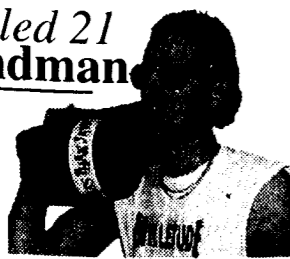


I wanna rock!

Untitled 21
Ben Kundman



Spring break was one of the craziest weeks of my life. I went to Panama City Beach, FL, with a couple engineers and a ton of the KDR guys. Since Penn State frowns on tales of drunken debauchery, here is my story of spring break, minus the alcohol.

We left Friday at 4 p.m. Alabama was really crappy. We got there at noon Saturday. The sand was white, and the ocean was blue. Our room was nice. We paid \$7.46 for five minutes of go carting, making riding go carts in Panama City Beach more expensive minute by minute than riding whores in Tijuana. We left the next Saturday at 4 a.m. Alabama was really crappy. We got back to Behrend at midnight Saturday.

In continuing with my tradition of writing list-type articles with no apparent topic, I decided to incorporate a new form of transition. Rather than fighting with Microsoft Word to get a neatly bulleted or numbered list, I will instead utilize the "slash" (when I say "slash," I mean a "\", not the guitarist from Guns and Roses, although that would be killer.)

Hazardous wastes spills are always boring. No one really cares if liquid nitrogen gets dumped on the highway. We need hazardous waste spills that are fun and interesting, like man eating piranhas. Shriners with machetes, or pissed off mimes with machine guns. We need gastrological engineering here at Behrend. Screw plastics, we should be famous for our "Fart" engineers. Fart engineers would study the amount of odor absorbance and sound deadening qualities of various seating surfaces. We could petition the government to institute a new standard, something where every seat is marked with a label for sound and odor absorbency, with a 10 for a Lazy Boy, and 1 for a plastic chair. People need to quit complaining that Shaggy is coming to Behrend. So what if he's not the latest, "greatest" cheesy watered down college (crap) rock band? I'm sure everyone who was complaining was saying it should be Creed or Dave Matthews or one of 50 other sound alike makers of wussy crap. The Goo Goo Dolls, Fuel, Our Lady Peace, Train, and Creed (especially) all make me want to burst my own eardrums with rusty ice picks. Speaking of music, how bad does everything on the radio/MTV suck today? All this fusion/punk/funk/thrash/ metal/ukulele/ accordion/soul/polka/death metal/rap/folk/hiphop/shlock rock/funk rock/crap is hideous. If you're not Run D.M.C. or the Beastie Boys, then don't even try passing off mixing rock and rap as "new." Jared Matola is a narcissistic meathead. All of the students whose sports participation never surpasses throwing their buddy a beer from the fridge and an occasional game of beer pong deserve a forum similar to the "Athlete of the Week" in the *Beacon*. Instead of highlighting athletic excellence, the "Boozehound of the Week" could share an embarrassing anecdote of drunken misfortune, to try to convince the non-athletic types here on campus that college is all about waking up at 6 a.m. to run a mile, not shot gunning beers in the shower with high school girls. The Pontiac Aztec is the ugliest automobile in the history of mankind. It looks like it was beaten by an angry mob armed with large, unwieldy ugly sticks. The feature in the *Beacon*, "What's Hot in Erie" should change its name to "Where We Go to Drink to Try and Forget That We are Stuck in Erie." People always complain about the amount of snow we get in Erie. If you ask ANYONE what they think about Erie, they will tell you one or both of the following A.) Good Fishin' B.) It snows a lot. QUIT COMPLAINING. THIS IS NOT FLORIDA. Mike Butala is cool. We residents pay enough a year for parking permits that we should get free valet parking and our cars shoveled out every time it snows. The elevator in the "Million Dollar" stairway has brought Behrend students to a new level of slothfulness. An extra three flights of stairs a day never killed anyone. Why don't we just issue each student a Laz-E-Boy with a Laptop attached to it upon admission, then build a sophisticated system of Pneumatic tubes running from all the dorms and apartments to the class buildings so we never, ever have to get off our fat bums? Professional Wrestling is neither Professional nor Wrestling. Reality Television is neither Reality nor Television. Dean Lilley is neither a Dean nor a Lilley. Well, I guess he is a Dean...but he most certainly isn't a flower!

Kundman's column appears every three weeks.



Tell us what you think!

Send a letter to the Editor!

Send all letters to:

behrcoll2@aol.com

'The Hot Debate of The Week' Me vs. me?

Should cloning of humans be allowed?

Even in today's society of medical marvels we still have countless diseases that restrict the lives of thousands of people. Cloning has the potential to unlock the cures for many health problems that people face today.

