

A View From The Lighthouse

No bones about it, Shaggy was a dog.

Many of you already know about the huge disappointment of the Shaggy concert. It seemed that people were disgusted by his rude behavior. The crowd flooded out of the Athletics and Recreation Center before the concert was even over. What's with Shaggy? Did he become a star and say to himself, "I'm a star... now I can be rude, inconsiderate, and down right mean?" Or maybe he's always acted this way.

To start off, Shaggy arrived at Behrend at 8:30 p.m. when he was expected to arrive at 4:00 p.m. His concert was scheduled to start at 8:00 p.m., and he offered no explanation for his tardiness. The day prior to Behrend's concert Shaggy showed up at midnight for his 8:00 p.m. show at Pitt Johnstown. Previous to the Behrend concert, he decided that one college really didn't need him for the show after all, and he just didn't bother to show up. In reality, if anyone else showed up late for work or not at all he would be reprimanded, and if he were late on a regular basis he'd get fired, canned, or thrown out like a holey pair of socks.

When Shaggy arrived, he was rude to the hospitality staff that was there to see that he was comfortable. The staff of students, not being paid for their time, worked hard to have snacks, dinner, and beverages available for Shaggy. This was at Shaggy's request, but he never showed appreciation; not even a thank you. However, he glared at students and waited for them to leave the room even though he requested them to come into his dressing room. Even your dog deserves a thank you and a Snausage when it brings you the paper in the morning. Shaggy could take a lesson from his opening band, RikRok. They were outgoing, fun, and very courteous, although they aren't famous yet either.

The staff didn't deserve that kind of treatment, especially since they were trying to cater to Shaggy's every need. He also had some unusual demands. Before he would agree to come to Behrend, he had to make sure that there would be a Sony Play Station in his dressing room. (We all know every rock star needs a Sony Play Station. You got to whittle away those long hours before the concert doing something.) However, to waste time playing video games, it

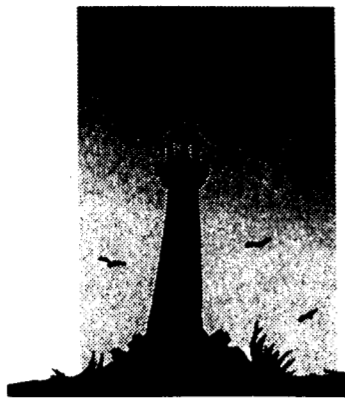
would be preferable that you arrive before the concert is scheduled to start.

Shaggy only played for an hour, and started the concert with his three most popular songs—quite unusual for a performer. Many choose to save the best for last, hence keeping the audience on the edge of their seats. Many concert-goers chose to leave early, becoming bored with unfamiliar material.

