



Ask Louanne

Dear Louanne,

This is really difficult for me to write, but I watched the Today Show yesterday and they talked about date rape. I realized there may be other victims out there like me. I feel so angry and ashamed, and I can't get it out of my mind. What makes it worse is I see this guy almost every

day and he acts like nothing happened. Sometimes I even think he's laughing at me. I've told my best friend, but I don't know what else I can do. I'd like to leave campus for good, but it just isn't fair.

Signed, Strictly Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

You have every right to be really angry. I saw the same show you did last Wednesday and I couldn't believe the statistics. It is estimated that one out of every six freshmen women are victims of date (or acquaintance) rape their first semester! I sure hope that's not true. I don't want to believe there are that many people out there who would use violence or physical force to impose their will upon another person. Often victims feel ashamed or somehow responsible but there is no justification whatsoever for rape. You could pull a "Lady Godiva" across campus at lunch hour, but it gives no one a right to force you to do anything against your will.

One of the best things you can do for yourself is to talk to someone

who is understanding and objective. The Today Show suggested colleges need to educate incoming freshmen and to establish a clear procedure, a carefully limited number of professional people for victims to talk to. Pressing charges both through the campus disciplinary system and the public law enforcement agency is always recommended, but if you are reluctant to go this route remember you can always talk to me in the Personal Counseling Office in strictest confidence without any pressure to press charges. The Rape Crisis Center (870-7087) is another resource. I would also suggest seeing Patty McMahon at the Health Center.

Physical attention is important to protect yourself from disease.

I hope you'll seriously consider coming in to talk. Talking it out is the best way to work through your emotions and get past this traumatic experience. I sure would hate to lose you from our campus and be left with that disgusting animal who committed this crime.

Send letters to:
Dr. Louanne Barton,
Personal Counseling
Office
2nd Floor, Glenhill
Farmhouse
Behrend College
Erie, PA 16563

Cars Can Be So Cruel

by Mark Owens
Collegian Staff Writer

I wish mankind would stop fooling around and invent decent, practical and dependable transportation, because the automobile isn't it.

Last month's ordeal at the garage for a state inspection sticker has convinced me that my car, a blindingly bright orange Horizon TC3, suffers from leprosy.

Somehow, the car knew it had to go to the garage because two weeks before hand, stuff started to fall off (muffler, antenna) and the car stopped working.

I tried everything to get it to work - I talked to it, fed it gas and oil, washed it, sacrificed a Yugo - nothing worked.

So I took it to the garage. The mechanic looked at it, muttering mechanically the entire time. With great difficulty I have translated the major phrases:

"The thingamawhatzit isn't in bad shape." - \$150 to replace.

"This Lux-O-Valve™ coupling needs replaced." - Give me your GSL check.

"Mmm." - Major overhaul.

"Uh huh." - Sell the car.

"Uh hmmm." - Oh my God!

He looked at my car, said "Mmmmm." I started to get worried. He told me how much it would cost to fix my car. I cried, then signed the indentured servant papers.

I picked up my car last week. The mechanic rearranged my engine. Honest. I went to put in a quart of oil and found the oil cap where the windshield washer fluid used to be.

I think my battery is now in the trunk and the muffler is in the back seat. The only thing he didn't touch was the junk under the seats. He was probably too scared to look.

All this makes me wish cars could talk. None of this "Your

door is ajar" stuff. I mean talk, like you or me. Imagine all the trouble it would save. You go out to your car, get in and it says:

Somehow, the car knew it had to go to the garage because two weeks beforehand, stuff started to fall off (muffler, antenna) and the car stopped working.

I tried everything to get it to work - I talked to it, fed it gas and oil, washed it, sacrificed a Yugo - nothing worked.

"Hi. Before we go, you ought to know my left rear wheel feels a little funny. Maybe you can take a look at it later, okay?"

All kinds of problems are nipped in the bud and repairs are inexpensive. Of course, there's my car. It has a personality all it's own.

"HEY... HEY... HEY!! What is this? Do you know what time it is?"

"Well, it's..."

"IT'S 8:30 IN THE BLESSED A.M.!! WHERE ARE YOU GOING YOU BONEHEAD?"

"Uh, up to the..."

"I KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING - UP TO THE STORE TO GET SOME POP-TARTS FOR BREAKFAST, RIGHT? RIGHT?"

"Err..."

"OF COURSE YOU ARE. WELL YOU'RE NOT GOING! GET YOUR FAT TUSH IN THE HOUSE AND EAT SOME CORNFLAKES! THEN GET OUT HERE AND WASH ME!! WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME I WAS CLEANED, YOU £#&*@ JERK! TELL ME! TELL ME!"

Maybe the occasional spell of car leprosy isn't so bad.

You're astute enough to discuss the philosophical ramifications of Victor Frankl's "Existential Vacuum."

And you're still smoking?

U.S. Department of Health & Human Services

Black Americans: Eclipse of American Culture

Teleconference: "Beyond the Dream:
A Celebration of Black History"
Wednesday, February 1
1 p.m., Reed Lecture Hall

This broadcast of the two-hour national teleconference will launch Penn State-Behrend's celebration of National Black History Month. The teleconference is sponsored by the national magazine, Black Issues in Higher Education.

Musical Jubilee
Thursday, February 2
8 p.m., Reed Lecture Hall

The Penn State-Behrend Association of Black Collegians will star in this presentation of jazz, blues and gospel music.

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