

# EDITORIAL

## Romantic dinners and the 'Emerald'

She paced from room to room in her small apartment, waiting for her clock to strike seven. Passing her reflection in a bathroom mirror, she considered playing with her hair just one more time, thought better of it, and resumed pacing.

Tonight was the big night, she thought. Her date with E.

As she dropped herself heavily into her comfortable second-hand couch, she began to recall the others who had so recently flitted through her life. There was I. and V. ... and who could forget C.? Just as she was beginning this mental checklist, she heard the slam of a car door outside her building.

Rushing to the window and looking down toward the street, she saw him: He was black ... and white. From this distance, it all sort of blended together, into a soothing shade of gray, tinted yellow by the street lamps overhead.

She quickly retreated from the window, lest he should see her looking at him. Patting herself and regaining her composure, she waited patiently as E. proceeded up the stairs and to her door. He knocked.

She couldn't stand to delay any longer. In a second, she had opened the door. It was E. In his grip were a dozen roses, swaddled in baby's breath and fern.

She invited him in. As she put the roses in a vase, he talked to her. His words were simple, direct, suave. He seemed like a black-and-white movie star, anachronistic in this college student's run-down apartment.

There was an airy grace in his form as he led her down the stairs to his car. It's just the cover, she thought to herself. She had to find out what was inside.

As they drove to the elegant restaurant where E. had made reservations, she resumed her checklist of recent disasters.

C. had been nice enough, if a bit of a blowhard. Opinionated, arrogant, he seemed to be around all of the time. She appreciated his wit, but couldn't get past his reputation. Her friends would've crucified her if she had gone out with him again.

Her experience with I. hadn't been much better. After a couple of dates, he just disappeared. I. was like that. Besides, she had a sneaking suspicion that his words weren't exactly his own.

And what could she say about V.? He was even harder to track down than I. He had an easy-going nature but, like the others, he couldn't compare with E. That was why she was so nervous tonight.

Her anxiety evaporated during the meal however, under the heat of both candlelight and warm smiles from E. She felt comfortable with him; she trusted him to tell her the truth, without ornamentation. And she knew he was the kind of guy who would be there, day after day, filling the time between classes with careful words, spirited opinion, sports ... and even the weather.

Yes, E. was exactly the kind of newspaper she was looking for. And she was never going to let him go.



## LETTERS

### OCA is OK

The purpose of this letter is to counter the lies and hysteria perpetrated by Carol Berg and her group protesting against the Oregon Citizens Alliance in front of the Valley River Center.

I have seen *Schindler's List*, and it is indeed a fine movie. It does not prove that the OCA uses the same hatred as Hitler. The OCA does not hate, it loves. Why else would it start a program aimed at helping homosexuals overcome their deviance? Wanting to preserve family values and protect children from brainwashing by leftwing moralists does not put the OCA on parallel with Nazi-Germany.

If you want an example of Nazi tactics, take a look at a recent incident in San Francisco where a mob of homosexuals converged on a church, pounding on the walls and shouting obscenities at those inside because they dared to speak out against homosexuality. That belligerent action by homosexuals was true fascist behavior.

T.K. McDonald said, "Jewish books were burned in Nazi-Germany and the OCA is trying to ban books written by gay or lesbian authors."

Wrong, T.K. The OCA is not trying to ban any books or authors. The OCA is trying to ban instilling in our children that the gay lifestyle is viable and should be validated. The OCA is trying to tell us that the homosexual agenda includes indoctrinating young minds and that we as parents have a right to decide what our children are taught.

All parents have a right to censor what their children read or see. I don't want my children to be forced to read or listen to *Heather Has Two Mommies* or *Daddy's Roommate*. The OCA does not want to ban those books except in the classroom. If you want to buy them in a bookstore for your children, go ahead. Just don't read them to my children.

Berg was wrong when she said the OCA, through Ballot Measure 9, attempted to remove professors. Nowhere in Measure 9 was removal of professors or anyone else called for. If she can show me where in Measure 9 the OCA attempted to remove professors, I will carry the "Ban the OCA" sign for nine hours at Valley River Center.

Please quit lying and misleading people. If you oppose the OCA do it with some honor. The OCA has been lied about and maligned more than any other political group I know of in Oregon. Take the sign that reads OCA off your Nazi straw man.

James D. Patton  
Political science

### Lookalike

I've been following the Ayn Rand controversy in the *Emerald* for several months now and have come up with a bit of new information that I thought might be of interest, for the sake of personal reference if nothing else. While reading a literary journal a few weeks ago, I ran across an article about a new facet of the total Ayn Rand mystique, a new idea that has apparently cropped up in scholarly circles lately equating her with Anne Rice.

Now, when I first glanced at the article, I thought, and with some reason to think, that the whole business was completely absurd. But, reading further, they had some reasons that weren't entirely questionable, if not completely sane.

It seems that the personal philosophies of the two authors are close if not identical, though Ayn Rand's are perhaps a trifle more bluntly stated. She says, if I understand it correctly, not having actually read the stuff myself, that people are free to do whatever they wish as long as they don't get in anyone else's way, and furthermore that man is the dominant species on the planet with a license to do whatever he wishes in order to facilitate his daily happiness.

Actually, this is remarkably close to Anne Rice's themes in her vampire books, which I also have not read. According to the article, these vampires are inhumanly strong and "sensual," possessing the power to do precisely as they wish in any situation not involving other vampires. Doesn't it sound like Ayn Rand's theories if one changes

the word vampire to human?

The two novelists (who may or may not be identical) have simply taken opposite approaches (logical and emotional) to the expression of the same basic goal. The authors also share the same initials. Perhaps this is a joke for the authors' friends or simply a continuation of a common practice of authors' pen names.

Eric McCready Jr.  
Asian studies

### Jake not neat

Come on, Jake. What were you thinking in Wednesday's painfully long-winded and pointless article about student drinking on campus?

Were you trying to prove you could write like a third-grader? I hate to remind you, but you tried this very stupid style a while back. That time you thought a person crashing on his bike was neat.

Or, did the deadline come too soon and you couldn't write anything better than an exercise on simplistic and poorly edited writing?

Or were you, for the third time in less than nine months, attempting to make a joke about alcohol consumption on this campus?

The first time, you related your 21st birthday experience detailing every single brand of beer you consumed. No one I knew found this remotely important or entertaining. The second piece you wrote concerned Alcohol Awareness Week. You managed to utterly insult the people involved in the project. You also proved your childish and witless sense of humor. (What was with the Batman, Joker reference?)

Jake, you insult us with these articles (not to mention the *Emerald* itself). We are not stupid. We understand complicated sentences and ideas, and maybe you should experiment. Try using all of those skills you learned in journalism school.

Moe Reynolds  
English

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## LETTERS

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