

behrcoll2@aol.com

The Behrend Beacon

Published weekly by the students of Penn State Erie, The Behrend College

Editor-in-Chief
Robert Wynne

Managing Editor
Rebecca Weindorf

News Editor
Erin McCarty

Asst. News Editor
Kevin Fallon

Sports Editor
Mike Bello

Asst. Sports Editor
Kate Levdansky Patrikis

Editorial Page Editor
Ben Kundman

Features Editor
Carl Benacci

A&E Editor
Jeanine Noce

Wire Service Editor
Guy Reschenthaler

Staff Photographer
Jeff Hankey

Office Manager
Jason Alward

Business Manager
Paige Miles

Advertising Managers
Libbie Johnson
Melissa Powell
Angela Rush

Public Relations Manager
Kelly Walsh

Distribution Manager
Eric Kiser

Calendar Page Editor
Erinn Hansen

Health Page Editor
Sarah Orr

Humor Page Editor
Ben Kundman

Associate Editor
Jennie Ellison

Technical Support
Doug Butterworth

Professional Publication Mgr.
Dave Richards

Advisor
Mr. John Kerwin



"Professionalism
with a Personality"

The Beacon is published weekly by the students of Penn State Erie, The Behrend College; First Floor, The J. Elmer Reed Union Building, Station Road, Erie, PA 16563. The Beacon can be reached by calling (814) 898-6488 or (814) 898-6019 (FAX). ISSN 1071-9288.

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.

The View From the Lighthouse

Never, never, never take American hostages... And did we mention never?

As most are aware, kidnapped Wall Street Journal reporter Danny Pearl was murdered by his captives. By all accounts Pearl was an excellent journalist, an outgoing individual, and an all-around great guy with an expectant wife.



His execution shows the type of people with which we are dealing. The organization that kidnapped Pearl was making all sorts of demands, ranging from better treatment of the Camp X-Ray prisoners to the handing over of sums of money.

There are a few who believe that the U.S. should have tried to cooperate with the terrorists and made an attempt to barter for Pearl's safe release.

This sounds somewhat logical, but it would not have worked. First, the terrorists probably would have just made more demand. Second, more than likely they would not have released Pearl anyhow, and third, if they did, every terrorist organization would start to kidnap more Americans.

The way we need to answer these acts is to make it known to the terrorists that the U.S. will strike back with all due force upon anyone, any where, who kidnaps an American and holds them for ransom.

If a state can not police its own citizens then Uncle Sam should. To prevent another horrible Pearl-like tragedy, we need to set an example and lay down some policies to let the anti-American, anti-Israeli, anti-West people of the world know that we will strike back, even for one American. We must establish that an attack on one US national is an attack on the entire U.S.

They won't be thinking about kidnapping any more Americans when we are dragging them to Guantanamo Bay. No one ever messed with the kid on the playground who would hit back. Everyone always picked on the nerd because they knew he'd take it. Well, America is no nerd. We must let it be known that if you take down one of us we are going to take down a lot of you.

To take away the kidnapping tool from the mechanics of evil we must illustrate to them that we won't put up with their hijinks; their barbaric and heartless acts. We should not negotiate, give in, and so on, we should simply try to rescue our citizen and if he/she is treated in the same brutal, uncivilized, evil manner in which Danny Pearl was then we should strike back, arrest the perpetrators, and take them to one of our camps so they can stand trial for the crimes they committed.

And to all those who say otherwise, America should step into the real world, remove the pocket protector, and punch the bully in the face.

Not an A-F girl



Amanda Prischak
editorial columnist

Unoriginality is so uninspiring. Some of the things that irk me the most are a) People who seemingly try to follow age-old stereotypes; b) People who let others define who they are; and c) People who buy into everything that is mainstream American. One of the greatest gifts humans possess is imagination: why then, I ask, don't more people use it?

My initial viewing of the movie "Animal House" occurred a few weeks before I began college. I must say, this movie definitely deserves a privileged place in fine American cinema. However, I feel that some have taken the movie entirely too literally. It seems to be understood by many that college is a time to "get it all out of your system" and all too often I encounter "students" who seem to be making great efforts to model their lives on the binge drinking, sub 2.0 G.P.A. frat brothers of Faber College. Don't get me wrong; I am always up for a good party. I just do not think that the peak of one's college experience should be keg stands and countless nights falling asleep in a drunken stupor.

