

Opinion

Happy Un-Valentine's Day

by Alicia Hartman
Co-editor

Please Note: The names that I use in this column have no resemblance to couples that I presently know. That does not mean, however, that two people bearing such names could not someday be bonded.

How was your Valentine's Day? Special as always? I thought so. Did you get anything exciting? Flowers, dinner, candy? Speaking of candy, did you ever have those candy Conversation Hearts?

I had a box a couple of weekends ago and there were some pretty dumb sayings: Not now; Maybe; Holy Cow; Oh man; No way; Yes; Cutie pie; Oh boy; Will you...

What if you put all those phrases together and made a sentence? Sexual implications are quite prevalent here. And to think that little kids eat this candy!

I am going to declare today official UN-Valentine's Day because of all the things that bother me about "couples". First of all, Valentine's Day is too close to Christmas (no one has any money) and because the weather is so yucky, you can't go outside to do anything.

Thus, Valentine's Day should be moved to June. It's six

months before and six months after Christmas, and the weather is great (Unless you live here in the Erie area. The temperature can range from 45-95 degrees Fahrenheit in June).

Ben and Tammy sitting in a tree. K-I-S-S-I-N-G. First comes love, then comes marriage, then comes Ben pushing a baby carriage.

And you would retaliate, "So what! Shut up!"

THEY would shout back in whiney voices, "So, so, suck my toe, all the way to Mexico. When you get there cut your hair and don't forget your underwear."

As we grew older, we no longer "went" with members of the opposite sex. We progressed to "going-out".

If you have younger siblings you've probably noticed that little kids don't "go" with each other anymore. They "go-out". But how can little kids "go-out"? They aren't even old enough to drive! If they do "go-out", they are often chaperoned.

Then, of course, you can be DATING/GOING-OUT with someone, SEEING him/her, or GOING TOGETHER with someone.

When you are DATING or GOING-OUT with someone, you are dating someone particular, but you may also

date other people.

When you are SEEING someone, you are dating a particular person and really shouldn't date anyone else.

When you are GOING TOGETHER with someone, you belong to that person and that person only.

Now that we have that straight, let's talk about couples. How about those couples with rhyming names like Wandu (the guy) and Zandu (the girl). Did you ever see those T-shirts which couples can get specially made-to-order? I think they're queer. Jan wears a T-shirt that says, "I love Bill," accompanied by a picture of Bill. And Bill wears a T-shirt that says, "I love Jan," accompanied by a picture of Jan. How cute.

I also hate couples who overdo PDA's (public displays of affection). Holding hands, kissing and hugging are acceptable in public as long as it doesn't go too far. However, these couples who are grabbing each other's butts or are backed against a wall getting it on, are really disgusting. They could at least seek the privacy of a car, if a house, apartment, or other living quarters are unobtainable.

Couples who go to school TOGETHER, work TO-

GETHER, and live TOGETHER also bother me. That's just a little too much bonding for me, thanks.

I hate how some girls and guys attempt to impress one another. The girls who wear clothes so TIGHT and five sizes too small, and then prance around thrusting their melons and be-hints. The guys then strut around with their butts tucked up and in like something is choking their Wild Willie.

I'm not trying to offend either sex here. I'm just relating my personal observations to you.

(Please excuse my genitalia vocabulary. Some "medically-correct" terms just didn't make the grade.)

What about girls who suck-up to guys by playing the dumb blonde?

"Oh Brett...Could you please help me with this...You're sooo smart."

The wives who just HAVE to be home by five o'clock to cook dinner for their husbands really kill me. Let him cook his own dinner. And then the wife has to ask her husband's PERMISSION to go anywhere or do anything. It'll be a cold day in holy famolees before my husband runs my life.

Males have the ultimate ultra-ego. They can do all, and anything that's broken--they can

fix all. Yeah right.

How about this dating thing? The guy pays? The girl pays? Or do you go Dutch? Yes, we women want to be liberated but we still want the guys to pay for everything. Although, I'd hate to be a guy and have to foot the bill all the time, so I guess going Dutch is the best thing to do.

Girls love to receive flowers, cards, etc...But did you ever notice that guys never give girls cards or flowers (only when they screw-up?) Girls always send guys flowers and cards, but the guys hate it. Just because you guys don't like "romance" doesn't mean the girls don't.

