

Poet's Woes
Commuter columnist takes us through registration hell

Rape Nightmare
One women's struggle to cope with the horror of rape

Women Win
LB's lady Roadrunners win one on the road

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Student rep is driving force behind safer intersection

State resists caution light at Hwy 34 and Looney Lane; says too few have died there

By S. E. Strahan
Of The Commuter

ASLBCC representative Gerald Pygott is attempting to convince the state to install a yellow blinking light at the intersection of Highway 34 and Looney Lane.

In his efforts to make it a safer commute for LBCC students from Corvallis, he hopes he may even save a life.

The intersection has had a history of controversy.

Last year LBCC students attempted to have a street light installed to improve illumination for students commuting to night classes. They argued their case and passed a petition around campus.

With the added urging of college officials and state representatives, the state Department of Transportation eventually installed the light.

Pygott is also passing petitions around, but this time he wants a yellow caution light hung over the highway to mark the intersection. Students who want to support his effort can sign petitions outside the Student Programs office on the second floor of the College Center.

"The yellow light is only a small part of the whole thing," Pygott said. Due to the recent construction, which resulted in the use of light-colored asphalt to pave the highway, he feels that it is even more difficult to locate the left-turn arrow painted on the pavement.

The problem has been eased recently by a sign recently posted for eastbound traffic that reads "LBCC one-quarter mile." Pygott said he thinks this is due in part to his petition drive.



Commuters line up to take their chances in the left turn lane at Highway 34 and Looney Lane.

Photo by Linda Wallace

Pygott believes the planning engineers who designed Highway 34 did not take into account the frequent use of Looney Lane.

"They expected students to continue down to Tangent and use Pacific Boulevard, which is an extra one and one-eighth mile," he said.

Pygott's motives stem in part from his personal experience. While attending summer term last year, he said he nearly had six accidents himself at the intersection. Pygott transports his 4-year-old child daily to the Family Resource Center.

For him, it is too costly a risk to run.

After hearing of other near misses from fellow students, he determined to do something about it. After several phone calls to state officials he was informed that three people had to die at the intersection before it would be considered dangerous enough for light to be placed.

"They expected students to continue down to Tangent and use Pacific Boulevard, which is an extra one and one-eighth mile"

So far one person has died at the intersection, resulting from an accident in September of 1990. Since Jan. 1, 1992, an average of one person a month has been transported to the hospital due to an accident at the intersection, he said.

"Do you want to be the next fatality?" Pygott asked rhetorically. "I don't."

Pygott is pushing for 20,000 signatures to help sway the planning engineers into placing a yellow blinking light at the intersection.

The cost of the light will run several thousand dollars, but he feels that it is

well worth the cost.

The petition states, in part:

"We propose that the Department of Transportation place a yellow caution light at this intersection to help identify this turning lane. Second, we propose that the said intersection also be illuminated because low light conditions at night complicate the problem. Third, the DOT should consider other solutions that would render this intersection safe for all traveling on Highway 34. Already, since the completion of the new Highway 34 project, several accidents have occurred at this intersection."

The petition also notes that a safer intersection would also protect the many young children who attend the Family Resource Center.

Students interested in circulating the petitions can contact Student Programs, CC-213.

College plans to issue new student photo I.D. cards in time for start of spring term

By Trista Bush
Of The Commuter

By spring term, LBCC students will be required to carry new photo I.D. cards issued by the college. These cards will not only get students into sports events, but also will be used for many campus services and discounts at area businesses.

"The card, similar to OSU's, will be the size of a credit card, so it will fit in your wallet," said Marlene Propst, manager of the Career Center and one of the organizers for the program. The card will have a small picture of the student, a signature strip on the back and a bar code. The bar code number will be the student's Social Security number. The card will cost \$5, which will be assessed when students pay tuition.

According to Propst, the combination of the student's Social Security number, picture and signature will allow the card to be widely used on campus. Students can use it to approve checks in

the campus book store and business office. They can also use the card to verify their identification in the Math Lab, and to sign in at the computer labs on campus.

The library will also use the new I.D. card in place of the current library card to check out books. "Town patrons of the LBCC Library can purchase a card for \$2, but it will not have the user's picture," said Jorry Rolfe, a technical services librarian. According to Rolfe, the library's system won't be installed until the summer, however.

Some area businesses, such as Trysting Tree Golf Course, are expected to give discounts to students with I.D. cards.

The admissions office plans to have a schedule by Feb. 1 to photograph students in Takena Hall and issue cards. All students registering for spring term classes will be required to have the cards, which will be issued again prior to registration in March.

Diversity Week Activities

Wednesday

Speaker: Joy Cross

Topic: "Axiology"

12-1 p.m.; Alsea-Calapooia Room

BaFa BaFa

A multicultural simulation game.

2-4 p.m.; Alsea-Calapooia Room

Thursday

Speaker: Kathleen Cross

Topic: "Beyond Color Blind"

12-1 p.m.; Alsea-Calapooia Room

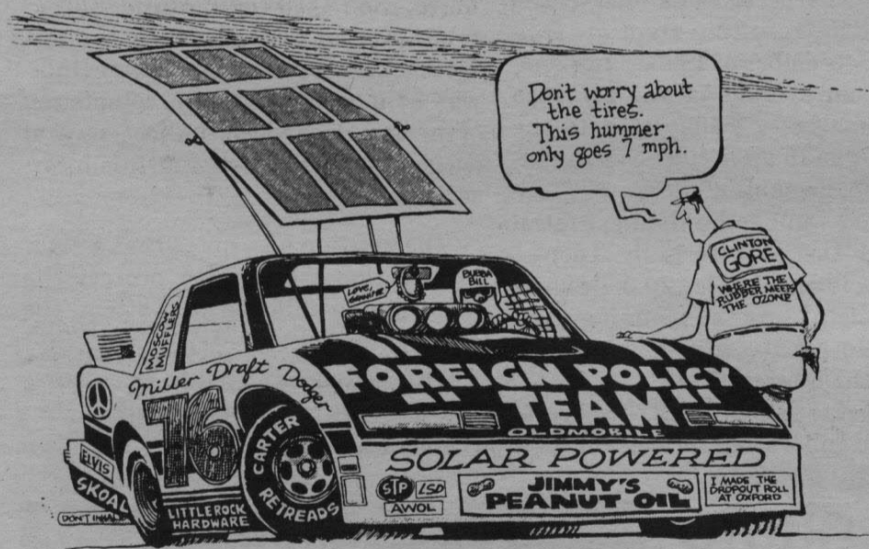
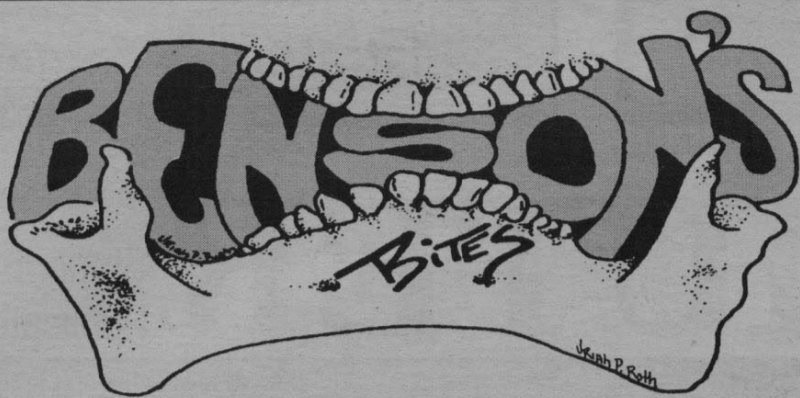
Friday

Speaker: Hon. Shirley Chisholm

Topic: "Unity Through Diversity"

12-1 p.m.; Takena Theatre

opinion forum



There's no place for gay people in this man's army

Bill Clinton is being squeezed on the issue of gays in the military. Gays demand that he keep his promise and lift the ban. But the generals and admirals say, please, spare us this massive migraine. It's Clinton's own fault because he chose politics as a career.

