

Strange Daze;

Calling a Sexist a Sexist

by Ed Miseta
Collegian Staff Writer

"You're a pig," she said. "A P-I-G pig."

"Yea," said her friend, "and a real jerk, too."

Oh brother. I knew it was going to be a long night when, while spraying mousse in my hair with a lit cigarette in my mouth, I almost blew up my face. Only then did I notice the 'flammable' warning on the side of the can. I should have just stayed home. Instead, I went out and had just walked in the door of the Rook when these two girls walked up and started calling me names.

"Who are they?" asked Dave.

"I have not a clue," I said.

"You're a sexist, chauvinistic male," one of them added.

"Oh, now I get it," I said. "You two must have read my column." I thought they looked familiar. I must have seen them out at Behrend.

"Yes, we read it," one said.

"Not that it's worth reading in the first place. The only thing your column is good for is lining the inside of my cats litter box."

"That's pretty harsh," I said.

"Anyway, I'm not a sexist. I explained it in that letter I wrote to Julie. Didn't you read it?"

"That letter didn't explain

anything," she said. "It was just an attempt by you to focus everyone's attention on something else so the would forget the gist of Julie's letter: that you're a sexist, woman-hating pig."

"That's totally false," I said. "It just so happens that I live women. In fact, I met a girl here last Friday and I loved her all night. Besides, if it wasn't for women, who would do all the cooking and cleaning and child rearing?"

"I think I'm gonna puke," one of them said. "You have to be the scariest person I've ever met."

"I'll tell you something that's even scarier," I said.

"What's that?" she asked.

"I'm graduating this semester."

"That is scary," she said. "What major?"

"Becon," I said proudly, smile flashing across my face. "That's Business Economics, if you're not hip to the terminology."

"And what kind of job does a Becon major look for?"

"Well," I said, "politics, banking, insider trading. The usual."

"Then why do you write these columns anyway? You're not an English or journalism major."

"I enjoy writing," I said. "And if people who read my columns enjoy them, this could push them onto a higher indifference curve, thus increasing their total utility and moving the entire Behrend

community towards a more Pareto optimal state."

"That's very considerate of you," she said.

"Yea," said the other one.

"You're a hell of a guy."

"Gee, thanks," I said, smiling meekly. "But seriously, I have nothing against women. There's just a few things that bothers me."

"Like what?" she asked.

"First of all," I said, "this whole ERA 'with clauses' thing. Women want equal rights, to be treated the same as men. But they still expect us to carry things for them, to open doors for them, and to put down the toilet seat when we're done, so they won't fall in. Why can't women put up the seat then they're done, so we won't have to worry about peeing on it?"

"Why can't you just improve your damn aim?" she snapped.

I could tell they were getting mad, but decided to press my luck anyway.

"And another thing," I said.

"Why are all these women against porn, always the ones that are so ugly you wouldn't touch them in the first place? And why are so many women getting Aids, and passing it on to us poor guys? And how come women just aren't as pretty as they used to be? And why are so many of them overweight? I just don't understand."

"And you think men are so

perfect?" she asked. "I think you're all a bunch of queers. If women were in charge instead of men, we wouldn't have nearly as many problems as we do now."

"Yea, you're right," I said. "The whole Earth would probably have been destroyed a long time ago."

With that she threw the rest of the gin and tonic all over the front of my shirt and walked away. That really hurt. It was my brand new Value City shirt that I had just forked out \$4.99 for earlier in the day. In fact, it still had all the bag wrinkles on it.

"Way to go, Romeo," Dave quipped. "What do we do now?"

"I'll have to go home and change," I said. "Then we can try the Docksider."

"That sounds cool," he said.

"But if we meet any more women, let me do all the talking. I don't feel like being celibate the rest of my life. By the way, you didn't really mean all that stuff you said, did you?"

"Heck no," I said. "I think women are great. We couldn't live without them. I just like pissing people off. It makes life more interesting."

"That's fine with me," he said.

"But from now on, make life more interesting when I'm not around. I could do without all the excitement."

"Sure thing," I said. "Hey, did I ever tell you how I feel about religion? I think we should get the President and Swaggart to sit down and..."

He just shook his head and walked away.

Love Rob

The Reverend Rob?

by Rob Prindle
Collegian Staff Writer

My readers love me. They love me not. They love me? Alas, I feel that the prophecy of LOVE ROB has not yet been fulfilled. You take what you want from my column but do not reciprocate the love that I give you. I feel so used.

This is the last LOVE ROB article that you will have to kick around. That's right, the semester is almost over. What will we do when the testing ends? What will we do with our Thursday nights once we don't have three or four tests to study for? What will we do with the long boring summer, filled with nothing but sun and freedom?

Of course, there is a varietable plethora of things to do, if you are industrious enough. Take me for example. I'm an energetic and industrious columnist. I have a plan for my summer. No. I have a mission.