Some might say that cloning is nothing but trouble. Duplicating people is wrong and could be used in a twisted and subverted way to create people as weapons or to cheat death. Cheating death is the goal of any medical research. Imagine that you or someone you love is dying of heart failure but there are no heart donors available. Fortunately, cloning research could develop a way to clone a new heart or any other organ or limb that is needed. There are always going to be people in this world that want to use technology in some destructive way. The possibility of that should not scare us into holding back progress. If rational scientists abandon cloning, some psycho may end up creating and using the technology before we have a suitable counter measure.

This research could be used to help infertile people have a child or fight diseases that kill or disable millions. This may sound a little far-fetched, but what if we had computers as fast as the human mind? It may be possible to clone brain tissues that could makeup a bioorganic computer system. We should not let our fears make us stagnant in the technological progress.

J. Miller

Just because we can do something doesn't make it right. And now that we have the technology to actually clone human beings, we have to run right out and do it? I see several problems with the whole, "keeping up with science" argument.

Whatever happened to people being unique? When (not if) we clone people, won't that eventually become the equivalent to inbreeding? There will be no exchange of bloodlines, and we will go the way of kings and queens that married cousins to carry on royal blood. And we will just have the same people coming into the world over and over again. We don't know if these clones will have minds of their own, or simply be reliving the same life.

Also, what happens when (not if) this technology falls into the wrong hands? There will be people out there that will want to take advantage of it. Imagine if Hitler could have gotten his hands on this ability. We would probably still be feeling the effects to this day. Is that really a risk that we want to take?

In the end, the ability to clone humans will come with a heavy price. It may not even be a consequence that we can fathom right now, but in the end, it is going to change the world, and most likely, not for the better.

K. Galley

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

My car, the Grand Canyon, and a bungee cord



Attitude Problem
Paige Miles

After months of banging on my starter with a hammer and piece of scrap wood and one decapitated doe later, my sexy little Raider again starts and works. (Okay, so I need new brakes, but heck...neutral stops are fun.) And with the upcoming spring weather (go ahead, laugh), I've been thinking about all of the trips I want to make with my windows rolled down and my stereo blasting Matchbox Twenty (yes, MB20. It's good travel music!). Honestly, I just want to get out of Erie. Not that there is anything wrong with six inches of snow at the beginning of April and a dead fish smell lingering in the air...

Regardless, I've been bouncing off the wall the past couple of weeks. I need my freedom. Of course, the price of freedom is

about two weeks worth of paychecks, but it's well worth it. And truthfully, driving to Warren or even Cleveland just doesn't cut it anymore. (But I have been to the Russel Roller Rink, where children of all ages learn to be drug dealers.) I can't wait until I have the freedom to drive to Florida or even as far as California simply because I'm bored. It's all pretty unrealistic, but hey, it could happen. So, in light of my restlessness, I have searched far and wide (ok, not far at all) for some of the coolest places I would love to visit.

Temptation Island— Maybe the reasons are incredibly obvious, but come on—hot guys, warm weather, drinks with cute little umbrellas...absolute paradise. Those contestants on the show had it all wrong. Going to the island with a significant other totally destroys the potential for the massive possibilities. (Wink, wink, nudge, nudge.)

The Bermuda Triangle— How cool would this be? We've all heard the tales of the scary stuff that occurs when flying or boating in the area. My car acts as if it is permanently lodged in the Triangle as it is, so actually being there (in my car, on a ferry, with MB20 blaring) would just heighten the experience.

The Grand Canyon— Yeah, it's the common destination for boring family vacations, but wouldn't it be great to bungee jump off of it? Even better, how about attaching my Raider to a bungee cord and letting go? (With my luck, the cord would snap and I would finally get a car that doesn't make funny noises.)

Area 51— My ultimate goal is to be an FBI agent. I can hardly imagine all of the freaky secrets the government keeps from us. The supposed Area 51 is the ultimate government hideout. Besides, little green men are cute.

The Dressing Room for MB20— Rob Thomas? Oh yeah. Enough said.

Springfield, Any State— I never exactly found out what state the Simpson family lives in, but still, Springfield is one crazy town. Where else is there a green-haired clown hopped up on drugs, a nuclear power plant that has regular meltdowns, and a dysfunctional family that never ages? Only in Springfield.

Wherever Tupac is Hiding Out— How is it exactly that a dead guy still releases CDs? This would be a great tabloid scandal.

Timbuktu— My mom used to always say something like "I'll send you to Timbuktu

if you don't shut your mouth." I didn't know it was an actual place until a few years ago. They must torture young children there. I'm curious...or is Timbuktu something like BFE?