To be elected, politicians make promises, promises and more promises. Sort of like seduction. But with the dawn come mouthwash and reality. Clinton sought gay votes and money. He also wanted support of the Hollywood stars who made AIDS and gay rights their favorite social issues. But in a few days, he'll be president, which includes being commander in chief of the military when the need arises. One of Clinton's responsibilities as president will be to assure us the most efficient, effective military that our tax dollars can buy. So he'll sit down with his military commanders, all very bright men themselves. And all experts in their chosen profession, which is war. And they are going to tell him that if he really wants maximum effectiveness from the military, he'll find a way to squirm out of his political promise to the gays.

mike royko

What does he then say to the military men? He can't tell them that he knows more about their jobs than they do. That would be laughable, since the only uniform he's ever worn has been a goofy jogging suit. Does he tell Gen. Colin Powell: "Trust me. I know more about this problem than you do.?"

If so, Gen. Powell could justifiably respond: "Hey, trust us. We know more about how to run an effective Army, Navy and Marines and what it takes to win wars than Barbra Streisand or the Gay-Lesbian Alliance. How do you think I got these four stars on my shoulder?"

This is the kind of situation Clinton doesn't like. He prefers compromise, making everybody happy. But there is no way he can soothe both sides on this issue. If he keeps his political promise, he'll make gays happy and anger the military and a large segment of the American population. If he breaks his promise, he'll anger gays and their Hollywood supporters. Were I asked to cast a tie-breaking vote, it would be for the military. And if the Pentagon had done a better job of arguing its case, the overwhelming majority of Americans would agree.

Instead, the Pentagon let the gays skillfully use the media to peddle the argument that the military ban is nothing more than evil discrimination. And those who disagree are vicious gay-bashers. They are expert at playing victims. This is something described well by Lt. Col. Robert Maginnis, an infantry officer, who recently wrote in the Chicago Tribune: "We're caught in a propaganda war being waged by the media and gay lobbyists. ... Most media members who advocate lifting the ban never served in the military. They don't understand the lack of privacy and forced intimacy in the barracks and the battlefield."

He's right. The military is not a campus, a department store, a production line, or even a police or fire department. Military life is unique. In a free society, there is nothing else like it. The civilian job closest to soldiering is being a cop. There are gay cops, and that's OK. But as a cop, you work your shift and go home. You don't bunk next to another cop. You don't live on a ship with him 24 hours a day. You don't shower, shave and sleep near him for months at a time. And since we're talking about sex — more specifically a form of sex that the majority of Americans consider unnatural — anybody who says that it won't affect morale and discipline in the military has never been in a barracks or on a crowded troop ship.

Yes, there are polls that tell us that between 48 percent and 61 percent of Americans think the gay ban should be lifted. These polls are about as meaningful as those that say 10 percent of Americans believe Elvis lives. I'd like to see a poll limited to those currently in the military and those who have been there. Any such poll would show that an overwhelming majority would be against lifting the ban. That's because they know that most who serve in a volunteer military have conservative, middle-class, God-country-family values. It's a conformist organization, from haircut to stockings. And it places less value on individual rights than on the unit as a whole. It has its own laws and justice system, which by civilian standards would be considered authoritarian and unconstitutional.

Maybe you don't want to live that way, but if we are going to fight wars, it works. If gays are accepted by the military, they will demand change. They've served notice. One gay organization says that if the ban is lifted, they will push for a gay quota at West Point. Sorry, but that happens to be ridiculous. How one chooses to achieve orgasm should have nothing to do with admission to the U.S. Military Academy.

There's nothing wrong with change if it has a positive purpose. This doesn't. We're not talking about patriotism, love of country, sacrifice. Gay obsessives — and don't confuse them with ordinary people who happen to be gay — have an agenda: total social acceptance. And they are using the military ban as a blue chip in their poker game. A gay New York lawyer summed it up when he told The New York Times: "Any instruments that defer or delegate this issue to the military are inherently suspect." Hey, lawyer, this country's military has won many more fights than it has lost. When it comes to fighting, Colin Powell's views are less suspect than those of a New York lawyer who hasn't spent one minute in combat. This week, our military slapped Saddam Hussein and is in Somalia. It's been effective. As the saying goes, if it ain't broke, don't fix it. And the militant gay agenda has nothing to do with fixing it. Just the opposite.

opinion forum

Bus coverage faulted

To the editor:

Hello. My name is Sachi Kanzaki. I work for LBCC's Student Government and I am on the Loop Bus Committee.

Regarding my work, I don't appreciate the way you wrote about the Loop Bus. I don't think most of the students can see what is really happening. There are several things about our future plans that I didn't have the opportunity to talk about.

Some people from the paper tried to talk to be about the Loop Bus. They asked me to see them within a day. They left a message asking me to see them till 1 p.m. the same day. It is almost impossible for me to make a schedule for them. I really would like to talk to them if they can make arrangements in advance.

I don't mean to dictate to your publication, however, when I approached one of your reporters right after the committee made the decision to revise the schedule, he wasn't willing to talk about the Loop Bus. He said he was too busy and he would have to talk to the editor. I gave up on the newspaper and tried to find another way to inform people about the matter.

However, your newspaper still talked about the Loop Bus without any explanation on how the Loop Bus Committee decided to revise the schedule. If I could put this explain the process I am sure that more students would understand the situation.

I also wanted to tell students to make another survey for the summer and the following fall term next year but because the paper was uncooperative I was not able to inform the students of this option. If you will send a reporter to our committee meeting we will welcome you but please don't play with us. We work hard to make campus life better, but your publication disregarded that.

Sachi Kanzaki
ASLBCC Representative At-large

letters

Diversity Days for all?

To the editor:

We are now in the heart of LBCC's Diversity Week, which coincides with Dr. Martin Luther King's birthday which was observed last Monday. However, what should have been the most important day of Diversity Week, we didn't have school.

Our society thinks that in order to properly honor a person or an event, we need to take the day off. Most junior high and high school students think of King's birthday as just part of a three-day weekend. They don't know what he stands for.

Wouldn't be more of an honor to Dr. King to attend school on his birthday and to educate students about who he was and what he stood for than to just allow kids another day to sleep in and lounge around the house or spend the day at the mall?

Last year, LB had school on Dr. King's observed birthday. President Jon Carnahan said, "We can best recognize and honor Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. by continuing our mission to provide education and through an active, increased awareness of the values, dedication and struggle of this great man."

President Carnahan was right. Providing a continuing education is the proper way to honor Dr. King. We could use this day to focus on diversity. The word "diversity" means the condition of being different or having differences; variety.

Diversity Week should be just that—variety. However, we have been flung so far into political correctness that true diversity would be impossible.