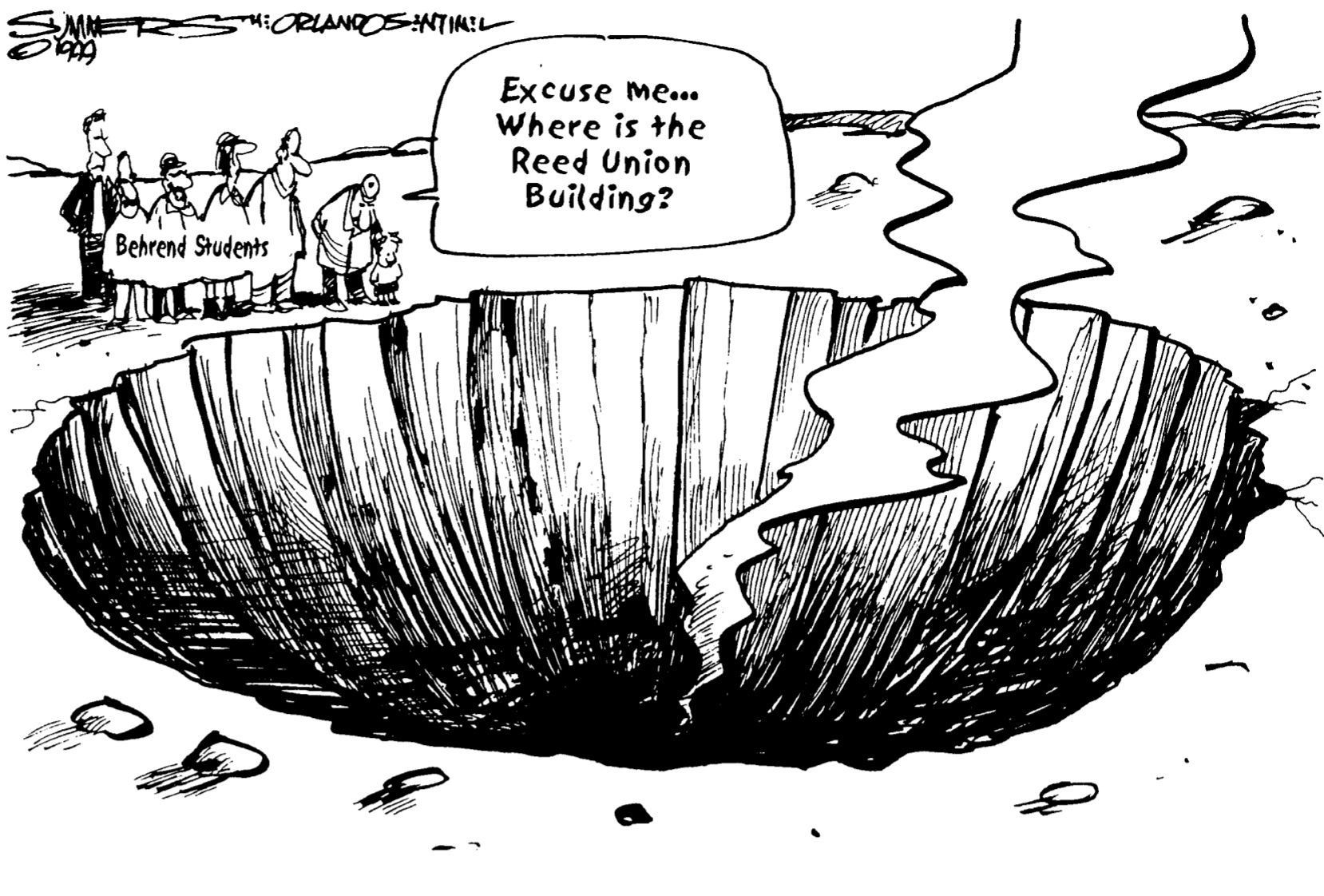
Why is it that Shaggy's songs degrade moral standards of today's society? "Creeping with the girl next door... banging on the bathroom floor." This song suggests that cheating on your significant other with the neighbor is okay. Whether or not entertainers like it they are role models. We are all dumber for having to listen to Shaggy's music. The audience couldn't understand a word Shaggy said during the concert. The acoustics in the Athletics and Recreation Center didn't help Shaggy at all, but neither did his poor pronunciation of his own lyrics. When listening to a Shaggy CD or song on the radio his Jamaican accent adds style to his music; therefore that is no excuse. Instead, mumbling must account for his sloppy presentation.

It's great that RikRok and Ray Von do the singing in Shaggy's songs, and he just says the rap lyrics. Therefore, does Shaggy deserve such an immense ego, because he wouldn't be a star without their talent? For right now his audience suggest that Shaggy's lack of singing ability doesn't matter because several of the ladies find him to be "hot and sexy." However, when RikRok and Ray Von, the true artists, become popular Shaggy will be left behind. Looks can't replace talent.

Mr. Boombastic, we don't think you're so fantastic.



SUMMERS THE ORLANDOS INTIMEL
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The last hurrah, in Kidprint

Detours and Small Potatoes Katie Galley

editorial page editor



Well, the time has finally come for my last editorial. Sniff. I never thought I would see the day. Now, mind you, I am going to return as a columnist next semester, but since this is my last column as the Editorial page editor, I am going to write my last editorial accordingly. Since I won't be on the editorial board of the *Beacon* anymore, I have a feeling that my editorials will lose some of their "flavor." It can only be achieved by spending countless hours cooped up in a small office with dozens of other people, with no windows and poor ventilation, and well, you get the picture.

