

# Is our nation really better?

So I hear our economy is better. I hear that our foreign policy is better than it was before. I hear that our country is in a better state, overall, than it was eight years ago. But finally I am hearing something different. I am hearing some people challenge the word "better."



**Caught in the 'Spyder' web**  
**Jason Snyder**

editor-in-chief

because we keep accidentally bombing innocent people? Or is it better that every time our president's pants fall, so does another bomb on the country of Iraq? The only thing that should scare Americans more than their values is our national security. So what's wrong with our American values? It's something you don't hear our

was before, but how can we see the effects of it if we don't get anything out of it?

Is our foreign policy better because China has our nuclear

weapon secrets? Is it better

When Clinton signed a bill, it passed Congress. When Clinton lied to Americans, it had to pass his conscience. Did Clinton make this country's values better after eight years?

Eight years ago, we didn't see 90% of "family television" based on sex. We didn't see movies and television series cover the scandalous ways of the White House. We didn't see such a separation between the right wing conservatives and the far left liberals. We didn't see our president calling a press conference to apologize to Americans for getting caught with his pants down. We didn't see our leader as a joke.

One thing that must remain constant in an American society that has had its morals turned upside down, is a president that can stand in front of the American flag, not hiding behind the symbol of his presidency, and speak to the people about issues that concern them. Not issues that revolve around clearing his name or defining "sex" and "is" as he knows it.

More than anything, America is in need of a moral leader. Whether it be George W. Bush, a man loyal to his beliefs that might have a dirty mouth, or Al Gore, the man that loyally stood behind Clinton and supposedly never swore. It's your choice. Hopefully we can morally choose who is truly "better."

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to the elderly and welfare system? Is it better because we haven't had to deal with the problem that there will be no social security when we qualify? Or is it just better because we have a surplus that our president uses for nothing else than to tell us we have a surplus? Our economic state might be better than it

president talk about when he takes the spotlight and tells us that this country is better. Bills get passed. Decisions get made. Any president can make the right call on an issue with the right people surrounding him. But only a moral president can make the right call when the wrong people surround him.

# Stop the apathy



**Untitled 21**  
**Ben Kundman**

Back at Behrend. Three Years down, two to go. A tip for incoming freshmen, do homework all week, drink on weekends

(Thursday IS the weekend, no matter what people try to tell you) or else you'll be here for five years like too many of us.

Getting hit with pepper spray is never fun. Just ask my friend Moose (name changed to protect his identity). Moose and I happened to stumble upon the semi-annual Penn State arts festival riot in beautiful State College. Being the curious type, Moose and I headed toward the front of the crowd so we could better observe the out-numbered riot police being heckled by the highly intoxicated crowd. Without using any non-violent methods to disperse the crowd (i.e., yelling "disperse now", or "there's a huge kegger in college park") one of State College's "to protect and serve" officers decided to "serve" some pepper spray to the crowd. Fortunately, I wasn't quite as intoxicated as Moose, so I managed to turn away. Moose caught the full spray in the face and endured an hour of pain so excruciating he couldn't even open his eyes.

From what I understand, every two years, after last call, students at the arts fest mass on the streets and break things. Although some call it "performance art" others call it "getting drunk and breaking stuff". I'm not going to condone drinking, but being at this riot made me think some things about our generation (now known as "generation next" thanks to Pepsi). Standing with hundreds of drunk college students on the street at two in the morning seems rather pointless to me. Back in the day, civil disobedience was usually a tool used by students (and others) to try and raise awareness of important issues, such as Civil Rights, Women's Rights, the war in Vietnam, and ATM fees.

Is everything in the world today so hunky-dory that we can live our daily lives without a care as to what is happening to others? I feel like it's the "domesticated animal syndrome." In other words, we do what needs to be done for food and shelter, and have absolutely no desire to see what goes on outside of our favorite couch and litter box.

Three days prior to the riot at UP, tuition went up 6%. Was the chant at the riot "no more tuition increases?" Nope. They decided to inform the police officers that they were, in fact, students from Penn State by chanting, "we are Penn State." Others had a penchant for old school gangster rap, reciting the chorus to N.W.A.'s notorious law enforcement song.

Admittedly, interest in the world today seems to be growing among some. Some bands, such as the Beastie Boys and Rage Against the Machine, actively participate in various causes trying to get their fans interested in the same. Recent large-scale protests of the World Trade Organization and both parties' conventions showed that some people, somewhere, actually care about what is happening.

Unfortunately, you can scream as loud as you want, but if no one listens, your message will never get across. Most protesters are viewed as a.) wackos or b.) people who want to get drunk and break things. We need to listen, we need to care, and we need to WANT change. The two party system lives on by the ignorance of voters who vote for a candidate because of one issue. People need to realize that there are third party candidates who will make our country be "by the people for the people", not "by the people, for the rich and corporate America."

