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## Editorial

### Of Glow-in-the-Dark Manger Scenes and Final Exams

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way . . ." Ah Christmas, it's just around the corner you know. All ready those familiar Christmas sights are appearing all over town. Plastic Elves, and Santas stalk the yard of every suburban household. Inflatible reindeer are prancing on the roofs of every other home. There's plastic wreaths, aluminum trees, and electric lights every where you turn. And if you listen real hard you can almost hear your "favorite Christmas tunes" being put to music by the famous Delco Bell Quartet.

Something seems to be missing here doesn't it? Some basic fundamental idea of what Christmas is all about. That one thing that always gets lost in the shuffle. The symbol of Christmas spirit . . . of course how could I forget. That thing Mom always places under the tree, The Super Deluxe (with two extra sheperds) Glow-in-the-Dark Manger Scene.

Oh what has become of Christmas. What began as the celebration of the birth of a man who walked around saying how great it would be to just be nice to people for a change, soon got electrified, motorized, glittered, encased in plastic, boxed and wrapped (batteries not included). Yes Virginia there is a Santa Claus, he's a large paper maché motorized doll in Bloomington. But far be it for me to attack this great American institution, and believe me it would give me no great thrill to be known as the man who killed Santa. But you know, no matter what "progress" has done to Christmas, the idea of "Peace On Earth Good Will Toward Men" still remains (I guess you just can't cheapen that message).

But enough about Christmas. After all how bad can it be, I'll be the first to admit I love getting gifts from people just because they like me (its kinda a nice feeling ya know?). And I didn't really want to talk about Christmas any way. What I really wanted to write about is an ugly incident that is destined to occur just before Christmas. Yes, with Christmas so close we can almost taste it,

ate will rear its ugly head and place before us a seemingly unmountable obstacle. Yes you guessed it, it's final exam time (everyone now, groan in unison).

Final exams, the teachers way of getting back at all of us who skipped class through out the year. I myself have no love for final exams. I'm not sure but I think the paper they print the tests on is allergic to me. At least that would explain the horrible red marks it gets after I've written on it. And who would have guessed that the sixth letter of the alphabet would have such a devastating effect on a human being?

What is it about finals that everyone gets all worked up about anyway? All the school is asking you to do is pay back everything you've learned during the entire semester during a span of three days. Which really isn't too difficult considering your going to learn it all the night before anyway. For those of you who have never taken finals before, here are a few sample questions so you can get the idea of what they are like: Discuss undiscovered particles and explain why they remain undiscovered; Explain the meaning of life in twenty five words or less; Is there a God and if there is why did he invent the platapus?; Explain Politics; or Develop 12 new theories on nuclear fission. Simple huh?

The trick to good grades in a final is your study method, and this year I think I've got a sure fire study method. I'm going to write all my notes in nice brand new note books and then leave them in the lavatory and while I'm taking the exam make lots of trips to the bathroom. (What could be easier?) But please what ever you do don't cheat. It's stupid to cheat. Last year I almost got thrown out of school for cheating (I got caught looking at the sole of the shoe of the guy sitting next to me).

But all seriousness aside with the end of the year and the end of the term fast approaching we should spend our time reminising about the good times rather than predicting the bad. So Happy Holidayize to all and to all a good flight.

- The Editor

# Letters to the Editor

I was impressed to read the article "Rock vs. Today's Music" which appeared in the most recent issue of this publication. Finally someone has spoken up against the "all-powerful" Rock culture! I must say that Helen really hit the nail on the head on the subject of Music Prejudice.

I am a music-lover; I listen to all types of music, ranging from rock to classical, and I resent being criticized by the "rockies" because of my diversified tastes in music. Well, NOW it's time to speak up - It's Our Turn!!

For instance, my biggest gripe concerns a person called Jim Morrison. For many years

now I have heard him described as poet, philosopher, saint and I once heard him compared to/ described as Jesus Christ. Please people, cut us a break and use your common sense! Mr. Morrison was a mediocre rock singer who died of an overdose in his bathtub, not some saintly embodiment who left this earth on gossamer wings.

The same applies to Hendrix, Joplin, and the rest of the 60's subculture. This list of mediocrity now includes the late John Lennon, who sold more records after he died than when he was alive.

I also wonder about some of today's rock music in which groups like Led Zeppelin, Rush,

Def Leppard, Iron Maiden and Ozzy Osborne gain popularity and acceptance with acts and lyrics that border on barbarism. Not only do these groups profess and condone drugs and overt sexual overtones, they also toy with the metaphysical by alluding to various forms of Satanical rites.

This is Art? This is Music? No, it is a bunch of screaming on a stage who play "masturbatory guitar" to a group of drugged up teen-agers in a crowded auditorium.

Just open up your eyes and you will see what and who these "artists" really are. You'll see that they aren't much.

- R.

## On Behalf of the C-Rocker

Miss Cohen, in the most recent issue of this paper, we find an article entitled "One Person's Opinion." Just what in the world are you trying to say? I mean, I am sure you had a purpose for writing that, but all I saw were the Ramblings of a confused, easily-(mis)led, adolescent fad-follower. On the one hand, you state that you are sick of (and I quote) "Incorrect, unfair, ignorant, generalizations." Good for you, but then you turn around and make an attack which is far from unbiased and fair on the music of we whom you so quaintly call the c-rocker. Here you are, stating that we should not attack your right to the music you like, but then you attack our right to listen to the music we like. You're attacking an unfair attack by making an unfair attack. My dear Miss Cohen, this is the most blatant example of an Argumentum Ad Homenem that I have ever witnessed.

