

Family Aid

Children of ill parents have many local resources

Bitter Sweet

Sugar blows Portland fans' eardrums out at Laluna

Play-off Bound

Post-season begins Thursday as LB clinches No. 2 spot

THE COMMUTER

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Spring Fling celebrates sun and fun



Photo by Linda L. Wallace

Scores of students and staff filtered into the courtyard last Wednesday for the annual Spring Fling. Music was provided by Corvallis band, Midlan. The band played several instrumentals including tunes by Metallica and The Red Hot Chili Peppers. College President Jon Carnahan presided over the burial of two time capsules containing issues of The Commuter, a schedule of classes and other relics representative of life at LB. The event was sponsored by Student Programs and included a barbecue and booths from several local merchants and organizations.

By Trista Bush
Of the Commuter

The following speech was delivered by President Jon Carnahan, Wednesday, May 20, during the Student Programs' sponsored Spring Fling.

"It is fitting in this 25th anniversary year of Linn-Benton Community College that we pause just a minute to thank those who went before us and to wish the best for those who follow. We have done the best we know how to carry the institution forward and we will endeavor to continue in the years ahead.

It is my honor today to dedicate these two capsules that will travel through time to those who follow. One capsule will be exhumed twenty-five years from now in 2018. The other will be exhumed seventy-five years from now in 2068. In these capsules we have included just a little of the present so that we might share a sample of our Linn-Benton Community College with the future. We hope and trust that the college will endure, prosper and continue to serve.

Thank you for coming. Come back and tell your children to come back when 2018 and 2068 arrive. The world will surely be different and we trust better then, but now is pretty good also."

President Jon Carnahan

Spring Fling 93 was launched by the burial of two time capsules.

The capsules were a joint effort of the LB Public Relations Office, welding instructors, the Science and Industry Department, maintenance and various students and staff who donated items to go into the capsules.

The capsules, which were put in the ground at 11:30, hold items from all over the campus including college catalogues, Commuter issues, a copy of the 92-93 budget, drawings from children who attend the Family Resource Center and their parent's "dreams for the future." Also included was an emergency can of water, an inkjet cartridge with instructions for an HP laser printer, several floppy disks, a historical video about the college put together by Russ Tripp and Herb Hammond, a copy of this year's graduation commencement address, class schedules, a full list of events from the last two years, a drafting textbook donated by Frank Christensen, a video of the Family Resource Center, and an Albany-Salem phone book.

Materials for the capsules included PVC piping donated by the Albany Sewer Project. The ends of the capsules were pipe threaded and sealed with neoprene. Oxygen was removed from the capsules and Argon gas added to eliminate deterioration.

According to Mike Patrick, Administrative Director of Science and Industry, the pipes can last a hundred years or more.

Other activities during Spring Fling included a barbecue and concert. Median, a Corvallis band, played a set to a large crowd at noon.

The Metallurgy class had a drawing for gold the students panned which was won by Commuter Editor Jack L. Josewski. The Womens Center held a quilt raffle, and the campus book store had a booth.

Board hears it all

By Trista Bush
Of the Commuter

When parking ticket fines are raised this fall the LBCC Joint Student and Staff Parking Regulations Board will be ready.

Made up of three students and Security Manager Mick Cook the board decides the fate of parking violators.

From Sept. 1, 1992 to present the LB security officers ticketed 1,394 vehicles and 123 have been appealed. Most of those fines were reduced or eradicated.

To appeal a ticket, students must fill out an Appeals form, with an excuse for parking illegally and a diagram of where they parked. They can also appeal in person before the appeals board decides the fate of violators.

The biggest parking fines have been given to those who park in internal passageways (crosswalks)—681. Next highest was 229 for parkin in no park-

ing zones.

Currently all parking citations are \$5 with the standard \$10 late fee. Money from parking violations goes into the general fund which is used for parking maintenance.

The board meets every two weeks on Wednesday at 10 a.m. in CC-135. Chief Justice Alice Foster reads the appeals then each is voted on.

The board, made up of Foster, Assistant Chief Justice Lee Gordon and Associate Justice Elizabeth Foster, encounters about 10 to 20 appeals a week.

Their are several favorite excuses transgressors use when appealing tickets—the paint was too faint to see, it was my first time on campus, I didn't know the regulations and I was late for class.

With the large increase in parking fines due later this year, the Appeals board could become a busy place.

Eloquent Umbrella hits stands

By Tricia Lafrance
Of the Commuter

"The Eloquent Umbrella" a 76-page creative arts journal featuring art and writing from Linn and Benton counties will be unfurled today at noon at an open mike reading in the College Center Board Rooms on the main campus.

A community reading will be held on Friday, June 11, at 7 p.m. at the Corvallis Arts Center, 700 SW Madison Ave., Corvallis.

Copies of "The Eloquent Umbrella" will be available at both events for \$2. Copies can also be purchased at the main campus book store, The Benton Center and some local book stores.

