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The Behrend Beacon

## The Behrend Beacon

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## Lefty does it! A play-by-play

This is my last editorial ever for the Beacon. I'll be graduating on May 15th, and officially on my way to unemployment. Yes, I could get all sentimental about all the good times I had here over the last four years, but frankly, it's not worth it. You probably don't care to read a bunch of inside jokes, like Tom Hanks in a remake of "Back to the Future," so I'm not going to give them to you.

If you want to be sentimental, fine, but be sentimental about something that matters. Something like Phil Mickelson finally winning his first major. I know what you are thinking: Golf? Great, how exciting. It's like watching paint dry. I have more fun picking out socks. But if you know anything about golf, you know that Phil finally winning a major is akin to the Red Sox winning the Series, or me running a mile in under 10 minutes. It just doesn't happen. And if it does, it needs to be noted nationally. So here is my running diary of the final day of the Masters, a day also known to some as Easter. Whatever. I got chocolate. I'm happy. On to the golf match.

**4:21 p.m.**  
Live from the living room, where I retired after a huge dinner. During the course of dinner, I was reminded 14 separate times by my grandma how good I look now that I lost 25 pounds. This as I was reaching for thirds on the cheesy potatoes, and fourths on the apple pie, which was technically dessert.

**4:38 p.m.**  
Phil was in the lead, until now. He just whiffed on a bunker shot, and took a bogey. Yet somehow, that goofy "I'm on heavy medication" smile is still stuck to his face, like the ugly is stuck to Michael Jackson's face. Just kidding, just kidding. Mike usually has to re-apply the ugly every morning.

**4:52 p.m.**  
Phil begins getting fitted for his bridesmaid's dress, knowing that with Ernie Els shooting lights out, it will be another runner-up finish. He says, "I don't mind the dress, really, but they always fit it too tight in the hips for my taste." Somewhere, the "Queer Eye" guys begin hitting on women.

**5:04 p.m.**  
In what can only be called the greatest coincidence in American history, the moment Phil makes his first birdie, my entire family decides to join me in watching the show. I immediately get bombarded with questions such as "Who's that guy with the stick?" "Where are the umpires at?" and "Why aren't any women there?" I resign myself to Phil finishing second, and try to watch the match over talks



**Ryan Russell**  
advertising manager

of who is seeing who, who is sick now, and which neighborhood kids are brats.

**5:15 p.m.**  
Phil makes a second straight birdie on the back nine as chasing a major victory often drives him to do. I make myself a second straight Jack and Coke with a lime twist, as family get-togethers often drive me to do. My grandma asks me if I would like anything more to eat.

**5:36 p.m.**  
Phil makes yet another birdie, closing to within one shot of Els. He has two holes remaining to catch Els and pass that bridesmaid's dress on to Barry Bonds. When reached for comment about wearing the dress, Bonds responded by throwing hypodermic needles at the reporter. My grandma asks if I would like anything else to eat.

**5:45 p.m.**  
Phil comes to the last hole needing a birdie to win. Showing a rare display of infinite wisdom, someone on TV remarks, "He also can make a bogey to lose." Phil responds with threats to have a "wardrobe malfunction" involving his pants. He proceeds to hit his second shot onto the green, 15 feet from the cup.

**5:51 p.m.**  
Phil reads the putt of his playing partner Chris DiMarco, which was almost identical to Phil's. Mickelson proceeds to bury his putt in the jar, winning his first-ever major. This sends me to the fridge for another big Jack and Coke, which I will bury in ice. This is not my first major drink, I must admit, but it sure does taste good to win the big one.

Hope you enjoyed reading my rambling all year. If you want inside jokes to end everything, fine: Clown shoes, pudding pops, Rick James, I win, Coney Island, the DB, the family Taurass, and clown shoes (a different set). For the three of you that got any of that, congratulations, you win a copy of the home game.

Ryan Russell's column appears every three weeks.

# Reality in the real world

by Adam Massaro  
contributing writer

The viewers were discontent with television's decadent slide, fed up with its generic sitcoms and lackluster drama series—TV needed to evolve. Like Athena emerging from the head of Zeus, Marc Burnett spawned a new breed of reality TV, one that challenged its competitors to succeed and punished their failures. Viewers became consumed by the contestants' actions and the consequences that followed.

These contestants have become modern day gladiators, as they unrelentingly fight to stay alive. Transversely, the television has become our seasonal pass to the coliseum, allowing viewers to get involved in the contestants battles as they compete to win challenges and receive rewards.

Now, one could question if reality TV has any real impact on the real world and if it is even deserving of any serious merit. But what if in fact this open-armed acceptance of shows like "Survivor" and "Apprentice" is reflective of our waning desire to abandon our sheltered lifestyles and return to a life where our ability to succeed at daily tasks determines our survival success. Be it the workplace, the home or the wilderness, survival would be of the essence. This life would revolve around competition and at the end of

the day there would be a clear separation between the winners and the losers.

Strong ratings for reality TV programming show that viewers support the competitive atmosphere that reality TV epitomizes. This support tells me that we can handle being fired by Donald Trump, berated by Jeff Probst and handle the pressure of constantly being expected to outperform our peers. These pass or fail methods are not cruel and demeaning punishment but effective methods to accurately judge one's capabilities.

These proven techniques of reality TV should be more closely mirrored in the real world. These methods provide a platform for contestants, who demonstrate desire and acumen for succeeding in both group and individual competitions to emerge as leaders. It is a rigorous system that could be used in the real world to more accurately evaluate one's overall ability. If college was more like "The Apprentice," students would apply themselves more intensively. If "you failed" turned into "You're fired," it would turn the pressure directly on the students to succeed.

