

THE BEHREND BEACON

published weekly by the students of Penn State Erie, the Behrend College

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"Professionalism
with a Personality"

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The Beacon encourages letters to the editor. Letters should include the address, phone number, semester standing, and major of the writer. Writers can mail letters to behrcoll2@aol.com. Letters must be received no later than 5 p.m. Monday for inclusion in that week's issue.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Greek Dogs...

Hi, my name is Nick Capozzoli and I am writing in response to an editorial by Liz Hayes on the Greek life at Behrend that ran in last week's Beacon. I happen to be a member of a Greek organization and I, for one, am so very thankful to Miss Hayes for pointing out that Greeks are so different from the other students at Behrend. Before this wonderfully written article ran, I was afraid to admit the depth to which I adhere to the Greek lifestyle. Well, I would like to finally tell everyone how I live as a Greek in a non-Greek world.

In the morning I wake up and I immediately check my right butt cheek to make certain that my fraternity letters are still tattooed there. Then after the relieved afterglow abates, I shower and get ready for class. One thing I don't do is brush my teeth. You see, after I found out that my dentist was not Greek, I was bound by my fraternal

oath to reject anything that he said. This includes brushing, flossing, and the use of mouthwash. Now, properly prepared, I go to class. I used to pay close attention in class, but then I found out that the majority of my professors were non-Greek. What could they possibly know of the material that they teach? They aren't even Greek! So now I just log on to the Internet with my special Greek only password and download all my papers and tests directly from the Greek archives. Now, having all my work done for me, I search for something to eat. As Miss Hayes so cleverly pointed out, the Gorge (Bruno's to non-Greeks) is segregated into different Fraternity and Sorority sections. However I feel that this meager segregation is not nearly enough, and I will continue to boycott Bruno's until we Greeks are given the proper respect that we deserve. I suggest a raised platform or a glass

partition, that way we will not have to be bothered by the oafish manners of the common folk (non-Greeks.) So now I return home and prepare my food myself to ensure that it is not contaminated in any non-Greek way. Then I have to get ready for the "kegger" that we Greeks throw every night. I put on my GAP shirt with my letters sewn on to it, (a regular shirt with letters would do, but a GAP shirt really lets people know how much better I am than they). Now properly dressed, I venture forth to the "kegger" where the traditional festivities include a good beer, a good laugh, and a hearty round of paddling. Yes, no Greek event would be complete without a good sound beating with solid oak. After the soiree I usually head to Coney Island, where I order a "Greek Dog," the highest form of pork, what every pig hopes to grow up to be. After such a day it is with an easy heart that I return

home for sleep. I usually say "good night" to my Greek roommate. (I have two non-Greek roommates but I generally pretend that they don't exist, unless of course it is to spit in their general direction) lay down in my Greek bed, between my Greek sheets and fall asleep to Greek dreams.

So while many Greeks would respond with anger toward Miss Hayes, call her comments rude and narrow minded, would say that citing sources such as the "wisdom" of Mike Frawley is further evidence of a small and insignificant person, I say "Thank you, Liz." Thank you for giving me the courage to come out and tell everyone of my struggle to remain pure, to remain true, to remain GREEK.

Nick Capozzoli,
09 MET

Drunk Buses...

An open letter to Behrend Administration:
The first weekend of school, a Penn State Behrend student slammed into the rear end of the undercover Police and Safety vehicle, totaling both vehicles. Fortunately, no one was injured. The culprit of this collision was a Behrend student overindulging in my good friend Al. Alcohol, that is. Like most college students, I enjoy getting slammed every weekend. The problem with trying to get sloshed every weekend is both financial and logistical. Financial, because I have to live on \$42.01 a week. Logistical,

because Behrend is about as bumpin weekends as Grove City, and we all know finding a sober driver on a weekend is like finding a virgin at a Catholic High School. A simple, inexpensive way to reduce the amount of drunk driving that occurs every weekend on campus is to put the Blue Bus back into service. Instead of going to K-Mart at 10 am, the newly christened "Drunk Bus" could go to downtown Erie via Wesleyville Friday and Saturday nights, making several stops at student-friendly locations. All of our student activities fees are currently

going to events that 25-30 people attend, why not funnel some of that money into the "Drunk Bus?" Similar to the Blue Bus, the "Drunk Bus" could charge a nominal fee to riders to help support operating costs. "IT ENCOURAGES THE CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOL" will be the cry of every single Behrend administrator. Guess what, students are going to drink regardless. Drinking to college students has been like coke to celebrities forever. Even Dubya used to throw down with the best of them. Students are going to drink, no matter what the University does.