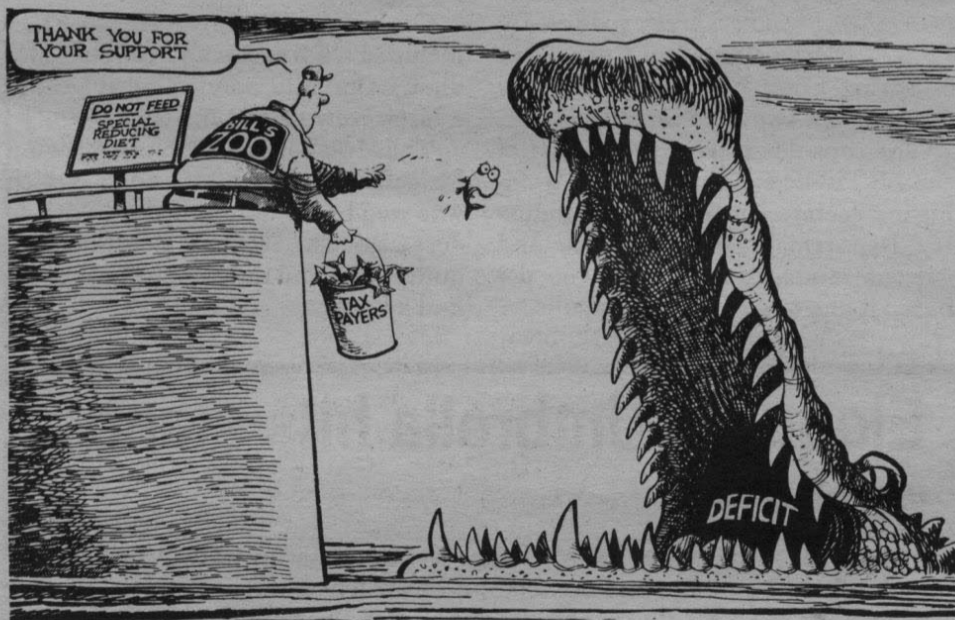
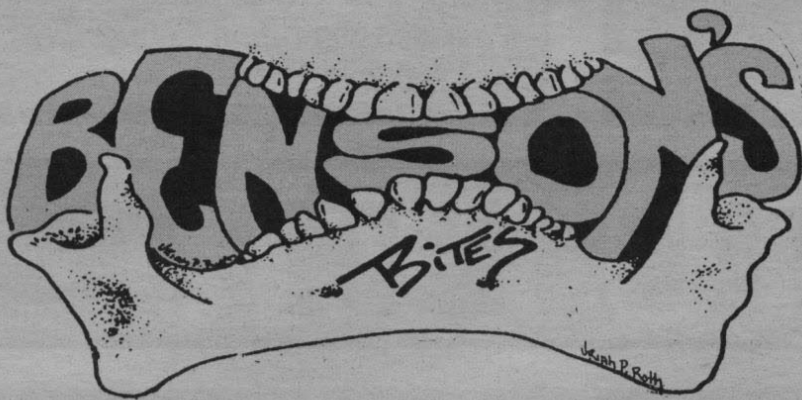
"The literary publications class, which is offered winter term, not only provides a showcase for writers and artists in the community," Linda Smith said, "but also gives students the opportunity to create a literary publication. All decisions for written and art work selected and for design format are done collectively by members of the class."

More than 50 writers and artists from Linn or Benton county submitted work, said Smith, class instructor and faculty advisor for the publication.

"It's open to the community, not just to members of the staff or students of LBCC. This year's 'Eloquent Umbrella' reflects that orientation. It's a way to give exposure to the community of writers and artists in the area," she said.

The deadline for the 1994 Eloquent Umbrella is Jan. 15. If you are interested in having poetry, prose or art work published, contact Smith at 753-3335 or pick up an application form in AHSS-108.

opinion forum



Toast to a canine freeloader

People who haven't been in Big Wally's Tavern for a while will order their beer, then look around and ask where Freddie the Freeloader is.

Wally Tibor or his wife, Evelyn, will shake their heads as they break the sad news.

"Freddie has passed on."

"No kidding."

What from? "He just got old, I guess."

Then they will talk about what a heroic creature Freddie the Freeloader was. And about the cold night he saved Old Jake's life. And Evelyn or Wally will say: "I never had a better dog. No tavern ever had a better dog."

That is a strong statement, since tavern dogs are probably the bravest, most useful of all dogs.

Some of them have become legends, such as Bruno, a Milwaukee Avenue tavern beast. He was a cross between a Doberman and a chow, and he had red eyes and a green tongue. One night, a robber came in and with one bite Bruno performed a rather crude but effective vasectomy on the felon.

Then there was Duke of Armitage Avenue, a huge, mean mixed breed that had lost one ear in a fight with a dozen cats. It was said that if Duke even licked your hand, you could die of blood poisoning.

Duke was unusual in that he didn't like to bark. So a teen-age burglar who broke in one night thought he had clear sailing. He was emptying the cash register when Duke put his paws up on the bar, stared into the kid's eyes and made growling, slobbering sounds.

When the owner showed up in the morning, he found Duke still growling and slobbering, and the teen-age burglar still standing with his hand in the register. The owner swears that the kid's hair had turned pure white.

But as noble as these dogs were, Freddie the Freeloader was something special. Freddie was born to be a tavern dog. He just wandered in off the street one day and made himself at home, mooching potato chips, boiled eggs and hunks of barroom pepperoni. That's how he got his name.

He could do everything expected of a good tavern dog — never biting a regular customer, sniffing suspiciously at strangers or people who asked for credit, breaking up fights by biting all brawlers equally, and growling at wives who came looking for their husbands.

He could do it all — plus something I've never heard of any other tavern dog doing. At night, he would walk customers home from the tavern. Nobody trained him to do it. He just seemed to know that a dog is a drunk's best friend. A regular named Leo was the first to notice it. One night, Leo told Evelyn: "You know, when I leave here, that son-of-a-gun always walks me to my door."

It became kind of a joke. Evelyn or Leo would tell people: "Don't worry about getting rolled on the way home. Freddie will get you there."

And he did. The regulars would leave one at a time — Leo, then Shorty and Teddie and Donnie and Marty. They would stagger down the street with Freddie at their sides. As soon as one of them lurched safely into his house, Freddie would trot back to the bar for another.

Evelyn recalled: "Sometimes one of them would be leaving, and I'd say: 'Wait, Freddie's not back yet from taking Tony home.' So they'd have another drink and wait for Freddie."

After a while, Freddie knew where most of the regulars lived, which is more than some of the regulars knew at 2 a.m. So all they had to do was follow him and he'd get them there.

Nobody kept track of how many times Freddie got people safely home. Hundreds, even thousands. And not one of them was mugged or pinched for vagrancy. Think about that. A Saint Bernard named Barry is in history books because he rescued 40 people during a blizzard in Switzerland in 1800. Freddie provided safe escort for that many people on any busy Saturday night.

Then there was the incident with Old Jake. Even now, when somebody mentions it, everybody at the bar drinks a silent toast to Freddie. It was late one night during last winter's terrible blizzard. Old Jake had been drinking boilermakers to brace himself for the long walk home. By midnight, he had braced himself enough to walk to Alaska.

"When Jake got up to leave, I told Freddie to go with him," Evelyn said. And off they went into the fierce cold and deep snow. About 10 minutes later, Freddie returned. But instead of mooching a piece of pepperoni, he stood near the door and barked.

"Lay down," Evelyn said. But Freddie kept barking and barking.

"I said: 'I wonder what's wrong with that crazy dog,'" recalled Evelyn.

Somebody opened the door and Freddie went outside. But he just stood there barking. So a couple of the regulars went outside to see why he was acting that way. Freddie ran down the street and they followed him. He turned at the next corner, then stopped and stood wagging his tail. There, lying in a snowbank, almost covered with new snow, was Old Jake.

He had passed out. And if Freddie hadn't brought help, Jake might not have been found until the spring thaw.

