

Where is the culture at Behrend?

by Colleen Fromknecht
Collegian Staff

Behrend is pleasing to the eye. The natural surroundings that have been incorporated into the campus provide a sense of calm and serenity on an often hectic day at school. Our classes stimulate our minds (or at least they are supposed to!) and provide us with a variety of topics to think about.

Yet there is something lacking at Behrend. It seems that the arts have a low priority on this campus. Students, faculty, and the administration seem to be satisfied with this sorry state of affairs, but I'm not.

There is a series of theatrical programs on campus, but the productions are performed in a drafty, ugly, barn-like building. The seating is not only uncomfortable, but cramped. The acoustics are terrible, and the sound system stinks.

The photography lab is tucked away in the corner of the Hammermill building. I know that for a fact because I was actually there once or twice. Yet it also seems to be a slipshod affair. The available space is cramped and seems to be operated with a shortage of materials.

Did you know there is a drawing class offered at Behrend? I've seen it listed in the schedule of classes

which we use to register for each semester. I've also seen students occasionally walking around campus with their portfolios. Where is it held? Who teaches it? I bet the only people who can answer these questions are members of the cabal who are involved with the class.

We have some excellent teachers who try their best to educate us in their art classes. I have taken a couple and can honestly say I have never been bored in class. Yet

place. And most of this art probably is a violation of federal copyright laws.

Some teachers have artistic works displayed in their offices. The only students who can view them are the students who come to the teachers' offices. I don't know about you, but when I go to see a teacher I am definitely not focused on whether I can view the picture or photograph on the wall. I've been here three years now, and I know my advisor has art on the wall, but I couldn't describe it for

would probably steal the art off the walls, but why couldn't we paint murals on the walls? Or perhaps have a display case in the hall which features students' works. Art work would help to make buildings such as Academic seem less like a prison and more "friendly."

I have heard a rumor that the Humanities Department is sponsoring an art show this semester. It is supposed to be opened to people attending Behrend. This is a great beginning. We need to support this small step which tries to add a little culture into our lives. (No, culture is not a dirty word.)

But why aren't we thinking big? I understand Gannon, Mercyhurst, and Edinboro regularly hold shows on their campuses. Penn State is the largest and most prestigious University system in Pennsylvania. We should be holding a humongous art exhibit which is opened to the entire Erie area. It should be divided into professional and amateur status opened to all age groups, from elementary school kids to people who make a living producing art.

At Behrend, we can stimulate our senses and our minds, but we also need to stimulate our hearts and our emotions. All we have to do is try to let some art be a part of our lives.

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there were people in my classes who would rather have their fingernails ripped out than have to sit through an art class.

The only art we are exposed to on campus is the art which is found on the zillions of flyers which are plastered up all over the

you if I was handed a bushel of A's. (And it isn't because I never go to see my advisor either.)

The point I am trying to make is that we need to have some art on campus. It sure would spice up the Academic building! I realize that there could be security problems because some idiot

Year of the donkey

by Danielle M. Murphy
Editor in Chief

The Chinese will usher in the new year Feb. 7, celebrating the Year of the Ox. I would like to propose a similar tradition dubbing 1997 the "Year of the Donkey," or as I like to call it--The Year of the Ass. The Year of the Ass would celebrate the unique qualities that make men men. For Year of the Ass parties, ex-boyfriends would be invited to come as their favorite donkey. Upon their arrival, they would be greeted with cheers of "The asses are here, let's nail those tails!!"

Throughout the Year of the Ass, events would be held celebrating

manly things. There would be burping competitions, Beavis and Butthead marathons, name writing in the snow and the *Festival of Lighted Gas*. There would also be keg tossing contests and a *Beat Your Buddy Blowout* because men like to physically abuse one another.

While the Year of the Ass may sound harsh, I do not hate men. I really love men, well most of them. When my friends say all men are dogs--I am the first to jump in and put a stop to it. It's cruel, what have they done to deserve such an unfair generalization? Dogs are loyal, trustworthy and obedient--so unlike the men I've met.

So what is there to love about men? Well, they can be useful. A man taught me how to drive a standard, he had to sell the car shortly afterward because the transmission fell out (Coincidence? I think so). Men are good for pumping gas--they don't mind getting dirty or smelling bad. In the winter it's always nice to have a man brush your car off--it would be *unmanly* to complain that it's too cold. Men are also good for escaping from scary, creepy guys in bars. On one unusually bad night, I pointed out three different boyfriends to escape groping barflies at Sullivan's.

Men have other uses too. They usually pay and they *always* say, "No, honey, those stretchy hip huggers with horizontal stripes (or other unflattering outfit) do not

make your butt look like a wide screen t.v." They can do this without even looking.

Men also have entertainment value--which I believe is their most redeeming quality. Smoke a cigar with a man. The look on their faces the first time you light up is priceless. It's a mixture of disgust and affection laced with awe. I've received marriage proposals for lighting up a stogie. It's also fun to watch men dance, or at least try to, for some it's more of a wiggle than a dance. Men can also grow sideburns, which are amusing and sort of cute.

Male bonding is by far the most entertaining male thing. But I could write an entire column on that silliness.

I do have one major problem with men--they lie. They lie about *everything*--their age, where they were, what they did, and who they did it with--I know this from experience. A close friend of mine was dating a doctor, he claimed to be 30 but it was later discovered that he was 37. This caused much distress for my friend knowing that while he was learning to drive--she was still a fetus. She now lives by the motto that if you heard it from a man, it can't be true.