The three main speakers of this year's diversity week are all women.

I'm not saying this is bad. It's great to have former New York Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm as the speaker on "Unity through Diversity on Friday. However, would it be so horrible to have a male, even a white male speak on diversity? If a man is white, maybe he doesn't know anything about diversity.

It's not that white males don't know what diversity is. Nobody thought about what true diversity is.

Mark Peterson

Writer would like to see war in Iraq slow

Once again unto the breach. Yes, we are near to charging 'full steam ahead' again into the hot and humid land for the second and hopefully last time. Iraq has thrown down the gauntlet and we are forced, according to ex-president George Bush, to pick it up and spank his little behind.

Ex-president Bush has left quite a bees nest for president Clinton to smoke down. But will Bill stick to his campaign promises and center in on America and its failing economy, infrastructure and cultural friction? Or will he forget those who voted him in and keep his attention to solving the rest of the worlds problems?

As the conflict draws nearer we are forced to look back into time. A time when bold bumper stickers quoted the saying- "What if their national export was broccoli?" And we must ask ourselves this question once again.

With the pain and suffering in Bosnia, we must ask ourselves "Would are armed forces be there if they exported oil?" How can the self-appointed police officers of the world stand idly by and allow the

atrocities being committed?

Back to Iraq, we are forced to recognize that we may lose this war. This war will not be won on the battlefield, but in the press and propaganda tools of Saddam Hussein. He already has several countries questioning the acts of the United States in their motives for the recent bombings.

When did we cross the line and begin to exterminate innocent civilians? Does this not sound like the reason we invaded Iraq in the first place?

He has lined up the injured and the dead and paraded them before the news cameras, calling America's honor into question. We all know that it was probably an accident that civilians were killed or do we know our own government as well as we would like?

According to the polls, Americans are in favor of the U.S. attacks upon Iraq. "Uhhh, Yeah. Git in dar and kick his butt fer good." People say. I ask that we, these same people, step in and slow the war process down before American lives are lost again for a few barrels of oil and a pat on the back by the rest of the world.

two cents
by s.e. strahan

the
commuter

The Commuter is the weekly student-managed newspaper for Linn-Benton Community College, financed by student fees and advertising. Opinions expressed in The Commuter do not necessarily reflect those of the LBCC administration, faculty or Associated Students of LBCC. Editorials, columns, letters and cartoons reflect the opinions of those who sign them. Readers are encouraged to use The Commuter Opinion Page to express their views on campus or community matters.

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Registration becomes a nightmare for some

My brother gave me this brand new Gitano wristwatch for Christmas. (Gitano is, of course, Italian for 'You spent far too much on this, paisano.') Now, I've not worn a wristwatch in about two and a half years, so I'm no longer certain what it's for. I haven't had a girlfriend in about that amount of time, and I'm not certain what to do with one of those either.

There are these little sticks on it that go around in circles, and it makes this comforting ticking noise. You know how, when you bring a puppy home and it spends the first night away from its mother, you put an alarm clock in its bed, to simulate the mother's heartbeat? Maybe that's what the watch is for—a primitive sleeping aid. Perhaps that's what a girlfriend is for too.

Hrm. Kind of Oedipal, isn't it?

Anyway, I was using the wristwatch to put me to sleep when all of a sudden, at about 5 am, it started screaming at me! I was convinced that it was indeed a surrogate girlfriend, and told it "You're absolutely right, honey." several times in a reassuring tone. That didn't work well, so I just sort of stared blankly at it for a while. This worked wonderfully. It not only stopped screaming, but it started making that lovely ticking noise again.

I also got a no-interest \$400 loan from my parents for Christmas. "We can't stand having you around the house that much." is the word from my Fa. I was excited at first, but now I'm wondering whether they're at home laughing up their sleeves while I'm here at school fighting to be let in.

After I finally managed to get in line for registration and sit through the line, the only class they'd let me into, I couldn't attend because of the bus schedule fiasco. But they did offer to put me on waiting lists for most of the classes. This was nothing new, until I found out I was numbers 148, 322 and 77 respectively on the waiting lists.

I started attending classes, and collecting various forms from each teacher until today, armed with seventeen forms, twelve signatures on each, an add form, an add-while-enrolled form, a urinalysis test, an enroll-while adding form, four forms of I.D., a purple slip from the department heads of the classes I wanted, and the map to the Elephants' Graveyard, I approached the Admittance Desk. (Ominous organ chord.)

The nice lady waded through my paperwork, tapped at the computer terminal and nodded to herself as the tension slowly mounted. Finally, she looked up at me and said "This is the wrong form."

"What is?" I asked incredulously.

She pointed to a small white slip amongst the yellow overload forms. "This is for when there isn't a waiting list, but the instructor wants to increase the size of a class. You need a slip to be taken off the waiting list to increase the size of a class."

I could feel my sanity drifting off for a bite to eat somewhere. My instructor, I was told, was still on campus (God smiled.), but in a staff meeting somewhere. I glanced at the clock. I had at least twenty minutes before registration ended. I headed off across campus, feeling vaguely like Doctor Richard Kimball—the guy from 'The Fugitive'.

I finally found the One-Armed Man hiding in the AHSS building, who didn't have any of the proper forms on him. I screamed, then found an instructor who did have an overload form, and dashed off to Admissions. The nice lady admitted me at 12 credit hours, and sent me away.

After getting registered, I wandered up to the Commuter office in a haze of anxiety, adrenaline and administrata to find my editor, Jack, peering confusedly at his new wristwatch.

poet's
corner
chuck skinner

A rape victim tells her story

By Tricia Lafrance
Of The Commuter

It was about 2:30 a.m. on Saturday, Oct. 20, 1990. Tami Ray had fallen asleep on the living-room couch in her Garfield Avenue apartment in Corvallis.

She's not sure what awakened her, but when she opened her eyes she realized a man was standing near the couch. From the light filtering through the kitchen window from the parking lot, Tami could see the man had dark hair combed back and a long dark moustache. She could also see that he was holding a razor-like knife in his right hand. She thought he looked like the apartment manager.

"Who are you," she said. "What do you want?"

"Of all those arrested for major crimes rapists are most likely to escape conviction."

Ray distinctly remembered locking the door before snuggling under the covers in front of her TV.

"Shh, quiet," came the reply. Ray tried to think of a way to get out of there alive. She thought of dashing for the door, but her 10-month-old son, her 5-year-old daughter and her daughter's friend lay sleeping in the apartment's bedrooms. "If you want money, I have money right here," said Ray and she pointed to her purse.

"Quiet, don't move," said the man. He covered her eyes with his left hand and held the knife against her throat with his right. He told her to undress. Ray felt as if she was slipping out of herself and watching as a young, terrified woman was raped. It was as though it wasn't happening to her. But it was, and she knew if he was crazy enough to break into her apartment, he was crazy enough to kill her.

As he got up to leave, he pulled a blanket over Ray's head and said, "don't move or it will hurt." Ray froze. She heard him walk to the door and close it. She heard two footsteps on the wooden walkway outside and then two footsteps stopped.