"Freddie saved his life for sure," said Evelyn. "When he sobered up, Jake even came back and thanked Freddie. Gave him a whole bag of chips."

"I swear, if I could afford it, I'd have a statue made of that dog."

There have been statues made of devoted dogs. So if some sculptor out there wants to make one, Evelyn and Wally would be glad to put it in a place of honor. Maybe next to the cash register. It wouldn't have to be big or even artistic. Just the prone figure of a man — with a pint bottle in his hand. And standing over him in a noble pose, a mixed-breed mutt.

But don't put a brandy keg under Freddie's chin. That's for Saint Bernards. For Freddie, maybe just a piece of pepperoni sticking out of his mouth.

mike royko

opinion forum

New stalking laws favor victim

By Teri J. Velazquez
Of The Commuter

The hands holding the coffee mug have stopped shaking now. With her leggings and long shirt, a big bag to hold books and supplies, she looks like any other LBCC student on a break between classes.

If you didn't know her circumstances, you might think Christie was just looking out the window at a typical Oregon drizzle, or maybe thinking about her classes. You'd never tell from her profile that she was checking out the people around her, nervous about seeing a frighteningly familiar face.

Christie is the victim of a stalker.

He's called all the members of her family. He has shown up at her home, and been escorted away by the police.

Twice.

He has now found out that she is attending LBCC and has followed her at school. She feels there is no where she can be safe.

Her stalker is her soon-to-be-ex husband.

"When I saw him walking toward me here at school I thought, what's he doing here? How'd he find me?" she asks. She knows how he finds people.

He sits at the library with stacks of directories, following the paper trails left by people as they go about their daily lives. He calls the operator with phony stories and gets them to provide phone numbers of people who don't want him to have them. He picks locks, uses tape recorders and video cameras to catch people he is trying to intimidate.

"He used to watch detective shows on TV, saying that he could do that...that he could find anyone. He said he could find me even if I moved to Florida."

He talked of killing her first husband.

Constantly.

He told her he would do this "for her", so she could have her daughter. This is when her journey away from the madness of her second marriage began.

Leaving was easy. Staying away was a bit harder.

"The first time I left him, he told me he was sorry he hit me and promised me he'd never hurt me again. The second time, he said we would go to professional counseling, and then used my love for my step-son to manipulate me back," said Christie. This time she means to stay away, and because he knows she can't be influenced, he has decided to make her afraid.

He knows how to make her afraid. Unfortunately, the only support she has received from law enforcement has been in Lebanon where she lives. The Lebanon Police responded immediately to her call and forced her husband to leave when he parked his car on her street for his games of intimidation.

Albany police have not been as responsive. When Christie filed a restraining order violation report the day her husband came to LBCC, the police officer who took the report told her, "I'm not convinced the restraining order has been violated."

"They won't do anything until he hurts me again, and they can see bruises or broken bones," she said.

According to Program Coordinator Gillian Klucas of the Center for Domestic Rape and Violence in Corvallis, this pattern of fear and intimidation is common in situations of domestic violence. So is lack of support by some law enforcement departments.

"There is a 75 percent increase in violence after a woman leaves her husband or partner," says Klucas. "The abuser sees his power and control over his

victim vanishing, so he steps up his tactics. I see this all the time. I am documenting all the information I can about departmental bias," reports Klucas. "Unfortunately, I am seeing an increase in that kind of attitude, especially in Linn County."

One thing that might help fight the attitude of law enforcement officers unwilling to support the victims is the passage of two anti-stalking measures in the Oregon House and Senate on Monday, May 17. With support of people like Rep. John Wyatt from Medford, his family a victim of a stalker in the past, the measures were passed without much dissent.

Under both bills, the police could issue a stop-stalking order to the perpetrator, directing them to cease the conduct and appear in court. The judge could then continue the order.

The victims could also go to court to seek a stop-stalking order themselves if the police refuse to act.

Violation of these orders would be a misdemeanor with a jail term of up to one year and a maximum fine of \$2,500. Repeat violation or conviction would be a felony with a maximum penalty of five years in prison and a \$100,000 fine.

There are still local attitudes to fight. Stalkers employ methods of terror which seem implausible and unlikely. People who have had no experience in this type of behavior have a very hard time believing the victims are not overreacting. In almost all cases it is up to the victim to provide proof that a stalker is breaking the law and even witnesses to the crimes don't seem to be enough.

Here at LB, anyone can call up and get a student's address and phone number. The way that stops information from being given out, also stops a person from being placed on the honor roll. It is unfair for a victim to be penalized because they were once involved with a mentally unbalanced person.

Christie is appalled that she has to pay the price of being afraid. "I shouldn't have to get an unlisted phone number, or be afraid all the time," she says. "Why should I be punished for his behavior? Why can't he pay the consequences?" Christie is determined to put her life in order, but doesn't have much faith in her ability to choose the right male partner.

"I don't want to be involved with anyone for a long, long time," she reflects. "I need to concentrate on myself for a while, and get my life back on track."

Instructor bids reluctant good-bye to students

To my former students at LBCC:

For various reasons, I have been compelled to resign from LBCC. However, before I leave, I want to sincerely thank the students I have known for the wonderful times I've spent in classes over the past five years. You have made teaching a real pleasure and I wish you all great happiness and good health (and the careers you hope for!).

Thank you for your endearing support—I will hope to continue to teach after the great experience I've had here with you.

Susie Kelly
Biology Instructor

All-American city's image muddied by OCA

*"Christ, you know it ain't easy.
You know how hard it can be.
With the way things are going,
They're gonna crucify me."*

John Lennon

I used to be proud to say that I lived in Albany—but that was back in the 1980s when I was younger and had no inkling of the reekish political conservatism that oozed through the city limits from the depths of the local Bible Belt.

fryespeak

It was a distinct odor that the Oregon Citizens Alliance picked up nary a year ago, and they've been here polluting our street corners and front porches ever since. They've found a place to hang their hats and call Home, and it's about time they packed up their Bible-In-A-Bottle potions, their "No Special Groups" signs, piled into their Volkswagen vans and drove back to the halfway house from which they originated.

Don't get me wrong; I've always despised the OCA, but I've kept my mouth shut, hoping the Measure 9 arguments and "No Special Rights" nonsense would die out and we could all get on with our lives. But they just won't leave it alone!

Led by their useless Messiah, self-righteous John Leon, the Albany throngs of this statewide joke have been trying to rip the Albany City Council a new one with their protesting, pitiful cries of "No fair!" as if Belhumeur had never made it clear he didn't want their crap polluting the city charter in the first place. Either John Leon is incredibly dense, a sore loser or he doesn't hear so well.

