

# Valentine's Day: of lovers and losers

How do you feel about Valentine's Day?

## Stop whining and get with the lovin' already



**Isaiah Creel**  
THE CLACKAMAS PRINT

While fables and conspiracy theories always hold some degree of truth, Valentine's Day is a great day.

Some among the citizenry might muse over Starbuck's Coffee how Valentine's Day is a holiday thought up by the chocolate companies, and that these chocolate companies hold secret allegiances with the weight-loss industry.

Their goal is to sell men chocolate to give to their significant others, while simultaneously making the women think that they are fat so they'll eat more pills and less food.

Retirement centers have Valentine's dances for the old fogies; kids get to eat lots of candy; teenage boys get sweaty palms from working up the nerve to ask teenage girls on dates while teenage girls are sending innuendos to try to get the teenage boys to ask them on dates; lovers share candlelit dinners by the fireside, and spouses enjoy romantic Italian restaurants whilst their offspring are attended by grandparents.

Sadly, there are those who just don't have anyone to spend their Valentine's Day with (or any other day for that matter). That lonely embrace of Hershey's Kisses can't compare to the loving arms of another human.

There will be no Fabio leaping half-naked through the window, no slap and tickle with Heather Locklear.

No, some people don't have anyone but their cats to spend Valentine's Day with, and to those people I offer some simple advice.

For instance, there are more ugly people in this world than beautiful people.

Stop looking for that "special" someone and just grab someone. Hump like rabbits, and leave before your partner gets a chance to tell you anything personal. Just get it over with and stop complaining about your own inability to function within a relationship.

That's right, it's a cold hard world and for some it can be downright frigid, but it's time to stop being bothered by a lack of communication skills, inability to compromise or just plain low self-esteem. Go to a bar, get drunk, grab an accessible human and go back to his/her place (but be sure to call a cab if intoxication is overwhelming). For goodness sake, though, STOP COMPLAINING!

Okay, maybe some kinky one-night stand is not desirable on a regular basis, but Valentine's Day comes only once a year. The day after, you can take a couple of showers and start planning on finding a more steady relationship.

The point is, life is too short to complain about other people enjoying themselves. If something is missing (like a boyfriend/girlfriend) take care of it. Get your act together. Stop watching reruns of Star Trek. Stop eating chocolate. Stop feeling sorry for yourself and start taking back your life. Just get it on already!

## Serving up nihilism in a heart-shaped box



**Faye Dodds**  
THE CLACKAMAS PRINT

I've said it before and I'll say it again—Valentine's Day is a crock.

On several occasions, it has occurred to me that Cupid and some remote goddess of beauty have been teaming up and working together to leave a few folks sitting high and pretty, their lives full of beauty and love. Unfortunately, I seemed to have been tag-teamed by their rivals.

I've never been "in love" or ever had someone claim to be "in love" with me, unless Kobe was lying. As far as beauty goes ... let's just say that the story about tying a T-bone around a baby's neck to get attention from the dog; well, it was true for me.

The only true love in my life exists after a "sugar-coated" bowl of chicken and grits with my nine cats. Trust me ... we love it.

So what does Feb. 14 mean to me? Well, this year, it's a lovely yet extremely average Saturday.

If you want to celebrate being in love with someone, get drunk and married in Las Vegas for a few hours. Take a picture, or for heaven's sake, pop out a kid. But for the sake of me and my nine felines, don't designate one day to spending dinero on some press-on-nail-wearing chick who has a secret plan to promote V-day for all the free chocolate she's going to be getting (and, God knows, doesn't need).

Yeah, I've made a few mistakes myself.

But honestly, even if I was in love with anything other than stray cat fur embedded with dry chunks of who-knows-what, I would still willingly argue that Valentine's Day is extremely overrated.

"Buy this, buy that, sweeten (meaning fatten) her up," they say. Don't forget the flowers, the candy, a card, a romantic dinner for two by moonlight ... in Paris ... and the perfect "Goodnight, Valentine, I love your nothing-but-chocolate diet" kiss. Who knows how many straight hours of "coyote ugly" snuggling you'll have to endure?

If you don't have a date, you might as well start on your cat collection. May I recommend tabbies and calicos?

As for those who feel my argument lies on faulty experience, or absence thereof, I say—bust out your Mastercard and show her the true meaning of Valentine's Day.

In the end, it all adds up.

Cards, candy, flowers, Mustang rental, gas, carriage ride with six white horses, fairy godmother (wait, scratch that last one)—\$200.

Romantic dinner for two, candles, waiter with a French accent, returnable leather jacket and rare purchase of any cologne—\$350.

Another night of hilarious M\*A\*S\*H and Boy Meets World reruns, a lifetime of companionship with nine loving, purring, flea-infested stray cats and admittedly knowing that you're never going to be in love—priceless (and downright pathetic, I know).

"It's just another holiday that's supposed to be romantic, but it doesn't work that way."

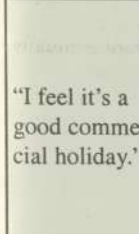


**Deana Butler**



"It's good for couples, bad for singles."

**Aaron Smith**



"I feel it's a good commercial holiday."

