

Monologue

Idle Hands

By J. Dana Haynes

On the right to be comfortable . . .

We're living in a fairly enlightened era, or so I would like to believe. However, there are still pockets of medieval thinking around.

Not too long ago, I was at work arguing good-naturedly with a friend. Stan and I want to have these long-winded, pointless debates on the various woes of society to keep us awake.

Unfortunately, this particular conversation strayed into dangerous territory. I can't remember now how the topic came up, but somehow I got around to mentioning the fact that I like to consider myself a minor-league gay rights activist.

As if I'd thrown a switch, Stan stopped his reply in mid-syllable, smiled awkwardly, and asked if I was kidding.

No, I said, of course not.

Stan shivered in disgust and explained to me that that's not right.

What's not right?

Fagots, he replied, rather unceremoniously.

That got us rolling on a rather heated argument. After several verbal thrusts and parries, I asked Stan if he didn't think that the Bill of Rights inherent in the constitution of the United States worked completely for everyone, or not at all for anyone (I firmly believe that one of the above must be true. Call it creative idealism).

Of course not, my friend replied, it doesn't work for prisoners.

Ah, touche. Indeed it does not. However, one good definition of the word "criminal" is one who interferes with the freedom of another, the punishment for which is strict curtailment of the perpetrator's freedoms.

Homosexuals don't interfere with anyone's rights, just by being gay, do they?

Of course they do, Stan retorted. They interfere with my right to be comfortable.

It was at this point that I felt it was better to go about my work, rather than say something that we'd both regret later on.

The moral of this story? Beware of those who assume non-existent rights. There is no such thing as a right to be comfortable. In fact, in this world of starvation, war, and the politics of expedient death, virtually no one should be too comfortable. Satisfaction with reality is the prerogative of the ignorant.

Opposition to gay rights is no more justifiable than opposition to black rights, or Jewish rights, or the rights of the lefthanded. And yet, in this most enlightened country, bigotry is an epidemic.

I used to believe that such warped thinking had been wiped out, at least in this corner of this nation. This isn't the South, nor is it the 1930's. Prejudice still exists in small, easily controlled quantities. But for the most part, our dear Oregon is above all that.

Then, two years ago, a black family in Milwaukie had a cross burnt on their lawn and obscenities scratched into their car. And last year (or maybe every year, for the press keeps hush about such sickness) the Temple Beth Shalom in Portland was desecrated with anti-semitic slogans.

And everyday, the people I work with and go to school with and live near talk about niggers. And fags. and use anatomical references for women that glare with perverse hostility.

The President talks about keeping our shores inviolate, and proposes a multi-billion dollar missile scenario. And older people talk about the lack of morals in this society, and reminisce over the good old days, when everyone's door was unlocked and no one doubted the virtues of the government and blacks were lynched to relieve tension.

Stan has been known to shake his head and smile at my naivete. And I've been known to write indignant, self-righteous editorials.

And yet I like Stan, and I've been known to tell a pollack joke or two.

It makes you wonder who's the enemy.

Intelligence not a factor for firearm ownership

By T. Jeffries

One of the most emotional issues facing this country today is the pro and anti-handgun debate. Unfortunately neither side is willing to compromise and both embrace extremes.

What pro-ownership proponents must realize is that there must be some regulation to reduce the number of accidental deaths within gun-owning households. Gun control isn't going to stop criminal activities and murders, criminals will always be able to get guns.

What opponents have to see is that it must stretch beyond handguns. At this time Oregon has a five day "cooling-off" period before a handgun can be picked up by the buyer. In this time the proper forms are sent to local law enforcement agencies to verify the identity and record of the purchaser. This is a very good system, even though it's frustrating for the buyer who, after purchasing the gun, must wait the additional time.

However, there is no such regulation concerning rifles or shotguns. Let's be reasonable folks, the reason it's a "han-

dgun" is because way back in history the traditional long arm was shortened to make an easy-to-carry hand weapon. Quite frankly, the only difference between a rifle or shotgun and a handgun is fifteen minutes and a hacksaw. And it's a simple fact that a properly cut down 20 gauge is much more effective than a .38 revolver and just as easy to conceal.