I don't know how many people have actually followed my column religiously except for my roommate, who humors me every three weeks and reads it, then comments on it later. So, as a last ditch effort to win the average Behrend student over, I will reach into the depths of my soul and pour my heart out to show you what my column is really all about.

First, the name. Detours and Small Potatoes are actually the names of two of my favorite X-files episodes. Yes, I am a FREAK over the X-Files; surprised you didn't know that. But the name also means more than that to me, it represents how I felt about life my second semester here at Behrend. The Detour part stands for taking time away from everyday life to experience new things. Take the road less traveled, and all those other trite sayings, but remember that it is ok to venture away from your usual routine. The Small Potatoes reaches me on so many levels. At the time, it meant that little things that seem big really aren't when you look at them in conjunction with the whole picture.

Now though, it makes me think about things that we consider to be the most important part of our lives while taking other things for granted. Things like friendship and love. At the end of everything, those are the things that are going to count, not extracurricular activities and grades. It's important to realize what you have when you have it.

Onto happier things though, like some shout-outs and people I would like to thank. First and foremost, a shout-out to the professor that was supposed to be "advising" me my very first day here at Behrend and said, "would you like to write for the newspaper?" To which I answered, "I never have before." Then he replied with so much zest in his voice, "they would love to have you!" Then proceeded to circle the number in the scheduling book for the Editorial board of the newspaper. Without that man having no idea what he was doing, my time here at Behrend would have been dramatically different. I would probably be in a sorority right now, wearing some black flared pants and sporting some really crunchy hair!

Next, a shout out to the Athletics Department here at Behrend for finally getting that ARC thing that we kept hearing about, but never seeing for years, built (now if only that highway thing would appear). Without the ARC, I would not have had the time of my life in the pool with the women's water polo team! What crack was I smoking when I wandered down to the pool and bugged coach to let me join? I am still not sure, but man oh man, that experience was by far one of the best ones I have ever had! Nothing beats getting up at 6 a.m. for practice, or seeing 'the house' in nothing more than a skimpy towel! And

I have to mention that not all men can pull off the Speedo attire, but the men's water polo team sure can. To all the ladies I had the pleasure of being in the water with, thanks for such a great time; I will miss you all. We did something that no one can ever take away from us, we were the pioneers! We rule! And Coach, never settle for small bills, thank you for everything...I guess I'll forgive you for eating all the chocolate chip cookies.

Where to go to next? I guess to one of the best people that I have ever had the opportunity to meet, my roommate Gretchen. She is by far the most caring, supportive person on this campus. She listened to me cry my heart out, night after night. Together we started ΔAH, if you don't know what it stands for, then you are not in it! Here is to the 403 Buggies and the Champagne Room. Our room was definitely one of the most fun places on the Behrend campus, and if you never had an opportunity to make it to one of our shindigs, then you were missing out! It's hard to think that I won't be around next semester for all the late night "girly talks." And, Jeremy, there won't be any more dirty panties to enjoy...at least, not mine! And I don't know any other door in any other dorm that was as big of a fire hazard as ours, "could our door HAVE anymore stuff on it? It could try, but it would fail!" Remember that cool beanbag chairs come with some flutulence hazards. And I promise that you will get back all your CD's before I go. Don't worry, cause I will be back for numerous rounds of boat race next semester.

Also, I want to say thank you to Coordinator extraordinaire, Dan Schiesser! Dan has been consistently understanding and caring to me and everyone else here as well. And I know NO ONE else that will come to my room at five in the morning to catch a mouse. It may have got away, but it's the thought that counts! Thanks Dan!

Now some things around campus that need addressing. The first will be classes that I want my money back for. I believe that since I am paying for these classes, and I don't get what I want out of them, then I should get my dang money back! And believe me, there have been more than one of them. If I tallied the amount, it would be roughly \$4600, for this semester alone. Do the math, it adds up!

Second, professor's idiosyncrasies that keep me from learning. Normally, I can overlook a few mispronounced words here and there, but there are some professors here that need to understand that the hand gestures and feet stomping are inhibiting my ability to learn. And please, once and for all, when the class is taking a test, talking to us is not the best thing to keep us focused.