Another friend of mine dated a man, I use that term loosely for this individual, for several years. While they had their problems (mostly his fault), it was assumed that they would get married and live happily ever after. Well, this man--we'll call him Dick--had other plans.

Dick fell for an unemployed 30-ish married woman. Her use of cosmetics could keep Wet and Wild Cosmetics in business. Dick began dating this woman, but neglected to end his other relationship. My friend ended the relationship and later learned of Dick's affair, one in a series of infidelities. Dick now lives with his concubine and her child in a house that her husband pays for. Dick also drives a pick up with naked lady mud flaps and plays in a garage band featuring Skid Row covers. Dick is living the all-American trailer trash dream. Now, does this sound like a stunt your dog would pull?

How can we stop the lies? Short of spying and administering lie detector tests, not much. I recommend asking for valid photo identification upon meeting a man--to avoid age fraud. Requesting letters of recommendation from past employers, friends and lovers is also a step in the right direction, but make sure they are notarized.

It is important to remember that confrontation is not always the best choice. "George, why did you say you were 30?" My friend could ask. "I know you're pushing 40."

George could then respond, "Well, I was interrupted before I could finish saying 30.....uh....well....7."

I believe that the piece of advice when dealing with lying men comes from the movie *Singles*, "Stay single...have fun."

On-line crisis

by Chad Clouse
Collegian Staff

America Online recently changed it rates from an hourly rate to unlimited time for a monthly fee, about \$20. This charge has led to an on-line crisis. I mean that signing on to AOL is almost impossible. I have been using AOL for nearly two years and have never had a busy signal until now.

Last week I spent three days trying to get on-line and check my e-mail. Thank God nobody ever e-mails me except my brother. If I was doing business on-line and depended on my e-mail to make money I would have been in big trouble.

I thought about switching servers. About four months ago I had another server, but the whole experience was different. Whenever I checked my mail I had twenty advertisements from someone who did a mass mailing. The server said they kicked anyone off the server if they did a mass mailing, but obviously it didn't stop them from doing it in the first place. They contacted a couple thousand people with an ad for a \$10 monthly fee. It was the cheapest advertising they would ever get. Then the server went to bankruptcy court. I just love getting legal papers in the mail.

What I'm saying is that AOL takes the time to protect its users from such abuse of the system. They also provide a server that can keep up with my modem, which is another problem I was having.

But is it time to get out before the ship sinks? I'm not rushing out and looking for another server quite yet. I plan to give them another month before seriously thinking about changing over, although I blame the problem they are having on their own stupidity. AOL is a good server and with the

ability to stay on forever, they should have predicted that everyone and their sister would be on-line. I pay \$20 for just local service on my telephone. When my brother was in Korea last year we e-mailed each other instead of making costly long distance phone calls. It's great medium for keeping in contact with people you normally wouldn't call because of the cost. It's like free long distance, and if you don't want to talk to someone, but you want to say hello you use e-mail.

The school has graciously provided all students with e-mail and access to the web. For now I plan to use my e-mail at the school more and suffer my way into the computer lab although I find it a very uninviting place.

If you really need to sign on to AOL they have a 1-800 number. They say it will work, but I tried it last night and got a busy signal there too. Some tips for signing on include setting up a flash session for the middle of the night. You can do this by looking under MAIL in the header. It is easy to do, but don't freak out if you wake up to the busy signal humming from your computer in the morning. The other option is to sign on and do your work early in the morning, which is what I'm doing now. I e-mailed this story at 9:00 a.m.

I believe that AOL will come back to being a great server with a little time. Currently AOL is being sued by a number of people, but this has happened before and was cleared up quickly and to the benefit of all the users. I think those suing the company are only trying to make it live up to its promises. I wouldn't go joining a law suit, but I would like a month's payment credited to my account since I have been unable to use the server like I normally would.

Winter parking

by Amy Lynn Zysk
Collegian Staff

Winter is well upon us and has vacillated between rain and snow for a few weeks now. This makes for just lovely driving. Actually, the driving hasn't been all that bad. It is the parking that has me irked.

I pay \$95.00 a year to park in my choice of around five parking lots. Ninety-five dollars. That is a hefty price to pay for parking. My college friends, scattered widely across these United States, have parking fees of anywhere from \$5.00 (notice the decimal directly after the five) to \$30.00. My friends, poor fools, think that for \$95.00 a year, I must park on gold. Alas, I have had to tell them no. I park on ice instead.

Ice makes for beautiful nature scenes. You've all seen a beautiful cascade of water, stopped in its tracks as it was flowing over a rock formation. It is truly breathtaking.

However, on the rock formations we call parking lots, ice is most decidedly neither beautiful nor breathtaking. It is treacherous instead. Ice not only makes driving more difficult (I love to see fishtailing cars charge me from the other end of the parking lot), it also hinders walking.

Now, to be fair, when I arrive here at 7:45 A.M., I do see the snowplows working away at the Engineering building's parking lot. (I knew there was a conspiracy against the Liberal Arts!). However, when I leave at either at 2 P.M. or 4 P.M., gee, the ice has magically returned. Wonder how that happened?

Well, I must wrap this up and head off to another gripe, the ever popular will-I-make-it-from-Academic-Building-down-to-the-parking-lot-without-falling-on-my-kiester.

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