

## Editorially Speaking. . .

In the previous issue was an article describing two new courses offered for the spring term. BC198 Sex Roles and Lit297A Anatomy of a Mystery Comp literature course. Both were created by Dr. Sylvie Richards. Not mentioned in the article were the names of the speakers from the Sex Roles study course from the English department. So, without further ado they are: Dr. Michel Small, Dr. Archie Loss and Dr. Diana George.

Also in the last issue it was reported that only 50 people attended the Snow Flake Ball.

Actually, 50 couples attended the affair. Also concerning the S.U.B., an article chronicled the discontinuation of the Coffee House Entertainment program due to Tina Marino's resignation. However, Ms. Marino was forced to resign by the members of the S.U.B. and until further notice the Coffee House programs have ended. Que sera, sera . . .

Just a reminder, that the next Collegian is scheduled for March 20, 1980. Hope y'all survive finals, the lengthy ten-day break, and will be ready for an exhilarating Spring Term (and then maybe hell will freeze over).

## Jovial Jolts From Joe E.

By Joe Englert

Man, was I bummed out the other morning. I got out of bed, growled a few obscenities and then scrambled around my cubicle called a dorm room for my bathroom supplies. I picked up the soap that's "manly, and I like it too", and the "toothpaste that 4 out of 5 dentists recommended" and I began my trek to the showers down a dreadful corridor. Well, I opened the door to the shower and jammed packed in the bathroom, were hoards of fellow students from the second and third floors of the building. They reminded me of Steeler fans lining up for Super Bowl tickets. (You see, the guys from second and third floors had to use our facilities when the water pressure run out).

After shivering and shaking through the shower, I started to feel really sick, so I went to the pay phone to call any doctor practicing in Erie (I wondered if they ever had doctor's games because they always practice.) First of all, the phone book was missing. (It was probably stolen by the weightlifters down the hall who rip them in half at parties to show off. After finally finding a phone book, I deposited a dime in the coin slot. The phone ate my dime and I shrewdly fell to the floor feigning illness so someone would throw me a coin.

No one did, so I went to my room to dry off and change. As I opened the door to my closet, the rollers fell on my head from on top of it. I turned on a light to see how big the bump on my head was. As soon as I hit the light switch, it flickered like a retarded butterfly and faded into the nether world of G.E. 60 watters. The light was one of those Penn State lights, you know the ones that are guaranteed to last a lifetime. Well, just like Joe Paterno football teams and Democrats, the lights never lived up to their promises. I got in touch with several folks who I thought could help me replace the light. Like the time the screen to my room was stolen, they told me they'd "look at it". Well, no one looked at it or even glanced at it for that matter.

I was thirsty after bitching all this time so I went out to the pop machine for a Coke. I put 35 cents into the machine and as usual, nothing came out. I punched the machine and instantly, I heard a can hitting the little ledge (I used the old Fonzie punch but was surprised I got results because my strength is more like Jonie Cunninghams). I picked up my can (a beverage that all non-Pittsburghers call soda) and flipped off the tab while taking a huge gulp of pop. When the liquid touched my lips, I nearly spat on the cheap lobby carpet. The machine had given me a mixture called Mr. Pibb. Mr. Pibb can't be compared to Coke. It's more like a second rate Dr. Pepper with a trace of toilet water added for measure. I looked at the

calender and prayed for the day I could go home to regular conditions.

Then I realized that college was supposed to be. College is made as miserable as possible so you know what it is like in the "real world," "life on the outside", "the cruel world," "the big, bad world," and all the other cliches ever used to describe life. So I carried on.

I looked at my obliterated closet and realized it was Tuesday, my wash day. I gazed at my filthy, smelly Fruit of the Looms and Lynyrd Skynyrd T-Shirts and recalled that to do laundry at Behrend (it required Farah Fawcett's ransom of change).

I crawled down to the R.U.B. desk to cash a check given to me by Aunt Martha for change to do my clothes. After I wrote down my Social Security Number, name, address, number of toilet seats at home, how many pets I had, and my mom's mother's maiden name, the girl looked like she would cash the check. After she conferred with the F.B.I., the C.I.A. and every teacher I've had grades 1 through 12, she didn't cash it (Aunt Martha, it seems, had a parking violation in 1923 making her money no good to P.S.U.).

I finally ended up borrowing change from my roommate and went to funsville, U.S.A. commonly known as the Niagara laundry rooms. (I feel like a real fruit when I'm measuring out cups of Wisk and Clorox with a little pink laundry basket that my mother bought me, at my feet.) Well after washing my clothes, I had no where to dry them because the dryers were full. I noticed though, that the dryer on the end had stopped spinning. I started to embarrassingly fold a whole load of girls underwear and put them on top of the dryer so my clothes could be put in the appliance. Just as I was folding a real sheer pair of pink panties, about five girls came down to the room to check their wash. The one that owned the pink panties had accused me of stealing her favorite pair of undies. I vehemently denied the accusation as I slipped my quarter in the dryer slot. Well, once again a machine had done its little mechanical part to ruin a segment of my day. It ate my 25 cents without working.

After getting done with my wash, it was late and I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth. As I scrubbed my teeth, I noticed a sign on the wall that read "One broken chair \$25.00. Extra cleaning of scuff marks and general grease and grime: \$15.00". Penn State had gone too far, taking my money again!