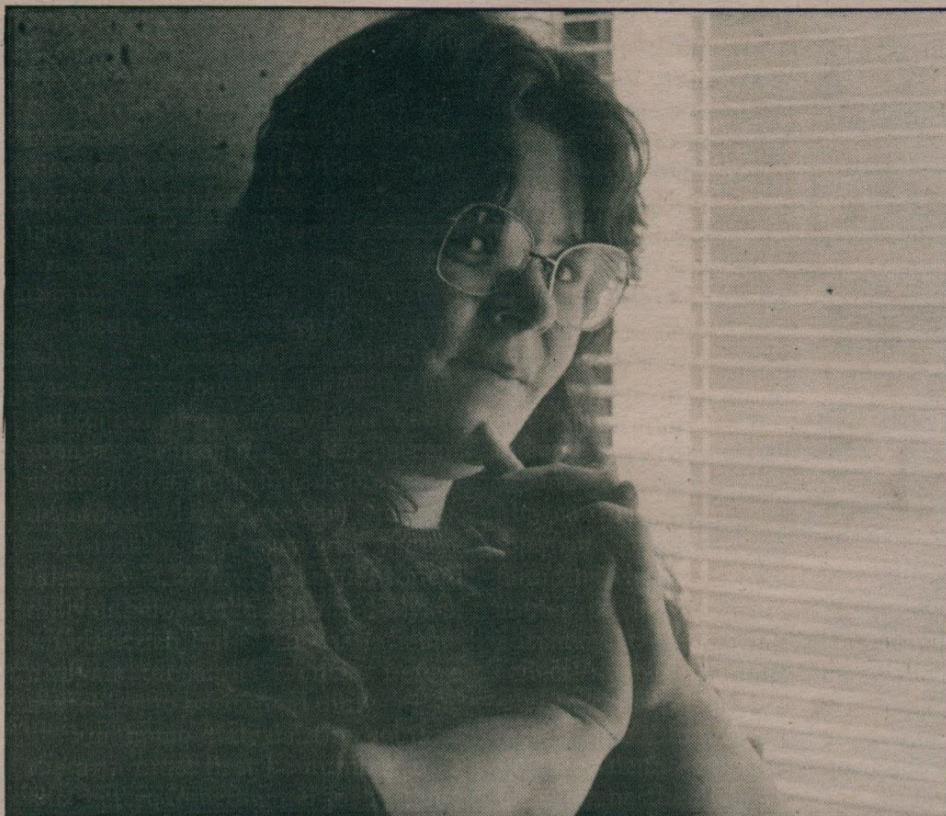
"Oh no, she thought, 'he's coming back.' She could lie still no longer. Leaping from the sofa, she ran to lock the door, grabbed the telephone and dialed 911.

Tami Ray, then a 27-year-old employee of Burger King, was one of 103,260 women who were raped in 1990 and reported the offense to the police, according to the Bureau of Justice statistics. But because many women do not report rape, the actual number of rapes may be as much as five times higher, according to "Rape in America: A Report of the Nation," a national survey financed by the federal government.

In that survey, experts estimate:

- About one in eight (about 12.1 million) American women have been the victims of forcible rape at least once in their lifetimes:

- About 84 percent of women who are raped do not report the assault.



Tami Ray: "I've realized again that I can take care of myself."

A U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee report indicates about 60 percent of the rapists will not be apprehended, and of those who are 95 percent will not go to jail.

"Of all those arrested for major crimes rapists are most likely to escape conviction," the report said.

In the Corvallis area, less than 10 percent of rapes are reported, said Stan D. Robson, Benton County Sheriff chief criminal deputy. Having served 13 years on the board of directors for the Center Against Rape and Domestic Violence, Robson knows that hundreds of rape victims call in on the crisis line who do not officially report.

"It took a long time to work through the thought that if the lights are out — somebody's going to get me."

They fear having the police question them about embarrassing details, then having that information revealed to a jury. According to the "Rape in America" study, 92 percent of rape victims surveyed said women who are raped would be less likely to report the crime if their names would be made public. This attitude had led the news media to treat sexual assault differently than other assault cases. Although victims' names are a matter of public record, most newspapers choose not to publish them in order to protect the victims and prevent any secondary injury to them.

Now, there's a growing belief that concealing names perpetuates the victimization of survivors. Although few counselors favor mandatory disclosures, many encourage women to admit — as part of the healing process — they have been victims of a violent crime for which they are not guilty.

Ray decided to allow her name to be used in this story, even though it was not in previously published news articles, because she believes the sexual assault should not bring her shame.

"I did absolutely nothing wrong," she said. For Ray, telling, and being listened to helped ease the pain of the assault, and in the process, other women opened up, admitting to Ray that they too had been raped. "I was amazed that this is so prevalent in our society," she said.

Until the assault on her, Ray was an independent, out-going single mom who held down a 40-hour-week job and wasn't much afraid of anything.

After the rape, she couldn't walk to the store after dusk, couldn't drive at night, couldn't go to the laundry room — even during the day time. Ray felt like anybody could get in her apartment even after she got the locks changed. If somebody wasn't with her 24 hours a day, she couldn't cope. She couldn't sleep at night for months after the incident. Her hours switched and she stayed up at night and slept during the day. Later she could sleep at night only with the lights on.

"It took a long time to work through the thought that if the lights are out — somebody's going to get me."

Ray feared the rapist had given her AIDS and she under-went medical tests to make sure he had not. She worried about her daughter's emotional health. Nightmares and flashbacks occurred regularly. One recurring dream for Ray was of her falling asleep with the lights off, frantically trying to get them turned back on and fearing something dreadful was about to happen.

Six months after the assault, Ray's life fell apart. She cried frequently, got angry easily and had problems at work, with her children and with other people. For a time, she found solace in drugs, a problem for which she is now in therapy.

It's not unusual for women to suffer from this kind of depression or a bout with drugs after a sexual assault, said Gloria Wilson, director of victim's services for the county District Attorney's office.

"It is very scary, because the woman is trying to move on with her life," said Wilson, "but she's hit with the overwhelming circumstances of what has

(Turn to "Impact" page 5)

Impact of rape lasts a lifetime

By Tricia Lafrance
Of The Commuter

Tami Ray's life changed when she was raped on an October night almost two years ago.

Friends disappeared. It seemed everyone was too busy to talk with her about the rape. No one showed up to sit with her during her trial.

Family members, who live on the coast, told her she'd have to deal with the situation on her own, and she hasn't heard from them for about a year and a half. But she wasn't surprised. When something traumatic happens in her family, no one talks about it, hoping that the problem will somehow just go away, Ray said.

For almost two years from the night of the rape until the trial, neighbors gossiped that Ray was lying about the assault.

"When they would see me, they'd walk by and glare," she said. For months after the assault, whenever she tried to explain what had happened, she had trouble saying the word rape. And when she did, she'd sob. The typical reaction she got was "Are you serious?" or "Now, tell us what really happened."

That hurt. To avoid scrutiny, Ray began telling people she went to court because some guy broke into her apartment. She didn't mention the rape.

The pain of not being believed is one reason Ray decided to go public with her story. In addition to wanting other women to see that it's O.K. to report rape, Ray wants people to know she was telling the truth about what happened that night in October.

The day after the trial, Ray went to a restaurant to celebrate. She started talking with the waitress who revealed that she'd been raped at age 16, but had been told to not tell anything to anybody. It was hard for her growing up keeping that secret, Ray said. "She was so happy that I had prosecuted and that this guy got put in jail."

