

Don't bite off anything bigger than your head!

by Daniel J. McKay
Editor-in-Chief

Editor's Note: The story remains basically fictitious, but the names have still been changed to protect the wild, the innocent, and the E. Street Shuffle, or something like that.

As my friends and I developed a serious case of the munchies late one afternoon last week, we decided to ascend the long flight of stairs of McDobbins. Given the various heads on our shoulders, there is little doubt that this story borders on the surrealistic, but I am sure the real problems involved remain in one specific hall in this fair land of Behrendia.

A couple flights up from the ground level, about the level where our heads had been before we took off on this flight of fantasy, we placed our bodies at the end of a seemingly endless line. There we met friends who inquisitively either asked or simply said "High(!) (?)", to which we promptly replied, "Obviously. By the way, where are your heads today?" Then they went on to discuss with us why they were straight as a laser beam and depressed.

As the line slowly slithered bit by bit up the stairway, the thought crossed my mind that it would be real nice if the "dinner" would take a one-way ticket to my stomach.

I then reached in the back pocket of my Levi's to get my wallet out, but much to my surprise and dismay, my hand fruitlessly searched every corner of both pockets back there only to come out empty.

I suddenly panicked because as I gazed through the window of the door, I saw this huge creature seated at a table, scratching off numbers with her cumbersome front legs or paws, whichever. I was absolutely paranoid at the prospect of being sat upon by this apparently female beast for lacking the necessary meal ticket or bucks. So I wiped the cold sweat from my forehead as my friends around me assured me that Bron-tosauri became extinct ages ago.

As the inevitable peril of throwing myself at the mercy of this ogre creature came about, I meekly uttered to her "I lost my meal ticket." She quickly blasted a flame of words before my face that emanated from her oral orifice: "Well, don't EVER forget it again." It was a major rush, but I handled it well enough to force a whispering "I won't" to acquiesce her, lest she attack when I turned my back. Whew!

The line gradually proceeded to a double doorway that led to what seemed to me like a chessboard atop which the various Kings, Queens, Knights, Bishops, etc. moved, intermittently shoveling out scoops of "Food."

I grabbed a plasticine tray and steelware from the cart on the left, later sliding it along a horizontal track that made its presence before my red eyes. As I slid it along, the chessmen scooped variously colored "food" onto a round plate, as the two teams maneuvered in hopes of a checkmate.

I smiled before the chessmen and humbly

and gratefully accepted this special gift of a meal, remembering all the while from somewhere that "for want of the price of tea and a slice the old man died." Heaven forbid that some fate fall upon me. I'm too young to die!

Anyway, I then took this full plate and placed it on the tray to slide it down the track above the board. I went to spot along the line where before my eyes were many saucers full of secret "food" of different colors and textures, some of which seemed quite funny.

As I reached in with my left hand to pick up a second of my chosen saucers, the black knight behind the counter quickly drew his sword and slashed my hand from its adjoining wrist.

Of course I was dazed and confused. Much to my surprise my wrist didn't start to bleed and it didn't hurt at all either after this seemingly illogical action. But as I stared motionless down the row of pawns, I wondered whether my left hand was really missing or whether it was just a pipe dream.

But miraculously I survived to slip out as I watched my battered left hand crumb it and pass it two squares down and one over to the black bishop, who then put it in the oven. I fled out the gate of delirium tray in my remaining hand, to catch up to Joe and Mark. Then I grabbed a glass of brown-flavored milk, and sat down before anything drastic happened. I don't think I could have handled that.

After sampling the various multi-colored items and finishing none, I decided to dash back to the chessboard in the vain hope of finding palatable "food" to appease my growing stomach.

Reaching for a small saucer of round, red objects that looked like a reasonable facsimile of stewed tomatoes, the chessmen got up and commenced to tell me to go back. Standing directly behind the tomatoes, the white knight said: "ti teg dna keab oG letalp ruoy tuobtiw meht ekat t'nac uoY !kcab ti tup", after which I heeded Grace Slick's reminder of what the doormouse said—"feed your head."

This helped me to get over the initial shock of hearing English spoken backwards for the first time. Then I told this white knight that I came to McDobbins, not to play stupid games, not even a head game like chess, but merely for the nourishment derived from dining.

Then the knight spoke thusly: "iyawyna ti teG lerac t'nod P". Following this dazzling but nonetheless frustrating red tape from the white knight, I stormed out, pissed off, bitching all the way.

But I fled as quickly as I could, so I would avoid the same sort of amputation by the opposing knight. I may look somewhat burnt, but at least I still learn from my mistakes!

Once outside and down from the flight, I started to ask Mark "I wonder what they did to my—", and as I looked down the length of my arm I saw a hand there; my trusty old left hand that I spent my whole lifetime with and knew like the back of—well, forget it.

But as we started to promenade along the parking lot behind McDobbins, I quickly discovered that the whole "dinner" had been on one totally crazed, but round-trip flight. Feeding our heads another bowlful would have to wait until I recovered from my regurgitation.

