

# PERSPECTIVES

The First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

## Women in the sexual market

By **Evan Koser**  
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"I don't get it. I thought women were supposed to embody all that is romantic and committal," my friend told me the other week as we walked back from Dobbins. Early on in the day, he apparently had been told by a girl he had invested time in — such as wooing, flirting, "committing," snuggling on a couch, etc — that while she was interested in him as well, he was merely just "friend material" (oh but we can still make out and have sex on occasion, right). Unfortunately for my friend, he took it to heart and has been in a state of depression ever since.

He raised a good point, though: since when was it common for a woman to behave as a stereotypical man? Let it be known that I have no opinion on the matter other than this: I love women. I seriously see them as a hobby of mine. Not in the "I'm a pimp" sense, or the "I'm a jerk using you for sex" way; but, in the way that I truly am fascinated by the prospect of having women in my life. My view is hard to explain, so I'll try to put it this way. A woman to me is not an object; she is not just an outlet for my sexual desire, nor is she the victori-

ous prize of a sport. A woman is a person—with emotions, attachability, and motives of her own. I like to be charming, I like to win her respect and I like to treat her like a goddess, though not in the worshipping sense.

Back to the task at hand, though. The question remains unanswered: why is it becoming more and more common for women to play—what once was thought to be—a man's game? With the environment taken into consideration, one might speculate that it's "just the way college is." But is this really a legitimate justification for the behavior, or is there something more to it? Perhaps it's just that the idea of woman being sexually introverted is just less taboo nowadays than it has been ever before, and it's here that I wish to stake my claim: oh yeah, that's my kind of woman.

In point of fact, I'm no pig. There are plenty of men out there who are sensitive, romantic, and willing to tie their respective knots. Even I fall into that category. I've never been one to be afraid of taking chances. To accompany those men, there are the women who want nothing more than the "perfect" boyfriend. However, there are just as many ladies out there just "lookin' for love." Not everyone wants to deal with a relationship status. Some people enjoy

a "no-strings-attached" romance. For college, the latter is typically a better choice—though I must reiterate I'm not, in anyway, adverse to the other.

"Let's face it," I told my friend, "if you're desperate enough to throw yourself into a world of commitment aside from the one that you've already given your soul to [college], then you're not going to be able to handle yourself." I insisted that if he really wanted a girlfriend, then he should perhaps try clicking on the little square ads that frequently pop up when browsing Facebook that state, "Want a girlfriend? Chat with hot girls on Singlenet.com for free! Thousands of girls in your area." While I've never actually known anyone to click on the aforementioned link, it makes me wonder (being that the site is a dot-com) how Singlenets make money?

Clearly, the market exists for desperate and lonely males seeking some female attention; I think men like my friend need to understand that, while it's nice to find a quality girl you know will treat you right, a "friend with benefits" is fine too. After all, what's better than having someone "on call" for a good night? Is having a nagging girlfriend who complains that you never make time for her better?

## The rules to texting

By **Jennifer Juncosa**  
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I love texting. I love that I can talk to people during class, work, or whenever I can't talk to someone over the phone. It's the ultimate way to multi-task. I am a journalism student who is an editor for this paper on top of a course load equalling 20 credits. I'd be lost without it.

I text regularly and after becoming an expert, I have to admit there are certain things I hate. To know that my generation is texting without following simple rules disappoints me. So if you don't know them, here they are:

Rule number one. Try to limit yourself from texting while in the company of others. If you are in a group of three people, including you, it's fair game, they can talk to each other. Texting while in the company of one other person gets annoying and the other person feels like you are whispering. If you are willing to share the contents of the texts, then you can text.

Rule number two. Please don't text "OK". It is a waste of a text and of time. It's just annoying. If you must give a signal that you received the message add some fluff. "Ok, well thanks, see you later." See what I mean?

Rule number three. Don't text "hold on," ever. If I need to wait for an

extended time before getting a response then I will, but it is unnecessary to inform me that you are not prepared to answer at that time. It is also a waste of time and a waste of a text.

