

Editorial Opinion:

Before I get into the farewells, let me tell you, Tuesday night brought on the most exhilarating act Behrend has seen since...?

The act was "Regency", and if you missed it, you're behind by a beat or two. I did catch it, so let me tell you about it briefly.

The Student Programming Council certainly went out with style by staging this five-man acappella group which shared its bubbly flair with a nearly full house in the Reed Lecture Hall. Even pre-final diehards from the Gorge and/or library straggled in to tap their toes, unable to resist Regency's barber shop-reggae beat.

Regency sang ballads to audience beauties, raised a riot when defining a "good woman" and "good man", and even shined the spot-light on a Behrend starlet, dubbing her Diana Ross for the evening.

After griping about apathy all year, I couldn't resist sharing the excitement in Reed 117.

Anyway, it has been one heck of a year, hasn't it?

Unless you've been in hibernation, the growth, excitement and expansion at Behrend must have impressed you as much as it did me.

The 85-86 year; saw frenzied preachers on campus, probed the explosive issue of divestment, presented an unprecedented and dynamic Symposium on Women and Blacks, staged the ever-popular air band competition—twice, created a successful video of "Rhythm of the Night", matching the "Behrend Thriller" extravaganza, and even hosted, for the first-time at Behrend, jello wrestling.

Behrend's growth physically is also worth taking note of. Ribbons were cut on the Hammermill/Zurn Buildings and the apartments. And plan on many more ribbon cutting ceremonies in years to come.

Two sororities and one fraternity evolved this year and the MBA program met expected enrollment...all this growth yet Jamie Grimm still remains 4' 9"!

It would suffice to say I was more than pleased with this fast-paced year and I'm sad to leave the excitement behind.

On a personal note, I'd like to thank; Bob DiNicola for his support and confidence when I was lacking, Mike Chiteman for turning me on to Mike Royko, the *Collegian* staff and contributing writers for their hard work and creativity, and all of you just for reading and supporting us.

Adios,
Paula Maus
Collegian Editor

Reader Opinion:

In defense of 'The Color Purple'

Editor's note--Nathan Foote retired from his position as a Physics professor at Behrend in 1978. This commentary concerns the Donald Kaul column "A doo-dah version of black history" which appeared in the April 3 issue of The Collegian.

The movie the "Color Purple" is a fine movie, even if less than perfect.

In the eight years since I retired from Behrend, I have seen only two movies. "Amadeus," with its flashback at the start, confused me. It is probable that I missed some details in the early scenes of "The Color Purple."

My criticism of the movie is that it showed nothing of the agriculture of the 1930's. They undoubtedly had many problems with planting, harvest, with the animals they raised, and with the machinery they tried to maintain. These problems necessarily played a major role in the lives of everyone on that farm. Thus, the movie neglects an essential aspect of rural life.

In the scenes with cold drinks I wondered, "Where did the ice

come from?" No rural people even had electric lighting at that time.

My first experience in the South was in Georgia in 1939. It was almost impossible to get pasteurized milk. Men sold rabbits on the street, twenty dangling from the stick on their shoulder.

An old man told me that the only times he had ice was when he was a boy when he had grabbed some at funerals. Ice that had come from the North in freight cars was used to keep the casket cool.

During the year I spent in Georgia I saw no open friction. I was somewhat frightened by my white neighbors. When they found that we had gone somewhere and left our house unlocked a group of the neighbors came to us and insisted that we never do that again, because it would endanger everyone.

Life is full of many frustrations. "The Color Purple" shows how one individual survived against the greatest odds.

N.M. Foote



Oh, what a lovely war

Like most right-thinking Americans I am exultant that we have kicked Moammar "Mad Dog" Khadafy in the can. As Teddy "Big Stick" Roosevelt once said:

"If we seek merely swollen, slothful ease and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at the hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by, and will win for themselves the domination of the world."

That's what you want to hear, isn't it? Sure it is. All democratic people love war, at least at the beginning. People were crazy about the American Civil War when it started; same with World Wars I and II. Young men kissed their loved ones and went off buoyed by cheering throngs to fight the bad guys.

All of those wars produced an initial feeling of public euphoria. And why not? God was on our side, whatever side that was, and did not right make might?

That's the phase we're in right now, the "Oh What a Lovely War" stage of the Libyan police action, or whatever they're calling it. It looks like it's going to be a lot of fun. Khadafy blows up an airport, we blow up a patrol boat. Khadafy blows up a discotheque, we blow up the French Embassy in Tripoli. It's all so clean. We don't draft any of our boys and girls. We don't even kill innocent people on purpose; we kill them by pure chance, from the air. This is truly glory on the cheap. Expect someone to write a patriotic song about it at any time now.

Unfortunately--or perhaps fortunately--war is never so simple, never so neat. We've already sustained casualties; we shall sustain more. And we will not stop terrorism. That's a certainty.

I'll never know why the military puts such faith in bombing. It never works. We expected our

bombing of Germany during World War II to crush the will of the German people, and it didn't. We dropped more bombs on North Vietnam than had been dropped on any piece of earth in history, yet the North Vietnamese fought on with undiminished vigor. Why then, would we expect bombing to stop terrorism? At least attacking German industrial production and North Vietnam's lines of supply with bombs made some sense; it *should* have worked. But trying to stop a suicidal car bomber by staging air attacks on his homeland? That's absurd.

People who are committed to a cause, even if that cause is nothing



Donald Kaul

more uplifting than hatred of another people, are willing to pursue it beyond all bounds of reason, into almost certain destruction. Witness Lebanon. Witness Ireland, for that matter. The killers there think God is on their side, too. It's hard to realize that sometimes, but they do.

Our attack on Libya was not without effect, of course.

It announced to the world that we are ready to use military force to defend what we conceive of as our rights. Some would say "too ready," but President Reagan isn't pulling any surprises on us. He was elected on a "Don't Tread On Me" platform and now he

seems to be implementing it.

It put pressure on our European allies to join us in combatting Khadafy. Mad Dog lives in Europe's backyard and they're not quite so cavalier about provoking him; most terrorist acts are carried out in Europe, after all. If we keep poking him through the bars with a stick, however, they might as well join in. For us, it's like playing poker with other people's money.

It helped divert attention from the fact that we don't have a Middle Eastern policy. If killing and bombing could have solved the problems of the Middle East, there would be no problems there by now. It would be Sweden with veils. The fact is, you're going to have to find a solution to the Palestinian question before you even begin to root out Arab-sponsored terrorism in the world. We're not even *seeking* a solution.

The real problem with this policy is that it is so difficult to retreat from. After you've bombed Libya and terrorism continues, what then? You're almost forced to bomb again and to keep bombing it. And the casualty list grows and the pictures of the civilian dead, old people and children among them, begin to appear on the evening news. The war becomes less of a lark then.

I began this by quoting Theodore Roosevelt. Let me end by quoting another genuine American hero, William Tecumseh Sherman. Speaking to a graduating class at Michigan Military Academy in 1879, Gen. Sherman, who knew considerably more about war than did Mr. Roosevelt, said: "I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have never fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell."

Damn straight.