

## War must continue

Cost of peace now too high for Bush

**P**resident Bush has encountered few obstacles in his escalating game with Saddam Hussein. Iraq invades Kuwait? No problem. Make it look like Saddam wants Saudi Arabia, too. Send U.S. troops to the desert. Draw a line in the sand.

A U.S. attack looks like naked aggression unless it has worldwide support? No problem. Woo the international community, including former outcasts such as China, into giving the United States and its allies a blank check, a U.N. resolution.

The U.S. economy, heading into a recession, can't support an indefinite commitment of troops? No problem. Assign an arbitrary deadline, Jan. 15, to the resolution.

But now there's another, more subtle stumbling block to the realization of Bush's war aims. A preemptive peace agreement threatens the future stability of the Middle East.

Simply put, Bush needs to start the ground war quickly. If he doesn't, and Saddam happened to accept one of the diplomatic solutions pushed on him by the Soviet Union, Bush would have a dilemma.

If he kept fighting and launched a massive ground offensive even after Saddam agreed to leave Kuwait, he would risk alienating the coalition he so carefully crafted. The U.N. resolution, after all, only calls on Saddam to pull out of Kuwait. It doesn't ask the people of Iraq to rise up against Saddam and, as Bush says, "rejoin the family of peace-loving nations." Nor does it authorize an invasion of Iraq.

But realistically, Bush has drawn the line in the sand into a circle, an ever-tightening noose with Saddam at the center. Merely moving the line back from the Kuwait-Saudi Arabia border to the Kuwait-Iraq border doesn't do any good. To meet U.S. war aims, Saddam must go.

Saddam as an Arab hero, having survived the war and thumbed his nose at the West, would be as much of a threat as ever. What would prevent him from restocking his military, reloading his Scuds and having another go in five years? Only a long-standing military commitment from the United States.

Bush cannot afford the political cost of such a commitment. The United States cannot afford the economic cost. That's why he feels the need to make this a war to the finish.

At the same time, Bush can't say that. Throughout the crisis, he has taken action first, talked about it later. After the fact, we have no choice but to stand behind him or be marked down as anti-American.

War is easier to start than to finish. Peace plans that would have gotten favorable responses before the war are nothing but "cruel hoaxes" now.

That's unfortunate, but necessary. Wars that trudge to an indefinite standstill only cause more wars. Bush is right in rejecting a conditional armistice now.

But Bush needs to start being honest with the American people and with the United Nations. The line in the sand, despite what we were told, always led to Baghdad. Now it needs to stop shifting.

— E.F.P.



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**BOB NELSON**

## Love's language not always fluent

**L**ast year was a bad one for me. I got dumped twice, both times by women who replaced me with 30-year-old lawyers.

I've been told by reliable sources that 30-year-olds are more intriguing than I am and that lawyers make more money than I do. So I've been feeling a bit unsophisticated and poor — and just plain unloved. This made it very difficult to appreciate this year's Valentine's Day personals in the Daily Nebraskan, messages such as:

*"My Dearwest Buffawoe Head,  
I Dove You Wiss Awl my Hart.  
Pease Be My Balentine?  
Wuv, Da Norfwind"*

It hurt to read this personal because I used to have a girlfriend myself. We used to do many cheap and unsophisticated things together, such as riding freight trains.

But I never, in all my affection or unsophistication, ever called her Buffalo Head, or worse yet, Buffawoe Head. Nor did I call myself Da Norfwind.

I think we both called me Bob. I wanted to place a personal the next day saying:

*"My Dearwest Norfwind,  
I'm sure you dove Buffawoe Head berry, berry much, but U really made many snuggle bunnies like myself berry, berry icky sickly in the tummy with your cutesy baby squishie talk. I hopey little Buffawoe Head dumpy wumps you.  
Get a lifey, Boober"*

Other names that day included: Meow, Tadpole, Kitty Kat, Dumptruck, Petting Zoo, Tooter, Poopie, Banana Boat and Goosehead.

