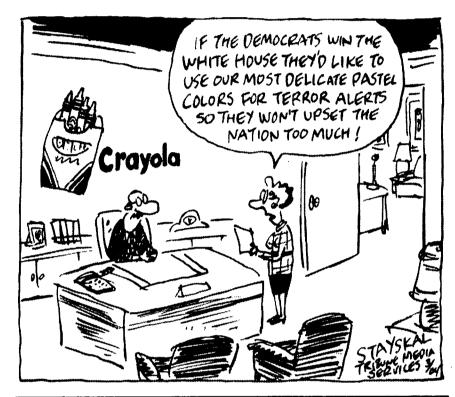
EDITORIAL

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The Behrend Beacon

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OUR VIEW

Bon voyage, Madame Wolfe

French I quite possibly is the most intense class I've completed at Behrend. Followed by French II, a class that still has my brain in a major fog. And then came French III. Somehow, and I have no idea how, I made it through the final exam and the oral proficiency exam.

Three semesters of hell, pure hell. And yet, three of my most satisfying classes.

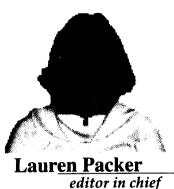
Ask anyone who knows me, outside the sports arena, I like to rest on my laurels. I like to put forth minimal effort. And so, when I found myself actually studying, doing worksheets and practicing spoken French in a mirror to myself, I knew there was something wrong. Or was there something right?

Finally, I had encountered a professor who actually pushed students beyond their maximum level. I'll admit, it was a bit intimidating hearing Dr. Wolfe complain that she couldn't possibly fit all the information we covered in a semester into a two-hour final. She wants three-hour finals. In three semesters of French, I never once finished the entire final, nor did I finish in under two hours.

Dr. Wolfe is one of two professors I have had in four years that required me to earn my grade, and I mean really earn it. The other was Dr. Frankforter.

Yet, it's ok. I learned a lot more than just a foreign language from Dr. Wolfe, and I enjoyed her class more than most of my classes, even ones required for my major.

Dr. Wolfe is going on sabbatical;



great for Dr. Wolfe, but bad for students.

For those students who complete three semesters with Dr. Wolfe, a bond emerges. Together the class goes through the growing pains of feeling lost, but then gradually the French pieces start to come together. And then the class is in the final semester of French, speaking French the entire class and making fun of the poor, struggling students in French I.

Students leave Dr. Wolfe's classes with a huge sigh of relief when it is over. Ironically, most find themselves wishing they had more time in Dr. Wolfe's classes.

Dr. Wolfe teaches with such flair that I did not mind the late-nights, or the constant state of disarray I slipped into for three semesters.

Her craziness, and I do believe some days in class she could have been committed, added spice to the less than interesting days of expressions of quantity, superlatives and past, present, and future conditionals. The fact that she never wore the same outfit twice in a semester also kept my class on its toes. I've kept a running tally and I've seen her repeat three outfits, and even then she only repeated it once.

Dr. Wolfe continually goes out of her way to have her students understand not only the French language, but also the French culture. She stresses vocabulary in her classes, and if you need proof, I have an entire two-inch binder filled with nothing but vocab sheets. Dr. Wolfe evens goes against the rules of the metro, taking her camcorder into the train and filming so her class gets the inside look.

In addition, every Tuesday night after you "graduate" from French I, Dr. Wolfe and other faculty and students head to a restaurant for dinner, all spoken in French. Those were some good times, especially when you have no idea what you are saying in French, and that was common.

And so, as graduation nears and Dr. Wolfe leaves for her sabbatical, it is with great sadness that I say, on behalf of French I, II, and III graduates: bon voyage, Madame Wolfe! Vous ne serez pas oublié.

Lauren Packer's column appears every three weeks.

Promoting the white rainbow

Having Theo Von from MTV's "Road Rules" discuss diversity was like asking a blind, deaf man describe the Pink Floyd laser light spectacular. The only difference may be that a blind, deaf man would have more sense on what is going on around him than Von seems to have.

Von enlightened a crowd of more around 200 people, mostly white females, Tuesday with stories of his trip to Cancun and his "cockulator," all in the name of diversity. At least that's what I was told before I sat down to listen to Von's Between the sexual humor, which was on par with a high school lunch table, and the racist and sexist comments, I did pick up tidbits of his perspective. On feminism: "There sure are a lot fräuleins in this room. A lot of pairs of tits in this room.' On U.S./Mexican relations: "I wish I could date a Mexican and make love to her so good and hard and powerful that her belly cracks open and candy falls out."



sponses that were, in an awkward, flighty sort of way, no more tolerant that the comments Von made.

At one point, a white female contest in Von's poetry contest screams out, "Get over the racial bullshit and have some fun." That sounds about right considering the host was person who thought diversity was partying in other countries.

I wanted Von to use the student comments to segue into some commentary about the conspicuous amount of ignorance that can be found on a campus with a disproportionate amount of white kids. Instead, Von proposed two solutions to the problem: 1) bus in a new ethnicity, not change the system that stifles minority participation and 2) support diversity by "buying a friend," which sounds oddly like a return to slavery. The program was successful if by successful you mean gave a bunch of college girls a chance to ogle an attractive pseudo-celeb. Having Von strip would have given much of the audience what they wanted and could have allowed him to discuss such diversity topics as the difference between circumcised and uncircumcised. At least he could have stayed focused. If there was a coherent theme throughout the program, it was Von's own penis worship.

The SGA elections are a serious problem. At least that's what they've become after less than 10 percent of the student population put a digital "X" next to the names on the SGA's Internet voting ballot, yesterday. While it's easy to say more people need to vote, it's more important to point out that the people who did vote were most likely already active m embers of the Behrend community.

The low voter turn out in the SGA elections only underlines the problem of student apathy on this campus. The Lion Entertainment Board, Behrend's largest programming board, only has 26 active members on its 2003-2004 contact list. That organization plans more activities on a regular basis than any other single club or organization, spends nearly \$70,000 in two semesters, and still can't even get a notable portion of the student population to participate in programming.

Midnight Bingo, one of the

college's premier events fell apart after its student leader graduated and not enough people were there to piece together that which was left behind.

Behrend may not be a large campus, barely half the size of Edinboro University, but the out of class experience such as underground music shows, diversity events and arts programs are an important part of any well-rounded academic experience. If a person doesn't get involved with programming these events, than even the LEB weekend movies, which are taken for granted, won't be around forever.

It's not hard to get involved. The Office of Student Activities has lists of the every officer in any club. Student just need to find the one thing they care about, other than the usual college "activities," and give a hand. Without the students participating, event the SGA can become a tool for the administration. On little people: "Good things come in little guys on the street. I'd like to take him for a walk sometime"

On the homeless: "I'm an outdoorsman."

His narrow-minded insights may go over at a frat party, but not in a program that was funded through the Student Activity Fee funding. It's not that I was expecting a Road Ruler who

Daniel J. Stasiewski

looks like an Abercrombie model to have life-changing insights on the subject, but I thought his "experiences" in various countries might be somewhat enlightening.

For Von, going to China was like an experience most people have if they pay attention in a basic Asian cultures class. He seemed surprised to find out that people in China don't live in little huts and was as enthusiastic about his discovery as a kid who first learns where babies come from.

The unfortunate part is most of the people I talked to weren't necessarily shocked over what he said. They gave him leeway because he was an MTV celebrity and shouldn't be taken seriously. Really, what we should be concerned with is that most of the Behrend students in Von's custom-made video gave re-

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