

From the editor...

I know I said I was sick of it last week, but how about just one more smoking editorial? There's still a few things left to be said. ASG did a good job handling the polling, but I think there were some major problems with the poll.

First of all, after talking to a wide range of students on campus, I get the impression that most people didn't realize that the poll was an opinion poll, and not a democratic vote. The President's Council is still going to decide the issue as they see fit. Just because option two got 40 percent of the vote doesn't mean it "won." Nothing really "won" because there was no vote to win.

I don't envy the President's Council. Whatever decision they make is going to make at least one segment of the campus population mad. There's no way around it. But I would like to offer a little advice to the council: use the poll in making your decision. A lot of people think that you are going to ignore what they think, and you need to find a way (even though everyone won't be happy) to make people think that you considered their opinions. If not, we haven't seen the end of the protests and petitions (or the amount of copy devoted to the smoking issue in the Print, for that matter).

I feel it is important to mention that this is the last issue of the Print for this term. It is also, perhaps more importantly, the last issue of the eighties. The next issue of this paper will have "1990" on it. We have reached the end of the decade. The turn of the century/millennium is only ten years away.

There is one more reason that this issue is important. This issue contains the last "Piller's Picks" column. Our movie critic/business manager/general comedian/great compromiser/good friend Rick Piller ends his stay at Clackamas this term. Rick will be attending PSU next term. It looks like the Vanguard staff is in store for wild times...

Epstein Update: Still no word on an apology. Dr. Epstein, I'm going to reserve an inch or so of space in this column for you to apologize for the comment you made at the smoking forum. The space below is yours, and it will stay here until you decide to use it. Here you go:

Reserved for Dr. Epstein

Horowitz provides brief moment of fame

In the words of Andy Warhol, "Everyone is entitled to five minutes of fame."

I was reminded of my five minutes as I watched Vladimir Horowitz in a replay of his concert in Moscow and a recording date not long before his death in November, 1989.

I was nineteen, the year was 1930. I was attending a Master Playing Class, or seminar, offered by Sergei Tarnowsky, the second teacher of the boy, Vladimir. His first was his mother.

The place was the Villa Scholastica, a girls' school run by the Benedictine nuns in Duluth, Minnesota. Two hundred music teachers had come from Northern Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin to learn from the Master.

Tarnowsky was an impressive

sight standing before the group, tall and erect, crowned with a full head of hair, almost shoulder length. Back in those days of the crew-cut, he was an anomaly. He wore a Harris-Tweed jacket with leather elbow patches.

He spoke with a slight Russian accent as he greeted the class. "I would like someone among you to play for me so that I may criticize and analyze what you are doing. That way we can learn together. Will one of you volunteer?"

The silence was deafening. No one spoke. No one raised their hand. "Come, come, surely one of you professionals will play for me."

For the longest moment ever, I waited. Then, nudging my teacher, Vere Brewsahg, I asked if it would be okay if I played. He nodded. I rose and approached the low platform where a Steinway concert grand and Tarnowsky stood waiting.

"Tell us your name and what you are going to play."

"My name is Joseph Lee. I am going to play the Prelude and Fugue in F# major from the Well Tempered Clavichord."

"Proceed," the great man said. I presented myself to the Steinway, adjusted the seat for me and started to play. The Prelude and Fugue and I

were good friends. The music of Johann Sebastian Bach was user-friendly for me. I gloried in the playing of the partitas, chorales, "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," and most of the Well Tempered Clavichord. I loved Bach's music.

As I played I knew it was going well. Each note sounded surely to my touch. When I had finished and bowed to the polite applause, Tarnowsky said, "This young man volunteered to play in order that I might criticize his playing and we could learn. But, he has played so well I find nothing to criticize. It was beautiful and completely to my liking. Thank you, Joseph, for a fine performance."

At my advanced stage in life, I hope you will forgive my glowing with pride for my five minutes of fame, long ago.

The Laugh Clinic

Joseph Patrick Lee

80s provided both good, bad times

by Roseann Wentworth Copy Editor

It's December 1989 and we still don't have robot maids in our home, we aren't consuming pill-shaped freeze-dried meals, we can't catch a shuttle to the shopping mall on the Moon, and surprisingly we aren't dust molecules from World War III; the Nuclear Holocaust.