Well, John, let me make it perfectly clear and concise for you and your minion of holy-rolling, mind-controlling, Bible-thumping Christ guerillas:

Shut up.

They're two simple-to-comprehend words used by average citizens like yourselves every day. Learn them, live by them, thank you and get lost.

In the past few weeks, concerned Albany citizens whose mission it is to maintain the "high moral standards" of the All-American City (an honor we so richly deserved way back in 1985), have been writing in to the Albany Democrat-Herald's *Mailbag* expressing their ill-begotten desire for Mayor Belhumeur's immediate resignation.

This would be a foolish maneuver; we'd have forthcoming mayors resigning until our "concerned citizens" nominated someone who'd pass their inane requests, and Albany doesn't need a Bible Belt stranglehold on the city lawbooks.

Personally, I think Mayor Belhumeur is doing a hell of a job with a position that has been, in the past, dismissed as a political figurehead cakewalk with a salary. How many of Albany's citizens remember the contributions of Keith Rohrbough when he held the position previously?

So if you're seriously considering demanding a mayoral recall, keep this in mind: these individuals are simply angry because we now have a mayor who takes his job seriously, and is putting his foot down without submitting to silly Linn County temper tantrums.

Hang in there, Gene. There are those silent many who back you 100 percent. When the smoke clears and the Leon/Mabon Bunch fade into obscurity along with their ridiculous city ordinances, I'm sure you'll be sitting in the same chair two years from now with that cute little hat atop your head.

Rock on.

The Commuter is the weekly student-managed newspaper for Linn-Benton Community College, financed by student fees and advertising. Opinions expressed in The Commuter do not necessarily reflect those of the LBCC administration, faculty or Associated Students of LBCC. Editorials, columns, letters and cartoons reflect the opinions of those who sign them. Readers are encouraged to use The Commuter Opinion Page to express their views on campus or community matters.

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the
commuter

local news

Social services help families face tough choices

By Harry Lehman
Of the Commuter

The phone rings and the caller is someone close to you. You listen in silence, nodding your head, fighting the tears running down your cheeks. After a promise to be in touch tomorrow, you hang up and hold your head in your hands.

You have just learned that an ill parent is failing and can no longer take care of himself. It may be permanent, or it may be just temporary. In either case, you suddenly must decide how to care for someone who you've looked to for guidance all these years. What do you do? Who do you turn to? It's a problem that an increasing number of adults are facing in today's world as modern medicine helps people live longer. The problem is often compounded by the shifting population that separates family members geographically.

Many people feel ashamed or inadequate if they cannot properly take care of an ill parent, spouse or close relative on their own. Because of the popular misconception that families took care of themselves "in the good old days," they are often reluctant to seek help outside the family. Unfortunately, trying to go it alone can actually hinder patient treatment more than help. Caregivers have been known to become so obsessed with their impossible mission that they neglect their own health and gradually work and worry themselves to death.

But that shouldn't happen here, according to local health care professionals. Benton and Linn counties have a network of publicly funded agencies, private care and support groups to help families deal with a critical health care crisis.

The first stop for help is Senior Services for those over 65, or Disability Services, for those 18 to 64. Both are located in Albany and send outreach workers to the family if clients cannot come in for assessment. Based upon initial consultation, they can make recommendations for future care and

help the clients make health care decisions. This service is available to all residents regardless of income.

Madonna Moser, newly appointed district manager for Disabled Services, sees her office as an "umbrella for health care," whose priorities are treatment and "aid with dignity."

"Clients are not treated as a statistic," she said. "All cases are on a personal level. Our staff is highly committed to serving the community."

More options for health care and rehabilitation exist today than a decade ago. Citing personal experience, Moser recalled that very few social options were available to her now-deceased parents during their illness several years ago.

One of today's helpful options is the Client Employed Provider program, or CEP. Under this program, a family member can be paid for time and services rendered in the care of a loved one, thus eliminating some of the financial pressures while still providing care on a personal level. Foster care and adult day care are two other options.

Extra financial help is available through Medishare, which is a two-county program designed to help defray costs not fully covered by Medicare and Medicaid.

"We want people to know that help is available, that there are more services than ever before, and that patients and their families have the right to be cared for," said Moser.

Legal help can be found at Senior Law Service, which provides an attorney to give free legal advice to seniors over the age of 60. Funded in part by government and United Way contributions, this service can also give advice on health care benefits like Medicare and Medicaid, consumer scams aimed at elderly, nursing home patient rights, adult foster care, housing issues, guardianship, civil rights, and federal mortgage foreclosures.

Solutions to housing are also available. Home Care and Elder Services both provide bonded and trained

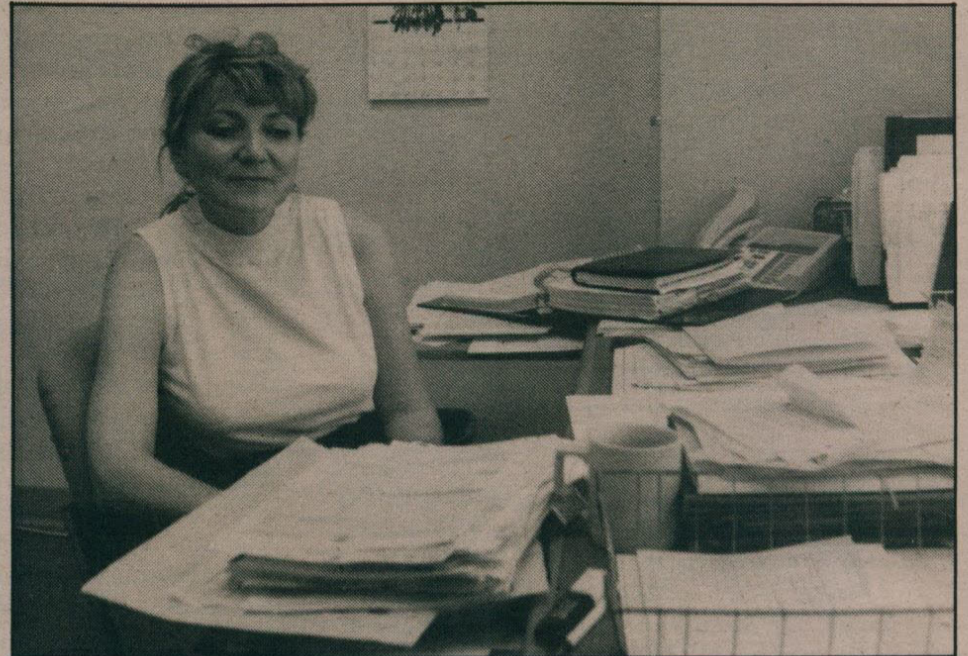


Photo by Linda L. Wallace

"We want people to know that help is available, that there are more services than ever before and that patients and their families have the right to be cared for," says Madonna Moser, district manager of Disability Services for Human Resources in Albany.

homemakers, aides and nurses for seniors each day of the week. If close friends and family cannot keep up the routine of caregiving, YMCA/YWCA volunteers can regularly visit seniors at home and supply transportation to shopping or medical facilities.