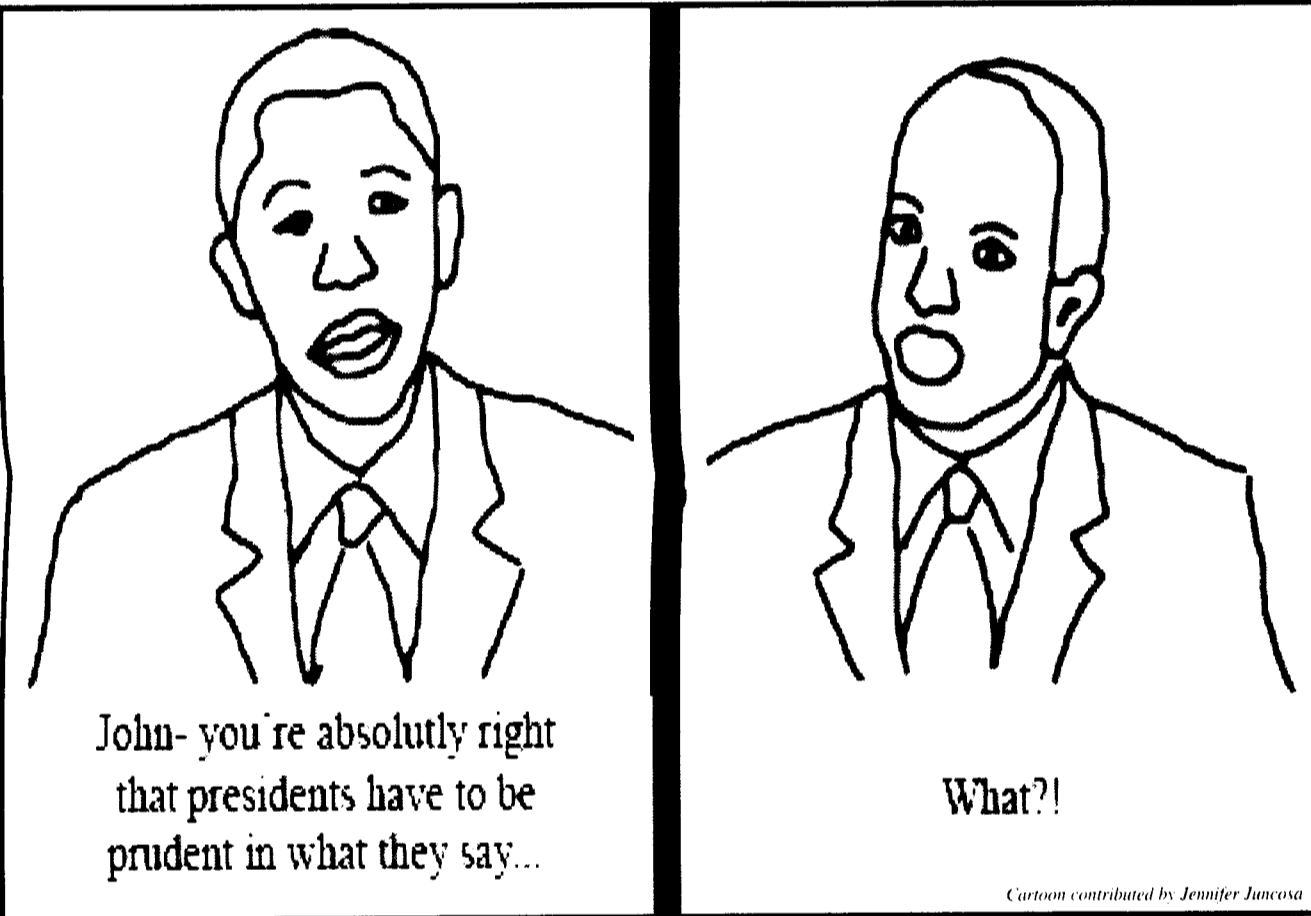
Rule number four. If the conversation has lasted more than five texts and nothing has been resolved then it constitutes talking either in person or over the phone. If certain situations prevent being able to talk on the phone, the conversation should be put on hold until both parties can talk.

Rule number five. If the conversation lasts more than five texts and one party goes to call the other and the other party does not answer the phone without giving a proper reason (in the bathroom, in class, at work) and then respond immediately through texts, then they are considered a texting fool.

Rule number six. If you send a message and then the recipient responds with "what," that does not mean that they didn't hear you and you need to resend the exact same message. It means "wow no way" or "please give me more information."

Rule number seven. Don't text under the influence. Bad idea.

Texting is fun and simple. It's something my generation does regularly and it's a shame that most don't know these rules. So please, next time you text, keep these simple rules in mind. It would make the world of texting so much better.



## The nice guy guide

By **Neil Peters**  
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In the world of romance, the "nice guy" is an endangered species. Whether due to a lack of decent parenting skills or the recent death of chivalry, there are just less and less of us around nowadays.

One reason may be that we have all accepted the well-known fact that girls love jerks. You don't believe me? Allow me to elucidate for you with this handy-dandy math equation:

"Girl + Jerk x emotion/physical abuse = four to ten Year Relationship." Whereas, "Girl + Nice Guy x Undying love and Affection = Doormat."

So, in order to assimilate to this capricious environment, most have beaten down and killed their true selves, and put on the skin of the jerks they've always hated and despised. But how can we blame them? No one wants to die alone, but that is the fate we must face.

Why believe otherwise? There are mountains of personal histories that each "nice guy" has which tells the same tragic story. Each one of us has had at least one girl who we cared deeply for, and we've all seen the same thing happen. She is used and abused by some soulless parasite, who isn't even fit to own a pet, and all we can do is sit back and watch in pain. What makes it worse is whenever we try to help, we are just told to "butt out."

