

EDITORIAL OPINION

CONTINUE

by M.A. Chiricuzio
Executive Editor

Well, what can I say in this one? I say this because I'm not sure anyone will read it anyway. Not that you don't read the paper, no, that's not it. It's that you don't like being called names.

My editorials are meant to be biased. How else does one become opinionated? That is my purpose; to assert opinion as the seeding for emotionalism, or intelligent controversy.

The responses I've received have been laden with emotion. I have seen very few intelligent letters (either directed to me or the student body). I have continued to label people, point out inequities and expose student ills in the hope students would do something. I have succeeded in drawing people into the paper. The controversy runs from the administrative ranks to the peon.

So tell me, what are you going to do now? Do you plan to build on what is already here, or do you plan on tearing down and starting all over again?

Dear Peon,

The sole reason for my totally self-opinionated editorial was to expose the other side of the controversy dealing with Sexism. Coach Stoners position had not been reported so I reported it, since he was the one to be labeled as a Sexist.

Michael, I understand that you're young and full of spit, but don't compromise yourself by foolishly choosen words to discredit my position dealing with SGA. If I were to continue writing for the Collegian I would continue to 'throw rocks' from my desk based on my knowledge of Behrend and my experiences in the organizations to which I've belonged.

My sincere advice to you would be to consider re-evaluation of your present political outlook. To alter your present position would be to your benefit.

Good-bye Behrend.

"Bones"-an Experience

by Bob Wetmore
News Editor

Note: The Behrend Players will hold a special performance of "Sticks and Bones" Sunday, November 10 at 5 p.m.

This issue, I was supposed to write a critique about "Sticks and Bones", but I'm afraid that it is going to be a little side-tracked, due mainly to the poor journalistic feats of Rev. Tom McSweeney. If you aren't familiar with him, you may be lucky! First, though, a little about the Behrend Players.

I can't say I was pleased with the Behrend Players' presentation of "Sticks and Bones", but then again, I may be too critical. I have performed in a few high school productions myself, and have also seen professional presentations as far away as Piccadilly Circus in London. My experience limits my effectiveness as a critic, but my policy is that a critique is not good unless it is derogatory. And when you trod on someone, it only tends to make them a better person. But before I send a few to

the guillotine, there was a cheery note about the play.

I noticed that Mikel Wolfram's Sergeant Major was a most effective character portrayal. Could it have been that I even noticed a bit of insanity in his eyes during the performance? My congratulations to you, Mikel. If the talent you displayed in "Sticks and Bones" is an example of your effectiveness as an actor, you have a brilliant future ahead of you.

Virginia Dreibelbis' fickle emotions as Harriet were emphasized well, yet I kept getting the feeling that she was unsure of her part.

And as far as Gene Wirth's Ricky goes, I was a little disappointed. He just didn't strike me as the guitar-playin', girl-lovin', fudge and soda type. He, in my thoughts, played his part as a younger boy than David Rabe had intended.

Tim Newell as the priest and Cathy Lipinski as Zung played their parts excellently. How else could they have been performed?

But then again, there was Mark Studenmund. I suppose he performed the part of David as best he could, and I am writing his drawbacks off as a lack of experience. Here again, there was this uncertainty about the character. You were never too sure whether he was actually Mark Studenmund or David. Mark kept jerking me back to reality every time I had become physically and emotionally involved in the performance.

And then, there was David Rabe—I think you could have written a better play. I was biased by the TV version, but now I'm even more confused by the play. Were those words in the script really needed to create an effective play? You know, if every four and five letter word in the play had been stricken from the script, there would have been hardly any dialogue. And I don't think that constitutes a good play—minus all the lighting and special effects. I think I'll take my conservatism and go hide in another corner.

Oh, yes, Mr. Rabe, I admired your symbolism. I liked that—Ozzie building the box around himself—Harriet escaping to her kitchen—Ricky with his guitar—and David in his totally unrelated environment. All of them constituted a typical middle-class family cracked beyond repair. And speaking of cracks...

Rev. McSweeney. I am so glad you're such an authority on David Rabe. I never realized.

"Unhappily, I must report", that your writing seems to be a millstone for the Erie Times. Too bad no one had the sense to put your "review" on the editorial page, instead, as an "editorial opinion."

First of all, what exactly were you getting at? You seemed very poorly organized and inconsistent.

First of all, there was never a "brownie" in the play. It was fudge. FUDGE. And Mr. Selco was never a "colleague and close friend" of Mr. Rabe. He has merely worked under him in the past.

Secondly, you never write-off characters with one line. Not all of us are able to shrug off responsibility. Yet, I admire you. You do it so effectively and nonchalantly.

For those of you who wish to read the article, do so—you will be simply appalled.

Well, Mr. Selco can now tell me I'm wrong, and Rev. McSweeney can "write-me-off" as a first term freshman—a "greenie."

But, it's all in a day's work. And I love it.