Recently Ray met a woman who'd been raped, two years ago, by her husband's best friend. Although the woman was upset, her husband persuaded her not to report the crime. "That blew me away," Ray said. "Then after she divorced him two years later — and that was the main reason she divorced him — she really regretted not prosecuting that man."

Ray can't imagine anyone lying about rape and putting themselves through a police investigation and a trial over a hoax. "It is definitely not something a woman does to a man she does not like," Ray said. Unfortunately, disbelief is a part of the stigma of rape, she said.

"Rape is like death," Ray said. "You lose parts of yourself — like your self esteem. It's like a bunch of little parts being grabbed out and thrown away. And it takes years to put them back."

campus news

Students save pop tops to help pay dialysis costs

By Nikki Degerstrom
Of The Commuter

In August of 1991, 43-year-old Ellen Schulz was rushed into the emergency room of the Good Samaritan hospital in Corvallis. Doctors diagnosed Ellen with kidney failure brought on by a 10-year span of untreated high blood pressure, said Ellen's husband, Dietrich Schulz, computer lab technician at LBCC.

Ellen is now on dialysis treatment, which is a process that drains impurities from her body by filling her peritoneal cavity every four hours with a two liter bag of 2.5 percent solution. It is a continuous process of draining and refilling, said Dietrich.

Normally, a person with kidney failure would first take peritoneal dialysis before taking hemo-dialysis, said Dietrich, but Ellen was on hemo-dialysis for eight months before switching to peritoneal dialysis.

For hemo-dialysis, the veins of the arm must first be numbed by a shot before injecting a 6-inch needle

into the vein, which insures against leakage while the blood is cleaned by being run through an artificial kidney. It is only after these two systems fail to clean the blood that a person needs a kidney transplant.

To run a dialysis machine costs about \$2,000 for three hours and between August of 1991 and November of 1992, the couple's expenses grew to \$25,000. So far, Ellen is being covered by Pacific Care and Medicare, but, said Dietrich, "We have some outstanding medical bills and we're trying to find a united way agency to help pay for them."

One way LBCC students and faculty can help is by tossing the pop tops from soda cans into depositories found by the Takena Hall pop machines, in the Commons, and in department coffee rooms. Dietrich collects an estimated 1,000 pop tops every week, and for every 1,000 collected, the Shriner's Hospital in Portland donates three free minutes for Ellen on the dialysis machine.

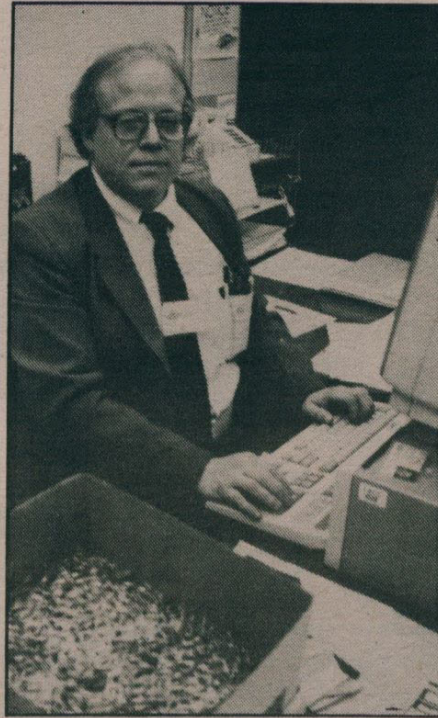


Photo by Linda Wallace

Computer Lab tech Dietrich Schulz is collecting pop tops to help pay for his wife's dialysis treatment.

Exhibit documents early civil rights era

Martin Luther King, Jr. and the civil rights movement of the 1950s and '60s is the subject of a photographic exhibit on display Jan. 28-Feb 5 in the LBCC Library.

Sponsored by LBCC Student Programs, the exhibit covers the civil rights movement from King's emergence as a regional leader in 1955 to his death as an international figure in 1968.

Library hours are 7:30 a.m. - 9 p.m. Monday through Thursday and 7:30 a.m. - 5 p.m. Friday.

For more information call the LBCC Student Programs office, 967-8831.

Tutor training workshop

A free volunteer tutor training workshop will meet 6:30 p.m. - 9:30 p.m. Thursday, Jan. 28, and 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. Saturday, Jan. 30, in the LBCC Workforce Education building. Those interested in participating in the state training program should call Marilyn Bervin, Literacy Coordinator, at 928-2361, ext. 371, by Jan. 25.

The impact of rape takes a toll on victims lives in many ways

been taken from her — loss of trust, of dignity and of any sense of safety and security."

One of the benefits of reporting a rape is that the woman is put in touch with services for her health and recovery. Another is that the woman has the opportunity to tell a jury what happened, face the offender and get beyond the pain to begin the healing process.

"This helps give back to the woman some sense of safety and security, and it gives back to her the power taken from her and helps her recover from the most intimate, horrible violation that one can undergo," Wilson said.

For Ray, time leading up to the trial of the defendant dragged on. Days, weeks and months passed. While the rape occurred in 1990, the trial did not take place until July 1992.

Most rape cases don't take two years to go to trial but this case was complicated by the assailant's past criminal record, according to Ken Osher, the prosecuting attorney. The defendant had obtained a key to a motel room in a small town in Idaho in 1978, raped a woman multiple times at knife point,

been arrested, convicted and sent to prison. After he'd served about seven years, he was released on parole. Then in September 1990, he took the job managing a Corvallis apartment complex where Ray lived and committed the rape on Oct. 20.

He then fled to Idaho on Oct. 22 and was arrested there by local authorities, on a tip from Oregon, in November, 1990. Idaho authorities sent him to prison for parole violation and Oregon officials waited two years for his release so they could prosecute their case.

The trial lasted for two days. Ray squeezed and shredded several Kleenex tissues during her long hours of testimony. Although recounting the incident was difficult for her, it was not because she was treated harshly by the attorneys. "Rules preclude badgering of witnesses and severely limit situations in which a defendant can pry into the prior sexual life of the victim," said Osher. "The style where you reduce the victim to tears makes for interesting television drama, but it does not make for good verdicts, from a defendant's point of view."

"I did not have one friend who could be at the trial with me," said Ray, "but

I had someone from the district attorney's office with me the whole time. Everyone listened to me, encouraged me and checked — how are you doing? How's it going? And the police officers were there the whole time for me too. Every time I testified, they'd say I did a good job. Their work was basically done, but they were there supportive of me. It was such a good feeling to have all these people who don't know me, they weren't friends, but they pulled together for me as though they were really close friends. I don't think I could have made it through without the people in the district attorney's office and the two detectives who were with me the whole time. I could have never made it through all that."

But the most stressful time, for her, was after the jury left to deliberate. Realizing that an acquittal would mean the man was out on the street again that night, Ray sat in tense silence. Then, after only 45 minutes, the jury of

seven men and five women returned and declared their verdict — guilty.

Ray cried.

Kenneth Sammy Estes was sentenced on the rape charge to 230 months, just under 20 years, and on a burglary charge to 36 months — to be served consecutively. Benton County Circuit Judge Robert S. Gardner imposed the maximum sentence because of the defendant's prior history.

Estes is now imprisoned in the Oregon State Penitentiary in Salem.

Ray now lives with friends in Estacada, where she works as a waitress in a small cafe.

"I'm getting my life back in order, getting to feel secure about myself and secure about my life," she said.

