

# Features

## An Evening of Dubious Taste

by Traci Fenton  
Collegian Staff Writer

Exactly what went on in Behrend's own theater Thursday night, February 16? Well, it was clearly an evening of 'Dubious Taste.' Starting at 7:30, a mix of Behrend professors and students, mostly from the English department, kicked off the second annual Evening of Dubious Taste.

husband got his project cut off two weeks ago and I haven't had any relief since.", and "According to instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelopes."

Dr. White also read excerpts from insurance policy forms. He could barely control his own laughter as he read things like: "The guy was all over the road, I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him.", "The

### "Our country is full of tasteless things."

Dean Baldwin, wearing an out-of-date blue polyester suit with protruding collar and loud, wide tie, began the night by stating, "Our country is full of tasteless things." After that appropriate send-off, he embarked on displaying a catalogue of truly tasteless gifts. Automatic toilet lights, detergent bottle aprons, tacky duck heads for trailer hitches, and banana racks were among the tasteless paraphernalia included in the mail order catalogue.

Next up was the *dubious* presentation of Sharon Dale, an arts history instructor. Her performance was entitled "high art, low art, no art." She fit the tastelessness motif by wearing a tacky pink poodle skirt and leopard scarf. Her presentation consisted of various versions of the Last Supper. She unfurled an array of paintings, wood carving, chocolate moldings, and other enactments of the Last Supper. She then presented an array of flying pink flamingo paintings, neon halos over the Virgin Mary, velvet paintings, and audio postcards of the Royal wedding. She claims there is an "...insatiable market in the United States for low art."

Greg Morris, an English professor, was in fine form with the next contribution to the tastelessness. His presentation was an expose of sorts on The King, Elvis Presley, and his predominance in world literature. He read titles from "Sun" magazine about Elvis statues on Mars and an existing Elvis Presley Sperm Bank. He also made a dubious allusion to The King's importance to the writings of Emily Dickenson.

Truly a highlight of the evening of doubtful taste was the presentation by Dr. Duncan White of the psychology department. He read excerpts from letters actually written to a state welfare department. His selections included: "I'm annoyed you can call my son illiterate, I was married to his father six weeks after he was born.", "My

pedestrian had no idea which to run, so I ran over him."

Jim Davis of the English department finished the evening with an encore reading a story he presented at last year's Evening of Dubious Taste. It was possibly the most horrible, yet hilarious piece of writing, if it can be called writing, ever. Davis acquired the incredibly bad attempt at serious fiction from a former colleague from another university. The work of fiction dealt with the *tender* subject of a young girl's second sexual encounter with a mummy in a graveyard, unfortunately her friend gets her head cut off, or at least it sounded like that's what happened.

Overall, the evening was full of the fun-filled tasteless parts of life. The evening was appropriately topped off with tasteless refreshments. Twinkies and National Brand Cola were available for everyone.

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## Waiters Are People Too

by Mark Owens  
Collegian Staff Writer

I let a good friend of mine (who I'll call "Xavier" to keep him from getting fired) read last week's paper.

He ran across the Love Rob article on waitresses and, not unlike the Ayatollah Komeni, called the story "blasphemous" and put a contract out on Rob's sunglasses clad life.

I asked Xavier why he was so upset over the piece and he reminded me that he was a waiter. Xavier then said that the Love Rob must never have held a job as a waiter because if he did he would have never written that story.

Xavier, when upset, tends to go on about whatever he's mad at until he's done, gagged or hit by a Goodyear blimp, whichever comes first.

"Waitering is a tough job," he exclaimed, "which requires balance, speech skills and the ability to convince the customer that everything is o.k., even if his wife's hair is on fire."

I told Xavier that description fit many jobs, including used car salesmen, con artists and President of the United States.

He sighed and shook his head.

"There's a difference between people & politics, people & cars and people & food."

"With the first two, the public has all the knowledge and interest of a moose in heat. As long as it (car / government) works, they don't care."

"Food is different. People

need it to live and, unlike the first two, think they're experts on it. Individuals who normally would have trouble operating a toaster are suddenly experts on how beef tips in mushroom sauce should be prepared."

"Because they 'understand' food, people tend to act snooty and superior. For some reason customers assume that waiters

happened to me yesterday," Xavier continued.

"A lady ordered the swordfish dinner. After a few bites she stopped eating. I asked her if the dinner was cooked o.k. She said 'Yes.' I then asked her what the problem was. She told me it tasted 'too fishy.'"

"Here's an incredible concept: fish tasting fishy. I suppose the next thing will be steak tasting too steaky."

I agreed with Xavier that people can do stupid things, but it didn't convince me that the wait staff deserved to be tipped.

"Do you know what it's like to put up with whining eight year-olds, messy infants whose sole duty in life is to deposit 12 pounds of food and drool under a table?"

"How about grouchy shoppers or nagging mother-in-law types? Or worst of all, people who have never been taught how to use plates or silverware?"

I told Xavier that I was beginning to understand how an individual who spent half an hour running around a restaurant looking for many and various stupid things for a family of seven from Kansas could begin to think a little compensation was in order.

"In fact, I've developed a rule for waiters. Xavier's Law of Waitering: On any given day, people are jerks."

"I invite anyone who thinks tipping isn't a good idea to be a waitress or waiter for two weeks. It's something you have to experience to understand."

### Mark Owens

have the intelligence of albino newts."

I mentioned to Xavier that sometimes waiters and waitresses tend to act a little...dingy.

"Of Course! We're attempting to communicate on your level! Here's an example: I asked this lady if she would like some more coffee. She said 'Sure.' I asked what kind of coffee she wanted and she sweetly said 'Black.' Go home, make some regular coffee and some decaffeinated coffee. Put a little of each in separate glass containers and hold them up to the light. Surprise, surprise they're the same color!"

"Black helps me a whole lot folks! I told her we were out of black coffee but had some red and green coffee in the kitchen."

"And don't tell me 'it was an isolated incident.' It happens all the time because people are stupid."

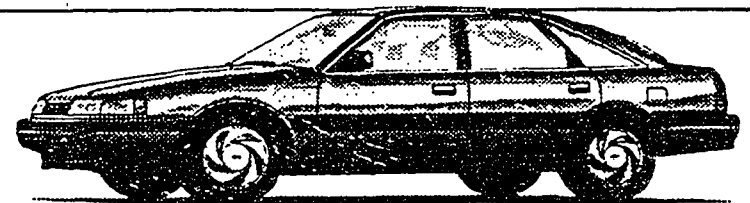
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