

Castration: Punishment fits the crime

Recently, I read in the *Oregonian* of a bill that would institute the chemical castration of sex offenders. All I can say is...It's about time. What better way for the punishment to fit the crime?

nearby, the football game was over and I was still left wondering: where is Tara?

I walked to my sister's apartment complex, because that's where Tara and I were staying that night. When I got to the gate, a friend met me there.

"Get into your sister's, NOW!, she said." I heard the desperation in her voice as I ran.

When I walked into my sister's apartment, there was Tara. I was about to scold her for worrying me, but the look in her eyes was something I will never forget. Behind her big brown eyes, terror, fear, and sadness welled up.

"What happened?" I said. All Tara could do was cry. My friend Jason told me the awful truth: Tara had been raped. By friends.

When I found out it was Bob and Brian who had done this, I was outraged. I felt helpless, because I couldn't do anything to ease her pain.

Bob and Brian. Our friends? Soon, the police arrived.

"Who are you?" the police officer asked. "I'm her best friend," I said.

The officer wanted Tara to go to the station to make a statement and meet with the rape counselor. I went with her and her family, for support. I could hear her



screaming from the other room as the doctor examined her.

Bob and Brian were prosecuted, but they suffered nothing even close to the pain and suffering my friend had to endure that night and forever.

Punishment? Not much. They were sentenced to community service and sent to MacLaren, and were later released; people were threatening to kill them for what they did.

Bob and Brian also had to write a letter to Tara to apolo-

gize as part of their rehabilitation. She wanted nothing to do with them. Whatever. The letter did nothing for her. However, it did allow for her to relive the terror all over again.

Just last week, I called the State Legislature to ask about the bill regarding chemical castration. I was told the bill died at the table. That disappoints me. Legislators should think about the victims of these heinous crimes before abandoning this bill. If offenders had harsher

punishments—such as getting their penis whacked off—they might think twice about brutalizing women.

(All names have been changed to protect the individuals involved.)

If you or someone you know has been a victim of a sex crime and you would like to voice your opinion or get a bill started, contact your local legislative toll-free at (800) 232-3313.

MAKE A STATEMENT, BE HEARD...

SALENA DE LA CRUZ
Staff Writer



However, let's don't stop there; I think the whole damn thing should be cut off. I'll tell you why.

Nine years ago at a football game, my friend was raped. By friends.

It began as a normal day. My friend Tara (not her real name) and I were hanging out at our high school football game. I went to get a snack and was gone only a few minutes. When I returned, she was gone.

I asked Bob's brother where Tara was. He said she left with Bob and Brian.

As I went looking for her, I knew that something was not right. I asked a couple of my friends to help me look for Tara, and they did.

I remember feeling totally and utterly helpless. After three hours of looking for her, at the game and in the neighborhood

The rules of dating have changed

"Did it hurt? When you fell from heaven, did it hurt?" "I seem to have lost my number—can I have yours?" "I bet your tag says 'made in heaven.'" I

very structured. Everyone had a part and they acted it out (I'm talking about stereotypes, here.) A girl met a guy a few months to a year older. He met her parents when he picked her up, he had the talk with her dad about curfew, and kissing was the farthest a couple was expected to go.

Very few people even considered rocking the boat.

In the 90s, the Titanic has sunk and the foundation of dating has deteriorated. The rules now are:

Don't date relatives (I do know people who break this rule).

No means No (this applies to everything).

Jerry Springer is not a therapist (not quite a rule but Charm's personal note).

Sex is not a way to get to know someone (first and last name are not knowing someone).

These are the basic rules. I personally have a couple more, but I won't preach.

My dating experience has consisted of such pleasures as

complete humiliation, self-doubt, awkwardness and a lovely little thing I call baggage. (A personal note: I'm not intentionally slandering men, but all of my negative experiences have been a result of them.) I have only exclusively dated two guys (they weren't quite men.) I never realized there were such a range of emotions until my relationships with David and Hyrum. They both (at separate times) threw my heart in a blender, stomped on it, kicked it and mounted it like a dead trophy. Do I sound bitter? It's gratitude (really) that I'm trying to express.

The downside of dating would have to be twitterpation. You run around with your head in the clouds and this stupid-ass grin on your face, and you seem to be happy. Then a week passes and, like from a flu, you recover from this sickness. This unpleasant feeling is addictive; after it leaves you want more. It's funny what humans put themselves through again and again and again. You would think we would learn.

I love the dating game for so many reasons—I could go on for days.

'CHARM World'

CHAMAINE LARSON
Staff Writer

love the dating game. I'm not sure if it's obvious or only noticeable to me, but it seems like some people's IQs diminish as soon as puberty begins. [Dating Hint: Pick-up line bad, conversing good.]

I am not, by far, the expert on dating, but I have been around the block once or twice. (Suddenly I feel cheap. Hmm...could this be society influencing my self-image?) The evolution of man has brought on quite a few changes in how we pick a mate. The caveman had a club; today we have pick-up lines and alcohol. Neither is very efficient once the chosen incoherent party comes to her (or his) senses. [Dating Hint: If you weren't attractive to an individual before they were drunk, you will probably still be unappealing after they sober up.]

In the 50s, courtship was



International story unfair

Stephanie Smith's article entitled "Cultures come alive at International Week" (*Print*, 5/12) included the following observations about the role played by Mary Potts: "everybody just kind of laughed at her" and "after messing up considerable amounts of time, Potts dared to ask, 'We're doing pretty good aren't we.'"

This piece of journalism could be left to stand or fall on its own merits were it not for the fact that Mary, who did more than anyone else to hold the show together, was hurt by it. I messed up the overheads and Mary got bashed for following her entertainer's instincts and covering for me. Show biz can be cruel, I guess.

Thank-you, Mary, for taking the chance and taking the heat. You were great.

David Miller
Spanish Instructor and person responsible for the May 5th show.

Advisor's note . . .

Student Mary Potts and Instructor David Miller have brought to our attention the fact that the feature about International Week included two sentences about Mary's performance that day that could be construed as negative (see David Miller's letter, above).

Writer Stephanie Smith did not intend to be critical of Mary, and meant no offense. Prior to the sentences David quotes above, Stephanie described Mary's leadership of the event very positively.

Mary is offended by the phrase "Everyone just kind of laughed at her." *The Print* should not have used those words. A more accurate sentence would be "Every-

one just laughed."

In addition, the paragraph that followed suggested that Mary's handling of the karaoke portion, when the overheads got messed up and people couldn't see all the words, was not professional. In fact, as David pointed out, Mary rose to the occasion and handled things smoothly and professionally in spite of technical problems.

Her instructors and advisors tell us that Mary worked countless hours to help make International Week a success; to read critical words about her in *The Clackamas Print* is especially hurtful. We applaud Mary's efforts, and apologize for any hurt or embarrassment the story caused her.

—Linda Vogt