

# Stream of Consciousness

## To Stan and Dave: In Memorium

by Paul Sarkis  
Collegian Staff Writer

First, I would like to clarify something for those readers who silently think to themselves, "Stream of Consciousness,"—fine. But what's the significance of the "No Fishing" sign? I always thought it was obvious, but my readers don't agree. Stream—No Fishing... get it?

Anyway, I have a story to tell. My first story was so much fun to write; I figure that I'm on a roll. This story is not fun to write.

My story begins in the summer before I entered college: a time when you find yourself saying goodbye to the friends you've endured the last four years of your life as you go your separate ways. My friend, Seth, went to Boston to study acting. Todd went to Chicago to become a musician. Elizabeth went to Florida State University to study stage design and I came to Erie to tell stories.

My best friend, Dave, went to school in Colorado. We were brothers in high school. When life got rough we would sit down with a bottle of Scotch and talk the night away; but it wasn't the Scotch that helped work out the problems, it was the company. My first night at college I sat in my apartment and drank alone.

Dave and I would keep in touch through phone calls and letters. He would tell me what a great time he was having in Colorado between classes, the parties, and some of the best ski slopes in the country.

Dave's roommate's name was Stan. Stan was an unusual guy who had been in college for years and was still classified as a sophomore. He loved to be in school because he loved the parties and he only took as many classes as he needed to keep the school from throwing him out. He hadn't seen his parents since he left home at the age of sixteen, and he supported himself through college with his own business: selling cocaine.

Stan was a good businessman, which he had to be to enable him to af-

ford years of out-of-state tuition as well as his habit. Dave liked Stan, and they partied together. Soon, Dave liked cocaine.

Dave would write and tell me how funny Stan was just after a big deal. He would come back to the room at four in the morning, wired out of his mind, and throw a quarter kilo of coke at Dave screaming for him to hide it because he was afraid of it. Dave thought this was funny. I didn't.

One night Stan was at a party and did just a little too much. As he was slam-dancing he had a heart attack and died. The people at the party assumed that he was just very drunk, put him in the corner and resumed partying. The next day, when they were cleaning up, they noticed that Stan was very dead. Realizing that this would not sit well with the landlord, they carried him back to campus and left him on the steps of a fraternity.

I must admit that I laughed myself silly when Dave told me this story of his roommate's untimely demise. It was becoming obvious, though, that Dave was going to end up the same way.

When I saw him over winter break that year I tried to talk with him about his habit, but I was talking to a stranger. He was angry that he couldn't help himself. I hated Stan for getting him into cocaine, and I hated Dave for following in his shadow. Most of all, I hated the feeling that I couldn't help my best friend to stop killing himself.

Once again, we went our separate ways without even saying goodbye. This time I felt twice as bad because I knew that I would never see Dave again. He didn't even exist anymore. He had been consumed by a drug that chewed him up and spat him out.

A few days ago, over Spring Break, I ran into Dave's father. He told me that earlier this year Dave was hospitalized because he did some bad coke that had been cut with fiberglass. Dave had also dropped out of college and was living somewhere in Colorado. I asked him if Dave would ever be coming home. He didn't care.

Goodbye, Dave.



Pastor Ray  
by Pastor Ray Sines  
Collegian Staff Writer

# Let's Talk

everyone seemed to get up in the morning to go jogging, you would soon find yourself taking better care of your own body by getting "in shape" yourself—a new peer pressure.

Not including any mind-altering drugs in any form, I believe that there is only one stronger influence on an individual's value system than that of peer pressure. This powerful influence is a spiritual influence.

This spiritual influence may also be positive or negative—God or Satan, respectively. I speak on the positive only.

I can go along with Abraham Maslow to a point, but I do not believe that a person in his or her own power can become "self-actualized." I do believe, however, that it is possible to become God-actualized.

Approximately fourteen years ago I had set out to climb Maslow's "pyramid." My only goal in mind was to become a millionaire. And, perhaps, I was well on my way; I became the vice-president of engineering for a large reputable firm in Arlington, Virginia, with a most excellent salary, expensé account, company car and many other benefits. Ten years later, I became the president of my own corporation. Now, I am an ordained minister. What happened? Did I change my values? Did I move?

