

Declassé at D.O.A.

Don't use the rules,
They're not for you
They're for the fools.
And you're a fool if you don't know that
So hit the road, you stupid fool.
Clash

As soon as I walked into the Bijou Wednesday and saw some kid wearing wraparound "shades" I knew I'd dressed wrong. Being in a jacket, jeans, shirt and running shoes was definitely *declassé* amongst the sharkskin jackets, chino pants *sans* knees and scuffed-up engineer boots. The women weren't dressed that much differently.

All I wanted to see was the Sex Pistols' D.O.A., I hadn't any idea it was a cult and costume event in the vein of The Rocky Horror Picture Show.

cort fernald sidelong glances

There are occasions when the movie crowd is as entertaining as the movie itself. So I sat back and sopped up the Eugene Punk ambience.

"Sex Pistols," someone was yelling from the back.

A woman — well... actually she was barely 16, which made her a girl — rushed by where I was sitting. I noticed her because she nearly stepped on my toe with her spike heel. She blended in with the crowd, looking as if she'd gone up to the attic and raided Mom's old clothes. Mom was always a tacky dresser. Other than that she had the obligatory multi-hued hair, dark eyes and crimson lips.

The theatre went dark and they started running trailers for upcoming movies. Led Zeppelin's *Song Remains the Same* was roundly booed. *Woodstock* elicited anti-hippie shouts, which I enthusiastically joined. "Kill Hippie Fascists." That's my favorite Eugene Punk non sequitur. Oddly enough, all the *Woodstock* bands except Jimi Hendrix and The Who were booed. What would Eddie Cochran say?

D.O.A. was allegedly intended to debunk the Sex Pistols' myth. It roughly chronicled their one and only American tour. The opposite was taking place in the Bijou. The mystification of the band that in 1977 brought "punk" before the omnipresent media eye of the world seemed complete. "Sex Pistols," they shouted.

The movie opened, quite typically, with a birth scene and a heartbeat. "Kill it," a voice growled as the baby squaled.

The rest of the movie was a compilation of different bands and an attempt at a plot involving Terry-the-punk forming a band. Terry was either Chad-the-Mod "all groad up", or just bloody stupid, I couldn't figure which. He had no musical talent at all — and no talent is not enough.

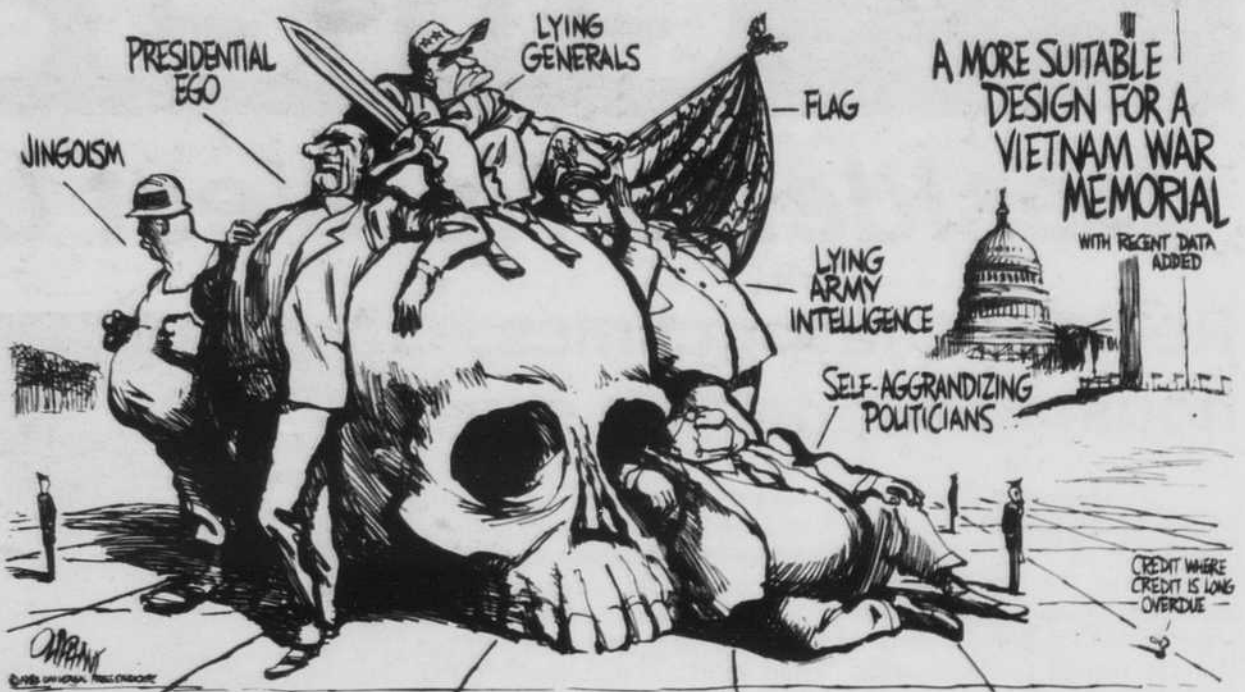
A Clash track played and I heard someone behind me say doubtfully, "sounds like them."