I have had three friends nearly die in separate accidents caused by drinking and driving. I consider myself lucky that I can still pick up the phone and call them, unlike the millions of people who have lost friends and family to drunk drivers. People will always drink, and some people will always drive drunk, but if Penn State Behrend could save ONE life, having a "Drunk Bus" would be worthwhile.

Sincerely,
Ben Kundman
09 MET

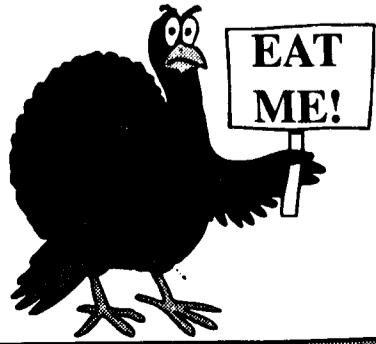
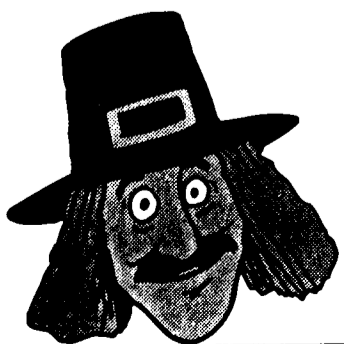
The View From the Lighthouse

We are thankful for...

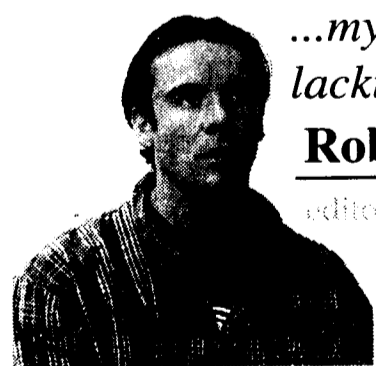
- Dr. Pepper • Mashed potatoes with tons of gravy • The lake • My family • My warm bed • Beacon's contribution to my good grades • "Tommy Boy" • Music • My fiance and our future marriage together • Foxy Boxing • A working car • Great teachers • Christmas music • Snow! • Beef • Wookies • To be an America • Barbells • Grants • Britney Spears • Cliffnotes • Seatbelts • My girlfriend • Liz's impending graduation • Pajama pants • Led Zeppelin • Jim, Jack, Johnny, Jose, and the Captain • Holiday sales at the mall • Casual sex • My skateboard • Finally getting to visit Ireland • My bike • Ebay • The Yeti • Time off from school • Making love • The fact that no real terrorists know where Erie, Pa. is • Food in my belly • Access to a car • Heat in my house • My Blankie • Autumn in Pennsylvania • Nieces and Nephews • Pizza • Chocolate • New G4 • Gel pens • 50-cent Tuesday • Thanksgiving vacation • Caffeine • The Behrend Beacon • X-Files on DVD (especially season five) • Single room in Ohio Hall • Impending graduation • Fox's Sunday night lineup • My overall good health • My hair • The microwave • Shebang Skatepark • My future humanities degree • My IBM PC • Spirituality • Twice as much food as Christmas with half the fighting • My little brother to keep me young • Brunettes • The first time • "Friends" (the TV show, not real ones) • "The Real World" (again, the TV show not the real thing) • My huge, heavy sac • Pixar movies • The warmest November ever • Creating new traditions • The Beacon, giving something to do worthwhile • Nieces and nephews • Ikea • Beer Pong • The Junker Center (cuz it's free) • Altruism • Economic security • Muppets • Sunsets • Women can't bother me because they are at holiday sales • To be able to live my life without interference • My job • Reese's Peanut Butter Cups • Meatlover's pizza • Yoga mats • Dirty Brits • "Star Trek" • Garbage Pail Kids • My boyfriend • Dingo • My younger brother and sister • Muscles • My way of life is still safe • My mini-ramp • Cable TV • Companies that still make ringer t-shirts • The gift of faith • Birth control and sometimes the Morning After Pill • Sales at American Eagle • Morning Pleasures • Wonderful history professors • TV dinners and anything you can cook in a microwave • Jeeps • Your mom!



