

Editorial

The Death of Activism

by James Martin
Collegian Editor

Thinking about the college scene during the 1960's, evokes for me, a series of mental images filled with protests, rallies, marches and riots. Important issues like racism and the U.S. presence in Viet Nam provided much of the fodder for these protests. It seemed that college students were often a moving, central force in the change that was realized in these matters. Being jailed for protesting something with which you disagreed was not unusual.

We return our thoughts now to Behrend College 1988, where it appears that our greatest problems revolve around such pressing issues as bad food, a small library, icy sidewalks and complaints

about money expended on a bookstore the size of the Astrodome. Have we become petty and concerned with nothing outside of our immediate and very small world. I'm not sure, but I prefer not to think so.

Perhaps all of the worlds big problems have been resolved and now we can all kick back and concentrate on fine-tuning some of the smaller matters. Does this mean that the threat of nuclear war is gone? Does it mean that there is no danger of destroying our environment by dumping toxic nuclear waste? Maybe there are no homeless, starving people to worry about anymore. Are all of these problems solved? If not, why

has the protesting stopped? Have we just lost all interest?

As I started to write this editorial, I had a theory about this. I theorized, (and I still think I'm partially right), that people become involved in politics only when it benefits them directly or if they feel threatened. An Edinboro professor of middle-eastern studies pointed out that prior to 1978 he had never been asked to address a group. Since 1979, the hostage situation in Iran, and the growth of fear about conflict in the middle-east, this same professor has addressed over 200 clubs and organizations. Another example: Thousands of students protested the Viet Nam war. It seems that it must have taken only the very real threat of being drafted to convince many that the war in Viet Nam was "wrong." I feel quite sure that if the President and Congress decided to draft a couple hundred thousand troops to preserve democracy on another continent, that there would be a sudden, intense interest in politics.

But perhaps this theory doesn't always explain people's actions. What did northern whites have to gain by fighting for the rights of blacks during the 1960's. Were they facing any real and present danger? Was cleaning up the environment any more pressing an issue 20 years ago than it is today? Clearly all the good that has been done cannot entirely be written off as arising from self-serving motives.

I'm not trying to preach. Voting is the entire extent of my political activity, is this as far as any of us are willing to go? Perhaps the only real danger we can identify with is not having a high paying job following graduation. I'm not trying to incite anyone to riot, I think there are probably more intelligent ways of initiating change, I just wonder if truly noble, selfless motives still exist in the 1980's

Love Rob

Looking for Space

Study, study, I wanna study. Well, not really, but every once in a while you gotta.

Where to go, where to go? How about the library study room? It's quiet, well lit and only about 120 degrees Fahrenheit. You know what they say: Tight grading, loose shoes and a warm place to study. Sure, take a sauna...study calculus...great mix. If some enterprising students would start a towel service we'd really have something.

If your sweat pores are "clean enough thank you." I guess you have to sit downstairs: The study area that, creatively strives for recognition as one of the earth's most densely populated regions with more people per square yard than Hong Kong.

So the Behrend Library (soon to be known as the Behrend Book Store Annex) is out. If you're looking for somewhere quiet like the Gorge-excuse me-the Wintergreen Gorge eating and gathering Cafe. Yea right, now try and call the Erie Public Dock 'Dobbin's Landing.' But the landing is still a dock and the cafe is still a gorge. Like the dock, the Gorge can be a little loud. You might want to try somewhere quieter like Erie Hall during a basketball game.

I would also joke that you could use a lobby, but unfortunately most people already do.

By now, you're: "here we go, more complaints without solutions." Well, as a matter of fact I do have a solution.

Behrend could forget about forcing the library to masquerade as a library. Remove most of those books and we'd have a dandy study area. We could do with a hundred of the most important ones. They have plenty of room. Then they could call the library the Bookstore study room, part of the growing bookstore complex at PSU Erie.

Aaaw forget it. Who really needs to study anyway?

James Martin

"He said if I didn't do it, he wouldn't love me anymore."



"AND YOU KNOW WHAT? I GOT angry. It was such a trashy thing to say. Like I was so desperate for him I'd jump off a cliff or something."

We didn't have any birth control. I started out saying it was just the wrong time.

Then I started thinking it was the wrong guy.

After he said that, he put on this big act about it. If he really cared, he'd have let it drop. He'd have given me time.

I mean, you don't have to be the brain of the world to know you don't have sex without protection.

And you sure don't make a baby with a guy who thinks he can threaten you."

Nobody should pressure anybody to have sex. Especially if you feel you're not ready. Or prepared. It's a fact of life that if you have sex without safe, effective birth control, you're going to get pregnant. Who should be responsible for birth control? It can be you, it can be him, even better when it's both. If you need information or just someone to talk to, call your nearest Planned Parenthood. We can help. That's what we're here for.

For more information call University Health Center 898-6217

Gyne Exams—Birth Control Prescription Services—Pregnancy Tests

Thanks to Planned Parenthood For Use of This ad.

VIEWPOINT ON LIFE

by Jim Hale & Terry Anthony
Collegian Staff Writers

When we left our heroes, they were downing a few brewskis in the company of several female midget roller derby fans. But hark! They heard the call of the wild once again. They had an obligation to you the students, faculty, and other human-like creatures. It was time to continue their never-ending quest to define "The Behrend Experience." This week the terrible two-some would delve straight to the heart of the American College—PARTY FEVER!

So without further ado, they shut off the T.V., gave the rest of the beer and women to Spike, the killer gerbil (move over, Spuds Mackenzie), and flew into the closet. When our heroes reappeared, they were ready to research the social scene. Decked out in plaid sport coats, green polyester bell bottom slacks, and suede clogs, they were dressed to kill. After splashing on that cologne that drives women crazy—Eau de Papermill—they felt certain tonight would be THE night.