"I've realized again that I can take care of myself and that I can overcome things. Just because there's a tragedy, a traumatic situation like this, life doesn't have to come to a screeching halt. If I can get through this, I can get through anything."

from pg. 4

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Punk breaks, but not in film

By Tom Moon
Knight-Ridder Newspapers

During one of the backstage scenes that litter the rambling tour documentary "1991: The Year Punk Broke," Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore tries to explain the title.

It seems the band members (who are in the midst of a 1991 European festival tour with Nirvana, Dinosaur Jr. and others) have been seeing Motley Crue's version of the Sex Pistols' seminal punk anthem "Anarchy In the U.K." on Euro MTV.

They noticed that Elle magazine has done a photo spread on modern punk fashion. And they realized that thousands of people are attending their shows, moshing in huge outdoor fields the way punks used to in small clubs.

Years after it stopped mattering, punk has erupted through the very marketing channels it once derided.

Moore is not exactly comfortable with the notion of punk rock crossing into the mainstream consciousness, or with the fact that he and his band seem to be the movement's darlings of the moment.

In between-song segments that are alternately snotty and staunchly defiant, he communicates his frustration, using every tour-documentary cliché (food fights, tortured-artist seen musing directly at the camera, faux "interviews") to underscore what he sees is his band's absurd position presiding over the worldwide outbreak of punk, now known as "alternative" rock.

Fortunately, more often than not, he vents through the music, which is appropriately gnarled and full of the guitar deconstruction and spite that Sonic Youth has used to establish a vital rock subgenre.

Unfortunately, director Dave Markey ("Desperate Teenage Lovedolls") can't let the music do the talking.

He wastes time between songs with cheeky, too-obvious parodies of Madonna's similar "backstage view" "Truth Or Dare," and shots of the band at oddball tourist locations as though he'd just hitched a ride with this tour and is determined to get something profound on film about it for a souvenir.

Markey rarely offers much of a picture of life on the road; Moore is the only real "character" available, and his pompous pronouncements ("Go forth and thrash") grow tedious after awhile.

More distressingly, Markey doesn't bother to get beyond the gags in order to convey what these people are feeling and thinking. One token attempt, a conversation between Kim Gordon of Sonic Youth and J. Mascis of Dinosaur Jr., plays like an outtake from a horribly forced soap opera.

The music does actually save this sloppy, intentionally incoherent work: In addition to the gale-force Sonic Youth attack, which is best heard on "Dirty Boots," "Expressway To Yr Skull" and the masterfully dissonant "Teenage Riot," there are excellent glimpses of pre-stardom Nirvana, a time when Kurt Cobain was screaming the words to "Smells Like Teen Spirit" with genuine abandon.

There's also a perfunctory Ramones appearance (with "Commando"), and two memorable guitar-solo vehicles from Dinosaur Jr. One, on a song called "Freak Scene," finds guitarist J. Mascis playing with a melodic coherence that is rare in this type of music, and diametrically opposed to the jagged, quick-cutting pace of the film.

With a refreshing absence of flash, Mascis offers music that's the product of complete absorption, and its lingering, lyrical power renders director Markey's flamboyant camera antics and disassociative music-video clutter totally unnecessary.

review

classifieds

MISCELLANEOUS

Scholarships/Grants-Guaranteed! Computer match to 300,000 +. No need/high GPA. \$59. Call 753-6604 or write Christina Olsen, 1985 NW Sunview Dr., Corvallis, OR 97330.

Scholarship Announcement: 1993 ACPE Award 1-\$500 award. Eligible students: enrolled in an Oregon or Washington school majoring in computer science, information systems or business. Deadline 2/15/93. Apps. available at the Career Center.

Scholarship Announcement: 93-94 Underrepresented Minorities Scholarship. Eligible students: Be a member of one of these ethnic/racial groups; American Indian, Alaskan Native, African American, or Hispanic American. Deadline 5/1/93. Applications are available in the Career Center.

Scholarship Announcement: 93-94 Oregon ALS Scholarship Fund. Eligible students: Preparing for a career in the legal field. 1-\$500 award. Deadline 3/15/93. Applications are available in the Career Center.

92-93 Scholarship-Oregon State Sheriffs Association for 2nd-year Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice majors. 2-\$500 awards. Applications are available from Jerry Phillips in F103 or the Financial Aid Office located in Takena Hall.

Early Childhood Education Grant. Eligible students: enrolled at least half-time and majoring in Early Childhood Education. Awards: 2-\$400. Deadline: 2/15/93. Applications available in the Career Center located in Takena Hall.

93-94 Oregon Association of Public Accountants Scholarship. Eligible students: majoring in accounting enrolled in an institution in Oregon. Deadline: 3/15/93. Applications are available in the Career Center located in Takena Hall.

Society of Manufacturing Engineers Scholarships. Numerous scholarships available for students majoring in Manufacturing Technology Application. Deadline: 3/1/93. Additional information available in the Career Center located in Takena Hall.

Valley AIDS Information Network. Volunteer Training Jan. 22, 1993, from 7:00 to 9:30 p.m. and Jan. 23, 1993, from 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. Phone 752-6322 to apply.

Services include 24 hour AIDS Hotline, speakers, literature and support for persons with AIDS and their families.

What can you do to help stop violence against women and children? Volunteer at the Center Against Rape and Domestic Violence and help end the cycle of violence in Linn and Benton Counties. CARDV volunteers provide many direct services including: answering the 24 hour hotline, providing legal advocacy, and working with children. CARDV volunteers also provide indirect services such as community education and fundraising. Our next volunteer training will be held at the CARDV office, 129 NW 4th Street, Suite 101, Corvallis. Starting on January 16th, sessions will be held on two Saturdays and Tuesday and Thursday evenings for a total of 40 hours. Participants in the CARDV volunteer training will learn basic counseling and crisis intervention skills for working with victims of sexual and domestic violence. Training provides the opportunity for personal growth and understanding of societal factors that perpetuate violence against women and children. To receive an application packet, please stop by the CARDV office or call 758-0219. Office hours are 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Monday-Friday. The application should be returned by January 7th.

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WANTED

Training partner for spring bicycle racing. Eric 928-1062.

REWARD paid for your 35mm (or larger) slide. We need a photo of a nice home with a well manicured lawn. \$75.00 paid for photograph. Dennis Bechtel 967-4072.

Do I really want my MTV now that I'm older?

By Cory Frye
Of The Commuter

Call me a prude, call me old, call me what you will (but don't call me late for dinner, ha ha ha!), but I think MTV really, really sucks. And when I say, "suck," I don't mean "lollipop suck." I'm talking along the lines of a big industrial vacuum suck.

I used to like MTV back in the days they played videos. Do you remember those days? You'd turn it on and there'd be Peter Gabriel singing "Sledgehammer" or Paul McCartney warbling through "Press." You might have to sit through a couple of Clearasil commercials and a Dial MTV spot, but the music would always return.

Those days, my friends, are long, long gone.

You turn on MTV now and you'll be bombarded with frightening and so-called "artsy" images at breakneck speed. But most of the time when you're not sitting through MTV News, you'll see distorted, campy images of a bunch of asshole rock stars bitching about the state of the world. Kurt Cobain bitches about censorship. Madonna whines about the fact that no one understands her art anymore. Boo hoo. If I had their money, I'd bitch that I wasn't getting more. Four and-a-half million dollars is not enough to dress me

commentary

up in tight black outfits, have my hair combed like Burt Ward's from the old "Batman" television show and sing "Erotic, erotic, put your hands all over my body." Why doesn't someone say, "Look, Madonna. Yeah, we all know you're shocking and on the cutting edge, but please, show us something we haven't seen before. We all know what you look like without any clothes; we've been around for the past ten years."

