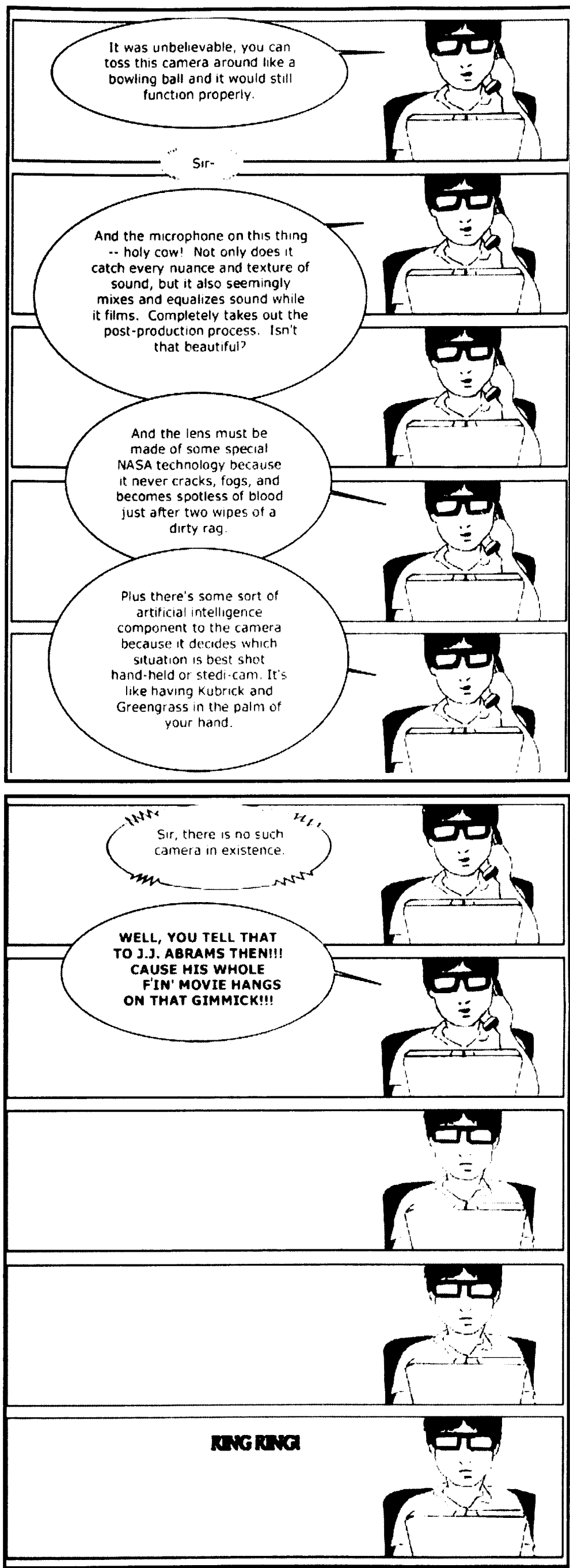


"I don't want to achieve immortality through my work. I want to achieve it through not dying." Woody Allen.

