

Erie Folk Found Polite

by Jason Simmons
Collegian Staff

I have had the unfortunate experience recently to acknowledge the various remarks in concern to the perception that the folk in Erie are rude. The local magicians seemed to have conjured a vapor of falsity from a cauldron filled with misperceived attitudes. Unrealized to the local folk up here, rude is a relative term unwisely used in a friendly land where those who overlook the abundant courtesy here need to be piledrived into the sand of the planet where rudeness in its elemental form can be encountered, in my home planet of New York City.

I have been spoken to by the great Zen spirits from above. The prophet of somewhat enlightenment I was told to become, hence I packed my bags and sojourned to the distant land of Erie. A guinea pig I became to what an anthropologist would prescribe as cultural shock. The complaints I have heard about Erie make me insane, not that I am normal (I come from New York, eccentricity could be a virtue). In the land of Erie I have seen people find money left on the ground and dropped into a garbage

pail found by the honest folk up here and returned to their owners. Doors for some reason are held open for you, people say please and thank you, and never have I heard bad words spoken to me that are all too common in New York.

I had to censure my yapping mouth since my arrival here. Common slang and curse words to my dismay are not well received by the Penn State alumnus. My huge mouth, not much smaller than my large Jewish nose, had to adjust to the higher level of speech in this land of non-bastardized English. That is the easy part, acknowledging that there is much less to fear here is much harder to do when you have been brainwashed as a child to succumb to mild paranoia. Where I live, one has to be careful when one walks alone or in pairs at night. Two friends of mine were for no reason jumped by seven kids in which one of my friends was knocked unconscious and kicked in the face. Upon awakening he spit out half a tooth. That was too bad because he had nice white teeth.

When walking on the sidewalk in New York, it is not uncommon to be shouted at or even followed. On a rudimentary

social level, the words please and thank you are so often eliminated from the vocabulary of the 1.5 million people in my county. On the positive side however, do not mis-interpret my information, for not all New Yorkers are evil. Many are wonderful people blessed with a humorous New York (New Yawk) accent according to Erie folk.

Ah, the last paragraph. I think I will make it my conclusion. Since my arrival at Penn State, I was in awe over the courtesy given to me. It felt quite good to let down my guard. I can leave my dorm room open without fear of a burglary. I do not have to present a tough attitude to ward off evil tough guys I so often had to deal with in New York, especially for a skinny guy as myself. I can say please and expect a thank you. I, of all eccentric beings in existence, have even learned to be friendlier up here, and as a result I felt out of sync upon my return trips to New York during breaks. So learn to live in harmony with the friendliness of Erie. Appreciate what you have or take a trip to New York City and listen to its poetic slang. It is not so bad up here in Erie.

Stop Labeling Us 'Frat Chicks'

by Nikki Gennuso
Collegian Staff

I don't know if any of you have noticed, but there are labels for everyone on this campus. I've especially noticed that there are a variety of different names for girls on campus; the most prominent being "frat chicks" (for lack of a more vulgar term). What exactly are these people? Just because certain girls go to parties at fraternity houses does not mean by any means that they are sluts. I'm sorry, but there are not too many options for activities on-campus here at Behrend. Parties seem to be the main form of entertainment, and I see nothing wrong with going to them. Why aren't guys who go to parties called degrading names? It is considered cool if guys go to a party, but all of a sudden, girls who go to them are sluts - whatever.

I have been called names for hanging out with fraternities, or one certain fraternity in particular. All of a sudden I am a frat ** because I have friends in a fraternity. Last time I checked, being friends with people in a fraternity does not mean that you are sleeping with the members. So what is everyone freaking out about? I found that the majority of people who use these terms are people who do not normally frequent parties. Is jealousy perhaps the motive?

Personally, I like going to fraternity parties; I think that they are fun, and because I dance or hang out with the brothers of that fraternity, does not mean that I am a slut. I think that whoever is labeling girls these names needs to find something better to do with their time, perhaps they should attend a party or two and find out what exactly goes on. No, people are not getting it on all over the

place, it's a party, not an after school special. Get real people, partying is not a sin, it's a good time had by all. Stop spreading rumors and start getting a life.

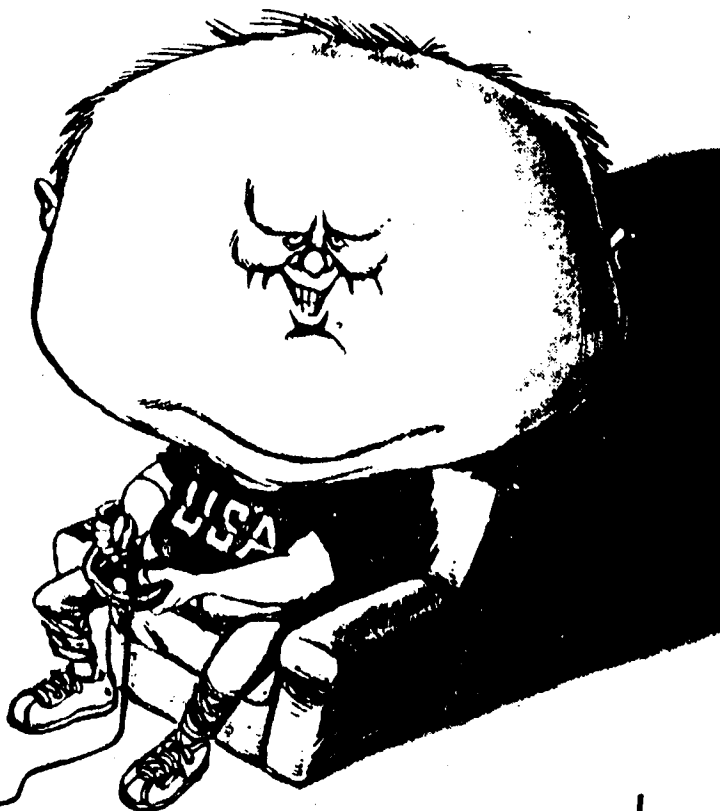
Are you distressed? Is your boyfriend or girlfriend being a jerk? Are you failing all of your classes and don't know where to turn? Having problems with the faculty? Just plain depressed about something? I'm here to listen to your problems and hopefully give you some worth-while advice. Write your letters to Nikki at The Collegian and I'll try to respond ASAP.

Note from the Opinion Editor: Nikki's advice column will become a weekly addition to the opinion section with the support of the readers. So please write her a letter and she'll do her best to help. She is not a doctor, and doesn't claim to be. All advice is strictly from the hip, or from some heavy research.

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