But that's just me. I'm a different breed of cat.

And what is this about a Presidential Inaugural Ball on MTV? Just what we need: a bunch of drunken, hopped-up alternative musicians who think they have a social conscience talking about hope and change while the the Red Hot Chili Peppers' Flea hits on Chelsea Clinton by licking her face, saying, "Do I feel like Socks? Do I feel like Socks? Ya wanna know where we put our Socks?" Great. Maybe Bill Clinton and brother Rog will join Nirvana in a rousing, saxophone-plagued rendition of "Territorial Pissings."

Since when did MTV take itself that seriously? In the past, they've encouraged us to Rock the Vote, Save the Planet, Just Say No and Call In Our Votes For The Number-One Video of the Week, which was usually something they overplayed anyway. They now expect us to believe that they're behind the music revolution. What music revolution are they

talking about? They've been playing the same old crap since 1987. I haven't heard anything new. Oh, sure, they have this Alternative Nation thing, but it goes against everything alternative music stands for—like non-commercialization. I just wish MTV would implode and send pieces of its musical dung flying into the faces of those lonely people who spend too much time watching it.

I'm not saying I hate MTV. I just don't like it too much; it's too excessive. There's too much Fab Five Freddy, Dr. Dre, the Grind, Headbanger's Ball, MTV Sports, House of Style, 120 Minutes, Alternative Nation, Steve Isaacs, Riki Rachtman and way, way too much Kennedy. I heard the musical revolution will be televised. I wonder what channel it'll be on.

MTV used to be playful, like a child running through the sprinkler. But the kids have grown up into jerkoff executives. They are INDUSTRY. And they controls what the public desires. They tell us what to wear. Who's this week's hot band? Watch MTV—they'll play the video until we run screaming to the record store ("Please give me a copy of 'Nevermind'! I've had 'In Bloom' going through my head all day! Give me the album or end my life!") for a copy of the CD.

MTV, come back to us. We're tired of the artsy-fartsy monster that took your place.

sports

LB women romp in first league victory

By Joel Slaughter
Of The Commuter

Linn-Benton's womens basketball team overcame a loss last Wednesday to post their first league victory last weekend.

After losing at Southwestern Oregon a week ago, the Roadrunners pounded Portland, 77-54 on Saturday to get into the Southern Division's win column.

"Once we started taking care of the ball, we were able to open it up," Linn-Benton coach Deb Herrold said.

LB had 35 turnovers, but still controlled the pace enough to open up a 36-26 lead at halftime.

"We were able to get some key fast break baskets off of our press," Herrold stated.

Linn-Benton shot 50 percent from the floor while holding the Panthers' field goal shooting to only 28 percent.

Molly Mickey scored 17 points and grabbed six rebounds to pace the Roadrunners. Tina Molina scored 13 points, Nikki Endicott had 12 points and four assists, and Beka Rood chipped in eight points and six rebounds.

In their 79-58 loss to Southwestern Oregon, the Roadrunners were victimized by poor ball handling.

Linn-Benton committed 39 turn-

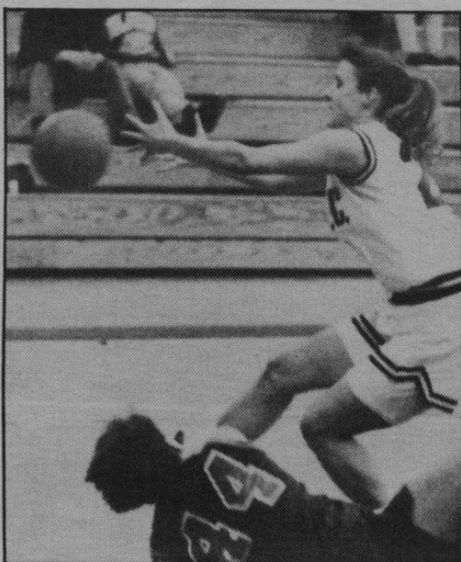


Photo by Linda Wallace

Fast break baskets key women Roadrunners' first league win.

overs to the Lakers' 17.

"The turnovers killed us and they're going to continue to until we learn how to take care of the basketball," Herrold said.

LB was actually within four points, 35-31, at the intermission, due largely to the Roadrunners controlling the battle of the boards. Linn-Benton outrebounded the Lakers 39-26.

Mickey led Linn-Benton with 15 points, Melinda Miller scored 10 points and pulled down 10 rebounds, and Molina added 10 points.

LB, 1-2 in league and 5-9 overall, first hosts Mount Hood tonight and Clackamas on Friday before visiting Chemeketa on Saturday.

Metzker, Price suffer injuries in defeat at Southwestern Oregon

By Joel Slaughter
Of The Commuter

The mens basketball lost both a pair of games and a pair of players to critical injuries last week.

On January 13, guards Eric Price and Zac Metzker went down as did the Roadrunners, 82-62 at Southwestern Oregon.

Within the first five minutes of the game, Price caught a shoulder in the face when going up for a rebound.

"His eye and face swelled up immediately," LB coach Randy Falk recounted.

Metzker also was forced to leave the game in the first half when he hyperextended his elbow on a layin attempt in traffic.

"We're awaiting further test results to see if they can play this week," Falk said on Monday.

The Roadrunners

"All things considered, we were pleased with our efforts," Falk said.

K.C. Callero had 14 points and four steals, Kevin Moreton scored 14 points, Jim Dewey grabbed 10 rebounds, and Mark Holmes dished out four assists for LB.

With just seven players suited

up, the Roadrunners put up a valiant effort Saturday at Portland, but came up just short in a 81-71 defeat.

"I was really pleased," Falk said. "We came out to a 15 point lead in the first half."

"We're awaiting further test results to see if they can play this week"

Portland eventually crept back into the game in the second half and took the lead towards the end.

"The game wasn't really decided until the last couple of minutes," said Falk. "It was a contest all the way through."

Dean Smith led LB with 24 points and nine rebounds. Mark Holmes added 12 points, Casey Callero had eight assists and three steals, and Jason Hermann had eight boards.

The Roadrunners, 0-3 in league and 8-8 overall, hosts Mount Hood tonight and Clackamas on Friday, and then travels to Chemeketa on Saturday.

Cowboys square off with Bills in surprising Super Bowl matchup

Dallas pulls off improbable win against favored 49ers in its bid to return to its glory days

By Selena Roberts
Orlando Sentinel

There was no champagne in the Dallas Cowboys' locker room, but a toast: Here's mud in your eye.

They swallowed hard and downed the San Francisco 49ers, 30-20, Sunday in the NFC title game at Candlestick Park. The next California venue for the Cowboys is Pasadena, where they will meet Buffalo in Super Bowl XXVII.

Before the mud could dry on their cleats, the Cowboys were wearing Super Bowl caps so new, the tags still dangled from them.

"To the dance," Dallas linebacker Ken Norton said as he exited a soggy field. "To the dance."