So, I want you my fellow students to rebel! Argue and bill Penn State for all the things you have coming to you. If you don't do it for yourself, do it for Aunt Martha. Penn State's got her checkbook unbalanced.



Behrend Players Perform February 8-17.

Photo by Bill Hegman

## Albee's "Everything"— "A Nasty, Funny Play"

By Diana Hume George

Albee's *Everything in the Garden* is a nasty, funny play. "God, the ambition you have to have to overcome good fortune. I haven't got it," says narrator Jack, the picaresque character who provides the play, and the audience, with a broadly ironic perspective on suburban charm. Jack's quip is at the moral level the play both parodies and exemplifies. When *Everything* reaches for profundity, as it only occasionally does, it fails; but when it skims the surfaces (rather than plumbs the depths) of our venality and corruption, it succeeds admirably and amorally. If *Everything* were to be directed with terrible seriousness, it would become a slight and pathetic Virginia Woolf. Paul Iddings directs the Behrend Players production with a light and, I think, exactly right touch for both comic and dramatic effect.

The entire production is smoothly and confidently professional. (I've said elsewhere that the Behrend stage often offers better theater than fairly hot Broadway tickets. Last summer's *Equus* was better, to my eye and ear, than Pomerance's celebrated *Elephant Man*.) The several leads are all played with balanced skill. The Behrend company works well together, both permitting and facilitating ensemble and solo effects. Sue Klein as Jenny, the suburban housewife who turns tricks in the afternoon for extra money—lots of it—has fully established herself as among the several First Ladies of the Erie stage. To all of her diverse roles, from the coffee-wise Grace in *Bus Stop* to the noxiously innocent exchequerleader in *Vanities*, Klein has brought well modulated control and a stage presence both easy and compelling. Dave McNeil proves himself Klein's equal here as Jenny's multi-cuckold and bewildered husband, Richard. He must project an array of moods, all of which he does very well indeed, in superb conjunction with Klein; I was especially impressed with his ability, throughout the last half of the play, to maintain the pained and pathetic stance, and the constantly pained visage, of the newly dubbed cuckold. Nina DeFabbo makes Mrs. Toothe, who could be relatively unremarkable, into a major and formidable character. She deserves high praise for that most difficult task: managing a respectable, consistent hybrid of British and Stage accents. No small feat; a badly done British accent (like its counterpart, the Southern American) can spoil an entire character, if not an entire play. As DeFabbo plays her, Mrs. Toothe is utterly sinister, but impossible not to like. Greg Terrell as Jenny and Richard's son, Roger, is a show-stealer. Ironic and witty—perhaps the play's only legitimate moral

touchstone—Terrell takes Roger smoothly through the moves of an adolescent more exasperated than outraged by his parents' moral turpitude.

The supporting roles in Act II are played comfortably and competently by Lori Gornall, Mike Deely, Mary Ellen Clemons, Robert Scypinski, Randy Murzinski and Diana Stark. Stark plays her character as caricature, which is slightly jarring in the context of the other portrayals, which are straight; but her marvelous mugging is fun before it cloy. (I'd like to see Stark show her stuff in a straighter role, because I suspect her of considerable acting abilities that were veiled in the caricature.) Randy Murzinski deserves special note as one of the husbands. Murzinski creates a fine and funny character with his few lines, primarily by body movements and subtle facial expressions, more indication that Murzinski (the boy in *Equus*) is one of the Players' most versatile performers.

Several of Iddings' directorial touches are superb, and worth watching for; Jenny's extended, instinctive response when Mrs. Toothe throws money in the fire;

Jenny's back to the money as Richard opens ten thousand dollars she has anonymously sent him; Jack's literal leap into the room and the action. But the best part of the direction is the tone of the whole, one which allows us to laugh outrageously at Richard's lowest and most humanly poignant moments. Gretchen Foster's set design provides the best possible use of space, ample and graceful enough for the many characters to trip over each other's psyches without cramping their feet.

I save the strangest, and in some respects the strongest, for last. Bill Ingersoll plays Jack; corrupt, smooth, charming, disarming Jack. I'd have believed anything he told me. It is difficult to know whether the audience's obvious attachment to Jack is a result of the character's intrinsic appeal, or of Ingersoll's Frank Langella-Dracula sexuality. At any rate, the projection of that sweetly corrupt (even, god help us, vulnerable) sexuality is clearly the result of fine acting. For those too timid and sensible to act out seedy suburban sex, Ingersoll's Jack will keep your skin vicariously and pleasantly crawly for hours.

## A Look At Valentine's Days Past

By Joe Englert

Hey, its Valentine's Day once again! Lovers automatically envision, in their romantic heads, medieval angels slinging bows of love into mortals' hearts. Historians and "The Untouchables" fans think of barbershops and the Valentine's Day Massacre. (I loved the way Walter Winchell, the narrator, said, "The Untouchables"). February 14 is remembered as the Valentine's Day Massacre by my Uncle Vinnie, the florist. On that day in 1976 the competition had an extraordinary sale on roses that made Vinnie go broke. Well, I look at the day in a

number of stages.

Ages 0-5: I remembered going to all the little shops in my town with my mom and looking at a bunch of pink and red glossy hearts all over the place. I especially recalled when I was four and I ate too many chocolate heart lollipops. You should of seen the face of the store owner when I got sick all over the cashews and covered them with a coating other than milk chocolate.

Ages 6-10: My grade school days. Everybody's mom would buy their little kids candy and

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