South Park— Following the Simpsons theory, how many towns has the devil and Saddam Hussein visited within the same day? Where else can you "kick the baby"? And has anyone ever seen Cheezy Poofs on a store shelf in any town besides South Park? Do the cooks at Bruno's break out into Barry White tunes? I think not. (I should hope not.)

Those Places on the Jeep Commercials— Last week, I tried to get my Raider as muddy as possible. I hit every mud puddle in North East...some large enough to drown a baby elephant. Yet, my Raider still doesn't look like the vehicle on the Jeep commercial. Maybe I'll just throw mud on it instead.

Chances are, my 4x4 wouldn't even make it to any of these places without rolling over or dropping the engine. I probably won't even make it to Grove City this summer, but until then, I'll stick with the Russel Roller Rink.

Miles' column appears every three weeks.

Who rules? O'Doyle rules!



Oh, You Didn't Know?
Karl Benacci

It's three o' clock a.m. and you're nestled in your bed, having a wonderful dream about Britney Spears...oh yes, how magnificent...Britney looks scrumptious in that extra small size tee-shirt, doesn't she? Oh but wait! A sudden sound awakens you, throwing you from your wonderful dreamland back into the reality of college life.

This happens to me every Wednesday night, and it exasperates me to say the least. So what was the noise that woke me up? Well, take your choice: 1) It was a car that spun massive rubber and burned off, 2) It was the dude that lives next to me, who likes to beat the wall in a drunken rage, 3) It was a group of screaming people running around outside.

Many of you may wonder why I do nothing about this. Well, for one, after being thrown from my sleep, it's as if I am a newborn kitten. No, I am not on drugs. Let me explain. Like a newborn kitten, my eyes are still closed, and a simple beam of light is a biting acid upon my eyes. Second, I have no coordination after waking up, and I need to relearn how to walk, which takes a while. In short, it's easier to lay in bed and rest. Besides, if I confronted anyone in my slippers and bathrobe, I would end up looking like the old guy from the movie Billy Madison, who screams "I'll get you damn kids...you're all gonna die!!!"

But seriously, some people need to work on their consideration and manners. Now I admit, I am not as dignified as the dude on the Grey Poupon commercials, for I sometimes slouch in class and spit on the ground, but I am by no means a bad mannered guy, right?

For I have stories that will chill your bones and make you cringe in disgust. In fact, how about a top five list of the rudest things I've experienced Behrend? 5) A certain Behrend *Beacon* editor sat back on her chair and placed her feet on a table

(Don't worry, I will take the secret of your identity to my grave), 4) People walk into the Ohio Hall elevator before other people have a chance to get out of the elevator, 3) When someone doesn't hear something that another person said and instead of saying "pardon me?" they say "what?" (my pet peeve), 2) When people come to class sick and infect everyone with their scummy germs, 1) My first roommate and I had bunk beds, and he once fornicated with a girl...on his top bunk, and I was on the bottom bunk, trying to sleep! It still haunts me to this day!

Are manners important? Do they matter? Yes and yes. Manners not only reflect who you are, but they reflect where you will go. How many established people are rude and vulgar? Well, lets look at Behrend's most established person. I cannot imagine Dean Lilley spitting chew into a pop can or saying "I ain't gonna eat at Bruno's today." Why can't I? Because the man has impeccable manners. Of course, a Dean of a college must have good manners, as with a number of other high up jobs.

Why else are manners important? Manners show people what kind of person an individual may be. Take for instance, a member of the opposite sex. Now girls,

would you rather have a guy that opens doors for you and listens to you without interrupting? Or would you rather have a guy that doesn't hold doors open for you and interrupts you to tell you about the time he threw a pumpkin off an overpass? What about you guys? Would you rather have a girl that has wonderful table manners or would you rather have a girl that chews with her mouth open, resembling a cow chewing its cud?

It seems safe to say that people are more likable when they have halfway decent manners. So what can be done to improve one's manners? An individual can either read up on the subject or take a course. It sounds corny, but it's helpful. My mother is a very proper woman, and she has told me the ups and downs of manners so I can turn myself into a perfect gentlemen as easily as I can turn on a light switch. Thanks mom!

As far as I'm concerned, an individual doesn't have to be a perfectly well-mannered individual, but he or she should respect others, and try to be non-offensive. What happens to rude individuals? Well, anyone that has seen Billy Madison knows what happened to the O' Doyle family... Benacci's column appears every three weeks.

Fighting over something with your friends? Want to see it debated in the newspaper? Send us your idea, and we will debate it in our 'Hot Debate' of the week discussion!
behrcoll2@aol.com