Dear Editor,

Last Wednesday, September 15, marked the start of Behrend's Fall Intramural Program, or should I correct myself by saying the MEN'S Intramural program. What happened to the Women's program? For a minute, I asked myself if it was possible that Behrend had turned into an all male college this year, so, consequently, there were no women around to participate in the intramurals. On second thought, I realized how ridiculous that was. Maybe, there were no intramurals for women at Behrend. Wrong again. I know I had seen team entry forms for both men and women several places around the campus. Well, where is everyone hiding? Intramural sports provide an opportunity for us to meet new people and to get some of the exercise we do not get sitting in class all day. They are also a lot of fun. Even if you are a commuter, it only means staying on campus an extra hour twice a week. It is not too late to get things going. If you do not like the suggested sport, pick one you would like to play and get some teams together. Women, stop excluding yourselves for intramurals. I would like to see an active Women's Intramural Program at Behrend. Am I alone?

Maryann McConnell
4th term
EK ED
Erie

Dear Editor:

While paging through your four page paper, we noticed the article by your sports editor, entitled "Suzy Says". It seems Suzy doesn't appreciate the apathy prevalent here at Behrend relating to sports. She felt that our teams needed the support of the students in order to "come out on top", because the spectators would add something to the victory. This may be true, although we doubt it—if the team isn't enthused by the game, onlookers wouldn't make much difference. Furthermore, supporting the team may be rewarding to them, but we really couldn't give a fuck whether we win or lose, or for that matter, even play the game. We mean, athletics is the athlete's trip and we don't see why we should support their egos. After all, it's their silly game, not ours. So if Suzy doesn't mind, we'll relax in my room and get high instead, a much more productive hobby in our opinion.

Freaks Unlimited for
Campus Karma (F.U.C.K.)

This space is reserved exclusively for letters to the editor. All letters submitted by noon on Monday will be printed uncensored provided they are signed and contain your term standing, major and hometown. This is your big chance to voice your views to the entire Behrend community. Don't just lay back. Stand up and say something. It's up to you!

Editorial Policy

The editorials appearing in this newspaper will be opinionated and therefore subject to criticism. All letters that are typewritten of 200 words or less and submitted to the newspaper staff will be printed with the exception of those that are repetitions or in poor taste. The staff reserves the right to correct or delete portions

of all letters for publication purposes.

All letters must be signed, but names will be withheld upon request. Term standing, major, and hometown must be included.

Signed columns represent the view of the author only and do not necessarily reflect the Editorial policy of the Behrend Collegian.



From the desk of the Editor

By Dan McKay
Editor-in-Chief

Greetings and welcome back, fellow Behrendites. We're back, just in case you hadn't noticed. It remains my belief that the only people this paper is accountable to is the student body. Therefore I urge you to send your suggestions down here to the Collegian office, next to the SGA office. I am sure you can think of something you would like to see in your paper that is not already covered.

Since starting my one-year gig as editor last spring term, I have

tried some slightly outrageous innovations to awaken people to the fact that this is the STUDENT newspaper. Tactless as some of these ideas might have been, I think they helped put us on the right road.

Now the next necessary change is the name of this publication. Every time I look at it, Collegian reminds me of past mistakes and the \$3,000 debt we inherited. So vote on this issue by dropping your ballot in the box outside our office. Thanks.



As I See It

by Kurt Cavano
Executive Editor

There seems to exist at Behrend a Communications gap. This gap lies in the space between the eyes and the brains of some of the teachers here at Behrend. The problem seems to be, at least as far as I can figure, that the eyes are unable to transmit printed words to the brain so that the words can be decoded and then acted upon in the normal manner.

This disease, known as "unable to read signitus" is not in epidemic form yet, but it is approaching those proportions at a rapid pace. The teachers inflicted with this disease are unable to decipher the sign on the main road, that is intended to direct them to their proper parking area. I am not saying, hinting, or otherwise inferring that the action of parking in the student parking lots by faculty is intentional, because it's not.

This misuse of an already limited resource, student parking, caused by the educational system itself. You might say that the teachers inflicted with this disease are victims of their own education, over educated to the point of stupidity. These teachers are so

smart and they have spent so much of their time learning very complicated bits of knowledge, that they are unable to comprehend words less than ten letters in length. Words such as student, faculty, and parking are veritably incomprehensible with the high level of education that these teachers have attained.

There seems to be only two cures for this educational disease. The first of these is the B.F. Skinner method. This is the method presently used by the very diligent security force on a limited scale here at Behrend. It has proved very successful as a method of preventing the students from parking in the faculty parking lot. The B.F. Skinner method, to those not familiar with it, is when a security officer places a small green ticket under the windshield wiper of a vehicle parked in an inappropriate area. The violator is then forced to pay a fine of one dollar. If the fine is not paid within a set period of time the students' grades are withheld. This process is then repeated as many times as necessary until the student deduces that when he parks in the

wrong area he will have to pay. Consequently the student parks in the proper area.

There is one drawback to expanding this program to the teachers that violate the parking rules. That is that along with the ability to comprehend small words, the power of deduction may have been educated out of them also. If this is the case, there is only one workable solution to this parking dilemma. This solution would be to print signs that were significantly complicated so that even the most educated teacher on campus could understand them. Some very appropriate and sufficiently complicated signs would be ones similar to these, "Staythellwhereyoubelong-teachers" or maybe "Parkyourcarsinyourwindanlots."

Nonetheless whatever method is employed, it must be done immediately. If any further procrastination takes place on the part of the administration to correct this problem, the disease may spread to epidemic proportions and then who knows what may happen.

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