We did, however, see some things that would have raised the proverbial eyebrow of the theofuturists of 1979. (Ah, nothing like the originality of an end of the decade retrospect, huh?)

I know, I know; I hear you whining "...But we're sick of 80s' retrospects..." I say "Tough beans to you. I did have a heart though and didn't put it in the form of a "Top Ten List." You're welcome.

Mount St. Helens blew her top, Hurricane Hugo almost blew South Carolina off the map, and we're still feeling the aftershocks of the 1989 San Francisco earthquake. Wall Street crashed twice, and the airline companies wished they could say the same. John Lennon was assassinated and Ronald Reagan got silver-screen lucky and was penned only as an attempt. Chernobyl melted down, and unfortunately, so did the press regarding it.

The Ethiopians are still starving as are countless Americans, most who don't even have a home to starve in. The Space Shuttle exploded as did government scandals. We ripped a hole in the ozone layer and witnessed the ripping down of the Amazon rain forests. The me-generation put down their protest signs, got power haircuts, put on suspenders and a red power tie (both sexes), bought a BMW and a Wagoner, sold out and sold anything worth future American monies to the Japanese. The Japanese also put on red power ties, learned English (and how to laugh), dumped all their autos and electronics on Uncle Sam making trillions of dollars, then bought eve-

rything from choice real estate to movie companies from us.

AIDS, terrorism, Grenada, Persian Gulf, Afghanistan, Central America, street gangs, racism, organized religion, steroids, cocaine, SDI, and cosmetic surgery: Not pretty events to bottle in a time capsule for future generations, but then future generations are going to be the ones who'll never be able to forget the events of the 80s.

Okay. There were some positive events, some can even be considered as milestones. The rise of the mainframe computer into the PC. Fax machines, cellular phones, microwaves, and velcro made life seem easier and put us up to warp speed in the fast lane.

Espresso, frozen yogurt, and imitation crab were fads turned into things we now can't live without but really should. We threw out the candy bar and munched down assorted muffins, quenched our thirst with mineral seltzers, and practically poisoned our bodies with the invasion of Nutrasweet.

C. Everett Koop told us to watch our cholesterol, keep our aerobic heart-rate up, and (whinnie) eat bran. That we did. In fact, breakfast cereal companies bombarded us with new, hip bran cereals that only the toilet paper companies truly profited from.

Then there are the faces of the 80s. Obviously, Ron and Nancy, Gorby and glasnost (which led to the fall of the Berlin Wall,) Dave and Maddie, and Jim and Tammy Faye.

A good portion of America had a talk show, Madonna dyed her hair 10,000 times singing somewhat like a virgin all the way to the bank, and Richard Simmons still won't shut up.

Bryant Gumble proved what an ass he really is, Mike Tyson showed us that you don't have to be smart or a forensic scholar to make a million or two, and we had a one-night stand with Max H-H-Headroom.

Joan Collins didn't get less bitchier, and Imelda never stopped. Elvis is still dead and George Burns (hurray!) won't die.

Donald Trump raked in more money than all of the people in Iowa put together made, and wife Ivana spent more money than all the people in Iowa put together made.

Don't forget MTV and TV-News hype, fast food and the drive thru, stone-wash everything and neon, E.T., Superman, and Batman, video games and the remote control, the Swatch-watch and condoms. Television went hi-fi stereo, cable went 50 channels plus (there's still nothing good on), and we started bringing movies home by the dozen. The new generation's drug is called Nintendo, and what's more frightening is that

they're damned good at it. The comedian was more than successful in the 80s; probably because we need a good laugh after all this.

We witnessed the coming of age of the Jacksons, Tom Cruise, Eddie Murphy, the Beav, and Jodie Foster while Cher, Phyllis Diller, and Joan Collins look younger now than when the decade was new.

Shall I stop? Once again, I hear you all chanting, "Hey, what about this...?" See how one event reminds you of another and so on? That's how they were originated also. Events, I would like to think, do not just happen with the intent of ending up in a retrospective article. They just happen. Remember that this New Year's Day as you're bombarded with endless Top Ten lists.

EDITORIAL POLICY

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