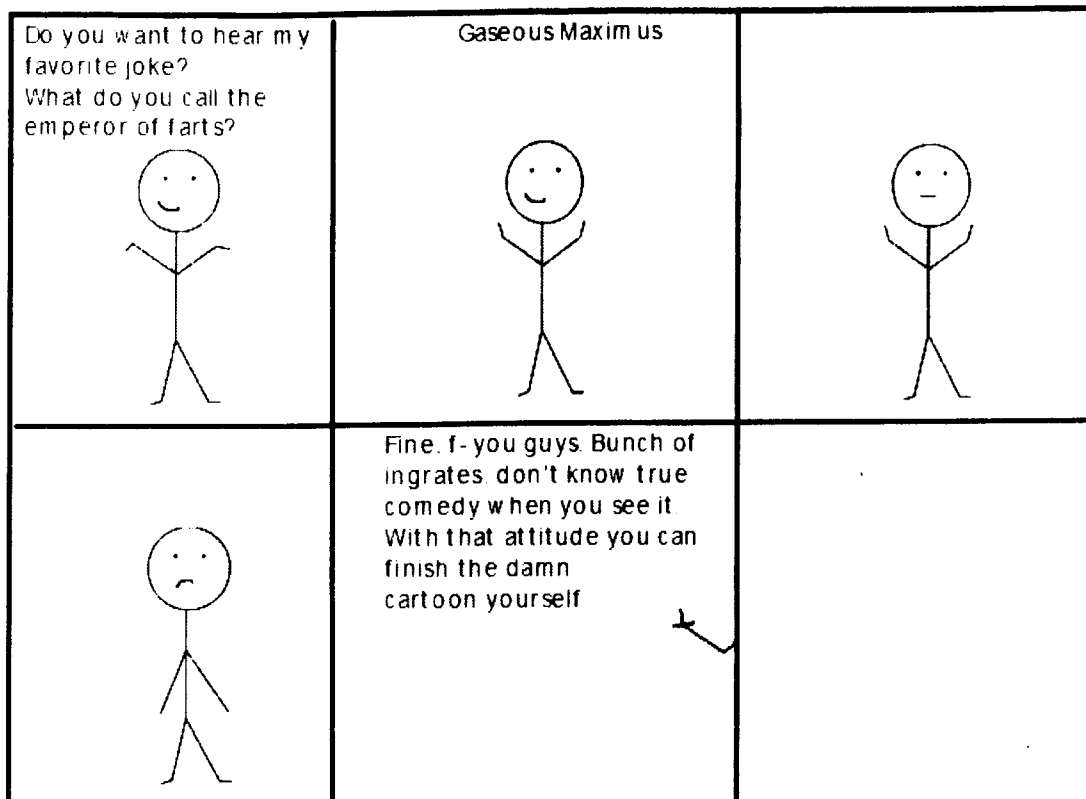
Don't Forget to Validate Your Parking

Mike Le



Stuck

Anna Pennington



Letter from the Editor

Jeremy Korwek

Former Humor Editor
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To my reader, well maybe readers. I have some news for you. The humor page has reached its end. It has done all it can do, at least for now. The page has been through a lot over the past couple of years. With the now Californiafied Jerry Pohl bringing it back from the depths of obscurity and keeping it alive during its darkest hours. There was Ben Raymond; I don't know much about him except that those in the *Beacon* liked him. After Ben was Mike Sharkey, possible one of the greatest humor editors to grace the halls

of Behrend. Sharkey not only kept the humor page up and running but also functioned as a photo editor, and graphic design, among other things for the *Beacon*.

While Sharkey may have been able to wear many hats at one time, and wear them well I might add, I can't wear hats, nobody has them in my size. That's not to say I'm leaving the *Beacon*, not at all. I'm just putting the Humor page down and picking up a different *Beacon* project. Maybe someday, some eager young student will come along and revive *The Behrend Beacon's* humor page.