They jumped into their partymobile and cruised to the party with the top down (in January?). They hopped out of the car and made their entrance. Every eye turned and noticed their flashy fashions, which were straight from the cover of GQ (Geek Quarterly). Noting what could only have been jealousy in the eyes of their onlookers, they sauntered over to make themselves a tequila fanny-banger. Imagine their surprise when they realized someone had switched the fanny-banger mix with lemon-scented dish soap. Not to be intimidated, our jockeys of journalism made their way to the bucket of grain punch — a drink foreign to their taste buds until now. "What's in it?", asked Jim. "Bits of fruit," a voice said. Yummy. Jim liked bits of fruit. "And other stuff," another voice chimed in. Umm, Terry liked "stuff." See Jim drink. See Terry drink. See Jim and Terry Drink. Drink fellas, drink. See Jim and Terry fall down. See how the room spins?

Now watch as we see those giants of journalism break a land speed record to pay homage to the great porcelain goddess and place sacrifices at her majestic feet.

Feeling they had gathered enough facts to write the story, they strolled (stumbled) across the quad and into some bushes to give another offering to the gods. When they emerged, they were not happy campers. They had dribbled on their matching 6 inch-wide paisley ties. Oops. Bummer.

Next they stopped a friendly looking person for directions. When asked her name, she replied, "Jane-R.A." Oops. Bummer.

Not to be outsmarted, our newspaper pals flashed their press passes. It would have gotten them off the hook if Terry wouldn't have had his pass tattooed on his belly button. When he flashed his pass, he really flashed his pass! Oops. Bummer.

Next they failed the sobriety test — but they were framed! She made Jim spell "R.A.," a trick question. Everyone knows Jim can't even spell his first name, let alone Jane's last name.

Yes, sports fans, it was a long and eventful night but they came home with the story. Gratuities from our fans will be accepted in the Collegian office during regular business hours. But please do so quietly, because those wonder-writers will be busy researching cures for hangovers.

Tune in next time as the lords of the journalism jungle try to define the typical college student. See you then. Same Bat-time, same Bat-channel.

Jim Hale & Terry Anthony

STRANGE DAZE

Fun in the Dorms

—Tricks to Play on Your Roommate and Neighbors

by Ed Mesita
Collegian Staff Writer

I got back from class, threw my books down, and looked at the clock. It was four o'clock.

"I'm gonna lay down for a while," I told my roommate. "Wake me in time for dinner."

"Sure," he said.

A while later I was awakened by someone shaking me.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"What?" I replied, trying to wake up.

"I walked down the hall to talk to Steve and Mike," he said. "Then we decided to send out for pizza. I'm sorry, but I forgot to wake you up."

I sat up grabbed my alarm clock. It read 6:10.

I set it down and looked at my watch. 6:10.

"Damn," I said. "Now I missed dinner."

"I'm sorry," he said again.

I got up, grabbed my coat, and walked out. Now I would have to buy something down in the Wintergreen Cafe. That really pissed

me off. The more money I spend on food, the less I have to spend on beer. I was still fuming when I walked in and ran into my friend Jim.

"What are you all fired up about?" he asked.

"My stupid roommate forgot to wake me up," I said. "Now I missed dinner."

"What are you talking about?" he asked, looking up at the clock on the wall. "It's only five o'clock."

I turned around and looked up. Sure enough, the clock read five o'clock. I walked out and went back up to my room. My roommate, Steve, and Mike were laughing so hard, their eyes were watering. As we walked over to the dining hall, I was already planning my revenge.

Playing tricks on your roommate. It's one of the most popular college pastimes. A little

creativity and a good sense of humor is all that's required to have a good time.

"Trick playing was a daily routine for us down at U.P.," my friend John was recently telling me.

"Most of them were pretty simple, like super gluing quarters to the floor and then watching people try to pick them up. The old 'dollar bill on a piece of thread under the door'

trick was also fun. But the best ones usually involved the phone. One Sunday morning I woke before my roommate. I took out my scotch tape and taped down those buttons on the phone. I went next door and told our neighbor to wait five minutes and then call our room. Then I got back into bed. When the phone rang, my roommate jumped up, grabbed it and said 'hello'.

When it rang again, he threw it down and grabbed his clock, radio, and anything else he could get his hands on, trying to shut them off. It took him five minutes to figure out what was going on. I never laughed so hard in my life."

"One night he was getting ready to go out and had just spent twenty minutes washing and blow drying his hair. When he wasn't looking, I took out my 'Edge' shaving gel and put a glob of it on the ear piece of the phone. Then I went next door and called the room. I could hear him yell through the wall. I went back in and saw him standing in front of the mirror, trying to clean the green goo out of his ear and hair."

Another time the guy next door pissed me off, so I got up in the middle of the night, filled up a waste basket with water, and leaned it against their door. Their carpet got a good washing the next morning when they opened it. The 'powder trick' also worked pretty well."

"What's that?" I asked. "You take a newspaper and sprinkle white baby powder all over on it. As much powder as you can get on it. When your neighbors are asleep, go over and slide the paper about half-way under their door. Then take a blow dryer and blow all that powder under their door. When they wake up the next day, everything in the room will be covered with a film of powder. Including them."

"And then there was the time, when I lived on a coed floor, when we went into the ladies room in the middle of the night and removed all of the shower handles. That next morning there were pissed off chicks everywhere. It was pretty funny."

"That is funny," I said. "But all this sounds a little childish."

"Of course it's childish," he said. "But hey, isn't that what college is all about?"

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