

opinion

Stream of Consciousness Mating Rituals

by Paul Sarkis
Collegian Staff Writer

It's that time of year again: when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of young women and vice-versa. Although the hunt for affection is a year-round sport, it seems that as the weather warms up, so do we. But as one classical greek philosopher once said, "In the search for affection, one may find it to become an affliction, and possibly even get an infection."

Of all the species of animals, the woman undoubtedly has the silliest of mating rituals. We try to win our mates by seducing them with a Big Mac and a movie. These 'dates' can prove to be a harrowing experience, due to an unnamed disease that can turn the most articulate person into a babbling fool around someone they are truly interested in.

Yet we persist, and we ask out these people who we would like to get to know, all the while drowning in a pool of insecurities.

Subsequently, for those members of our species who seek a significant other but faint at the sight of a prom dress, fearing that the worst will happen, I have constructed my guide to the worst possible date. Simply avoid any of the situations I have outlined in my example below, and you will escape the worst date imaginable.

Young Johnny Behrend has finally gotten himself a date with the girl he's been bugging for several months. To prepare for this grand occasion he showers, shaves and accidentally tears all of his underarm hair off with

his roll-on anti-persperant.

He has arranged to meet his date behind Erie Hall at the city bus stop where he realizes that he doesn't have exact change. After boarding the bus on his date's pass, they are forced to sit next to a large, sweaty man who mumbles.

Johnny takes his date to the most expensive restaurant in town and he brags that he dines there often. Upon their arrival, he discovers that the menu is written in the same foreign language that he dropped first semester; subsequently, he orders the spaghetti dinner special.

When the appetizers arrive, Johnny accidently scalds his tongue on the hot soup and his gagging noises and drooling disturbs the other patrons. His salad contains some oversized pieces of lettuce, and rather than cutting them, he distracts his date while he eats the entire salad in one sweeping motion.

Johnny excuses himself to go wash the blue cheese salad dressing off his face. And while is is washing up, the sink splashes water all over the pants of his polyester-wool blend suit. He stands on a chair and positions himself under the hand dryer in an attempt to eliminate the unsightly and embarrassing water stain. Unfortunately, the excessive heat of the dryer fuses the polyester fibers of his pants to his legs, and he finds that walking has become difficult.

As he waddles back to the table, Johnny's date informs him that there is a party she must attend on campus. As she leaves, Johnny discovers that due to the problem with his pants he is unable to rise from his chair. Distraught and dejected, he eats both plates of spaghetti.



Pastor Ray
by Pastor Ray Sines
Collegian Staff Writer

Let's Talk

Four months later, I accepted my first pastorate in Erie, Pennsylvania (Sept. 1983). As much as I love people, it didn't take long as a pastor for me to realize how little I knew about counseling other people. That is when I decided to return to school and get a degree in psychology and human behaviors.

I was immediately questioned by a few of my colleagues; "Why Penn State rather than a seminary college where I could have applied many previous credits?" Well, to be quite frank, I remembered a statement made by a wise old Indian—"You can't judge another Indian until you have first walked a mile in that Indian's moccasins."

For example, (1) I can associate with the ones who were at war in Southeast Asia because I have been there, (2) I know the pressures of an executive because, thank God, I have been one, and (3) I know the stress that many face in life because I face it also. Just the same, I desire a secular education from the best secular college in the state of Pennsylvania—PENN STATE.

Proverbs 4:5 states, "Get wisdom, get understanding. . . neither decline from the words of My mouth." My belief in the Creator will not be compromised, but perhaps when all is said and done I may become a little wiser so that I may help a few.

This is wisdom in the minds of many. Please note: When you become too old to learn, then it is time to roll over and die.

Since I will be forty-two years young tomorrow, I have decided to explain the reason why I am a college student at this age. Many have asked, over the past two semesters, "Pastor, why are you back in school?"

Briefly let me explain, if you will pardon the documentary on the Opinion page. First, before I came into the ministry, all of my previous schooling and training had been in electronics. Additionally, for ten years, I had designed and built low voltage switching-circuit prototypes for security systems in high-rise office buildings.

Then, God called me into the ministry. After a few more years in dealing with "the call" God had placed on my life, I began phasing out of the field of electrical engineering and started schooling in theology. At an accelerated rate, I had received an equivalent of three years of theology in a seven month period (while serving as an intern minister in Alexandria, Virginia).

Evangelists' antics: God help them!