*"Kristen W.  
You are soo beautiful! I love you!  
Your fuzzy bumping snuggle bunny"*

This, like about half the messages, was written by someone claiming to be a rabbit — an animal notorious for voraciously screwing anything in its path. Kristen, out of everyone, should feel very special, since she was called beautiful, not just by a rabbit, but by



**Am I bitter that I didn't get a Valentine's Day personal? Absolutely not! Am I jealous of people who get public notices proclaiming undying love to them? NO! NO! NO! I'm above that.**

a fuzzy bumping rabbit. Kristen's going to get her fuzz bumped?

And then there were the Valentines that sounded like Damn Yankees lyrics:

*"Kelly,  
When your arms hold me tight.  
When your eyes shine so bright.  
When words shared make us both feel right.  
It's kisses that always make our nights.  
So here's to us on our first Valentine Flight.  
Your Valentine,  
Love Mike"*

*"Dear Mike,  
When your sentences end in 'ight.  
It makes me see the light.  
That it probably would be right.  
To poke out your eyesight.  
With a big stick.*

*"Dear Kate,  
I'm available.  
Love,  
Bob"*

*"Dear Kate,  
I'm available.  
Love,  
Bob"*

Good-night, sleep tight,

Bob

Am I bitter that I didn't get a Valentine's Day personal? Absolutely not! Am I jealous of people who get public notices proclaiming undying love to them? NO! NO! NO! I'm above that.

No, the moral of this story is that love is magical and beautiful and that it transcends money and age. It's an ethereal and powerful force that causes men and women to write cute passages to each other in the college newspaper without fear of looking like raging idiots.

And it's a splendid thing that falls like angel dust from the heavens, settling randomly on every drooling cretin on this planet except me.

Or maybe not just me. Da Norfwind, fuzz-bumper and Mike were three of 212 students to buy Valentine personals in the Daily Nebraskan. Because it usually takes two to tango, that adds up more than 400 people in love, which means there are about 24,600 of us who aren't.

If I did my math correctly, 24,600 people could pretty easily tar and feather 400 people.

Which explains why my very favorite Valentine's personal was written by a guy named Phil. Here's an excerpt:

*"Kate,  
I really don't know how things became so tainted between us. . . I feel total animosity and bitter hatred toward you. . . I've done all the analyzing that I care to—I am sick of thinking about it any more. . . I NEVER WANT TO SEE OR SPEAK TO YOU EVER AGAIN!"*

Now there's some poetry without the snuggle bunnies and buffalo heads. Right on, Phil. Way to tell it straight. Yeah, I'm with Phil. Here's my personal to Kate.

*"Dear Kate,  
I'm available.  
Love,  
Bob"*

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Rodeo defenders challenged

What is it with these bloodthirsty Lincolniters, hosting a rodeo? Especially now? Isn't there enough pain and bloodshed in the Middle East for them? Or isn't it close enough to enjoy right?

I'm sorry, Jill Erlich, but I don't think I fully understood your letter. What's your point?

I'll grant you that lab animals are treated much worse than rodeo animals. There's no question about that. Gosh, did you mean to convey that that makes rodeo okay?

I find it hard to believe that. Say someday you have two children: if someone puts one of your kids into a 12-inch by 12-inch cage and tortures it until it "chews off its own hands and feet," do you mean to say that will make it all right for someone to do to your other child what is done to rodeo animals, and that you'd find it offensive if Marcia complained and tried to defend it? I doubt it.

And, yes, the use of spurs is cruel. If you can't communicate any better than that, stay away from animals.

Now Toby R. Brown wants to defend rodeo by comparing the num-

ber of animals "injured or killed in rodeo performances" with the number of "dead animals along road ditches." If the best way you two can defend rodeo is to talk about something worse, you don't have much of a case. A bigger bad doesn't make a smaller bad right.

I have to disagree with what Marcia wrote, too, about rodeos, that "rodeo remains an unnecessary cruelty to animals that a civilized society can and should forego." Wrong! No "can" or "should" to it. A society must forego such cruelty in order to become civilized.

What's the bottom line here? Can anyone deny that rodeo is a violent contest between man and animal with 1) the odds weighted toward the humans, and 2) animals given no choice concerning participation? Deny that and back it up, or admit that you're a nasty, self-centered human if you want to defend rodeo.

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