Consequently, in our current state we are not feeling the pressure to succeed and are not hungry enough. Everyone is a loser, when everyone is considered a winner. No one is winning when we

are more focused on discouraging failure than promoting success. The prospects of the 1990s feel-goodology just don't get that. Intense competition is the best way to allow the cream of the crop to rise to the top.

This transition would mark a turn in the tides from a system that accepts satisfactory achievements to one that demands success. Instead of rewarding failure and second chances, why not create an atmosphere that promotes a need to succeed or go home. It would turn the spotlight onto the individual, requiring them to be held responsible for their actions and justify their output.

We are no different than the reality TV competitors that we watch week in and week out. We are all competitors in life; yet as a whole we do not seem to have the same urgency to succeed as our reality TV counterparts. It is the circumstances in which these competitions take place that exemplify this intense desire to succeed.

Shows like "Survivor" and "The Apprentice" show us that competition breeds winners; however, our society is beginning to lose that first-blood competitive nature.

Adam Massaro's column appears every three weeks.

## One last lesson to share

Over the past year I have been writing editorials for the Beacon on some pretty heavy topics. I've aired my opinion on everything from Starbucks to "American Idol". Why haven't I touched upon such heavy topics as politics and school controversy? Mainly because newspapers need a little fun in them, and I don't feel that on topics such as politics that how I feel should be published.

With that said, if you haven't read my column before, then let me go over a few things that I have discussed in previous issues of the Beacon.

First, I started off my editorial career with a nice long discussion about communication majors. Communication majors often get flack for having the so-called easiest major here at Behrend. Since writing this article I have come to realize that people find that it's easy to make fun of communication majors because they're jealous and wish that they had chosen that route earlier.

I know plenty of people who have originally started out their college career in biology, chemistry and many other "hard" majors. These people have then switched over and now are in majors like media studies, journalism and communications. Why these major switches? Probably because every one is starting to see how much fun we all have in our communication classes and we're just cooler, too.

Next editorial I tackled the task of Thanksgiving and what the holidays mean to me. To many people it's the time to be with family, and give thanks for the many things we have in our life. Me? I'm thankful for Starbucks.

Yup, I said Starbucks. I mean at what time of the year, other than the holidays, can you find such great, yummy drinks like a Gingerbread Latte? Even better Eggnog Lattes are out in full force during the winter season. I know it sounds crazy to think that I'm thankful for Starbucks around the holiday time, but it's true. The warm, cozy atmosphere the store provides with that cinnamon smell lingering in the air, all these things get me ready for the Holidays. With that said, I'm also thankful for Grande Espresso Frappuccinos.



**Erika Jarvis**  
A&E editor

A few issues later I wrote an article hoping to teach students here at Behrend a little bit about the bathroom. If you're baffled at what I could possibly be teaching 20-year-olds about the bathroom, then you obviously missed my column.

I had found myself in a few awkward bathroom incidents around campus and was appalled by the behavior. I then felt it was my duty to give the campus a little lesson about bathroom etiquette.

Just a few little reminders about when you are in a public restroom, always shut the stall door. Let's not recap that scary day I had in the bathroom but let me just tell you: bathroom doors have a lock on them FOR A REASON. Next, if you find someone in the stall next to you calling out for paper, be a good bathroom buddy and hand them a wad. Also, don't forget: wash your hands, nothing is worse than seeing someone walk out of the bathroom and not wash their hands. Ew, kids, ew.

Lastly, I discussed one of my favorite reality shows, "American Idol". We won't be in school when the final winner is announced, but just remember that I feel it will either be John Paul Lewis, Diana DeGarmo or Jasmine Trias. Since this editorial was published, these three are still on the show. Can I call it or what?

Yet, now that I have caught you all up to date on my editorials, I cannot leave it like this. As I move on in my college career to University Park I'd like to leave you all with one last lesson: Fashion.

What makes a sophomore think that she has any right to discuss fashion?

Well, I did intern this past summer at VH1 in the Fashion Department so I feel that's reason enough for me to discuss this issue. Don't worry; I'm not going to talk about big name designers with names that no one can pronounce. I'm going to talk about college fashion.

First off, sweats are the best things ever invented. Nothing's better than waking up, throwing on sweats and heading off to an early morning class. Best part about sweats is that you can wear what ever kind of shoe you want with them, clogs, sandals, Dr. Martens and even running shoes if you're feeling crazy.

Speaking of sandals, from the ages of 18-22 it is perfectly acceptable to wear sandals with socks. This goes for any type of sandals, athletic sandals and even nice brown leather sandals. In this Erie weather you have to be prepared and the socks help you out in that department.

Erie weather, it's crazy isn't it? You never know if it's going to be 70 degrees out or 20 degrees and snowy. The snow is the main reason you see these nice white lines on the back of everyone's jeans. All the salt on the ground really starts to kill your jeans and forces you to do laundry just about every other day. I got word of a way of washing your jeans without spending any money.

Next time you find yourself in this salt/jean situation, you can wash your jeans in the sink with laundry detergent and get the salt out of your jeans. Make sure you get all the soap out and throw the jeans in the laundry. Your jeans come out just as clean as if you had spent the \$1.60 for the washing machine.

With all of that said and a lone tear on my cheek, I'm done. This is my last editorial for the Beacon as I move on to University Park. Don't worry if you all really start to miss me and the little bit of humor I add to this page you can write the Beacon and tell them you just have to have me back. If you're all lucky, I'll correspond from University Park and fill you in on all the craziness down there.

Erika Jarvis' column appears every three weeks.

disagree? disagree? disagree? disagree? disagree?

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and make sure you include your name, major, and semester standing

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