Finally, and most importantly, the *Beacon*. Wow, there are so many, many things that I can say about this subject, I don't even know where to start. I guess the beginning would be a good place. Ok, in the beginning, the *Beacon* that I knew was a dirty little 8-page piece of poo. Now, it's not, and it's because of an always accumulating group of people that give their hearts and free nights to keep this paper growing and achieving great things. Fellow Beaconians, never let anyone here tell you that you are doing too much "whining," because most likely it is because the truth hurts. We are an extraordinarily talented group of students that will all go far, then hopefully we can all donate some money to the newspaper and get them a new iMac.

With all that said, there are some individuals that need certain recognition, and oh yeah, are you gonna get it! I'll start with the order that I met you in, save one.

Deanna, I think you were one of my first *Beacon* friends, and that was after we had survived a certain Comm. class together! Even though you had to go and get a real job and be a grown-up this semester, the Pee Tour will continue! I have missed goofing around this semester, no one quite

'gets me' like you. It's scary sometimes.

So, Liz: that-was-awesome! I don't even know what, but I'm sure that it was! You went from being Copy Editor to well, whatever you do now. And all I can say is that I am jealous of your beauty...so jealous, want to be Liz! In all seriousness though, you have been a supertabulous friend and you held my hair the first time I puked, that is something to be proud of! This summer we are taking our antics international baby! The fridge full of beer and pudding isn't a dream, it's a reality!

Jeffy, thanks for listening when all I needed was for someone to listen. And Ann-Marie, fellow waterbaby, you are so unique that words can't describe it. Everything happens for a reason, you two are the proof. Be good and no more holes in the neck! Paige, thanks for being my kickboxing buddy. Neil, even though I rag on you now and then you are cool and so is your car!

And last but not least in my "Beaconian" section, Jay. All I can say is, wow, that came out of nowhere and you were by the far the biggest surprise of my life, thus far. We are one of the weirdest pairings ever (but you are weirder). Who knows what lies ahead, but I'm sure it will be a fun ride? Always friends. Oh yeah, the Rock is way better than Kurt Angle and Stone Cold combined!

With all the mushy stuff out of the way, there are some things that are just so cool, that I need to make a list to mention them all! So, if anyone reading this has seen the musical *Rent*, you know the song "La Vie Boheme" and how it is sung, my list will be like that.

To: *Cool quotes*. There are too many list, so I will leave at that! *Pop*, not the music, but the kind that you buy in the store. It IS pop dangit, not soda! *All nighters* in the *Beacon* office, when we are at our most insane! *Bon Jovi* and *Livin' on a Prayer*, enough said. *AOL instant messenger*...who knew it would be cool to talk to people that are four feet away from you on the computer? *Denim Bonnie*, I don't know if she knows who she is, but she gave me hours of laughter in my classes! *Hotties* around campus, and my roommate and my ability to name them after the class that we first encountered them in (i.e., Hot Spanish class guy, Hot chem. class guy).

Friends, the television show (and all the rockin' quotes that go along with that) and the real thing. *Jackass*, *Jackass*, *Jackass*, and Johnny Knoxville, Steve-O and Bam. *Ben Kundman*, because he made me laugh harder than any writer ever has! *April Fool's Issues of the Beacon*, holy crap are those awesome! *Co-ed dorms*, because you get free strip shows and John Deer boxer shorts! *Almy Hall*, east wing, fourth floor! Could there be a better bunch of people? *Layout nights* in the *Beacon* office, oh yeah. I find we all become clinically insane on Thursday nights! *Buggies*, (i.e. shopping carts), the amount of fun you can have with those is limitless!

I am sure that I am leaving out about 4,000 other things that are in my memories of my time here at the paper, but don't worry, they will always be there. Special thanks to any professor that has pushed me to do better than my best, and for Doc. Speel for putting up with the *Beacon* in D.C.

And now that I am sufficiently in tears, I might as well say that I have loved it all, and I can't believe that my time as an editor is over. Even though I will be returning as an 'editorial columnist,' it's just not the same. I can honestly say that I will never forget anyone on this staff, no matter how much I try, and I'm glad because these past two years have been the most unforgettable time of my life. Until next semester, Galley out.

Galley's column appeared every three weeks.

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