I am going to rid the country of bad people. I'm not talking about bumping off pompous professors or impaling Robin Leach. What I refer to is saving souls. I will no longer be Love Rob, I will be The Reverend Love Rob.

From this point on, you will have to imagine that I am speaking in a voice that is a cross between Reverend Jessie Jackson and Inspector Clouseau from the Pink Panther movies. I realize that I am asking a lot from your imaginations, but please try.

I will help all sinners. I will save their souls (pronounced so-wells) from the eternal hotness of the heathen house of Hell. Who are these sinners, you ask. They are the filth and slime that fills our God-fearing lives with Yugos and cigarettes.

What is, has been. What will be shall be. And by the end of this summer vacation there will be no more cigarette smoking Yugo drivers. Yugos are bad enough. Cigarettes are bad enough. Put them together in one person and you have a truly demented human being, just waiting for God, the All-knowing, to finally figure out their sins and make truck run into them.

I will help the commie-car driving tobacco fiends by showing them the error of their ways. Why should anyone drive a car made in Yugoslavia? No country's name should ever have a 'Y', a 'G', and a 'V' in it at the same time. Yugoslavia should not be the name of a country, it should be the name of an illness, or of a foreign film director, or of some fancy cheese.

The country's name isn't the only problem. Why would anyone want a car as ugly as a Yugo? Is the affection for such an ugly car some sort of masochism? And another thing, why would anyone drive a car that has no heater? The Yugo heats the passengers by blowing in air from the engine compartments. Actually, I'm not 100% sure of that fact, but the one time I had the privilege of riding in one, it smelled like burning leaves and decomposing bugs.

I can understand a person buying an impotent little Communist-built import if they needed a cheap car. I will, however, remind them that for \$4,000+ they could have bought a good American used car. I can understand one huge mistake, but I cannot forgive two. I cannot forgive a Yugo driver who also smokes.

How can anyone smoke? The smell is terrible (this is why cigarette smokers do not notice the terrible smell in a Yugo). If the smell is bad to me, a non-smoker, it must be a sick person who would stick one under his nose.

If the smell isn't bad enough, you can always consider the health risk (this is why Yugo drivers don't mind the danger of driving in a car that is made by Communists). I once saw a commercial advertising a cigarette filter that would eliminate the health risk of smoking to the smoker. Great, but what good does it do for the poor guy sitting next to the smoker?

I feel that I may not be able to rid the country of these people without a little help. Here is what I want every loyal American to do: Any time you pull up next to a Yugo-loving cigarette-sucker, point and laugh. You won't be placing yourself in any danger because your average Yugo will only go 32 miles per hour. That may be a slight underestimate. Nevertheless, you should easily be able to pull safely away from the ugly little car.

Can't you just envision a perfect society free of Yugo Hell? Can't you see the promised-land of non-smokers? Hallelujah. What a glorious summer this will be.



THE BORN LOSER © by Art Sansom



by David Friend
Contributing Writer

With another two weeks of wandering the Behrend campus over with, and only two more weeks left of this semester, I'd like to make an observation. There has been tons of publicity over the "Apathy Busters" campaign, yet it has had little of no impact in student awareness. I'm not just talking about student activities either, I'm talking about occurrences that go on everyday. Recently, U.S. forces have "engaged in low-intensity exchanges of fire with hostile Iranian forces, namely Revolutionary Guard forces, that have cost little in the way of American resources," as the Pentagon would put it. Talking to some people on campus, I would ask what they thought about what had happened and what their thoughts were on the ramifications. Mostly, I got "Who cares?" as a response. As my mother once put it "Don't care comes to care." I know that this is definitely jumping the gun, but Vietnam started out in a "low-intensity" situation in the Gulf of Tonkin. Iran most likely will not become another Vietnam, but every citizen should be aware of what is happening so that a foreign policy blunder can be avoided.

But this is simply a symptom of a much, much deeper problem. If I ask an average student on this, or even any other, campus what they are in college for, I will most likely get a response similar to: "I'm going to college to get a degree, a good paying job, and earn a lot of money." However, that's not the intended purpose of college. College

is a place to learn. New skills, different ideas, and, most of all, the ability to learn is the prime reason for the existence of all colleges. However, most children from yuppie-baby boom generation families have been socialized to believe that money is the ultimate goal in life. I'm not blaming individuals, but one must change this attitude to be truly successful.

There is a story, called Aristotle's allegory of the cave, that will illustrate my point. It describes life as a cave towards a light, the outside of the cave. Once out, one has achieved true enlightenment. However, there is an abyss near the end of the cave. It is the abyss of questioning. The questioning of existence, the curious nature of higher education. Most people stop at the edge of abyss, wondering about enlightenment, but destined to not ever even try to achieve it. These people will forever remain ignorant. Some people try to cross the abyss, leaving the security of ignorance to try to gain enlightenment. Not many reach it, but most are happy to try. In this allegory, success is not material gain but an attempt to achieve higher learning. College is for those travelling through the abyss. College is there to help the travelers onward to enlightenment. It is not for those seeking material wealth. It is for those trying to gain enlightenment.

