

cort fernald sidelong glances

I was appalled when I first heard it. We were in story conference, talking about everything except the stories for Friday's edition. Rock music came up, as we frequently joke about each other's diverse tastes. But then one editor, a member of a fraternity, glanced over at me and said: "Yeah, the Clash are really hot."

I must've looked the veritable sod — mouth agape, eyes huge in astonishment — "My gawd," I thought, "they're playing Clash in the frat houses."

When I told this to a photographer he was reminded of a recent and bizarre incident.

He was walking on 15th Avenue near the library when a dozen or so naked men came around the corner running and riding bikes and skateboards. They were streaking the sorority houses on the street. He went for his camera — but they streaked off before he could load film. The only reason this is of note is that the music blasting from the frat house where these *au naturale* gents originated was the Clash, specifically "Rock the Casbah."

It seems obscene for the preps and Greeks to be listening to bands like the Clash. In a perverse fashion it's frigging ironic — and not a little frightening — that the upper echelon of the class struggle should be suddenly enamored with the Clash.

Still, I find it difficult to picture the "house" full of frat brothers and sorority sisters dressed so right, drinking imported beer and "head-banging" to the Clash. I can't see them functioning that way — nor can I hear them singing: "I'm like . . . soooooo, you know, like bored with the U.S.A."

It's bad enough that religious fascists are playing rock music forwards, backwards and probably sideways, looking for lyrics they can use in their tactics of mind control. Now the self-styled social register is listening enthusiastically to rock music that was inspired by a nation's political and economic failure and the repression of its people.

I feel betrayed — it's like coming home and finding stains on the bed and realizing my *convivante* didn't even have the decency nor the guile to change the sheets.

Rock music has always been very important and very personal with me. My musical tastes have always been — and I'm not trying to pretend to authority — eclectic. I seek the new and different. In '65-'66 I was following the Who, Move and Small Faces — ordering 45's from England. This was before they developed large followings in this country.

It was the same with the Clash when they broke in '77. I stuck by them, praising their accomplishments and making excuses for their excesses. They represented the near perfect coupling of rock and politics — the almost inevitable future of rock music. Their music had that unique sound and rhythm, while the lyrics had meaning. Fuck the do-wop, oh baby.

I should have seen that the end was close when the Clash teamed up with those boring-old-farts the Who on a tour in which they will play places like the Seattle Kingdome. The Clash will be rockin' the Kingdome — and I don't like it.

I'm moving on — the same trend toward mass acceptance is happening to Oingo Boingo. Enjoy the Clash brothers and sisters, I'll just have to crank up the MC5 and Martha and the Muffins.



"THAT MUST BE WHAT HE MEANS BY 'STAYING THE COURSE.'"

letters

Non-functional

For the past two years the athletic department has been bitching and moaning about having insufficient funds to maintain their programs; recently I witnessed a situation which revealed just how hard pressed the phys-ed people seem to feel themselves to be.

While waiting in line to have my fee-card "stamped" so that I could use the gym, I overheard the woman in front of me attempting to obtain a refund for a course for which she had been erroneously charged. While the secretary in the Esslinger office admitted that the charge was an athletic department mistake, she informed the woman that she would nevertheless receive only 90 percent of her money

back as per the refund schedule for persons dropping classes.

To this blatant extortion the woman, obviously well-groomed in the habit of always submitting to authority, replied, "C'est la vie," and walked off.

This incident raises a number of questions in my mind. For what is the athletic department using the money it is obtaining? Certainly not for the maintenance of existing facilities: the cinder track has not been raked, graded or recinded in at least the four years I have been here, and equipment in the weight rooms that was non-functional four years ago remains so, occasionally joined by new non-functional equipment.

And again, if the athletic department needs to resort to the subterfuge described above to obtain funds and still cannot maintain its facilities, where did it get the money to install a \$1,200 stretch of barbed-wire topped Page fence between the old track and the tennis court?

This fence, besides being unnecessary and a waste of money, has effectively cut users of the track off from the drinking fountain and restroom near the track side of the courts. The water problem may, I presume, be dealt with by each runner carrying a canteen, but is campus security really prepared to "look the other way" should someone find it necessary to relieve themselves by the side of the track after a four-mile run?

What's going on here?
Hiawatha
graduate, music, philosophy

Other tribe

1. And it came to pass deep in the heart of a County called Lane there resided four tribes, the largest being the tribe of the West. And there were two tribes called North Tribe and South Tribe and the fourth tribe was called the Other Tribe of the East.

And out of the Tribe of the West was called a young scribe and he passed over to the Other Tribe of the East and he saw many strange and puzzling things and he was sore afraid.

He dwelled there for many months marveling to himself at the healthy, upright people that he saw. Their eating places

served only basic foods and the tribe prospered and grew and they performed many feats in marathons, gymnastics, swimming and other activities. They worked as farmers, nurses, doctors, educators, lawyers, housewives, and others were realtors and bakers and out of this great tribe was a recipient of the Nobel Prize.

2. And their taxes were fair and equitable and they built a modern hospital, a senior center, a covered pool, library and city hall and they began to collect many items from their heritage and displayed them in a place called a museum.

3. And their young people grew up and went to trade schools and universities and returned to their community and established businesses and homes and they began to partake of city and county government and many more joined other tribes in far away places and they were not afraid.

4. And their school children played great games called sportmanship and loud cries went up and there was much cheering and laughter and many returned every year to celebrate with reunions and to pay homage to each other and the teachers and leaders of the community.

5. And the great mills that protected the community from enormous taxes flourished and continued to take in the workers in their dark boots and Birkenstocks and warm wishes went out from the Other Tribe of the East to their employers and they continued to grow together in loyalty and respect.

6. And it came to pass that the Tribe of the West built a beautiful performing arts center and it was magnificent beyond belief and the taxes were spread out over twenty years and the Tribe of the West agreed to these great taxes so that all the tribes, North, South and the Other Tribe, might grow in culture and worthiness.

7. And after eighteen months the young scribe grew weary of the terrible growing pains, and his heart was sorely troubled and with much grinding of teeth and breast beating he returned to the Tribe of the West and he wrote of all that he had seen and he was sore afraid.

Bonnie Denning
Springfield

letters

Moral fiber

A belated kudos to the Marantha gang for bringing us the latest height of religious paranoia. Marvelous to know that the Beatles, author of such wonderful tunes as "Yesterday," "Octopus' Garden," "I Wanna Hold Your Hand," "The Long and Winding Road," "Let It Be," and so forth, are vulgar and uncouth because the late John Lennon wrote "Why Don't We do it in the Road."

I can feel my very moral fiber crumbling each time I listen to them.

Backward masking (yawn) seems also to be tearing at my inner strength. Before we all get bent out of shape about it, though, I would like to offer a suggestion.

The English language is a very complex thing, popular opinion aside. Recorded and played backward, it can be construed as virtually anything by the paranoid ear, including Satanic messages.

What few examples of intentional masking exist today (Pink Floyd's "The Wall," for instance), remain oddities rather than trendsetters because of a terrific production cost. I would

further submit that, if God is truly omnipotent, as is the claim, why worry about the antics of one small cast-out angel? Surely a truly omnipotent being or force could dispense with such opposition in relatively short order.

Finally, apologies to Mary Flinders for a lackluster topic this time. Next time perhaps I'll discuss abortion or crib death or Mick Jagger for her. Too bad our brothers aren't being slaughtered in Vietnam so we can sit here at home (school) and bitch about it, right Mary?

Terry Smith
Industrial Relations

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