Now, I'm not advocating that a cooling-off period be instituted for long arms as well. Nor am I calling for the abolition of the handgun waiting period, but there must be some regulation to protect gun owners and their family, friends and neighbors from accidental injury or death. A .30-06 bullet (the second most popular hunting round in the world) will travel through several walls and still retain enough velocity to penetrate, and exit from, the human skull.

What we need is an intelligence test. Discriminatory you say? Not at all. I'm not talking about the literacy tests that were used to keep blacks from voting in the deep south, but a

simple test designed to show that a person has enough sense and knowledge of firearm safety to own a gun. We already have one for automobiles. Sure, we call it a driver's test, but it's simply a test to insure that no person is allowed to drive who is not mentally capable of it. Anyone who can learn and pass the test is allowed a license.

An example is the retarded man who was shot and killed by a policeman. He had been pointing his new shotgun at passersby, and when the policeman ordered him to drop it, had turned it on him. The weapon proved to be unloaded. The fault lies not with the gun, or the policeman, or the man himself. It lies with a society that allows an obviously incompetent person to purchase a dangerous weapon.

Why then should there not be a test on basic firearm safety that every person must pass before they are allowed to purchase a gun? It could be a one-time shot, with that person receiving a certificate or card that they can then show, when they wish to buy a gun.

Rock group Journey sells out

By Vicki Archila
Of The Print

Being from the San Francisco Bay area, it is not with pride when I say *Journey* is a local bay area act that skyrocketed to fame a couple of years back.

When *Journey* first started out, they were a good rock band. A four member quartet, they cut three albums, "*Journey*," "*Look Into The Future*," and "*Journey Next*." That's when things went downhill (or uphill, however you may look at it). Out goes Aynsley Dunbar (who quit to go with the *Jefferson Starship*), replaced by Steve Smith, and in comes Steve Perry. The music changed from slightly heavy metal, good listening rock, to wimpy commercial muzak, with Perry's sometimes winey vocals. In better terms, wimp rock. *Journey* "sells out."

Okay, Okay, I know quite a few people like this music. Can't argue with the Billboard charts, but I for one don't agree, though this is only my opinion. Also, given the same opportunity, I'd probably do the same thing. Let's face it—Dignity or Big Bucks. I'll take the money. Anyone who screams sell-out probably would do so too. So, it doesn't come as any surprise when I say my favorite saying for this

year is "I didn't sell out—I just bought in."

But in this case, come on. Enough is enough. They didn't just buy in, they went and did the ultimate, unjust to rock and roll. They SOLD OUT!

Early next year, those Superstar Rockers (?) are going video. You may say, "everyone is doing videos, why knock *Journey*?" It's not video tapes I'm knocking. I love MTV. What I am knocking is these wimps have actually gone and made a video game of themselves. The name of this game will be "*Journey Escape*." Give me a break!

To quote from advertising copy "Out on the road with America's hottest rock 'n' roll group (sic), it is your job to safely guide the five *Journey*

band members through the continuous onslaught of groupies, promoters, photographers and more." (Gawwd) Once you have securely guided the band members into the "Escape" vehicle, the game blares out *Journey's* smash hit "Don't Stop Believin'." The dealer propaganda also reads "But there will be nothing in your way as you rock and roll to your biggest video game profits ever."

Campbell's Data Age will be manufacturing this game. The ad campaign will be a mere \$4.5 million, and will coincide with the band's next album "Encounter."

Sell out . . . or just bought in? Hey boys, what's next. A Steven Perry doll, maybe?

Ya say yer tired of yer government?

Ya say yer taxes are unfair?

Ya say yer quality of life is the pits?

Tell ya what we're gonna do!

Send us a letter care of *The Print*, Trailer B.

We will print any letter that is signed
and not obscure or libelous.

Deadlines are Monday at noon.

Limit of topics non-existent.

Clackamas Community College