Above all things listed, the Beacon staff is thankful for their loving families and their friends, new and old. Have a great break, enjoy some turkey, mashed potatoes, and football. Please drive safe. Happy Thanksgiving!



There is nothing to fear but fear itself, and men with guns



...mysteriously lacking a title...

Rob Walsh

editorial columnist

Are you one of the millions of Americans with a phobia or debilitating fear? Have crowded social situations triggered sweat glands and induced subtle feelings of nausea? Do you find yourself absolutely petrified by carnivorous tarantulas or venomous snakes? Has a bad experience left you afraid of common geologic landforms, such as bodies of water or steep cliffs?

Well, like so many others, you are a victim of fear. Fear - especially when seriously manifested into a "phobia" - can be a greatly unsettling experience with potential to corrupt the normal functioning lives of those afflicted. Yet people are not obligated to concede to their fears. In most cases, instances of fear are both reparable and avoidable. We've all heard the old adage, "There is nothing to fear but fear itself," which

is oh so true, unless you are accosted by a man with a gun - in which case you are totally screwed, and will likely urinate all over yourself.

The National Institute of Mental Health has reported that 5.1 to 12.5 percent of Americans have phobias. This broad figure represents the most dramatic cases of fear, and it goes without saying that countless other fear-laden scenarios occur quite often on much smaller scales. The common struggle with various elements of fear has indeed proven to be a national epidemic, but this does not have to be. Even the most drastic cases of panic and anxiety can be effectively remedied through simple mental conditioning, a process involving only a basic understanding of our bodies and their physiological responses.

Fear does not have to run your life! Most doctors will explain completely safe and effective methods for alleviating practically all fear-related ailments. Doctors are professionals with an immense understanding of phobias and anxiety, and they will be of tremendous help unless armed with a gun; in that scenario

your face will probably get pistol-whipped severely, in the event you are not immediately shot and killed.

In fact, almost all of us are already equipped with methods of eliminating fear and situations which induce fear. For example, the "fight or flight" response will kick into gear when we are subjected to situations in which our health may be compromised; a common display of this inherent fear-fighter can be found when a human subject is confronted by a dangerous animal such as a grizzly bear or comparable wild predator, e.g. tiger or rhinoceros.

The immediate response is to run - an exhibit of natural "flight" tendencies - which limits fear by effectively removing oneself from the subversive stimuli. Of course, this method could be viewed as flawed by any subject attempting to flee a man with a gun, as most firearms - especially those equipped with a "scope" device - can easily squeeze a few searing-hot slugs into the comically flailing body of the fool attempting escape.

An increasing number of Americans report particularly high levels of anxiety when thrust into busy social situations like parties and crowded streets. A popular treatment for these and many other forms of

social anxiety are medications like Paxil and Luvox. These drugs are serotonin re-uptake inhibitors that are also used in instances of clinical depression, and they have proven to greatly curb common elements of fear associated with social situations such as raucous parties. Unfortunately, these drugs will do little for you if a high percentage of the men at said party decide to whip out guns. The drug you'd want then is morphine - and lots of it.

It is pretty obvious there are many treatment options available for coping with fear. In the advanced day and age that we currently live in, there is no excuse for allowing elements of panic and anxiety to fester. Technology avails itself to numerous fear-alleviating techniques, the greatest being a simple understanding that fear is a biologically created phenomenon that can be fought and defeated. It should be noted that technology also avails itself to ultra-powered sniper rifles with heat monitors and night-vision; odds are you're lined up in the cross-hairs right now, and a hollow tipped bullet could conceivably end your meager existence at any possible moment.

Walsh's column appears every three weeks.