Kundman's column will appear every three weeks.

# 'The Hot Debate of The Week'

## The WWF. What's up with that?

by Jason Snyder and Becky Weindorf

**The problem with WWF in 5 simple steps:**

- 1.) Men should not be allowed to wear Speedos so that those who *really* shouldn't wear Speedos, won't. And let me tell you, there are a lot of pro wrestlers who are on the don't list!
- 2.) Axl Rose was the last guy to pull off long, stringy, greasy dyed hair down to the pubic line. Has anyone seen him around lately? Eighties rock is dead, the hairstyles should be buried with it.
- 3.) WWF wrestling has no rules. It really doesn't. How can you have a sport with absolutely no rules? Even golf has rules, and I'm not entirely convinced that it's a sport. If you want to watch a joke sport, watch the Olympics - there are lots of sports that you never would've thought were sports. And yet, they still have rules. Interesting...
- 4.) If you want to be an actor, go to Hollywood and look up Steven Spielberg. If you want to be a real athlete, pick up a tennis racket. You can't be both. Don't believe me? I've got a name for you that says it all: O.J. Simpson. 'Nuff said?
- 5.) What's up with the soap opera bit? There is nothing sappier than some over-muscled, under-brained, nonsense-spouting boulder professing his two-week-long love to some bimbo that can't act to save her soul. He's a big, dumb animal, isn't he folks?

**5 things I love about the WWF:**

- 1.) Have you seen the guys (and gals) in the WWF? The majority of them are fit to wear the gear that they do. However, a percentage of the population will always feel they have the right to wear non-flattering swimwear.
- 2.) The storylines are so hokey and so cheesy that it is fun to get caught up in the moment with the wrestlers. How many millions of people watch daytime tv? And honestly, isn't it great that a love can ebb and go in a matter of a commercial break? Reminds me of high school again.
- 3.) Rules are prominent in our lives, so why not escape into a world where anything goes (except in a disqualification match, duh).
- 4.) Unity is a great thing. How many events do you know that can sell out an entire stadium? Not too many...not even Penn State football games. And when 40,000 people are chanting "slut", its hard not to get involved with your fellow wrestling fans.
- 5.) Two words: The Rock. The most electrifying man in sports entertainment...hum, interesting that even the Rock knows that wrestling is just pure entertainment and nothing more.

Every week, two editors from the staff will debate a topic that is hot. Students, faculty and staff are encouraged to email suggestions for the hot topic. Send ideas to behrcoll2@aol.com

# The calligraphy woman with the camera

Welcome back to all students, and welcome to the new Behrend freshmen. I hope you figured out by now that a.) Your FTCAP tests meant absolutely nothing, and b.) College life wasn't about all the tours and stuff you took.

And what is college life about so far? For the freshmen, it means meeting your roomies, getting used to the fact that no one bothers you about your missing homework assignments, and most important, the necessity of self-motivation. My parents don't stand over me anymore and tell me what to do about my education - I'm the one that's financing it, and if I want to flunk out on my \$6,300 tuition per year, that's my choice.

But the most important thing I chose was my major, which didn't really take time at all to choose: the English major. Now, before you start snickering behind the newspaper, I'll tell you this: if I had the choice of coming to college just for kicks, I would do it. But I only say that because the other half of me is going to a "smart school" for software engineering (definition of "smart school": guaranteed \$\$\$ after college!). So I'm the English major who can't count, and my fiancé at the Rochester Institute of Technology is the engineering major who can't read or write.

Through my English education here at Behrend, I am also creating that imminent equilibrium that has existed



**Return to Reality**  
**Becky Weindorf**

between my fiancé and me since we started dating over three years ago.

So in terms of my usefulness of coming to Behrend, I am

having fun studying what I like. I happen to like writing, too, and don't think I haven't heard the jokes about teaching everybody proper English: even if I *course* in the wrong context I have to hear about it from all sides.

But the usefulness of the English major doesn't stop there. I have a gift with making a point, preferably a succinct one. (Succinct means "brief" or "concise" - you're welcome.) People ask me why I decided to not be a staff writer and instead be a photo editor this semester. "Why don't you want the experience of writing? You're never going to take pictures in the future," they say. OK, you think an English major like myself can't take pictures? Look at the front page of the newspaper last week, folks. Guess who took that picture, humm? I can have more than one talent, too - I signed up for a calligraphy course. (So now I have talent in... writing, photography, calligraphy... four talents. Well rounded, I am.)

