

Monologue

Congress should silence record critics

By Dave Holmes

Copy Editor of The Print

There was a day not so very long ago when I was refused admission to a movie because I was under 17 years of age. The movie was 'R' rated and contained material that someone, or a committee of someones, decided I shouldn't see. So if there are things that 16-year-olds shouldn't see, there must be things that 16-year-olds shouldn't hear, right?

Recently, a very concerned wife of a very well-paid Cabinet member proposed to a special House subcommittee that the record industry rate and label all recordings it produces in a manner similar to that of the movie industry. This rating system supposedly would keep filth and pornographic material away from America's youth. Would a rating system achieve this lofty goal? I think not.

The main criticism of the proposed rating system is launched, not suprisingly, by the majority of American recording artists. People as diverse as Dee Snider of Twisted Sister and Donny Osmond are saying that such a rating system would stifle creativity as some artists would have to change and "clean up" their albums in order to sell them. How many X-rated films win Academy Awards? Conversely, the majority

of the record-buying public doesn't buy albums full of "wholesome" things. With labels being stuck on album covers, some artists might have to add things they normally wouldn't in order to sell their wares to a label-conscious public. Again, how many people over the age of 12 go to see a lot of G-rated movies?

Another angle that opponents of the rating systems bring up is that artists would be classified by the ratings on their albums. Very few artists want to be labeled as "Porno-pushers" or as "Goody-two-shoes." Such a labeling could narrow the range of people that buy their albums and thus reduce sales.

These rebutals are all fine and dandy, but what have they got to do with decreasing pornography? Not a thing. They have to do with money, which, these days, usually takes a higher priority than scruples. And speaking of that filthy subject (porn, not wealth), let's take a look at what MIGHT happen if a rating system were in effect.

A typical seventh-grade American youngster wants to be popular among his peers. How does he get popular if it doesn't come naturally? He does something to change his image, something that's cool in the eyes of the status quo. He does something that the other kids would only

dream of doing. That's right: Little Johnny or Little Mary gets his or her hot little hands on an R-rated or (God forbid!) an X-rated recording.

It hasn't been so long ago that most of us can't remember the thrill of doing something we weren't supposed to do. Or better yet, the thrill of telling our friends about it. No, I definitely feel that a rating system wouldn't solve the problem of pornography in popular music. More than likely it would make illicit records all the more enticing to children.

By the way, just what IS pornography? Who is to set the standards? Who is going to draw the line between art and trash? I've run into more than a few English and Italian madrigals of the sixteenth century that were pretty steamy. Are they pornographic?

Finally, there's a point to this ratings proposal that sometimes gets overlooked: censorship. A group of people get together, and after drawing the 'porno line', say, "Alright, we've separated the 'bad' stuff from the 'good'. Great. Say, why don't we just get RID of the 'bad' stuff altogether?" These same people probably have some neat ideas on other things. When certain protest rallies, folk songs, or (gulp!) newspapers get banned, I promise not to say "I told you". Then again, I probably won't be allowed to.

Andrews finds 'the varied life' to be his own

By Loretta Carter

Of The Print

It's 5:30 a.m. on a brisk, autumn morning and Dick Andrews, English instructor at the College, is about to start another day. As the minutes tick away, his slumber is startled by the piercing clatter of an alarm clock. He awakens, eyes partly shut, vision an indistinct blur. He tells himself, "Time to milk the cows."

For Andrews this is a typical morning. He has had this routine for 14 years. When the cows are milked and fed, the chicken's eggs are gathered, and, of course, the barn has been cleaned, Andrews scuttles off to school to start his 8 a.m. class where he teaches 75-100 enthusiastic English students.

"I hope someday to write a book of children's stories."

Andrews has been a teacher at the College for 14 years. He not only teaches the fine art of writing and English, but teaches English as a second language along with teaching Bible as Literature.

Born in Spencer, Massachusetts, Andrews is one of three children raised on the family farm. He moved to Oregon in 1966 and now lives at Beaver Creek.

The proud and happy father of three girls, his youngest still lives at home, Andrews has four adopted sons from a previous marriage, and is the grandfather of three boys.

Andrews is a very talented man who worked in North Dakota for 10-years on an Indian reservation. From his experiences there, he now travels two or three times a year around the state teaching children about Indian customs and life. He also has a talent to tell children stories with quite a flair. "I hope someday to write a book of children's stories," he said.

Andrews is already a published author. "About two years ago," he said, "I had an article published by a farm magazine put out by the Ford Motor Co. telling about tips to help part-time farmers."

As well as being an educator, author, and folklorist, Andrews is a caring "Big Brother" or "nanny", as he has been called, to five young wrestlers. He takes in and gives a good home to these men during the school

year. These wrestlers are from all different parts of Oregon. Andrews became interested in rooming wrestlers after he first came to Oregon when he became friends with one of the wrestling coaches. He keeps himself active in the sport by helping to support the fund-raising of the wrestling teams.

This man of many talents also taught English as a second language in Costa

Rica last year for 4 months. Then, this last September, he went again.

Things around the Andrews house will be changing slightly pretty soon: Andrews is about to be married. The lucky lady, Cindi Pucci, is also a teacher at the College and will soon become Mrs. Cindi Andrews. Congratulations to the happy couple.



Dick Andrews

Photo by Dan Wheeler

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