Another service, respite care, offers temporary facility care if family caregivers must be away for a period of time. The Grace Center for Adult Day services offers individualized care that includes field trips nursing consultation, music and recreation.

Local public health departments offer counseling and a nursing home placement phone line, and the state has a care ombudsman who can help clients and their families in assuring that patient rights are respected.

In the process of caring for a loved one, caregivers often become casualties themselves, according to Bruce Black of the Benton-Linn Alzheimer's and Related Disorder support group. A variety of local support groups provide a wealth of comfort and information for families with health care problems relating to cancer, arthritis, diabetes, heart, strokes and aging.

Dementia is a common topic each second Tuesday of the month when the Alzheimers group meets at the Chintimini Senior Center in Corvallis. Members come from Linn, Benton and Lincoln counties to share their problems and methods of dealing with them. The group gives people the chance to get things off their chest and get the reinforcement and information that they need.

Another local health care resource is Outpatient Rehabilitation Institute (ORI) Inc. of Corvallis, a medicare-certified facility whose main purpose is "to guide patients toward community re-entry and independent living skills."

"We consider the patient's whole environment and go into the field to study the individual's previous work, home and recreational environment," explained Angela Latta, a physical and speech therapist at ORI. "We can develop therapy programs to fit the person's needs."

On one occasion, ORI helped an impaired computer operator get past a blank spot in her memory in order to get back to work. In another case, they accompanied a disabled man to a fa-

vorite fishing spot and helped adapt devices so he could go fishing again.

"This is actually an exciting period in health care rehabilitation," she said. "Rehabilitation is a major focus. We now have better means of identifying and treating stroke-related disabilities and can actually help. People should not be afraid to ask for help."

Whatever you decide, support groups say there are three things to remember when that inevitable phone call comes:

1. Social services are funded by your tax money for you to use;
2. Support groups and volunteers are ready and willing to offer non-judgmental support;
3. As a care giver, your health, mentally, physically and spiritually is of prime importance.

Services help families

- Senior Services 1-800-638-0510 or 967-2090
- Linn Co. Referral 928-5478
- Benton Co. Referral 752-4636
- State Ombudsman 1-800-522-2602
- Benton, Linn, Lincoln Senior and Disabled Services 757-6851
- Aging Services Moving Assistance 928-2381
- Senior Legal Services 926-8678
- Social Security Administration 1-800-234-5772
- Homecare Network 967-4663
- Meals on Wheels 967-2090
- Interfaith Volunteer Caregivers 928-2173
- Senior Health Insurance Benefits Assistants 928-2361
- Hospice 926-2241 ext. 266
- Low Income Housing 926-4497
- Home Care and Elder Services 757-1763
- American Cancer Soc. 929-4494
- Benton Cancer Support Group 752-6036
- Linn Benton Alzheimer's and Related Disorder 752-1616
- Stroke Club for Victims and Families 753-2272
- Albany Arthritis Support Group 967-7849



Squirrels Tavern

"Home of the SquirrelBurger"

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" A Learning Center
in Downtown
Corvallis "

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campus news

news briefs

Math Awareness Week

This week is Math Awareness Week, with the theme of mathematics in manufacturing. The remaining noontime presentations will be a panel discussion by the representatives from Teledyne Wah Chang, Willamette Industries and Hewlett-Packard on Wednesday in T-215 and a presentation on chaos and fractals by Bill Siebler on Thursday in LRC-213. For more information, contact Betty Westfall, ext. 486.

T-shirts 4 math

T-shirts with a mathematical fractal design are available for sale at the Learning Center. For more information, call Betty Westfall, 486.

Ensemble assembly

"Jazz Friends" a small ensemble of friends playing jazz, will perform Friday, May 28 at 8 p.m. in the Mainstage Theatre at LBCC. Admission is \$4 and tickets are available at the door.

"Spring Fling"

The LBCC Concert and Chamber Choirs will perform on June 3 at 8 p.m. in the Mainstage Theatre. Admission is \$2. For more information, call 928-2361, ext 171.

Culinary Arts luau

To celebrate the last day of operation this year for the Santiam Restaurant, the Culinary Arts Department is holding a luau for \$6.95, Thursday, May 27, from 11 a.m.-12:30 p.m. in the Alsea/Calapooia room and the Santiam Restaurant. Reservations are required. To reserve your space, call ext. 203.

PC Seminar

The Personal Computer seminars, which provide an overview of how PC's support small business or home office environments, will be offered on Wednesday, June 2 and Tuesday, June 8, 2:30 p.m.-9 p.m. at the La Sells Stewart Center in Corvallis. The seminars cost \$59 for the first person from a company and \$29 for each additional person from the same business. Preregistration is preferred. For more information, contact Shelly Ellingson, ext 341.

Business Office hours

Through June 30, the regular Business Office hours continue to be 8 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Monday-Friday. From July 2-September 3, the office will be closed on Friday.

Early fall registration

Fully admitted students continuing from spring term may register June 1-3. Students must pick up a preprinted registration form at the Registration counter before May 28. Tuition payment for early fall registration is due August 9.

Starker Arts Park

This Friday, May 28, starting at 4 p.m. there will be a benefit concert for the Cascade AIDS Project at Starker Arts Park in Corvallis. Sponsored by the KBVR Club, the concert will feature 'Hazel' and other bands. For more information call KBVR Radio station at 737-4962.

Band cooks up spicy recipe for Spring Fling

Annual bash in the courtyard lures students from classrooms to enjoy music, food and sun

By Micky Shannon-Monroe
Of The Commuter

Last Wednesday could have been just another day at LB, but thanks to Midian, a three piece band from Corvallis, it wasn't.

The band, which took stage in the courtyard at high noon, was part of Spring Fling—just the right touch to liven up the atmosphere.