It's not that I don't like writing anymore. I'm taking the creative writing option within my major, because writing is what I do best. Why would I want to give up my editorial space just because I decided to take pictures? If I really wanted to take pictures for the rest of my life, I would be studying the visual arts right now, walking around campus with charcoal fingers and tempera paint unwittingly smeared on my forehead.

And I get weird looks when I tell people what I want to do with my life. Is it a crime to have a college degree and a family? As a woman, I have put up with the puzzled looks about wanting a college degree and having a marriage long enough. People actually wonder why I'm "wasting my time" getting a degree when they know I want a family. When I say I'm studying English, they sort of nod their head and ask something polite, like "Well, you're going to be a teacher then?" The academic scene is something I want now as a student. The other side of academics in teaching is not for me.

So what am I going to do? Speechwriters earn a ton of money, you know. So the next time you listen to our President Bush or President Gore speak in glorious phrases about the prosperity and the promising future of the United States, just remember: it's the calligraphy woman with the camera who wrote that speech.

Send a letter to the editor!  
We dare you! Mail all letters to  
behrcoll2@aol.com

# Taking The Infamous College Road Trip

by Alex Ross  
The Hullabaloo - Tulane University

Road trip. For many of you freshmen, this phrase brings to mind images of highways and Harleys, beaches and booze. For those of you who ate paint chips when you were young (this includes basically everyone at LSU, as well as all Tulane architecture students), this phrase brings to mind images of roads and, if you remembered your medication this morning, trips.

Regardless, a friend of mine and I, in all our infinite wisdom, road tripped-it from Denver to New Orleans last week. Along the way, we stopped at every university and college possible. Why? Well, primarily because we wanted to see all the Midwestern colleges that rejected us, such as the University of We-Accept-Everyone-Including-Your-Dog-And-Even-An-LSU-Graduate-Or-Two and Salina Community College, "the Harvard of mid-central Kansas."

But aside from that, we also wanted to experience college life in the American heartland (or, to be blunt, we wanted to pick up girls) and we wanted to assess educational values outside of Tulane (again, we wanted to pick up girls). Anyway, here's a brief analysis of all the schools you, Tulane freshman joe, aren't going to: Wichita State University.

One day, when God was exceptionally bored, he decided to create a Hell on Earth. First He created New Jer-

sey, but decided that wasn't Hellish enough. Then He created the Tulane School of Architecture, but again, it wasn't enough. Finally, He created Wichita, Kansas.

Despite its location, Wichita State isn't a half-bad place. After all, it is the home of the original Pizza Hut and it does have a half-decent baseball team. But then again, Wichita State isn't exactly known for its academic prowess. The campus newspaper, The Sunflower, reported the following to incoming freshmen: "If you fail a class, you can repeat it and the new grade replaces the old one. Be careful, you can do it a total of only five times with five different classes." Let's just say it's likely most Wichita State students ate paint chips when they were young. And continue to do so.

University of Oklahoma: Now this is how it should be. On the front page of The Oklahoma Daily, there's a photo of the Zeta Tau Alpha sorority accepting their new freshman members. In the photo there are six gorgeous blondes and four gorgeous brunettes. That's 10 gorgeous girls in one photo of one sorority. You do the math. To be fair, my friend's sister told me, "they grow hot guys like corn stalks at Oklahoma." Which, translated, means, "Alex, you don't stand a chance in Hell [Wichita] of picking up a Sooner girl."

The United States Air Force Academy: There's one place on Earth I'd love to wander around drunk. Well, to be realistic there's something like 451,678,320 places I'd love to wander around drunk, but the Air Force Academy is

definitely my top choice. All the buildings at the Air Force Academy were built in this 1950's 'futuristic' motif (straight out of Mystery Science Theatre, I swear), including the chapel. The ceilings of the chapel are laced with dozens of irregular-shaped stained glass windows. Along the walls are hundreds of colored spotlights to complement the windows. So basically, if you sit in there while the sun's blazing and you turn on the spotlights, you'll swim in literally thousands of diving, flashing colored lights. And this is a chapel? Sounds more like a great place to knock down Bud Lights if you ask me.

And with that, my little tirade on some of the finer Midwest institutions ends. We also visited Louisiana State University, the number one ranked party school in the nation. LSU has, amazingly enough, a 50 percent graduation rate, which beats their literacy rate by 49 percentage points. We also visited Southern Methodist, another school where I wouldn't stand a chance in Wichita of picking up a girl (but then again, isn't that every school in the nation?).

So in all, our road trip was a success. It took 25 hours, 1500 miles and three lonesome, lonesome nights, but we made it. And to be honest, I can't wait for the return trip. Watch out Norman Bartending Academy, Barbizon School of Modeling and Arkansas State Penitentiary Vocational School, "the Harvard of Arkansas' penitentiary schooling system." Wait a minute... good God. Maybe I'll just fly home instead.