In response to Pastor Ray Sines' column in the April 2, issue of the Collegian:

I am not a Christian in the sense that I go faithfully to church every Sunday, attend Campus Ministry doings, read my devotional booklet every night, do without things during Lent, live—or try to live—a life free of every vice listed in the Bible, or other traditionally "Christian" things to do. What I do believe is that Jesus Christ was a great and wise Teacher, a compassionate Healer of body and spirit, a One chosen of God to show lesser humans than He the way to peace and life. I have read of His life and His teachings, and of the lives and teachings of those first ones who followed His way and spread His word; and I have read of and seen these "televangelists"; and I, personally, can find little or no similarity between their words and their lives and that of the Christ they claim is on their side.

Perhaps there are people who might never have heard Christ's word were it not for a white-suited fiery minister on television on a Sunday morning; it is no sin to introduce people to Jesus. But, perhaps there are those who may have found peace in Christ's way, but have become soured on all Christianity because of the antics of these TV personalities who claim Christ as their reason for what they do. This would run directly counter to the entire concept of Evangelism, and would be a grave sin indeed.

Sincerely,
Tracy Diane Muffett
Tracy Diane Muffett
Second Semester, English

Maintenance plow leaves motorist adrift

Maintenance is defined in the dictionary as "keeping in working condition and support." Well, the Behrend Maintenance men are hardly living up to their name.

The other day I was plowed into my parking place by Maintenance. In answer to your question—no. I did not leave my car overnight. I pulled into the first parking lot at 8:05 in the morning and when I attempted to leave at 3:45, I discovered that three feet of snow had been plowed in front of my car.

Actually, the snow was not just piled in front of my car, it was packed into my bumper; the car would not even rock back and forth.

When I discovered this I was a little angry, but I calmly walked in-

to the gym to call Maintenance. A woman answered the phone, apathetically explained that the men had been hard at work since 5:30 a.m., and that they had all gone home. She added that she didn't even know where I could get a shovel.

In the end, my brother had to come out here and shovel me and a few other people out.

Keep up the good work, Maintenance. I don't know what I would have done without you.

Sherry Simpson
Sherry Simpson
Eighth Semester, Communication

Through the eye of a needle

I heard all about the Jim Bakker scandal these last few weeks. These things normally don't attract the attention of individuals like myself, but Jim was a serious dealer for the Big Guy. He brings in a lot of souls, let me tell you.

Some of the oldsters around here can remember the good days, back when almost anything could convert the masses; you name it: card tricks, magic smoke, a little water into wine. Produce an eclipse and they were eating out of your hands. Just talk to David; he gets lucky with Goliath and the next thing you know he's king. We had conversions right and left back then; we

couldn't fit them for halos fast enough.

People haven't wised up anymore, though. If David had beaten Goliath in 1987, he'd be facing Jake the Snake next week on Wrestlemania. Dave never had much of a stage presence, so it's just as well he stayed back in the B.C.

It seems like the money thing didn't matter as much back then, either. Jesus even managed to pull in twelve administrators without a dental plan. Talk about dedication; besides, J.C. could sweet talk almost anybody. The original plan was for him to spend 60 days in the

desert but he worked them down to 40. And what ever happened to all of that hype about the rich man having a harder time getting into heaven than a camel passing through the eye of the needle? A lot of effort went into that concept: divine brainstorming, advertising campaigns. Where did it get us? Oral Roberts isn't satisfied yet, so he's reconvened to the tower to wait for a sign. If I have any say in the matter we're going to send Midas to rap with him this time.

Mortals really love sunbathing. We've lost enough souls due to the invention of the bikini to repopulate the world. Maybe Jim

was just catching some rays and laying the groundwork for another conversion. These are the eighties, you know; we have to take them where we can. Besides, it's not as though she was anyone we had heard of up here. A simple theological discussion on a beach, that's all.

Now, if it had been Fawn Hall in the bathing suit, things might have been different.

Michael A. Reuter
Michael A. Reuter
Third Semester, Political Science

Even more of my meanderings

Various members of my family have called to ask why I don't write for the paper anymore. Well, it's quite simple; I spend all my time failing Political Science and playing backgammon with Residence Life Coordinator Kim Zitko. Who, incidentally, did finally get a date. . . with SATAN!!! Isn't that special?

Have you heard? Oral Roberts has announced that he needs eight million in donations every year for the rest of his life—or you guessed it—he goes to that big tax shelter in the sky. Why doesn't he just let God kill him and then press charges?