The lunch time crowd loudly applauded the band's mixture of such music by the Red Hot Chile Peppers, Rush and, on the heavier side, Metallica.

Midian was formed by three close friends in the summer of 1992, with Jami Barone on guitar, Brian (Doc) Correll on bass, and JD Monroe playing drums.

The three had jammed together off and on for a couple of years, but they never really got serious until last summer.

The bands original music—which they define as funky—comes from a combination of their individual music backgrounds and interests.

"When we write songs we sometimes just get together and jam," said Monroe, "If something sounds good we'll remember it and add more to it. Sometimes Doc will come to practice and play a real funky bassline and we just sorta jam around with it until it's a song."

"We practice as much as we can," said Monroe "that's how we create new material, but the main reason is because we all love music."

Russ Moline, Intramural and Recreation specialist with Student Programs, was very impressed with the band.

"I was working the food booth," said Moline, "and I thought they were just great. Their music was refreshing and I especially liked the fact that there was not a lot of vocals, it made their music much more acceptable to the whole audience."

The band isn't overly concerned about vocals now. "Lyrics are ok, they'll come someday," said Monroe, "but right now our music is mostly instrumental."

We want people to listen to what



Photo by Micky Shannon-Monroe

The band Midian plays at last week's Spring Fling. Band members are J D Monroe playing drums, Jami Barone on guitar and Brian Corell on bass.

"When we write songs, we sometimes just get together and jam. If something sounds good we'll remember it and add more to it."

we're doing with our instruments, and words would just get in the way."

Patty Koker, a Psychology major, said she thought the band was, "very up-lifting and a definite compliment to the sun, fun and friends,"

"They looked like they were having such a good time, they mad everyone else have a good time too."

Koker said she and David Duckworth, an LB English major, were

so impressed with Midian, they want the band to play at their wedding reception in August.

"I know all of our friends will just love them," said Koker.

The combination of good food, good friends and good music, turned out to be the perfect recipe for fun in the sun.

Thanks Midian, and special thanks to Dennis Monroe, Studio 52, of Corvallis, for providing the sound system.

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WANTED!

Sports Editor

The Commuter is seeking a sports editor for the 1993-94 year. Students with some journalism class experience preferred, but all interested applicants are encouraged to apply. The appointment carries a \$585 annual position grant and provides valuable training and job experience. Appointment is made by the editor-in-chief.

Applications available in
The Commuter Office, CC210.
For additional information
call ext. 130, 373 or 218.

arts & entertainment

'Mould is God!' Sugar fans bow down to rock's true deity

By Tony Lystra
Of The Commuter

Rumor had it that a couple drove from Utah to Portland to catch one of the last shows on Sugar's U.S. tour at Laluna last Thursday night.

Such fervor is not uncommon among Sugar fans. The band's lead, Bob Mould, who headed the now defunct Husker Du through the 80's, formed Sugar after a brief solo career.

Fans have been with him all the way.

Folks like to scream "Bob Mould is God!" You'll find the same thing written in black ink on his disks at KBVR.

Mould is a strange sort of performer.

He is calm—even when his guitar suggests that he should be biting the heads off chickens and hanging from the metal grates that cover Laluna's three skylights.

His music is thick. Lyrics mix with a haze of guitar in songs about religion, lost lovers and underwater sexual acts.

If not for the warm tones and smooth textures that shine through in his music, we might assume that Mould himself is a dark character.

Sugar raged through a two and a half hour set leaving fans feeling as if they'd been pounding their heads against a post all evening.

The show opened with a surprise appearance from Hazel. The Portland locals took the stage accompanied by a drugged out crazy—a sort of ad lib dancing freaker.

Hazel rocked out a set of roughly seven or eight numbers while Joe lunatic tore shirts from his body, tossed a metal folding chair five feet

above his head, and balanced a pitcher of water on his cranium.

Go figure.

Official opening act Grant Lee Buffalo played terribly.

Buffalo is nothing more than a bad take on the 1970's. Their lead guy looks, acts, talks, and sings exactly like Bob Dylan.

In the middle of one number, Buffalo fell apart, the amps went silent and our Dylan wannabe scratched his head.

"Uhh.....I thought we knew that one," he said.

The audience groaned.

"Dear Lord, get these guys out of here," somebody said.

"Didn't you get this album from Time-Life?" someone else asked.

Mould finally meandered onto the stage, donning a t-shirt with a picture of Jesus on it. Above the bearded figure read, "Liar. Lunatic. Lord?"

He threw the heavy, molasses chords of "The Act We Act" over the crowd and it became a wide-eyed mob of Sugar followers.

A surging current of fans rushed the stage as Mould and bassist/backup vocalist David Barbe sang, "Another big explosion leaving you hoping that something that once held you down could leave you feeling on the ground. The confusion that persists, decisions that you guessed. The one to stay and watch this, the one you might have missed."

Sadly, Mould didn't rip Laluna to pieces as I had hoped. Isolating himself from his band and his audience, he kept his eyes closed for much of the performance. He limply stood in one corner of the stage, shouting and smashing out sonic guitar explosions.

It appeared that more than a decade of rocking had left him punch-drunk. I think he's entitled.

Mould is a rocker with a lot of miles on him. Unlike so many other veteran musicians, he refuses to sell out. He's still throwing albums to a ravenous public of original Husker fans, sucking in a new generation of college-radio-snot-nosed youngsters, and writing songs potent enough to crash a 747.

He stood on the stage, docile, dormant, like an abandoned Chevy truck in a grassy field, and hammered out two more numbers before handing the show over to Barbe.

Just after Sugar had gotten the crowd going with three ultra-fast, solid tunes, the show rapidly lost momentum as Barbe took the wheel.

He played well, pounding out throbbing bass and crooning impossibly, indecipherable lyrics. He snuck his voice just under Mould's guitar and since none of us knew the material, we couldn't tell what the hell he was singing.

Mould later brought out a stool, lit up a cigarette and played two brilliant acoustic numbers. He masterfully strummed "Hoover Dam" and the tune somehow found its way through the crowd and smacked me upside the head.

Sugar's stuff lifts the listener up and floats him or her over lakes, mountains and deep canyons between night-lit skyscrapers. I was jealous of the folks who were hovering above the crowd on their backs, suspended there by an Acropolis of pillar-like hands.

The highlight of the show was a series of three tunes off the band's latest E.P. release, Beaster. The

album's six songs are a sort of journey through the dark chasms of Mould's psyche.

