

communiqué

EDGERTON



By J. Dana Haynes

Celebrity slaying: a new social concern

Okay, folks! It's social-concern-of-the-month time again. Can anyone tell us which sociological reform is sweeping the nation like the latest Travolta dance step or Whammo toy? That's right, True Believers, it's gun control! Yes, that grand, exciting old favorite has once again reared its righteous head. Why?

Well, the assassination attempts on President Reagan and Vernon Jordan, and the untimely (whatever the hell that means) death of singer/songwriter John Lennon have raised the collective ire of the nation. People are beginning to realize: that

violence is the rule, rather than the exception, in the US.

To back this up, a recent Washington Post/ABC News survey claimed that most Europeans picture America as a land of skulking, delinquent street gags and quick-draw cowboys wearing side-irons. Ours is a country beset by a veritable love for handguns. Ballistic-eroticism, if you will.

All good and well. The question is, of course, why does it take the endangering of a well known personality to galvanize the populous?

Every minute of every hour of every day of every week...

ad infinitum, ad nauseum... someone in the good old US of A is accosted by a hand-gun-carrying antagonist. Sometimes the "bad guy's" a stranger, sometimes a sibling. The reasons range from loves lost to being broke to good old fashioned lunacy (remember the lady in San Diego last year who began sniping from 'her house' at passersby? Her reason: "I hate Mondays").

The point is, handgun murders are as commonplace today as minor auto accidents. It has become an all-pervasive slice of Americana. Sad but true.

Well, all right. If it takes the slaying of a famous person to ignite a polite fire beneath the tail of the world press, and get the public up-in-arms (pun intended), then so be it. Should anyone try to ice Robert Redford or Harry Reasoner, the populous would probably rise up in a wave of gun control mania, like torch-bearing villagers maching on Dr. Frankenstein's castle. Maybe that's what it takes to get the legislations.

Moral of the story? Don't get in the way of a bullet unless you're newsworthy. Otherwise, you'll probably not merit more than an obligatory obituary.

...On various virtues of coughing...

A loud, raspy "cougher" in a crowded theater is a nuisance to those about him, but consider that the common cough is a part of the body's vital defense or immune system.

The Oregon Lung Association reminds that, physiologically speaking, the cough is "an extremely common, physically remarkable and potentially life-saving reflex action."

Moreover, during a cough a powerful rush of air is expelled from the respiratory tract, sometimes at a velocity of up to 500 miles per hour. The usual

purpose of the cough is to clear the airways of some irritating or obstructing substance that potentially could damage the lungs, or interfere with the smooth exchange of oxygen and carbon dioxide in the body.

Pulmonary specialists explain, "People who are unable to cough, such as those under general anesthesia, are in danger of serious disease (and even death) because they cannot protect their lower respiratory tracts from foreign substances."

The Oregon Lung Associa-

tion offers these two important reminders about all coughs:

A cough is not a disease, but rather a symptom that something is wrong in the body. Anyone who has a cough that lasts more than a couple of weeks should be seen by a doctor, who may in turn suggest an examination by a respiratory disease specialist.

Most coughs are self-limiting; that is, they go away in a few weeks, even if you do nothing at all. If you are a cigarette smoker, a cough is in your future. However, if you quit smoking, that cough will most likely disappear within four weeks.

Marcel Marceau worthy of sellout

There are very few "legendary" artists still around these days. Earl Hines is probably one, as are Martha Graham and Andres Segovia. Yet another is the great French mime, Marcel Marceau, who will be performing April 15 at 8:15 p.m. in Portland's Civic Auditorium.

Born in Strasbourg in 1923, the son of middle-class parents, Marceau's first exposure to mime was in the form of the

silent comedies of Buster Keaton and Charlie Chaplin. After the interruption of World War II (in which his parents were murdered and he served in the Resistance), Marceau first started as an actor at the Theatre de Poche in Paris in 1946. He organized his own mime company in 1947.

One of his first mimodramas, "Mort avant L'aube," won the Deburau Prize in 1948, and Marceau was on his way. Truly international fame and success did not come until 1955, when his performances were a smash in New York City. Eric Bentley said of his performance, "an evening of great, of quintessential theatre." His reputation as a master of the genre has been acknowledged ever since.

Marceau has said of his art: "Pantomime is the art of expressing feelings by attitudes and not a means of expressing words through gestures."

Tickets for the performance are \$13.50, \$11.50, and \$9.50, and are available from Celebrity Attractions, 1010 SW Morrison in Portland. Phone 226-4371 for more information.

If I had a handgun

If I had a .44 Magnum,
I'd shoot 'em in the morning,
I'd shoot 'em in the evening,
all over this land.
I'd shoot out danger,
I'd shoot out mourning,
I'd shoot out love between
my brother and my sister,
all, all over this land, ooooooh.

If I had an MX missile,
I'd nuke 'em in the morning,
I'd nuke 'em in the evening,
all over this land.
I'd nuke out danger,
I'd nuke out Russians,
I'd nuke out love between
my brother and my sister,
all, all over this land, ooooooh.

If I had a "Saturday Night Special,"
I'd murder in the morning,
I'd murder in the evening,
all over this land.
I'd murder rock stars,
I'd murder Presidents,
I'd murder love between
my brother and my sister
all, all over this land, ooooooh.
--Thomas A. Rhodes

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