of my existence shook with rage. I've been ripped off

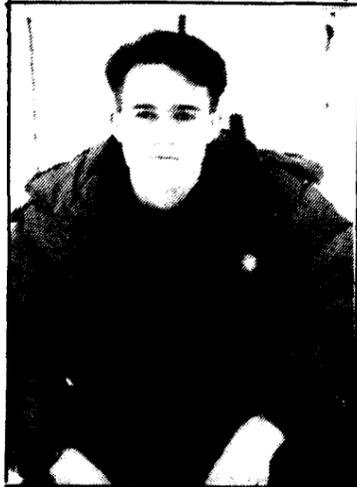
by them before. What was the big deal now? Perhaps it was because I had just spent \$250 for books in there, and they found it too burdensome to give me change.

So I went upstairs to get something to drink at the Gorge. Within seconds, some gross woman with Coke-bottle glasses lunged at me and ordered me to get out. Reason: *I forgot to take off my backpack.* What's the problem? Are they afraid we're going to load up our knapsacks and shiftily slide out the door? That's what it must be. While there is cause for concern, I didn't appreciate being *guilty until proven innocent.* The message they're conveying is that it's okay for them to rob us with their prices, but it's not okay for anyone to thief away with a crummy half-baked cookie that costs 70 cents too much.

After that insulting ordeal, I went to the Business Office (or is it the *Bureaucracy Office?*) to get a paper signed. Before I knew it, I was being treated like a disgusting piece of poop. The problem was that I hadn't gotten the paper signed in *sequential* order. I skipped somebody, little did I know.

Each of these examples is a hideous violation of ordinary

decency. If they had been *nice* to me, and had politely explained my error, or their situation, I would not have become upset, and would have conceded humbly. Instead, they chose to follow their own version of the golden rule: *Do unto others what you would never have done to you before anyone gets the chance to say*



Matt Duddy

anything.

While researching for this column, I've heard several strange and infuriating stories involving just about every office here. Many of the tales were more heinous than mine. The villains most often mentioned were the

Bookstore (of course), Police and Safety, and the pompous clique in the Gorge. Anyway...

For some unknown reason, many campus personnel get a twisted kick out of being nasty. They must be on some sort of power trip, and believe that they're simply too busy to stop what they're doing to assist we lowly students. It is truly revolting to know that while we are expected to act like adults, we are assaulted by childish staff members, abused by high school politics, and bashed by bickering little Napoleons with mouths as big as their attitudes. It must make them feel important to exercise their pseudo-superiority while attempting to preside over us. The really sick thing is how these people dare accuse students of being unnecessarily crude, or even cruel. I know that students can be rough to deal with, but being a crab right off the bat certainly doesn't help things.

I don't want to make it sound like *all* Penn State offices are conniving and insulting. The Counseling Office is always student-friendly, along with the Office of Student Affairs, and the Office of Student Activities. Even the Registrar's Office personnel are polite to students most of the time, despite the

stresses they endure. What I'm saying is that in order for the student body to work like adults, they have to be treated like adults. *The Penn State atmosphere needs to be nicer to everyone.*

As for that bizarre little pack of hyenas in the Bookstore, the Gorge's own Vulture Squad, and the Bureaucrats, if they think they have a right to be mean and obnoxious, maybe we should give them something to be rude

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about. Maybe we should all storm the Bookstore, raid the cafe, and even pillage the offices guilty of student abuse. Only *then* will they have the right to complain. Until then, they should get down off their high horses, shut up, and realize that they're *paid* to be here. After all, if they can't treat us with decency, then it's not our honor to have them.

# Results of bad song survey, Part I

by Dave Barry  
Syndicated Columnist

PART ONE

Before I present the results of the Bad Song Survey, here's an important:

**BRAIN TAKEOVER ALERT**

Be advised that this column names certain songs that you hate and have tried to suppress, but as soon as you read their names your brain will start singing, "Yoouunngg girl, get out of my mind; my love for you is way out of line..." over and over AND YOU CAN'T STOP IT AIEEEEE. Thank you.

First, I have NEVER written a column that got a bigger response than the one announcing the Bad Song Survey. Over 10,000 readers voted, with cards still coming in. Also, wherever I went people expressed their views to me, often gripping my shirt to emphasize their points. ("You know that song about pina colodas? I hate that song. I HATE IT!") Song badness is an issue that Americans care deeply about.