We learned quickly that Mould feels very connected to these tunes. He played them harder, faster, manically crashing the guitar into Barbe's bass (not literally).

Mould's eyes suddenly popped open.

He was an atrophied corpse come to life and he was crazed.

The band beat the audience over the head with an ear-bleeding "Tilted."

Two black boxes on the wall opened, spilling a liquidy shower of white light into our eyes. Several long turquoise lamps in the corners clicked on and strobed a funky, greenish pattern of flashes over a screaming mob of Sugar disciples.

The folks who hadn't worshipped the band when they had walked into Laluna may as well have been on their knees at this point. The crowd screamed and still, Mould stared.

Sugar closed with the last track on Beaster, "Walking away."

As the sound man faded up a gentle organ, Mould stood alone, stage center, mike in both hands, eyes closed, and sang, "Walking away back to you, I do, Walking away back to you, I'm walking away yeah, What more can I say? Walking away back to you."

Yeah, Mould may be downshifting from a long career of blasting youngsters' heads off with a guitar. But as he walked away from the stage, walked away from us, we knew that there was something remote and unwonted behind his music—something pungently flavorful.

I suppose that's all part of the bitter-sweet taste of Sugar.

classifieds

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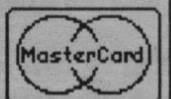
LOST AND FOUND

Found--sweet, hungry cat on LB campus Monday 5/24; female, calico/tabby mix; very loving, needs home. Call Teri at 258-7367 or leave message at Commuter.

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sports

LB grabs playoff spot, prepares for tomorrow's tourney contest

By Joel Slaughter
Of The Commuter

Playoff time has arrived.

Linn-Benton clinched a spot in the Northwest Athletic Association of Community Colleges baseball tournament last week and play their first game at 5 p.m. tomorrow at Lower Columbia in Longview, Washington.

The Roadrunners, the Southern Division number two team at 13-10 in league and 20-14 overall, will face Bellevue, the Northern Division number one team at 15-11 in league and 21-18 overall. Eric Schaffner will start on the mound in LB's first game and Jeremy Beard will take the hill in game two of the double elimination tourney.

"I don't know anything about them," said Linn-Benton coach Greg Hawk of his first-round opponent. "But, I think we've got a pretty good draw.

"We've won six of our last seven league ballgames and I think right now, going into the tournament, we're playing as good as we have all year. We're looking forward to the playoffs."

Also, the Roadrunners were well represented on the recently released NWAACC All-Southern Region teams, landing four players each on the first and second teams.

Phil Lyman made the first team as a relief pitcher. In 18 innings pitched, he had a 1.50 earned run average, won two games and lost one, and recorded five saves.

Scott Anderson was a first team selection at first base. He hit .342, with four home runs, 25 RBIs, and 16 runs scored.

Joel Kercado played third base to

make the first team. He hit .356, with two homers, 19 RBIs, and 13 runs scored.

Todd Morehead also made the first team, as an outfielder. He led the Roadrunners with a .412 average, four home runs, seven doubles, two triples, 26 RBIs, and 22 runs scored.

On the second team was starting pitcher Eric Schaffner. He was 5-1, with a 2.20 ERA, and 31 strikeouts and 24 walks, in 53 innings pitched.

Jeremy Beard made the second team as well, as a relief pitcher. He was 3-2, with a 3.09 ERA, and 21 strikeouts and 18 walks, in 43 and two-thirds innings pitched.

Also earning second team honors was second baseman Steve Hagen. He hit .345, with two homers, eight RBIs, and 22 runs scored.

Last but not least, Carlos Williams was a second team outfielder. He hit .307, with two doubles, 10 RBIs, and 10 runs scored.

In last week's games, Linn-Benton went 3-0. The Roadrunners clinched the playoff berth with a doubleheader sweep against Clackamas on the same night that Mount Hood won a pair against Chemeketa.

On Thursday, May 20, LB scored six runs in the fifth inning as the Roadrunners downed Mount Hood 7-2 in a rain-shortened, six-inning contest.

Linn-Benton's hitting barrage began with a single by Todd Morehead, and by the end of the fifth, the Roadrunners had scored six runs on seven hits, two sacrifice flies, a walk, and an error.

"It was hits in a row," Hawk said. "I've been waiting on that all year. I know we've got that kind of club. We



Photo by Steve Norris

Linn-Benton baseball players celebrate a recent doubleheader sweep of Chemeketa, which proved to be vital in the Roadrunners earning their fourth straight trip to the NWAACC tournament, in which LB plays tomorrow.

were just banging them around. Today, we just had some fun until it started raining.

Due to the bad weather, the second game of the scheduled doubleheader was canceled and will not be made up.

On the mound, Mark Andersen gave up two earned runs on six hits, striking out one and walking none, in six innings. He raised his record to 3-2.

"He threw strikes and did a nice job keeping the ball in play," Hawk said.

Offensively, Doug McCauley hit 2 for 2 with an RBI, Steve Hagen was 2 for 2, Scott Anderson hit 2 for 4 with two RBIs, and Scott Hardin was 2 for 4.

Linn-Benton swept a pair from Clackamas, 5-1 and 3-1, on Tuesday, May 18.

In the first game, Roadrunner hurler Jeremy Beard allowed just one run on eight hits, while striking out five and walking five. He went the full nine innings, improving his record to 4-2.

Offensively, Steve Hagen hit 3 for 4 with a triple and three runs scored. Darin Piburn went 2 for 5 with an RBI

and Joel Kercado had two hits and two RBIs. Carlos Williams added two hits and Todd Morehead had a double.

In the nightcap, LB's Eric Schaffner dominated on the mound. He gave up one earned run on just three hits, striking out four and walking three in a seven-inning complete game. He held Clackamas hitless until the sixth inning, while upping his record to 5-1.

Morehead, Hagen, and Brad Horning all doubled for LB.

"The guys played really well," Hawk said. "We had solid defense and good pitching."

Corrections

In last week's (May 19) issue of The Commuter, there were two errors on page 10 of Sports.