The thought of losing never crossed the Cowboys' minds. They were confident and borderline cocky. They not only imagined they were going to win, they envisioned it. It's just that the last tick made it real.

"When that last tick went off the clock, I thought about what the world was like four years ago," said Dallas receiver Michael Irvin, who had six catches for 86 yards.

"I was thinking that we'd just finished a 1-15 season. I was thinking that I was in the hospital (recovering from knee surgery), reading stories that I'd never come back. Well, I'm back. This team is back. The Cowboys are back."

The biggest backer of the Cowboys, owner Jerry Jones, stood in the locker room with a grin the size of Texas on his face.

"I don't even know how to spell dynasty," Jones said. "All I know is we've

got us a great team and a great coach."

The coach, Jimmy Johnson, pulled the unexpected to seal the game. The Cowboys were ahead, 24-20, with 4:22 left. Dallas quarterback Troy Aikman then dropped back on first down and fired to receiver Alvin Harper, a play that went for 70 yards, setting up the final touchdown.

"That's been our style all year," Johnson said. "From the opening whistle, we were going to play aggressive football in all phases of the game. Troy did a great job on that play and every play. But who didn't do a great job today?"

The 49ers did everything to stop themselves. Two of the 49ers' four turnovers led to scores by Dallas. And there was the holding call on an apparent 63-yard touchdown pass that went from Young to Jerry Rice on the third play of the game.

"It hurts like hell to be on the losing end," San Francisco runningback Ricky Watters said. "What matters most is that the Cowboys wanted it more."

"It was a matter of execution," Aikman said. "Everything fell into place. It was a perfect day."

It was raining. It was muddy. It was cold, too. Yep, it was a perfect day to be a Cowboy.

"We're great again," Irvin said. "That's our tradition."

Quarterback Kelly calls 29-10 win over Miami 'the sweetest' of his storied career in Buffalo

By Fred Mitchell
Chicago Tribune

While Jim Kelly was nursing a twisted knee, many fans in Buffalo added insult to his injury. A newspaper poll in Buffalo suggested coach Marv Levy should stick with backup quarterback Frank Reich in the AFC title game against Miami. No wonder Kelly called Sunday's 29-10 victory "the sweetest" of his career.

Reich led the Bills to their two previous playoff wins, including the greatest comeback in NFL history, 41-38 over Houston in overtime after the Oilers had led 35-3 in the third quarter. Kelly didn't do anything that dramatic, but he was 17 of 24 for 177 yards and a touchdown.

"We pulled out a big, big win today," he said. "But I'm not going to gloat about it too much because this is our third trip to the Super Bowl, and we still have one more river to cross."

Despite losing the last two Super Bowls, the Bills should feel more confident going into this one, having taken all four games against NFC teams in the regular season. They won at San Francisco and New Orleans and beat

the Falcons and Rams at home.

"Once you get to the Super Bowl, you throw everything out the window," Kelly said. "It's one game, winner take all."

Kelly and the rest of the Bills were irked by some of the boasting the Dolphins did earlier in the week.

"I think we showed class today," Kelly said. "I think we showed what maturity means. A few years ago, we might have been the ones doing the talking. But they're young, they'll learn."

Kelly had two passes picked off, but Levy said: "The interceptions were our (coaches) calls, and he went with them. He checked out of some of the calls we gave him."

Kelly is ready to make the third time a charm against the Cowboys in Pasadena for Super Bowl XXVII.

"My knee feels fine," he said. "It's a little fatigued right now because of the brace, but overall I feel great."

The Bills now are 6-1 at Joe Robbie Stadium since the Dolphins moved there in 1987. Buffalo joins Miami as the only teams to go to the Super Bowl three years in a row.



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writer's block

TERRANS

The time is now upon us
What time is that you say?
The time I thought I'd never see
Has somehow come our way.

From Kruschev's violent ravings
With hardsoled shoe in hand
To Yeltsin's smooth charisma
And power to command.

I grew up with the fear
Of imminent demise
Not nameless monsters in the night
Sure death lurked in the skies.

We'll bury you he said
His fist a tightened ball
I wondered at the words he used
And then up went the "Wall."

A city was divided.
Our world became as well.
And everyone just wondered when
The world would go to hell.

Then suddenly it's gone.
The wall no longer stands
And quick as day does follow night
There's change within those lands.

Can this be really true?
Can I believe my eyes?
The threat I've lived with all my life
Just disappears and dies?

My hope is that it's real
We'll truly get the chance
To live together free of fear
As Terrans to advance.

To live together free of fear
As Terrans to advance.

Marguerite K.A. Petersen

Star Searching

I walk,
without touching the ground.
I travel,
down my own road, but it is different.
I find,
dead, tangled branches close off the once open sky.
I rise
above the ground to investigate.
I trail
my hand along the branches, spreading life and warmth.
I continue.
Trees part and the brilliant night sky spreads above me.
I see,
stars gone, only shattered fragments of the moon remain.
I collect
the broken pieces, and form them in a sphere once more.
I feel
space stretching endlessly before me.
I search
for the missing stars.
I hear
their siren's song call to me across the void. A tune
I find
strangely familiar. The song ends and
I am
pulled
away.
Away from space,
away from the sky,
away from my peace and meditation.

I awaken
in a harsh, cold world.
The star searching will have to wait.

by David Sallee

Haiku

Autumn leaves falling
Limbs baring their live branches
Grass turning light brown.

Old man snoring hard
Restless in the bright moonlight
Oblivious of night.

Snow, cold and watery
Falling on a barren earth
Shivering at night.

Flowers pop their heads
Bare earth turning green again
Spring is here to play.

Robin with a red breast
Pulling up a struggling worm
Fighting for its life.

Smell the pumpkin pie
Roast turkey with dressing and gravy
Fragrant sweet potatoes.

by Sherman Lee Pompey

Turn Off the Faucet

Some people write of despair,
but we don't really care.

About how their life is ruined by a fluke,
I sit and stare and my body wants to puke.

They write their drippy prose,
as if it's coming out their nose.

They fill the poems with tears and cryin'
that just won't suit dear old Ryan.

Or how they rant and rave,
of going to an early grave.
Give it up Dave.

Talk of feelings and flowers,
they just go on for hours.

So poets prepare to receive some flack,
as we lead an anti-drippiness attack.

by Ryan Tanner and Dave Sallee



Illustration by Uriah P. Roth

Is Anywhere Safe?

Shakily
I hang up the phone
My son has just called
to tell me
his car was shot at
on the way to work
The windshield
has three holes
But he's okay
I ask if he has called
the police
He says he has
He thought it was his
duty
to report the incident
My best friend's back window
in her car
was shot out
just yesterday.
She's Jewish
I keep hoping
this was a random
incident
This cannot happen here
I think
Los Angeles is where
they shoot at people
Not here
Yet even as I think this
I know I'm wrong
Intolerance and hate
or maybe just plain
craziness
live everywhere
We are not safe.

by Marguerite K. A. Petersen

Glass Love

What's left to say? - "I love you"?-
No, we already tried that. That fragile emotion did not
stand a chance against our own doubts.

The kisses, touches and long conversations in your arms
at night-
Only temporary physical glue
Unable to hold together the faulty fragments to make a
complete figurine.

Do not scratch the memories with the sharp edge of
explanation
Nothing can silence the anguish of loss-
No, leave them unblemished, for they are the only perfect
things which remain.

by Melody Neuschwander