Second, you Neil Diamond fans out there can stop writing irate, unsigned letters telling me that I am not worthy to be a dandruff flake on Neil's head, OK? (Not that I am saying Neil has dandruff.) Because you have convinced me: Neil Diamond is GOD. I no longer see anything but genius in the song where he complains that his chair can't hear him. Unfortunately, a lot

of survey voters are not so crazy about Neil's work, especially the part of "Play Me" where he sings:

"...song she sang to me, song she brang to me..."

Of course I think those lyrics are brilliant; however, they brang out a lot of hostility in the readers. But not as much as "Lovin' You," sung by Minnie Ripperton, or "Sometimes When We Touch," sung by Dan Hill, who sounds like he's having his prostate examined by Captain Hook.

Many people still deeply resent these songs. Many others would not rule out capital punishment for anyone convicted of having had anything to do with Gary Puckett and the Union Gap ("Woman," "Young Girl" and "This Girl Is a Woman Now," which some voters argue are all the same song).

Likewise there are boiling pools of animosity out there for Barry "I Write the Songs" Manilow, Olivia "Have You Never Been Mellow" Newton-John, Gilbert "Alone Again, Naturally" O'Sullivan, The Village "YMCA" People, Tony "Knock Three Times" Orlando, and of course Yoko "Every Song I Ever Performed" Ono. And there is no love lost for the Singing Nun.

The voters are ANGRY. A typical postcard states: "The number one worst piece of pusoozing, vomit-inducing, camel-

spitting, cow-phlegm rock song EVER in the history of the SOLAR system is "Dreams of the Everyday Housewife," (Amazingly, this song was NOT performed by Gary Puckett and the Union Gap.)

Here are some other typical statements:

--"I'd rather chew a jumbo roll



Dave Barry

of tinfoil than here 'Hey Paula' by Paul and Paula."

--"Whenever I hear the Four Seasons' 'Walk Like a Man,' I want to scream, Frankie, SING like a man!"

--"I wholeheartedly believe that 'Ballerina Girl' is responsible for 90 percent of the violent crimes in North America today."

Sometimes the voters were so angry that they weren't even sure of the name of the song

they hated. There were votes against "These Boots Are Made For Stomping"; the Beach Boys' classic "Carolina Girls"; "I'm Nothing But a Hound Dog"; and "Ain't No Woman Like The One-Eyed Gatt." A lot of people voted for "The Lion Sleeps Tonight," offering a variety of interpretations of the chorus, including: "Weem-o-wep," "Wee-ma-wack," "Weena-wack," "A-ween-a-wap" and "Wingle whip."

Many readers are still very hostile toward the song "Wildfire," in which singer Michael Murphy wails for what seems like 97 minutes about a lost pony. (As one voter put it: "Break a leg, Wildfire.") Voter Steele Hinton particularly criticized the verse wherein "there came a killing frost," which causes Wildfire to get lost. As Hinton points out: "... 'killing' in 'killing frost' refers to your flowers and your garden vegetables, and when one is forecast you should cover your tomatoes. ...Nobody ever got lost in a killing frost who wouldn't get lost in July as well."

Speaking of bad lyrics, there were votes for:

--Cream's immortal "I'm So Glad," which eloquently expresses the feeling of being glad, as follows: "I'm so glad! I'm so glad! I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad!" (Repeat one billion times.)

--"La Bamba," because the

lyrics, translated, are: "I am not a sailor. I am a captain, I am a captain, I am a captain." And he is probably glad.

--"Johnny Get Angry," performed by Joanie Sommers, who sings: "Johnny get angry, Johnny get mad; Give me the biggest lecture I ever had; I want a BRAVE man, I want a CAVE man..."

--"Take The Money And Run," in which Steve Miller attempts to rhyme "Texas" with "what the facts is," not to mention "hassle" with "El Paso."

--"Torn Between Two Lovers." (Reader comment: "Torn, yes, hopefully on the rack.")

--"There Ain't Enough Room In My Fruit Of the Looms To Hold All My Love For You." (This might not be a real song, but I don't care.)

Certainly these are all very bad songs, but the scary thing is: NOT ONE SONG I'VE NAMED SO FAR IS A WINNER. I'll name the winners next week, after your stomach has settled down. Meanwhile here are some more songs you should NOT think about: "Baby I'm-A Want You," "Candy Man," "Disco Duck," "I Am Woman," "Itsy-Bitsy Teeny-Weeny Yellow Polka-Dot Bikini," "Last Kiss," "Patches," "The Night Chicago Died," "My Ding-a-Ling" and "My Sharona." Just FORGET these songs. Really.