Yes and no. My value system had changed, but not totally of my power. God caused this change to take place in my life.

Yes, I eventually changed my environment because of my new profession, but not the vice-versa. My value system had changed because of God's positive influence on my life. God had moved into position number one (with my total acceptance, of course). This caused a shift in the balance of my values list. My pyramid began to take shape "downward" rather than upward.

The environment is still very important. Certain peer pressures still have certain influences; but my highest priority is now fixed. This number one value priority influences every position below. The bottom values continue to juggle around as life progresses, and perhaps will never settle in a permanent position until death. Regardless, God holds the number one position which determines my values.

What changes your values?

Last semester I completed a course where, as an individual, I was asked to formulate a personal value list. This list was to be rated on a one to ten scale, one being the highest priority. Many variables were considered while compiling this list. The overall list (of each student) varied greatly between individuals, and while many values, listed, appeared on almost every list, they appeared at different locations (priorities). This clearly showed individuality among all the students in the class.

Then, we as individuals were put into groups of six students each. The power of peer pressure soon became evident. Individuality appeared to no longer be a priority. Many students changed their priorities, at least outwardly, after only five minutes of individual group discussions—peer pressure.

Guess what happened when the groups were resolved at the end of the semester? You guessed it! Many students' values changed again—a different peer pressure.

This, one may say, relates to Abraham Maslow's principle on the "lower" levels. The priorities changed because the circumstances changed.

Does this mean in order to change one's value system you have to change one's environment? Yes, to a degree, this will have a direct effect on a person's value system. For example, if you were sent to prison, for whatever reason, you would soon begin to act like a convict in order to survive in your new environment. On the other hand, if you were to move into a very wealthy neighborhood, you would soon be molded into the "new you" again. So environmental change can make a difference, either positive or negative, and also, this change will have a direct influence on about every aspect in your life.

For example, if you moved into a neighborhood where nearly

# Today's students: The uncaring, the insipid, the drab

by Nicholas O. Berry  
Professor and Chairman of  
Political Science at Ursinus  
College

The recent Carnegie report on education (*College: The Undergraduate Experience in America*) was far too soft on the current generation of college students. Year after year since the mid 1970's those of us in higher education have faced the uncaring,

the insipid, the drab. It is a travesty to call them students.

They ask all the wrong questions: "What do you want us to know?" "What should we study for the exam?" "What do you want on the term paper?" While not new questions, everyone seems to be asking them. These late adolescents want to be either sponges or clones.

That is not all they want to be. They want to be comfortable—properly bedded, wedded, and

careered. Security is their launching pad for the high frontier of status and fun, fun and status: Their ability to think seemingly abandoned them at birth. In short, this generation of college students is a disgrace.

Can you imagine the day when these comatose minds become captains of industry, government, and the professions? Unless something happens to snap them out of it, this country is in for an era of blah.

Everyone will be into therapy,

diets, gourmet cooking, more diets, strange hairdos, straight teeth, body care, selective sex, flower gardening, and the "club," whether golf, tennis, or yacht. With us now, these self-centered activities will boom in the future. I can't think of a nicer bunch of people to be stuck with a \$2-trillion national debt.

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# Students compete with tenure

by Michelle Grasmick  
Collegian Staff Writer

I would like to take this opportunity to broach a policy which receives very little attention from the students of Behrend College, but directly affects the quality of their education. This policy is tenure.

Tenure is a condition under which a professor's permanence of employment at the University is guaranteed. Tenure is granted to a professor after he or she meets a long list of criteria over a seven-year period while instructing at the

university. Tenure-eligible faculty members must publish articles, or novels, pursue advanced degrees, participate in seminars and workshops, conduct speaking engagements, develop new methods of teaching established courses or Cooperative Extension Programs, win honors and awards, and maintain active participation in professional and learned societies. In other words, become a very well-rounded individual.

This is a very admirable and time-consuming list of requirements but, simultaneously, the professor is expected to develop his teaching skills, teach full time,

and stay in touch with his students. The faculty member is then evaluated at the end of this seven-year period. If the professor succeeds in meeting all of these requirements, tenure is then granted—or more simply, the security of the professor's position at Behrend College is established.