Letters to the Editor Chiricuzio Challenged

(Editor's Note: This letter was published exactly as submitted).

To His Excellency the most honorable Michael Chiricuzio,

It has come to my attention (after talking to you) that you have become disillusioned with the SGA. I believe this opinion is fortified with but one SGA meeting under your belt. However I must say this in your favor, you have no inconsistencies in your character. Your habit of making biased snap judgements seems to show up everywhere in your editorials. Let me cite one example, in your editorial on sexism in sports (that poor example of high school journalism) you gave all of Coach Stoners viewpoints and none of the girls' attitudes. I feel both sides of any story is a

prerequisite (whether you agree or not) to an unbiased editorial. I feel you of all people should know the problems of the SGA, taking into consideration you were once king, excuse, president. At last night's meeting there were budgets to take care of, do you know where a lot of the money for activities such as CWENS Black Student Union, and JRC come from? A good part of it comes from the SGA. Do you know what its like to go through 3 hours of budgets, I hope not. Did know there are also people looking into limited visitation, no liquor on campus, and redressing the RUB. I hope you didn't forget to include these things in your article this week I feel in order to be able to criticize you need a knowledge of the thing you are criticizing if your experience is limited to one

SGA meeting perhaps that is not enough and don't use last years SGA as any yardstick. This is the 74-75 SGA as Barb Jolly pointed out, not the one you were president of.

Your respectful peon
Mikel Wolfram

Critic?

Dear anyone who cares, I am one of those apathetic journalism majors who doesn't (and isn't planning to) work for the Behrend Collegian. However, I might as well add my two cents to the controversy (or is it three now with inflation? Hmm.) which has been present in the letters column of the last few issues. In the past few years, from my vantage point up here in my off-white tower, I have had the opportunity to observe several newspapers and organizations—from inside and out—of both college and high school. Admittedly the college papers have been a little better, but the atmosphere in which they were (and are) run, nevertheless, brings to mind an observation made by Andrew Weil in his book *The Natural Mind*. Though he is concerned with drugs, he notes: "These Discussions have been emotionally charged, but the

intellectual level has been uniformly low." I propose that this observation can be extended to describe a large majority of the discussions that take place in the various organizations of this campus—and for that matter, outside it as well. So there, the voice of apathy has spoken.

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Editorial Policy

The editorials appearing in this newspaper will be opinionated and therefore subject to criticism. All letters that are typewritten of 200 words or less, and submitted to the newspaper staff will be printed with the exception of those that are repetitions or in poor taste. The staff reserves the right to correct

or delete portions of all letters for publication purposes.

All letters must be signed, but names will be withheld upon request. Term standing, major, and hometown must be included.

Signed columns represent the view of the author only and do not necessarily reflect the Editorial policy of the Behrend Collegian.

Pop and Rock

by Tom Stanger

Imagine this if you can: a radio program that starts at midnight and continues until 6 a.m. which plays all your fave hit songs, both old and new, without any boring soft-spoken sophomoric raps about this or that recording artist, but rather, cheerful homespun chatter to boost your spirits and sustain you in the early morning hours. All this and more at the touch of a dial. This is basically what the "Big Al Knight Show" on WJET radio is all about. In some ways, it has real advantages over both FM and daytime AM.

It's not what "Big Al" does but rather, what he doesn't do which makes the show listenable. "Big Al" is actually nothing more than a reel of tape, recorded out-of-town, containing sporadic fillers to be played between songs and whose sole purpose is to broadcast the call letters of WJET. So at least you're not badgered by some aspiring, fast-talking D.J. whose job is to ram the top 40 down your throat. You're also

spared the torture of hearing some self-proclaimed music critic bore you via the intellectual-hip approach ala FM.

Actually, all that really happens on the Al Knight show is that pop music is played. All kinds of it. In any given hour, you might hear a variety of selections which run the gamut of popular musical eras, styles, and tastes, from the Everly Bros. to James Brown, from Dylan to Alice Cooper. The show has no format other than this. It's great. "Big Al" isn't trying to say or sell anything. He can't. He doesn't exist.

My point is this. Though a good D.J. who presents interesting and congruous programming would be preferable, such D.J.'s are few and far between.

With a few exceptions, such as the OIC slot on WQLN and some (not many) of the programs on WMDI, FM radio has become a bore. The spirit of "underground" radio has become lost in the struggle to make FM programming relevant and

"educational." When was the last time you heard a really daring or creative radio show? Even the National Lampoon Radio Hour has become trite. (Is nothing Sacred?)

I don't feel I need to go into the horrors of daytime AM. I'm sure you're all aware of the mental anguish produced by the airing of the same tunes over and over all day. With the exception of CKLW in Detroit, AM radio has succumbed to this precedent of vinyl chloride overkill.

So, if you like AM music but you don't like loud-mouthed D.J.'s, face the alternatives and drop back fifteen yards and punt. Tune in Big Al. You might just come out ahead.

See You
Next Term!