Weekly Horoscopes

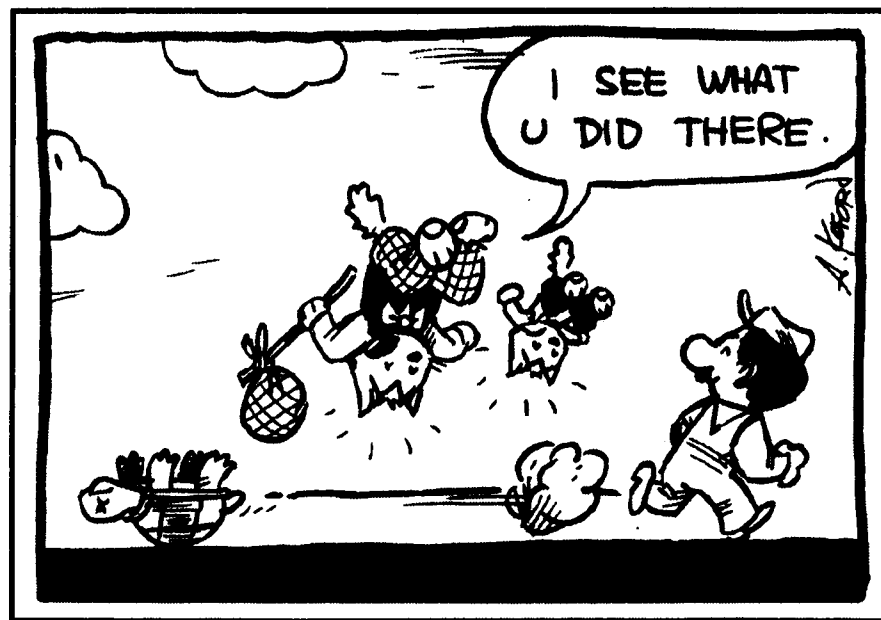
Jeremy Korwek

Part-Time Astrologer
jdk5009@psu.edu

Aries (March 21-April 19): Hopefully, people you work with realize that you're the one they should consult when new problems crop up. Mostly because you're the one causing the problems.
Taurus (April 20-May 20): You're so busy today that it makes you realize where you were wasting time before. Use the extra time tomorrow to write for the *Beacon*.
Gemini (May 21-June 21): You've been hurt. Seek medical attention immediately. Only kidding, just rub some dirt on it.
Cancer (June 22-July 22): You're connecting with people you used to know well and finding out how they have changed over time. Especially those single celled ones, they have functional lungs. Isn't evolution grand?
Leo (July 23-Aug. 22): You're active, trying physical feats before thinking. Usually that leads to a lot of broken cars and busted windows, so calm down Dr. Banner.
Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22): Give yourself a tight deadline. The Grim Reaper waits for no one.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23): It was probably a wise individual who once said, "Chocolate, men, coffee some things are better rich." It was probably the same person who bankrupted Enron.
Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21): Your perfect relationship allows you to be strange, offbeat and quirky. Just make sure you get weekly updates to your Stepford Wife.
Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21): Knowing that you can't take work home with you, you will do what you need to handle your responsibilities quickly and cleanly. UP UP DOWN DOWN LEFT RIGHT LEFT RIGHT B A should do the trick.
Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19): You admire someone and would like it if this person felt the same way. They would like it if you would stop staring at their ass.
Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18): Your life brings a baffling twist. Kind of looks like a Möbius strip, might want to figure out which side is the top and which is the bottom before you move on.
Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20): Stamina is your thing. Now just work on your Charisma and Strength.

Laugh Out Loud Cats #792 Adam "Apelad" Koford



THIS SPACE FOR RENT

Farewell my dEries

Bryce Sayers

Loyal Humorist

bas5000@psu.edu

April 24, 2008: the time I began this was 6:04 p.m., this may likely be my last submission to the *Beacon* humor page. I am told there won't be a humor page next year that the final issue is just going to be the year in review. I'm also uncertain where life will take me from here. We were going to print a parody of Allen Ginsberg's "America" inspired by my trip to an anime convention, but it was too long. I'm not upset; I think it'd be better suited for the Evening of Dubious Tastes. Now you have to go to the event if you want my "A" game.

I'm not certain what my good material is. At the beginning of the semester I got into a comic-drawing streak. I tried working visual puns, Freudian jokes and parodies of popular comics but I have second thoughts over just about all of them that got printed. I know what my least favorite is, I redrew the introductory Garfield comic a la the schizophrenic artist and cat person Louis Wain. I planned to make an entire series, but I should have known better than to think it was funny.

Unfortunately the paper didn't publish my "best" comic either, and it was my own fault. After discovering some underground work and realized the key to its appeal was how personal and frank it was, I doddled something trying to grasp that style. The result was a musing over my paradoxical interest and skepticism in the supernatural. I titled it *Shadow People Watch me Pee*. The production team liked it; Jeremy said it was better than anything else I gave him (hopefully only up to that time), and it was certainly more original than the other comics I drew. It needed a lot of cleaning up but I never made another draft. Sadly the original had also been thrown out. If I could do things over again I would have had someone who could actually draw do it over. Perhaps it will end up somewhere in the future.

Like the *Shadow People* one-shot and the letter of apology this feature is another strike at a different

vein than I'm used to. Jerry may have insisted I was a comedy Midas when it came to absurdum, but the way I see it if I'm funny at all it really only comes out in dry observational humor. That must be the real reason why I chose History, so I could cram a lot of stuff to be opinionated about into my whine machine. All the same I fear I have just as much of a chance getting paid for History as I did with a Film degree. Taking this into account, I've built up another pipedream.

I always had an unpolished appreciation for music. Back in high school I was too shy to throw in with the music snobs, so I developed a kind of anti-taste for music. I was also a band geek. It certainly didn't help that I got into video game music, but now I'm making amends. I still haven't got a bead on my favorite genres, but I know I lean towards trip-hop and psychedelic rock. I also listen to Nine Inch Nails and Wesley Willis more than anyone should, but at least it's not as repetitive and asocial as video game soundtracks. Some day, once I'm settled into a more urban environment and have trained my voice I'd like to start a band. I anticipate that our music would be really experimental and outside the norms at first, so it likely wouldn't take off in Erie. While I realize I should show more respect for the art part of me really wants to get into it just as an excuse to sing Willis' songs. Maybe we can settle for one a gig, when we feel safe enough to joke around with the audience.

I did feel safe to joke around with this audience. It was also fulfilling to submit opinion pieces. Even if it didn't win my candidate Pennsylvania it was rewarding to get my thoughts across in a more serious tone. I leave with hopes that my writing did something to enrich the lives of its readers, even if it was only good for a laugh or two. I'm starting to realize just how important even that can be. Rock over London, rock on Erie. [slogan removed due to copyright issues].