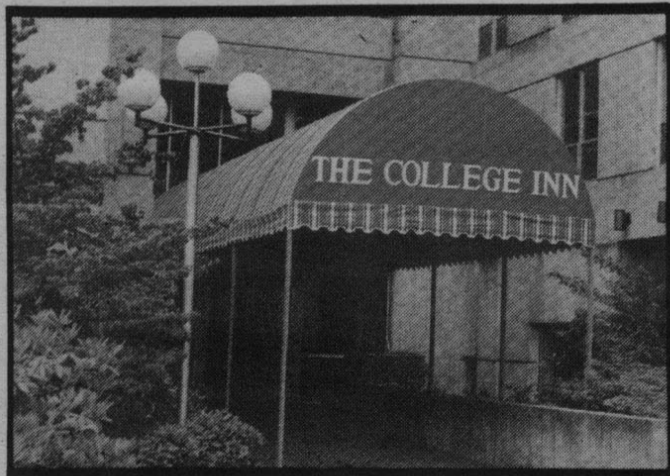
The correct date of the 4-on-4 volleyball tournament should have been Saturday, May 29.

The correct date of the NWAACC track meet should have been Thursday, May 27 and Friday, May 28.

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Together we soar the skies as two birds on wing;
Mirroring each other's move with perfect syncranization.
Knowing instinctively each others heart, soul, and thoughts;
Together we are life's delicate creatures of beauty, wild with nature.

You are the majestic mountains, I am the new rising dawn;
Reaching toward each other to lock in an embrace;
You are the vast open ocean, I am the winding fluid river;
Rushing onward toward you to unite in unison.

Unlike the rugged mountains, you rise up before me;
My body of water moves forward to lap against your shores;
Warm sunny days, I lap playfully on your beaches;
In times of storms, I crash waves like thunder upon your banks.

The tides of love moving in and out as we join;
My passion and energy drawing your grains of sand toward me;
You are the moon, I am the stars in the heavens above;
Together we join, in lighting up the night skies.

You are the breeze that softly caress my soul;
I am the rain that plays in the desert of your mind;
You caress, arouse my desires and passion for life;
I quench the thirst and heat of your inner being.

As the flowers of the desert bloom from the rain;
You blossom into a vibrant, youth full of energy in your own;
Sending forth to me the colors of the rainbow;
Hues more beautiful than possible imagined.

You are the bon fire that burns brightly in the night air;
I am the wild wind that runs across the plains, cities and mountains;
Your flames burn with the passion of heaven and hell;
Together we swirl the embers sparkling across the earth and skies.

by Debbie Green



Illustration by Mike Brendle

A Path?

Stretch your self thin, wishing well.
Understand what you only wish to know?
Actions upon actions pass before us to never know?
A question to me, or for all to find peace—
if a man/women has found inner peace all will see!
Yet some may claim no-thing would cease self?
And yes, if i may dissect our lazy word—no thing?
Not-i to-hing (hinge). Strand how words, lend them selves to expose true meanings, all the while, we slumberly pass
beyond each letter to find ourselves—Sleeping? Questions and actions beat this world to -no thing? Avoidance of what
is real, True beauty?
If i may ask, who may afford this true beauty, are they those very same who close the eye, and hide in their lavish lair
to never look back to care?
Ask, instead of blame, we point to self. self a very Small word, what could i create from the idea of -no thing? sounds very
simple: give one loaf of bread, and you have already defeated the idea of no thing!
Open our hearts to the world and we are cured from any world we know of before us, and we are fed by those i ask of
nothing, that i myself am not working for, so pleasure is invested in the magic of time to understand no time, so that
none may be documented—the silent force to construct, to become a hand to lend and build this force which may not be
broken by the same intentions that promote evil (vile), harmful deeds to others, you and i are a force to be born of love
where hate cannot de-hinge the gate of faith that bonds goodness to people.
To promote thy Self, to self, to forget of the worldly deeds you feel you, or I wish to possess, for what matter will they
serve when you travel to a different place where you may not grab to claim "mine," how is it "mine," and Why? m i ne.
What about a child crying? does it not delight you to see these children crying, knowing that I/self can actually almost
do nothing to do something for this child, now do I not know i could give and I would not miss it, but smile to know i've
done what my heart has granted the wisdom to choose
Oh! i am alive give us all this day to do one thing, aside from Self and today will be a day we open the eye once again
to see the beauty that may be promoted besides a freing landscape that is no challenge of the man mess already created,
not by the creator. To day we are cleanse as we wash our selves of good deed, so that we may all BREATH.
Give to Live, for it may feel better than a thousand loves, for it is you/i who are giving, and like-wise receiving our
journey once again, begins to day. LIVE FOR TODAY!

deciduous '93
part of Forest Rain

What is my life?

MY life is a room of images, scents and sounds;
Some of them are warm a joyful as you stop to look around;
Some are dark shadows swirling in my head;
To make you run, cry, and wish you were dead.

Some are like butterflies, so light upon the air;
Some of them, are like mirrors, if you dare to stop and stare;
A lot of them, are of violence, a struggle for life;
Being raped or beaten, of much sorrow and strife.

Some are a burning passion, to forge and carry on;
Some are of imagination, to watch the clouds upon the lawn;
Some are of birth, love, marriage, and yes even death;
Lots of un-answered questions, and what's to happen yet.

The sounds of wind chimes, the smell of dripping blood;
The sight of children playing, the feeling of the rug;
The sound of a cocking hammer, the feeling of cold steel;
The sight of a rainbow, the awe of seeing a ferris wheel;

The smell of dinner cooking, feeling safe and warm;
The terror of a beating, a sound of cloth being torn;
The sound of happy laughter, or a new born baby's cry;
The smell of the one you love, the passion of a sigh.

The splendor in the sight of frost upon the grass;
The beauty in just gazing thru a pane of glass;
The warmth of the noon day sun, that shines upon your face;
The total wonder within the human race.

My life is a room of images, scents and sounds;
My experiences have been both up and down;
Sometimes, life strikes me in complete and total awe;
To watch a bird in flight, or listen to children playing see saw.

The clouds, or rainbow, or even just a sun set;
Makes me realize, just how good life can get;
There always has to be total darkness, to see the tiny ray of hope;
To lead you ever forward, to tie another knot in life's rope.

To build up your inner strength, to help you carry on;
My room of life has saw, it's truly darkest before the dawn;
The images aren't always bright, you must really strain top see;
The beauty all around you, just like inside of me.
My room of life is image, as, now you plainly see;
What I choose to let shine thru, depends on how I see;
I choose to keep the darkness, neatly tucked away;
To let only beauty, and the light floods my room today.
To spill forth upon you friend, in what I say and do;
To give you lovely images to store in your room too.

Debbie Green
April 1993

She

Slash
Burn
Cut
Kick
Hate
She Love's me. . .
Float
Glow
Embrace
Copulate
Fornicate
She Hate's me. . .
Desolate
Barren
Empty
Cold
Click. . .Bang
Dead

by John Doe