If we could only be sure that the next space shuttle would explode we could make the Beastie Boys astronauts.

If I were the person choosing the puzzles for the bonus round on Wheel of Fortune I would go out of my way to select a puzzle that didn't have an L, R, S, N, T or E. And then I'd make sure that the prize was a Porsche.

I've been working out for five weeks now, and no one has noticed. This whole fitness thing is over-rated, but I am up to six sit-ups a night.

Earlier in the year I was intimidated by the LIAS computer in the library. It's actually a wonderful system. You can order any book you can think of, and it's sent to you from one of the many libraries in the Penn State system. What they don't tell you is that by

the time it arrives you'll have already graduated. Good system.

People who ask if anyone teases me about being named 'Jack Horner' are brain dead.

Remember a while back when Punxatawney Phil poked his head out of his hole and predicted that we would have six more weeks of winter? Apparently, that little rodent was stoned at the time. Had he forgotten that instead of picnics on the Fourth of July the people of Erie have snowball battles?

And me. . . me! We had one nice day so I sent all my winter clothes home, thinking that winter was over. You'd think after spending a year in college I'd learn something. The only thing I've learned in the two years that I've been here is that you have to flush the first, second and fifth toilet to get hot water in the showers on first floor Perry.

Steve McGarvey is the only person on campus who doesn't use the automatic door openers in the Reed Building.

When the people at the RUB Desk won't give me change, I go to the MAC Machine, take out a ten dollar bill and buy one fish.

Steve Aller, who is more than likely going to be editor of the Collegian next year, is having a birthday next week. By the time he celebrates his next birthday he will have aged twenty years. Wish him a 'Happy Birthday' now while he still remembers who you are.

Lord Harold Wilson, former Prime Minister of Great Britain, in his speech to the Behrend community last week painted a rather amusing picture of an immature



Prince Charles. Lord Wilson added that he hoped the Queen's abdication is a long way off. I worry about this because I heard Joan Rivers (a personal friend of the Royal Family), say that Prince Charles "can't wait for the mother to die so he can become queen."

Residence hall lobbies are a mecca for modern machinery. None of the vending machines ever work, but the video game that makes more noise than a car without a muffler is infallible.

Remember that song "You Don't Have To Take Your Clothes Off To Have a Good Time?" I was just thinking how wrong that is.

I, like many of you, am very relieved and happy that Dave and Maddie finally slept together. I am, however, questioning that slapping scene. If Maddie would have slapped Dave once—maybe. I might even believe that they made love after she slapped him twice. But that third time she hit him—he should have tied that sheet around her and made her listen to that horrible "The Return of Bruno" album. If that's not cruel I don't know what is.

Erie is the only city on earth where we can have people laying out, sunning themselves and thirty feet away is a mound of snow that refuses to melt.

I was pondering the importance of lip balm, and I've decided we simply cannot do without it.

Someone should make a fertility movie that stars the rabbits on this campus.

Playing Monopoly at McDonald's is almost as frustrating as playing a real game of Monopoly, but at least you know when the McDonald's version is going to end.

And, since you're probably wondering when this article is going to end, I'll close with this thought: Eleven more days of this foolishness and we're past tense. May we all find summer jobs that pay us more than we're worth!

Jack Horner
Jack Horner
Collegian Editor

Editorial Policy
The Behrend Collegian's editorial opinion is determined by the Editor, with the Editor holding final responsibility. Opinions expressed on the editorial pages are not necessarily those of The Behrend Collegian, The Behrend College, or The Pennsylvania State University. Brown-Thompson Newspapers, the publishers of The Behrend Collegian, is a separate corporate institution from Penn State.
Letters Policy: The Behrend Collegian encourages comments on news coverage, editorial policy and University affairs. Letters should be typewritten, double-spaced, signed by no more than two people, and not longer than 400 words. Students' letters should include the semester and major of the writer. Letters from alumni should include the major and year of graduation of the writer. All writers should provide their address and phone number for verification of the letter. The Collegian reserves the right to edit letters for length, and to reject letters if they are libelous or do not conform to standards of good taste.
Postal Information: The Behrend Collegian (898-6221) is published fourteen times annually (seven times during each academic semester at The Behrend College) by the students of The Behrend College, The Reed Union Building, Station Road, Erie, PA 16563.

Letters to the editor intended for publication in the next edition of The Collegian must be submitted by 5:00 p.m., April 22.

Don't look now!
Puzzle pg. 5