**Josh Beam**



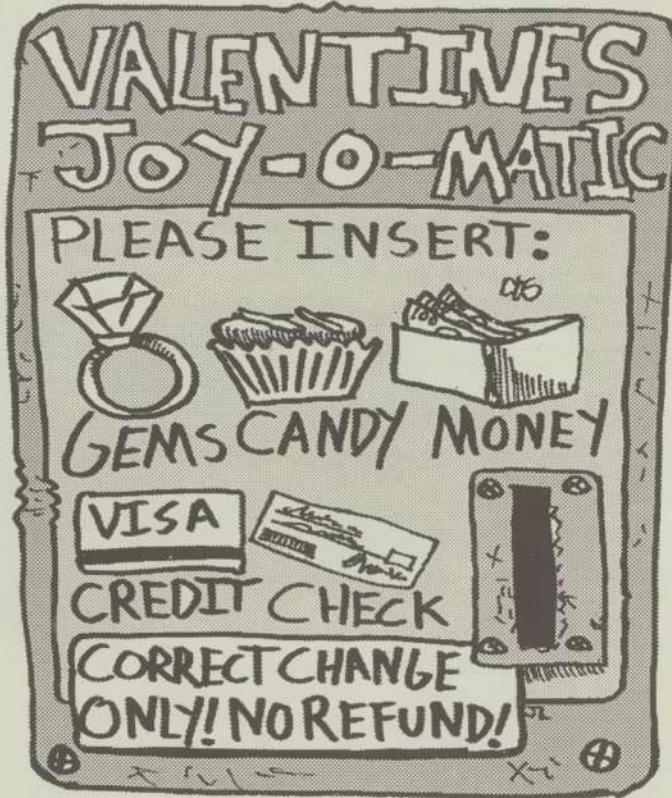
"It's a good excuse to dress like a slut and have somebody else pay for your food."

**Hilliary Ferguson**

"I feel that V-Day is a good day to express how you feel about someone—and for corporations to cut a good gross."



**Jeremy Toren**



## Chiefs' Corner: An insight on reality of nothing



**Cory Price**  
Co Editor-in-Chief

Each of my columns has contained something of interest to daily life. This time I choose to explore deep into my psyche and explain about nothingness.

In the beginning of time, there was nothing but a dark and empty space. From nothing, God created the heavens and the earth. From nothing came something.

Writers get "writer's block" for a moment when they lose their train of thought and are left fumb-

ling for an idea. Suddenly, an inspiration hits them like an anvil falling from the sky. The light bulb turns on and they begin to write. In one moment they had nothing and then something was created.

An artist uses his paintbrush to create a dance on the canvas, shedding light on his mind's creation. The canvas began in his mind and now his hand brings that image to life, by being the liaison between the mind and the canvas. What was this creative scheme before it was an idea? It was nothing, then it was a dream and then it was brought to life.

The circle of life is reliant on birth. Whether the parents are veterans or rookies when it comes to raising a child, they all fall into the same predicament. Some plan extensively, some plan not at all,

putting no thought into the consequences of a child. Either way, a child is created in the mother's womb; a seed was planted deep inside her. From nothing, a child is born.

When the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, our nation was born. Our forefathers strived to create a place of equal opportunity—a chance for all that came to be successful. The first settlers took that chance at a new life to be free from monarchy of England. The pilgrims took a gamble, betting it all and had nothing to lose.

People say that one can't have nothing, for there is always something. "Wrong," I say, "Wrong!" For when people say they are thinking about nothing, then they are thinking about something. But that thought came from nothing.

I refer to the Matrix to prove my point. In the first movie, Neo enters the apartment of the oracle and meets a child. This kid has a spoon and tells Neo the spoon isn't there if one doesn't see it.

This world is full of nothingness. The only thing in this world are trillions of atoms smashing together to create what we call something. Beyond that there is nothing. This opinion piece began with nothing.

In the beginning there was nothing. Babies are created from nothing. An artist begins with nothing on his canvas. We are nothing! Like dust in the wind blown here and there. We are told what to think and what we are supposed to do. Robots are what we have become, robots of nothingness.

**THE CLACKAMAS PRINT**  
19600 S Molalla Ave.  
Oregon City, OR 97045  
(503) 657-6958

The Clackamas Print is a weekly student publication and is distributed every Wednesday except during finals week.

**Co Editors-in-Chief:** Cyndee Mady and Cory Price  
**Copy Editor:** Katie Funk  
**News Editor:** Karlin Johnson  
**Opinion Editor:** Ben Maras  
**Feature Editor:** Karen Hill  
**A&E Editor:** Isaiah Creel  
**Sports Editor:** Nic Delzell

**Advertising Manager:** Mark Falling, ext. 2578  
**Photo Editor:** Jesse Lamond  
**Staff Writers:** Shannon Armstead, Sara Atkeson, Amy Cashman, Faye Dodds, Frank Jordan, Jessica LeClaire, Bethany Monroe, Jeff Sorensen, Jadon Triplett

**Photographers:** Truman Anderson, Angela Gerhart  
**Adviser:** Linda Vogt  
**Department assistant:** Lauren Vuylsteke

**Goals:** The Clackamas Print aims to report the news in an honest, unbiased, professional manner. The opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect those of the student body, college administration, its faculty or The Print. E-mail comments to chiefed@clackamas.edu.