

Monologue

Idle Hands

By J. Dana Haynes

Tis the season to be grumpy . . .
Yes, once again the yule tide has come in, and all across the country the traditional happenings are happening.

And one of the most traditional is the moaning and whining that accompanies the occasion.

Actually, it's quite understandable. After all, the stores did put up their Christmas decorations the day after Halloween, which means that we the public have already been subjected to a month of elves and frocking. And Corporate America has already switched over to Holliday Muzak. Show of hands: Has anybody not heard Adrea Costalontis' *Jingle Bell Rock* this year?

So Okay. I can understand why some people get decidedly grinch-like this time every year.

I, on the other hand, love it.

My wife Peggy is one of the former. On the day after Thanksgiving, a shopping day that will live in infamy, Peg and I braved the wilds of the Clackamas Town Center. We probably saw you there, since the great majority of the free world was also shopping there that day.

True, the crowds were chaotic. And the noise was deafening. The lines were long, the kids demonic, the music slurped from the speakers like Karo syrup, and the sales persons looked like characters from a Dickens' workhouse.

But there's that certain air. The *je ne sais quoi* that makes Christmas shopping so much fun. Sure people are tense, and the pace is hectic. Yet there's that comradery that springs from 30,000 people crammed into a Hallmark shop.

Even the temporary insanity has its fun side. Shopping is usually pretty boring. But when one doesn't know the mental condition of the sales clerk, and every purchase is a life or death situation, then an air of excitement exists.

It's often worse in specialty places, such as greeting card outlets or toy stores. In one shop that Peg and I hit, there was an adorable, computerized toy Santa Claus that played the first eight bars of *We Wish You a Merry Christmas*. Not with a recording of musical instruments, mind you, but with an array of electronic beeps, similar to the sound of a hot rod Mustang that plays *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* on its horn.

Bee Beep Be Bee Bee Beep Beep . . . over and over again. We were only in that store for about 15 minutes, but we could well understand the look of desperation on the faces on the clerks. However, its bad for business to throttle a Santa in front of the little kids, so the sales personnel persevered. Above and beyond the call, I dare say.

For me, the feeling of tension and excitement grows with each passing day. No thrill on the planet matches that of a shopping spree in a JC Penney's on Dec. 24. Strong men have been reduced to whimpering when assigned to a last-minute foray into the toy section of a K-Mart.

This year promises to be a bumper crop of anguish, as a certain segment of society will remember on the week of the 20th that little Bernard has his heart set on an E. T. action figure. Oh yes, that soapy little alien should prove fun for all. Peg and I have already decided to pack some cold cuts, sit across from the Extra-Terrestrial section of the Toys R Us and work up an editorial on mob mentality. Look for it in a January issue of *The Print*.

So take care one and all. And don't fool yourself by saying that this year, unlike every other year, you've planned ahead and avoided the rush. You have not. In a week or two, you'll remember one last relative or friend, and after much soul searching you'll figure what the heck, it's only one present.

And when we meet, both standing in an un-moving line at a department store, I'll dare you to tell me you're not having fun.

Mozeltov!



Lip sync

Sublime and ridiculous

By Tracy M. Sumner
Of The Print

I scoffed aloud a few weeks ago when I read the advertisement posted in the Community Center Mall.

Our Associated Student Government sponsoring an "air guitar-lip sync" contest? Come on guys! This is an institute of higher learning. We're all adults above such childish behavior--aren't we?

After some coaxing by a friend, I reluctantly agreed to sit in on the display last Wednesday. Due to an unforeseen delay (a class, I believe it was) I arrived about 25 minutes late, just in time for Steve Vohs' predictable-but-amusing mime. What really surprised me was the attendance. It took several "excuse me's" and "pardon me's" just to position myself in a favorable viewpoint.

The first lip sync act I saw was four members of the men's cross country team letting it all hang out to Survivor's "Eye of the Tiger." The crowd response was great and with good reason. Those guys were really impressive in synchronizing their every move to the music.

The contest's winners came next with what I heard was an encore performance of their act. The group of ladies won my award for costume design. They at least should win something for having the nerve to lip sync a Rick James song in public.

Next came a group that was ineligible for the awards because they arrived late. But for overall action and crowd appeal, they may have won the first place award. It was a group comprised of college soccer players doing a

very impressive act to AC-DC's "Problem Child." While I find AC-DC's sounds about as appealing as finger nails on a chalk board, I must admit that the guys did an excellent job of choreographing themselves to the sound.

About half way through the show I realized that I was a little more than mildly amused by the proceedings.

For gosh sakes, it was downright entertaining!

For the sake of consolation for the also-rans, I have compiled a list of awards (imaginary, of course) for individuals I felt were deserving of individual attention.

Take a bow:

Sean Kelly--Sean was an absolute wild man as he mimicked AD-DC's lead screamer, Bon Scott. Easily the best "lead man" of the day. Sean's shirt, may it rest in peace, should also be given special commendation for giving it all.

Steve Gogl--Steve was the only outstanding drummer. The others were good, but only Steve was a show in himself. The sunglasses were a nice touch.

Jim Edmark--Jim showed the advantage of really letting go of one's self for the sake of showmanship. At times it would have been easy to believe that he really was playing the guitar for the cross country runners. His athletic ability was really helpful.

To sum up my feelings on this display, I must congratulate the participants of the contest for having the nerve to really let themselves have a good time in public. I believe most of us have a lot to learn from those people.

MERRY CHRISTMAS &
A HAPPY CHANUKA
ONE AND ALL