Another aspect of life that seriously annoys me is whenever the current pop princesses and boy-band members refer to themselves as artists. Not even Madonna had the audacity to refer to herself as an artist in her early years; rather, she preferred the term entertainer. Besides the fact that these pop icons do not write, produce, or play any instruments, their images are pretty much determined by some mogul in the music business. One of the greatest things about being a musician is being

able to project your unique self-image and style to millions of people. Today it seems that the goal is to appeal to almost everyone; for instance, be the Virgin Mary in interviews and wear next to nothing on a magazine cover. While it is important to have a large fan base, when did it become necessary to sacrifice identity in order to please everyone?

I was one of the few people who weren't happy when Abercrombie and Fitch opened. I am glad Abercrombie wearing-Erieites no longer have to PAY to receive an Abercrombie catalogue, but to me this company seems to propagate an idea of what an American youth should be. One only has to look at Abercrombie's entirely Caucasian crew of models, most with blonde hair and excessively thin bodies, to understand my point.

I am especially amused when Abercrombie makes shirts with sayings like "Rock Star" on them or when they feature an indie artist in their catalogue. As if the people at Abercrombie listen to anything other than synthesized pop.

I do believe however that Abercrombie makes well designed pants for those of us on the short side and I do buy an occasional pair of khakis from them. I will never buy a shirt with their logo splashed across the front because I don't appreciate the odd conformist image they project.

Being an individual does not mean you must dye your hair an unnatural color or sporting piercings in unusual body parts. Just don't be so quick to adopt what society and others deem as "normal." As a great musical artist once said, simply "express yourself."

Prischak's column appears every three weeks.

Letters to the Editor

Beacon Staff and Beacon Readers,

According to the advertising supplement that appeared two weeks ago in the beacon, life is full of surprises. We were quite surprised when we opened the seemingly benign advertisement and found it to be a pro-life flier. Our surprise turned to anger. We're surprised the Beacon would include an advertisement advocating the repeal of legitimate legal rights of women, giving misinformation that is speculative, biased, and inflammatory.

The cover of this supplement contains a surprised woman dressed in typical '50's attire. Nowhere on the cover is the word "abortion" mentioned. There is not hint at what the supplement actually contains. Manipulative advertising, plain and simple. On the inside cover of the supplement there is a headline claiming "We're Not In The Fifties Anymore," this suggesting that whatever we're about to read represents progress. The '50's were a time of conservative values and restrictive gender roles. Abortion was not legal until the '70's with the landmark Roe v. Wade decision. Pro-lifers want to make abortion illegal, and by doing so, they advocate a return to the conservative values and politics of the '50's.

Not everyone on this campus is pro-life. Coming from a publication said to represent the University population, this supplement was preposterous. Why was there not a pro-choice flier included? That way, readers could have been exposed to both sides of the abortion debate. There is a growing and alarming trend in the Beacon to represent only the ideas and beliefs of the Beacon staff.

Nicole Johns and Jaimi Bonczar

Please email letters, both positive and negative to the editor! Typed letters will no longer be accepted.

Behrcoll2@aol.com



From beer to Girl Scouts



Ryan Anthony
editorial columnist

At this exact time in history, there are a lot of things running through my mind; they wouldn't dare walk. I don't really care about much right now, so for lack of anything else, I share with you a sample of the randomness that could be scattering through my stream of consciousness in any given moment.

Oh glorious Guinness Stout, the nectar of the gods. I may usually make fun of engineers in my editorials, but I have found a reason for their existence. After all those classes talking about buying or selling x number of widgets, it's great to finally know what professors have been talking about. Some genius engineer, most likely an Irish beer-guzzler, came up with a use for the seemingly useless term, "widget." It is truly amazing that the fine laddies

in Ireland have crafted a way to provide the brisk taste of Guinness draught in a bottle. The widget is a fine piece of craftsmanship that Arthur Guinness himself would be proud of. I hereby nominate for the Nobel Prize the engineer who developed a cylinder of plastic with wings that releases a controlled amount of carbonation proportioned to the angle at which the bottle is tilted towards the Guinness gods in the sky. I raise a pint to you, oh great engineer. Now hold on while I fetch myself a draught to keep me from becoming parched while I write the rest of this article.