With all this data to support the hypothesis that nice guys won't even make it to the finish line, let alone place last; the future outlook seems pretty ugly. So imagine my surprise when one of my lady friends asked me where all the nice guys were. After I changed my soiled trousers, I thought about saying "Well, there's one standing three feet of your current position in freshly clean pants. Wanna give it a go?"

However, that seemed a tad forward; so, I held my tongue and thought about

what she said. Later, I asked her why she said that. She stated that she'd had bad experiences with men who appeared to be nice guys, but were just wolves in a gentleman's clothing. Maybe there was hope for my dying breed after all? Maybe the problem was that they just didn't know who to trust and could not identify the real deal from the posers?

So, free of charge to the ladies of Penn State Behrend who are in the market for a nice guy, but don't know where to look, here's my "guide to the nice guy!"

- If he looks you in the eyes, then blushes and looks away, he's a nice guy; Odds are he didn't have a whole lot of experience with girls in high school. He probably just doesn't know how to act. Try starting a conversation with him and cut him some slack if he doesn't exactly say the right thing on the first shot.

- If he's quiet and soft spoken, he's a nice guy. Nice guys care for other people's feelings. They often feel like a jerk by telling others how they feel. This is because they don't want to weigh down everybody else with their problems. This act of self-sacrifice is a sure sign he's a nice guy.

- If he holds a door open for you, offers you an umbrella when it rains, helps you if you drop something, etc., he's a nice guy; this is old-fashioned chivalry. A classic calling card of the nice guy.

- If he works for any shelter, hospital, or charity, he's a nice guy. It shows he cares about other people or beings over himself. Very nice.

These are only a few of the countless symptoms of a nice guy. Just remember, no one is perfect. Even if you find someone who does all of the things mentioned earlier, he is not a god. If you want to know what a nice guy really is read closely, because here's the secret: he's probably just a nice guy who's doing the best he can to do the right thing. That's it. So give the guy a break and let him ask you on a date. I promise you won't be disappointed.

## An outsider's opinion

By **Jeff Kramer**  
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Hi, my name is Jeff, and I go to Behrend, just like you. The difference is that, unlike you, I'm from Vermont. We do things like hang out, chill out, relax, listen to Dispatch, hike, hang out some more, swim in rivers, and do normal people things. I write this column every week to show you what a wicked pissah living in Vermont is—it's awesome.

I've noticed something in my month and a half in Pennsylvania. People don't do as much "outdoors-ic" stuff as they do in Vermont. That was apparent to me the first week I was here, but over the time I've spent here, it's become very clear: people don't often go out unless they have to. In Vermont, we go and sit on rocks in the woods, just to sit on rocks in the woods. We party in hunting camps. People drive to Trail Parking to smoke cigarettes, even if they're not 18.

Maybe it was just a high school thing, but when kids would perform illicit activities, they'd do that outdoors, too. Stealing beers from the fridge and going out to Battell Woods or Chipman Hill was common for most kids (they were within walking distance, so there was no driving, don't worry). About once a week there would be a beach party at Secret Beach behind the charred remains of the Dog Team Tavern (the owner killed himself and burnt the building down after being arrested).

During the summer, we'd swim at Upper Secret Beach, Lower Secret Beach, The Gorge, Stony Beach, or etc.—but rarely the pool. The town pool wasn't even for people on the swim team (they went to the college pool); the town pool was for little kids. I didn't go there once this year, but I swam nearly every day.

Here's a funny story: one time I was swimming with my friend Nate at lower Secret Beach and we were pretty bored, so we decided to follow the river down-

stream. At one point the river got about five inches deep, so we got out, and we found a trailer park we'd never seen before. Now, that's a big deal—everyone in Vermont knows the area, every road and how to get from one place to another. To find some place we didn't know was a big deal. We followed the road out of it through the woods and up to route seven. Then, on the way back, we were both bitten by a large handful of dragonfly larvae (do some research; they're worse than leeches). That, in combination with Jim and Seth's leech experience, led us to not swim at lower Secret Beach anymore. People even hang out around Otter Creek, though nobody swims in it because it's wicked polluted, green, and all around disgusting. I knew somebody who jumped off the tresell (railroad tracks on a bridge) into the creek once and when he came out, he was covered in slime. Gross. I wouldn't recommend anyone trying that.

### Beacon Thumbs Up



- Lower gas prices
- Hay rides
- Hockey season picking up
- Unique ringtones

### Submission Guidelines:

Letters should be limited to 350 words and commentaries 700 words. The more concise the submission, the less we will be forced to edit it for space concerns and the more likely we are to run it.

The Beacon does not publish anonymous letters. Please include your major, faculty or administration position, and semester standing. Deadline for any submission is 3 p.m. Thursday afternoon for inclusion in the Friday issue.

The Behrend Beacon reserves the right to edit any submissions prior to publication. Please keep complaints as specific as possible.

Email submissions to [jjj5061@psu.edu](mailto:jjj5061@psu.edu) or drop them off at the Beacon office.

### Beacon Thumbs Down



- Joe the plumber
- Learning Quark
- Last minute changes
- No veggie pizza at Bruno's