This letter is not in response to your justifiable anger at being stereotyped, (you have every right to be angry), nor is it an argument for or against your music. I agree wholeheartedly that, like the 50's and 60's, music is due for a change. If New Wave is that change, so be it. I also agree that you should listen to what you enjoy. That's your right, your "pursuit of happiness". But I once heard rights described as the extension of your arm until your fist hits my face. Miss Cohen, your article was a slap in the face (a light slap in the face, but a slap nevertheless). Who are you to attack my right to listen to whatever I want to listen to?

You say that there are some "trashy" New Wave groups (like the Go-Gos) and that these should be taken with a grain of salt. Then you compare the best of New Wave with three, and only three Rock groups (Van Halen, Def Leppard, and Ozzy

Osbourne). Three groups, I might add, that are in the same league as the Go-Go's. I ask you, is this fair? Why not compare them with Boston, The Who, The Stones, Dire Straits, The Moody Blues, The Kinks, Yes, David Bowie, CSN&Y, The Grateful Dead, Pink Floyd, Led Zeppelin, or maybe (if you've got the guts) you would like to compare them to the Beatles?

You write that Mick Jagger and Robert Plant are has-beens (strange how they still sell out concerts, isn't it?). Well maybe they are. So what? I'm not allowed to listen to has-beens? You can listen to someone with blue hair but I can't listen to someone because he has been putting out great music for the past twenty years? Oh, and you claim they're only out to make money off of us . . . well I didn't know that New Wavers gave concerts for free. Touche!

You quote the Times and say that New Wavers "reflect the tensions of society" (so what are CSN&Y? Chopped liver?). You know that there was a whole "movement" that was based on the idea of reflecting society, now what was it called? Oh yeah, it was the Sixties. But wait, later in your article you say that the Sixties and their "halucenogenic" ideas are "outdated". Yet one of their ideas was to reflect the tensions of society; therefore, New Wave must be outdated. (Jeez Helen, you seem to have hung yourself there).

This next section is directed towards the tone deaf lunatic who wrote the letter above mine. You think that John Lennon is mediocre? Well, I agree with you, the world should be glad that he was brutally assassinated. After all, what did he do? It wasn't like he belonged to the most popular and influential rock band of all time (I'm talking about the Beatles). And look at the filth he's put out since the Beatles broke up. Where does he get off putting out such crap as: Imagine, Happy Christmas (the war is over), Give Peace A Chance, or Watching the Wheels"? My dear

sir, you wouldn't know hood music if it came up and bit you on the nose!!!

You say that today's rock bands have lyrics that condone drugs and have overt sexual overtones. You're absolutely right: look at the decadence in Led Zeppelin's "Stairway To Heaven", or David Bowie's "Modern Love", or Phil Collins' "Can't Hurry Love." How can they compare to such wholesome tunes as: "Hungry Like the Wolf", "Come On Eileen", or "Don't Stand So Close to Me"?

You ask if this is art. Well, art, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder, and music is in the ear of the beholder. It doesn't have to have a statement, it doesn't need a message, all it has to do is make your foot and smile (it's only jukebox music, my dear). Personally, the only music I would call art would be classical, but . . .

By now, I am sure some of you have guessed that I am the editor of the paper; however, these views are entirely my own and are not a reflection of the paper's. I do believe we need New Wave. Correction: The upcoming youth need New Wave. I don't, and I don't need some new waver telling me what I can and can not listen to. And finally, I resent the fact that a paper I have struggled hard to make respectable must be belittled and disgraced my dwelling on such a mediocre issue. When I want a newspaper crusade, it will hopefully be an issue that concerns the welfare of all students. Do you think you are that important? Don't flatter yourself! I think I speak for the entire school when I say, "Frankly, Helen, we don't give a damn." And let's see some rock reviews in the entertainment section. With the exception of Keith Anderson, the entire page is New Wave. Thank you.

This letter was written by me as Chris Conti, the person, not Chris Conti, the editor. And I apologize if this offends anyone's delicate sensibilities, but I'm mad!

## Grenada: The Best Option

The debate over the Reagan administration's decision to invade Grenada continues, even while the political and military turmoil on the small island nation appears to subside.

The reaction is polarized both domestically and internationally. An apparent minority in the U.S. argues that diplomatic approaches should have preceded the use of force and that our intervention was illegal under international law. Simultaneously, most of our Western allies view this action as yet another

instance in which the U.S. chose to act unilaterally, without consulting with, or placing a share of the burden on, its European allies.

There was another option, one that would not have precluded all debate over an ultimate invasion, but one that would have helped to quell some argument over perceived U.S. disregard of diplomatic precedence.

That option would have placed the responsibility for initial reaction to the events in Grenada on the shoulders of Great Britain. There are many important reasons why that would have been appropriate.

The first reason for turning to the British is that Grenada is a member of the British Commonwealth. Thus Britain has a limited responsibility for events there, one that would be recognized in international law and historical diplomatic custom.

Second, Britain had a Governor General and other diplomatic officials who were assigned responsibilities for the welfare of British citizens on Grenada and for assessment of the political conditions there. This informational resource could have and should have been exploited.

Third, the infamous, "10,000 Continued on page 7