The Pistols' concert footage was quite good. It gave me different perspective on that band musically instead of sociologically. Vicious and Rotten were the celebrities carried by the musical abilities of Cook and Jones.

My favorite sequence was Sid and Nancy at home — the Chelsea Hotel in New York. They were just your average punk couple. Sid was dressed in a red tee shirt replete with swastika. Nancy was more sedately attired in black Spandex. It was a classic domestic scene except for Sid, who was nodding-out from smack and kept setting the bed on fire with his cigarette.

It was quite a costume party for the Eugene Punks. As I walked out I looked around at them, knowing they'd drive home in Dad's car, open the refrigerator hoping Mom did the shopping that afternoon, then push that chrome button marked "power" and tuck the headphones over their spiky hair.

We're so pretty
We're so pretty
vacant



letters

Frugality

It is refreshing to observe our first family's concern for the well being of struggling American industries in these hard times. It is especially nice that Nancy has found a way to help them and save money at the same time. Frugality and saving are among the finest American pioneer virtues, in danger of being lost in these days of mega-waste.

Contrast for example the wastefulness of our navy, reported in the Register-Guard. A few years ago, at staggering cost to all of us, they built 100 nuclear submarines which they now propose to sink to the bottom of the Pacific, without ever having used them for anything except to sail around in and bump into Japanese freighters. But we digress — back to Nancy.

She has "saved thousands of dollars" by accepting fancy clothes free in order to assist the foundering American fashion industry. Why didn't I ever think of this way to help them before? My clothes are mostly old and hopelessly out of fashion. I hereby make an offer to help the Bon Marche. If they will give me one of their most expensive Herringbone Twill suits I will gladly wear it whenever I go out socially, and will donate it to the OMSI museum when it is worn out so that students may study it.

Jackson Walter, director of the government ethics office says "there are not a lot of precedents in this area. One that comes to mind is the case of Sherman Adams, in the Eisenhower administration, whose wife received a fine mink (or was it chinchilla?) coat from industrialist Goldfine. People

got so excited about it that he had to leave government service. What a pity that they didn't have a government ethics office in those days to protect him and explain to the public how ethical it all really was. It is heartening to realize how much progress we have made since then.

Bayard H. McConaughy
1653 Emerald

Fiscal crisis

The problems of fiscal crisis and cutback management at the University are compounding. Academic unit budgets are cut and courses are cancelled. Students can't get into courses they need. Faculty are forced to take pay cuts and lose motivation. New faculty either can't be hired or are hired and then terminated. Remaining faculty work harder on instruction and research, but fewer courses are offered and less research is accomplished. The prestige of the University as a place where high quality instruction and research is engaged is decimated.

As students find the University less attractive due to diminished access and quality, enrollments fall and the University loses entitlement-based financial support from the State. As sponsors of research witness the decline in performance, they become more reluctant to provide grant and contract support to income, students lose valuable graduate teaching fellowship and other financial support. Further, federal student financial aid is cut so that poorer students are even less able to attend college than before. Parental income is squeezed by inflation, or reduced by job threatening

recession, making it more difficult to send children to the University.

On top of all of this the State System of Higher Education, yielding to pressure from the Governor and Legislature, raises tuition drastically, indirect conflict with the notion that in a time of decreasing demand the market would respond best to price stability (a reduction under conditions of rapid inflation) or differential reductions rather than price increases. As students demonstrate their price elasticity of demand in response to higher tuition charges, fewer students are enrolled, further reducing state budgetary support. More faculty, research and student employment is lost, quality declines more rapidly and the downward spiral continues.

Is this the way to stimulate economic development and diversification in Oregon? Is this the way we want to prepare ourselves as a society for the technological, environmental, ethical and human service challenges of the 1980s and beyond? Is this how we stimulate economic and social productivity and innovation?

Is ignorance, aggrandizement of the welfare of disadvantaged social group, and preservation of opportunity only for the wealthy and powerful to be preferred over support for the search for new knowledge as a means of enabling social problem solving, adaptation and survival for life on earth? Is this our brave new world? I hope not.

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staff

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