Ahh, that's refreshing. Now, to continue. Have you ever heard of a band called Radiohead? I know you have; they sing that "Creep" song everyone knows. Yeah, well they sing a lot more than that. Check them out. Once you start listening to their stuff, anything else you hear on the radio will sound like Ace of Base. Radiohead's artistry is far beyond anybody else I have ever heard. No wonder they are huge in England.

Now, one band that is not huge in England, or anywhere else outside of Philadelphia for that matter, is G Love and Special Sauce. Damn, they make some fun music. They'd be a lot better concert this year than Sugar Ray. I am sure you have heard something by them before. Ever see that MGD commercial that starts off "Yo, could I get a cold beverage?" Yeah, that's them.

Girl Scout cookies just got here last week. That leaves me three boxes of dinner for the week.

Did any of you read that letter to the editor last week about pornography disrupting the minds of youths? How ridiculous was that? Internet porn is the savior to every pimple-faced geek who is too embarrassed to shell out the cash at 7-11 for his own magazines. It's no more damaging than MTV, FOX, and half the other cable channels. Plus, these kids are keeping their "business" to themselves rather than going out and getting busy. And you can't blame these girls because their mothers are only 15 years older than them. Internet porn is not that bad.

What is bad is young people having unprotected sex so they can make babies to be raised by 15-year-old single mothers.

In my eyes, there are even 30-year-old women who are unfit to be mothers. Anybody who has worked in retail or any job interacting with the public could tell you this. People can be so utterly stupid, and it is the stupidest of the stupid who are pushing the strollers. If you plan to have a kid, you better plan to have a spouse to raise him or her with. A child whose only influences during the first and most impressionable years of his or her life come from one parent is probably going to be screwed up in one way or another. Get a man in there and teach the little tyke how to play catch and load a rifle.

Again, I am only half way through my rant and I am out of space, so until next time, Salainte!

Anthony's column appears every three weeks.

So you want to take a road trip, eh?



Undressed from
the neck up

Becky Weindorf
managing editor

I have this class, see. About 25 other people share this class with me at 10 a.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and all we talk about is postcolonial literature. I mean, that's what the class is - studies of postcolonial literature.

Anyway, what better time to sit back and discuss Canadian postcolonial literature? In light of the Olympics, surprising gold medals, and our upcoming spring break, several students have been looking towards the North and asking, "Where the hell did they come from?"

Let's admit it - even though most 19-20 year olds on campus are

familiar with Rumours nightclub, we don't know much else about the country. Hell, even Homer put the American outlook on Canada best: "Why would we want to visit America Jr.?"

(And let me clear that up, too. Canada, like America, was first colonized by the British. America is also considered postcolonial, so remember that before you refer to Canada as another United State.)

This year, for spring break, I took the customary week off to figure out where I wanted to go. The last two years I had visited my aunt and uncle in Maine and Maine's legendary Sunday River ski resort. Instead of hitting up Mexico or Florida without my usual summer tan, my fiancé and I decided to head up north to Toronto, Ontario.

This in part was my fiancé's idea so he could get me to walk on the infamous glass floor in the CN Tower. But really, can you miss Toronto without hitting up the Eaton Centre, which boasts more than 4 million shoppers every week? Nah. And the nightlife? To die for. Spencer (all right, so I finally gave my mysterious partner a name) learned a little French in high school, too. So there you go. We tackled the bilingual thing, no problem.

In case you're wondering, the best place to book your hotel room is online. Downtown, center Toronto, \$70 a night. You can't get much cheaper than that. And so what if it's cold? You're in the Great White North, for crying out loud! Where all sorts of exotic animals, like buffalo and moose, live! Find your fleeced-lined clubbing clothes (as we should all have in gray Erie) and pack 'em up.

Here's a little information on Canada before you go: Do you know

how much of a pain it is to purchase things with American money and get Canadian change back? Not to mention that sorting through two different currencies makes you look like a tourist (Ok, so everyone knows you're a tourist, but the double currencies make you a BLAZING tourist).

There is absolutely no parking in Toronto. I'm talking nowhere to put your vehicle. You think Behrend is bad? Ha. Try underground parking lots. They can't even fit them above ground. At \$20 per day per vehicle, you better believe you'll be paying just to bring a car into the city. Either way, our four-day weekend will cost us about \$70 extra just to park in the underground lot at our hotel.

And only Rick Moranis and Dave Thomas can get away with saying "eh?" at the end of every sentence.

Weindorf's column appears every three weeks.