Selfless Abuse

by Kevin Trenney
Collegian Staff Writer

He's going to do it! Divine intervention must be the answer (reason). This young man has finally "gotten-up" enough courage to ask her out. Music class has ended-Now it's time. As he walks toward her, heart pounding heavily-perspiration increasing in volume and intensity, he feels massive amounts of blood rush into his face. His cheeks are as red as one of those sugar glazed candy apples which are sold at those wonderful carnivals. His mouth opens. The words don't come out quite right through the flustered stuttering, he is able to communicate his message. The question posed. The response yes. He has done it. He now has a date for Saturday.

Wait a minute! He's not finished yet. Now he must utter words which are both horrifying and mortifying. He tells her that they must take the Blue Bus! "A date on the Blue Bus"- sounds like the title of a bad horror movie doesn't it? Well-I'm the Main character.

Why am I telling you this I don't really know. I think that I want to bring this out in the open now in hope of avoiding a Hart/Biden incident. When I make my run for an office in that big White House.

No, this is not truly my primary reason for the re-telling of this little(true) tale. I just thought that it would be fun to "rip on" myself. Why not? Everyone else does! I've done my share of "ripping on" others in my previous articles also. Now I'll "rip on" me by telling you some things that others have said in

their attempts to do this very thing.

One contributing writer referred to me as a "seemingly dull person who was sitting in the S.G.A. office-drooling over the most adorable thing that I've ever seen in my entire life.

At a recent S.G.A. meeting a reference was made to someone's underwear being on too-light - Someone came back with "like Kevin's laugh". So a laugh like a high-pitched hyena.

At the same meeting I used the phrase "I move" instead of saying "I make a motion" someone retorted with a nice little quip about bodily functions.

Yes I can now look back at these incidents with a different attitude. I can laugh at myself! If a person can't laugh at him/herself who can he/she laugh at? Me! Oh well. C'est la vie!

CRUISE SHIPS
NOW HIRING M/F
Summer & Career Opportunities
(Will Train). Excellent pay plus world travel. Hawaii, Bahamas, Caribbean, etc. **CALL NOW: 206-736-0775 Ext. 900N**

Video Usa
4744 Buffalo Road
899-5225
Video USA has free lifetime memberships with proper ID. Stop in and check out our movie selection. Over 3000 movies to choose from

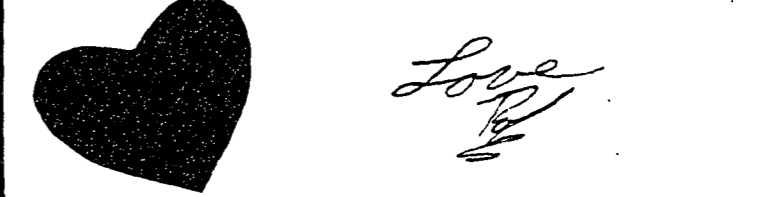
SUN YOUR BUNS
1988 TANNING PRICES

| | |
|-----------------------|-------|
| 10-20 MINUTE SESSIONS | \$30 |
| 20-20 MINUTE SESSIONS | \$57 |
| 3 MONTH MEMBERSHIP | \$180 |

Each Extra 5 Minutes - \$1.50

!! ON BUS ROUTE NO. 1 !!

Haircutters Salon & Indoor Tanning Center
898-0180 2648 Buffalo Rd., Bird Drive, Erie, PA



Websters Learning Corner

Classify- to put into a class, category, categorize

Dike- an artificial watercourse, pool, pond

Bigotry- obstinate and unreasoning attachment to one's own belief and opinions with intolerance of beliefs opposed to them

Bias (ed)- anything tending to influence one in a particular direction

Homosexual- of, relating to, or being of the same sex

Heterosexual- of, relating to or being of the opposite sex

Negro- a member of the black race of mankind

Minority- the smaller in number of two aggregates that together constitute a whole

Phobia- an exaggerated and often disabling fear of something, someone

Faggot- a bundle of sticks or twigs

Paranoia- a tendency on the part of individuals or of groups toward suspiciousness and distrustfulness based not on objective reality but on a need to defend the ego against unconscious impulses

Queer- strange or odd from a conventional viewpoint

CAMP COUNSELORS

Looking for a meaningful, exciting summer opportunity? Come to the Catskill Mountains, Rock Hill, New York and work in a residential camp for persons with developmental disabilities.

Positions are available for Counselors, Program Specialists, Nurses, and Cabin Leaders. Season dates: May 31st-August 13th. Salary, room and board and travel allowance. Call Diane after 5pm.

(412) 794-3348

Equal Opportunity Employer M/F