Many may be curious about the purpose of this process. The purpose of tenure is to ensure the employment of the finest faculty. The pursuit of tenure allows excellence of the profession as well as the acquisition of higher knowledge. Thus, professors have much more to offer to their

students. Tenure also offers security to faculty members in today's unstable economy.

However, tenure is no bed of roses. Once a faculty member acquires tenure, it becomes extremely difficult to remove or replace that faculty member. In other words, the quality of the professor's teaching may slide considerably downhill before steps are taken to bring about removal. This also creates less opportunity for new professors with fresh knowledge and teaching methods to get hired.

There are drawbacks in pursuing tenure at Behrend College. First of all, a professor is expected to put about fifty percent of his efforts into research and the other fifty percent into teaching. In my opinion, fifty percent on research is entirely too much. After all, students pay the University in order to receive an education; they should not have to compete with a professor's research project. Secondly, Behrend College provides no exemptions from meetings or other faculty duties to those professors pursuing tenure, as practiced at numerous other universities. Behrend also provides no funds for travel or research and other activities pertaining to the pursuit of tenure. For many faculty members, this can prove to be a great financial strain.

In theory, I think tenure is a valuable and valid policy. However, there stands room for improvement. Provisions should be made for faculty in pursuit of tenure, such as travel and research funds, as well as extra time allowances for research. A professor should not be expected to take part in all faculty duties simultaneously to achieving tenure. Also, more emphasis should be placed on teaching than on research.

Hats off to all those professors in pursuit of tenure that are still managing to be excellent teachers and maintain a positive rapport with their students. It certainly can't be very easy.

## Editorial Policy

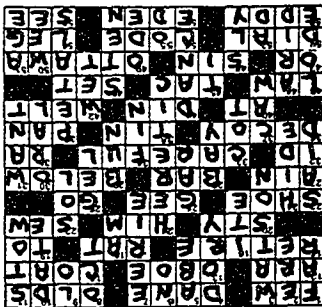
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Don't Look Now! Puzzle Page 7



# Parent asks his children To become sexually responsible

This is a letter that I received from my father (as did my siblings). Actually, my father wrote the letter, but I believe it reflects the thoughts of both my parents.

Perhaps the message is obvious to most students and maybe I'm a bit out of line, but I sincerely hope one can overlook any moral issues here and concentrate on the real ones. I was deeply touched to receive this letter from my parents. I thought you might want to share it with you readers.

Yours,  
A Grateful Son  
(Name withheld upon request)

Dear Kids (I am writing the same letter to each of you),

I am writing now for the express purpose of "making a statement" that I should have made a long time ago as a doctor and as your father.

Your mother and I have said for years now that your sexuality is your own business and that (1) sex without a significant non-sexual relationship is wrong in our eyes and (2) sex without attention to contraception is irresponsible and, in that sense, also wrong.

Now, an even more important factor has been introduced into the "responsible sex" philosophy and it, frankly, has me (and Mom) very concerned. It used to be that sex for sex sake meant you could contract diseases which could potentially alter your fertility, could cause

pain and/or embarrassment, and could require significant medical intervention to eradicate, now, we know that acquired immune deficiency syndrome (AIDS) is moving into the heterosexual population at an alarming rate. At this time, there is no cure, and once acquired, it costs you your life. I don't have any reason to think that any of my children are practicing promiscuous sex, but I'm just making the statement that concern about unplanned pregnancy is no longer enough. You, obviously, can't know all the details about a potential sexual partner's past practices and behavior, but you had better know that person very well before starting a sexual relationship. The old "one night stand" is literally like putting a revolver to your head when there is live ammunition in at least one of the chambers. It scares me to death to see young people today continuing to indiscriminately have sex with one partner after another.

Well, I'm sure you get my message, but I do have a very uneasy feeling that drugs and AIDS could literally ruin this country, and I don't want you kids to put yourselves in a position where you could be involved with either one.

Love,  
Your Dad

P.S. If this letter has insulted you, I'm very sorry, but it was important for me to write it.

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