

# opinion

## Nuke rally disappointing

By Leanne Lally  
Of The Print

My first No-Nuke rally was filled with disappointment and fear.

Collecting at Waterfront Park in Portland Saturday, many interesting people passed my gaze. There were the Earth People, the ones wearing battered clothes, no socks and walking around hugging everyone they saw. There were Woodstock Burn-Outs with their peace buttons secured to their Army jackets, and one older man with grey hair down to his knees wearing a leather belt, leather wallet and a leather jacket, all of which looked as if they had spikes on them (No wonder Earth People didn't hug him).

What attracted these wonderful people? I came because I had heard that musician Dan Fogelberg would be performing. Unfortunately, he never showed up. I was very disappointed.

But, I decided to stay (I had an extra hour on the meter). As soon as I laid my blanket on the ground and sat down, the sun disappeared. Clouds? No, people all over me, shoving Vote for Kennedy brochures in phlets, buttons, T-shirts and more and more literature. (I collected four Vote-for-Kennedy sheets, each one saying the same thing only on different colored paper).

After they left and I caught my breath, the rally began.

Introductions and announcements. Boring! Could these people be the same ones who ended up in jail for protesting at Trojan? This quiet bunch?

Well, I should have been happy. I really didn't want to go to jail, but I expected a little more, more shouting, more demonstration. Nothing.

The various speakers put down nuclear power, put down PGE, put down the *Oregonian* and various other big corporations and people.

I listened to this with half interest. I don't really know much about nuclear power. I usually leave that up to someone else.

I was contentedly soaking up the sun when someone whispered, "Wow, listen to this."

A man, I didn't catch his name, was speaking on nuclear weapons. He mentioned Trident. What now, nuclear gum?

Trident is a nuclear submarine. There are 30 in existence, and each has the power to destroy a whole continent.

"In order to understand Trident," said the little man, "you have to be able to do this: meditate on Hiroshima for one second. Now, it would take 34 minutes of meditating on Hiroshima every second to understand Trident."

He then proceeded to tell us that all 30 of these death machines could destroy the world over and over and over and over...

Wow, and I've been worrying about getting drafted. While I sit in the sun worrying about going to war, I, along with the rest of the world, could be demolished in a few minutes.

That made me mad. What kind of a society are we? Self destruction is lurking everywhere. The leaders of our world say they want peace. If that's so, they are going about it in the wrong way. World peace. Sure, we will have peace one day, but no one will be here to enjoy it.

What kind of legacy are we leaving the next generation? If there is one.

Face it, the world if coming to an end.

I used to be the optimistic one. The one who believed men were naturally good. Well, someone sure proved me wrong.

To me war is a simple thing. Men killing each other over an argument. Can you imagine if everyone fought to the death during an argument? There would be no one here.

I honestly have no place in my heart for war. I think it is immature and a waste of time. God put us here on earth as caretakers for His land, and we are destroying it. We are not very good landlords.

As all of this ran through my head, I shivered in the warm sun. I looked at my watch. Time was up. The rally wasn't even half over yet but I'd heard enough to last a lifetime, probably a short lifetime.

## College worth new expansion

With the increase in enrollment, it's about time we expanded a little bit and made some breathing room.

Already, the desperately needed science building is on its way to completion. Soon a new industrial-occupational center will be built, along with a learning resource center and a new performing arts center, if funds are available over the next five years.

A long-range planning committee has been formed to assess the needs and smooth out the details. All in all, it will still cost money.

This college is worth it. An institution can't do a very good job if its facilities are inadequate. Improvements must be made. People are demanding it by just enrolling.

All of the above will be completed within six years. That's a long time to wait, but each year puts us closer to becoming a little more valuable to the community.

Just as a kid needs a new pair of shoes because his feet are growing, so the College needs new facilities for the growing number of people entering its doors.

If you have any interesting ideas you would like the long-range planning committee to listen to, or are interested in helping in any way, you should attend the committee's next meeting, tomorrow at 3 p.m. in Barlow 352.

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by Tod Bassham

## Art museum visits urged

By Lori Kent  
For The Print

When was the last time you saw an art show? Or, have you ever been to an art show? Well, there's a lot of art out there to be seen and admired.

Being an art major, I've

come to appreciate many different forms of art that I would probably have never been exposed to if I had not chosen fine arts as my major. Now I'm glad that I have had a chance to see some of the works of art made available to us. I feel others should take advantage

of the opportunities there are to view art. There are many art exhibits and museums around to visit, the Portland Art Museum, Contemporary Crafts Gallery, frequent shows in schools, fairs, why, from time to time, there are even exhibits in our parks.

I recently drug my boyfriend to a show at the Portland Art Museum and to his surprise, he really enjoyed it. He saw some things he liked, some things he didn't like, but he had a nice time and plans on attending more in the future. You don't have to like everything you see, but remember, it's easy to be critical. Not all art is good art, but don't dismiss something without a fair trial.

You don't need a trained eye to view art, just an open mind. Art can bring some pleasure into our sometimes busy and hectic world. So, when you find you have some spare time, why not take in an art show, or maybe even an art class? You will probably be pleasantly surprised and feel the time was well spent.

## Acting causes illness

Here I am, behind the curtain of the play "Wings," waiting for my cue. Why, of all the various planets scattered about the universe, of all the silly countries on all those planets, of all the stupid little towns in those silly countries, of all the crummy stages in those stupid little towns, why did I have to be on this one? Why? Why?

When I think of all the things that could go wrong, all the fouled lines, the missed cues, the mental blocks waiting to leap into my mind the second I turn my cowardly back and run, then the world seems black and ancient, weighed down with guilt and recrimination. Will I "out-Herod Herod?" Or just fall flat on my face?

My cue! OK, here I am on stage, in front of hundreds of evil, staring little eyes, all glowering out of the darkness at me, waiting for me to make a mistake. What's my line again? Lese...Oh my Gosh! I think

my fly is open. If I look, then people will wonder what I'm looking at. Why did I become an actor?

An actor? Me, an actor? Barbara's the only one here doing any acting. I'm just some ofay in a white lab coat doing a bad impression of Marcus Welby. Why? Why?

I wish I were Jewish. Then I would have a culture, a past, a future. I could spit on all this goyism. Protestant psychological oppression, and go dancing about singing, "If I were a rich man." If only circumcision had meaning, then I know everything else would fall into place.

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was I meant to be; I am an attendant lord; one who will do to swell a progress, start a scene or two, leave his pants unzipped.

There. I'm off stage. I did it! I got through without a single mistake. Not one boo-boo! I feel like...I feel like...

Throwing up!  
Clackamas Community College

## the print

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19600 S. Molalla Avenue, Oregon City, Oregon 97045

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