Couple fights are pretty special also. Couples who NEVER fight don't spend enough time together. And why do couples who ALWAYS fight stay together?

Did you ever notice how many songs have been written about LOVE (mostly by female artists)? Songs about love, falling in love, falling out of love, why you need love, why you don't need love...

"Love is a wonderful thing..."

Hah.

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How Bill Clinton got lost in his cabinet

by Dave Barry
Syndicated Columnist

Allow me to be the first professional news commentator to point out that the Clinton administration has failed. Look at the evidence. Bill Clinton has been President for over two weeks now and:

The national debt is still enormous.

The world is still rife with oppression, famine and genocide.

George Steinbrenner is still at large.

The time has come to ask: What went wrong? How could failure have come so quickly to Bill Clinton, who started out with so much promise, so many ideas, such a large volume of hair? As is so often true with great historical issues, we will not truly know the answer until we read the next sentence.

The answer is, Clinton wore himself out selecting his Cabinet. Previous presidents didn't waste a lot of energy on this task. They appointed Cabinet members pretty much at random from a small pool of wealthy golf-playing respected establishment white males, replacing them as they became indicted. Nobody cared who the

specific appointments were. (Ronald Reagan had to wait for the "World Almanac" to be published to find out who was in his Cabinet.)

It didn't MATTER who the appointees were, because under our constitutional system of government, most Cabinet members have no actual duties other than to pose for their official oil portraits. The only Cabinet members with responsibilities beyond that are:

The Secretary of State, who is required to fly to the Middle East every three weeks to deliver a historic peace initiative, to be placed with all the others in the huge, climate-controlled Peace Initiative Storage Facility;

The Secretary of the Treasury, who signs all the money;

The Surgeon General, who treats the blisters on the Secretary of the Treasury's hand.

I bet you can't name one newsworthy thing that a Cabinet member has done since Gerald "R." Ford's Secretary of Agriculture and Rocket Science, Earl Butz, decided that it would be a good idea to tell a bad ethnic joke to a reporter. Sure, sometimes in the news you see Photo Opportunities of the president sitting with his full Cabinet around a big table,

everybody frowning and looking important, but you never hear what actually goes ON in these meetings:

PRESIDENT: OK, so we want, let's see ... 14 jelly doughnuts and nine powdered sugar, am I right?

CABINET MEMBER: And a prune Danish.



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PRESIDENT: Who the hell are you?

CABINET MEMBER: I'm the Secretary of Vegetable and Mineral Affairs.

PRESIDENT (suspiciously):

Let's see your Cabinet membership card. (He examines the card.) You bonehead! This expired in 1978! You were in the CARTER Cabinet.

CABINET MEMBER: Whoops!

(General laughter.)

Then along came Bill Clinton, who owed his election to the approximately 17,000 feisty special-interest groups we like to call "the Democratic Party." Clinton could not merely select traditional random white males. Instead, he spent what seemed like the better part of 1992 in a grueling effort to select a Cabinet that, as he put it, "looks like America," by which he meant, "looks like one of those comically artificial TV commercials so determined to exhibit one member of every major minority group that they practically make the actors wear large signs with labels like 'ORIENTAL.'" Clinton was obsessed with getting the right mixture, to the point where it seemed to be more important than anything else:

CLINTON: I am pleased to announce that I am appointing, to the critical Cabinet post of Secretary of Fisheries and Hatcheries, a person who is not only a person of gender, but is

also a learning-disabled diabetic Norwegian-American Southern person of partly Aleutian descent.

REPORTERS: What is this person's name?

CLINTON: I have no idea.

So he was clearly exhausted by the Cabinet-selection process, and that was just the beginning. He also had to find appointees of the correct ethnic genders for the thousands of other key positions in the many crucial agencies that make up the vast, ever-mutating, multitentacled, money-sucking blob we like to call "the federal government," including the Christopher Columbus Commission, the Marine Mammal Commission and, of course, the Inter-American Tuna Commission (these are real federal agencies). This was a MASSIVE job. Imagine trying to determine the gender of tuna. No wonder that, after all this appointing, Clinton has no energy left to be the actual president. I'm getting tired just THINKING about it. Wake me up when it's 1996.

Dave Barry is a syndicated columnist from the Miami Herald.