

Fascism with a smile.

by Paul M. Marini
Colleges Columnist

To the truly politically correct, like myself, people who are called "narrow-minded" or "conservative," are merely **OPPOSITIONALLY VIEW-POINTED**.

After all, people who express ideas that disagree with our own should be viewed with respect.

Of course, far be it from me to give a long, preachy sermon on the fact that in a free country people should be allowed to disagree without resorting to mudslinging or name-calling.

Just allow me to state that the whole purpose of this column is to help our society by adding to the list of politically correct buzzwords.

Let me also state that this new technology was not coined by me, but by several well-educated politically correct friends of mine.

For example, "male pattern baldness" seems to me to be my family. Gotta love it, huh?

family have receding hairlines, but I don't consider them "bald." I consider them **FOLICLY CHALLENGED**.

Also, being 5'5", I'm not exactly the best candidate in the world for a career in the NBA. Yet, I don't consider myself short; I consider myself **VERTICALLY CHALLENGED**.

And, if I don't shower for a couple of days, I don't have B.O., I am merely **NATURALLY ODORIFEROUS**.

Next, we come to television. Beavis and Butt-head rate good videos as "cool" or bad videos as, "Dude, they suck."

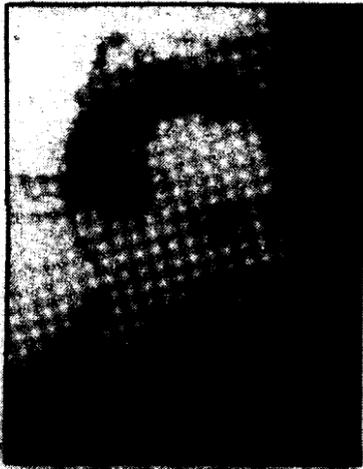
In a politically correct manner, that is completely unacceptable. My fine friends of the left said that such videos should either be **SENSUALLY PLEASING** or **VISUALLY POOR**.

Or, if someone enjoys the Playboy channel, he/she isn't a pervert, he/she is an **EROTIC NEUROTIC**.

The only politically correct

"The Ren and Stimpy Show." When rushed by massive feelings of giddiness, one should shout, "Happy happy joy joy!" at the top of his/her lungs.

If you go out instead of



watching TV, and if you happen to get drunk during the weekend, you aren't "loaded," "trashed" or "f'd up," you are **BEVERAGE INDUCED**.

If you are extreme when it comes to your delusional beliefs, you are the epitome of completely

denouncing other religions ("Turn or Burn"), you aren't a fanatic, you are merely **OVERZEALOUSLY SPIRITUAL**.

Or if you're a politician, you are not giving the public a line of bullshit just because you're **TRUTHFULLY IMPAIRED**.

Also, someone isn't a scumbucket, he/she is only **MENTALLY DISPLEASING**.

As for post-sexual revolutions, housewives have become **DOMESTIC ENGINEERS**. Men who go to work have ceased to be called the breadwinners and are now called the **TRADITIONAL WORK FORCE**.

Men who are tired of the women's movement aren't sexists, they're now **MASCULINISTS**.

And the list goes on.

Honestly, this is a free country. Everybody should have learned in grade school that the First Amendment gives each and every one of us the right to disagree, but along with this

comes a responsibility.

The responsibility to listen. We may not always agree, but we all must listen to what each other has to say.

There's a little something called **respect**.

Along with the previous responsibility, we have another.

This other responsibility is the responsibility of thinking for ourselves and developing our own opinions.

Don't use an opinion or an ideology because your friends or family hold dear to it.

That, as Roger Bacon would say, is frail, unworthy authority.

Like the old adage says, "If your friends jumped off a building, would you?"

Oh - one last thing on political correctness. The term will now be known as **FASCISM WITH A SMILE**.

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Fussbudget and the Midwest

by Dave Barry
Syndicated Columnist

Lately a lot of media attention has been focused on the Mideast, so I felt that it would be a good idea to go out and personally review the situation in the Midwest. Here is my report:

FRIDAY

I arrive in Champaign, Ill., and proceed to the University of Illinois agriculture school, which I am able to locate easily because I have clear directions, plus I can smell it. I am greeted by Dan Weber and Jeana McAllister, two alert readers who wrote me a letter claiming that the university has cows with research portholes installed in their sides. Enclosed with the letter was a photograph of Dan with his right arm up to his shoulder inside a cow.

I'm not sure that I should shake his hand.

Dan and Jeana introduce me to George Fahey, professor of animal sciences, who informs me that the holes are installed because scientists are very interested in finding out what goes on inside the cow digestive system. (I already know what goes on: Cows convert grass into cow poop. But I'm not going to spoil the surprise for scientists.)

Fahey leads me to a cow named "Fussbudget," who is

very large, a cud-chewing aircraft carrier. In Fussbudget's left side is a porthole, maybe eight inches in diameter, with a rubber plug in it. Fahey tells me that Fussbudget doesn't mind the porthole, but I'm not so sure. If I were a huge hooved animal, and humans had put a porthole in my stomach, I'd PRETEND not to mind, but I'd definitely be plotting to stomp some random human until he had no more skeletal structure than a bag of grits.

"What gender is Fussbudget?" I ask.

"He used to be a boy," says Laura Bauer, a lab technician.

So Fussbudget has TWO reasons to want revenge.

Now Bauer is removing Fussbudget's plug. And now she is **REACHING INTO THE HOLE**.

"You can see what he just ate," says Bauer, pulling out some dark-green material.

"Gack," I remark.

But it's clear that these people expect me to put my hand inside the cow. Apparently this is a traditional agricultural gesture of hospitality. I put on a long plastic glove and approach Fussbudget, who is eyeing me with a giant cow eyeball.

"I have nothing to do with agriculture," I tell him.

Squinting hard now, I stick my hand into the mass of dark green glop. It feels, to use a

scientific term, really yucky in there. It's also warm. In fact, it's almost HOT. Plus, I can smell methane. Fearing an explosion (scientists call this "The Big Moo"), I pull my arm out.

This is when Tom Nash, manager of the Beef Research Farm, tells me about a recent incident wherein a 4-H Club



was checking out Fussbudget's interior, and Fussbudget coughed, and a young man standing in front of the porthole was covered with stomach contents.

"If he had a date that night," says Nash, "he didn't anymore."

"Ha ha!" I say, backing away from the hole.

I leave the University of Illinois with a new appreciation of the benefits that

agriculture will someday provide, especially in the field of interrogating captured spies. ("Tell us who your contact is!

We have ways to make this cow cough.")

SATURDAY

I am now 30 miles down the road in Arcola, Ill., to attend the annual Broom Corn Festival. Arcola has long been a major power in the broom industry; it also boasts the world's largest rocking chair, the world's largest collection of brooms and brushes, and the world's only combination bowling alley and gourmet French restaurant. I am not making any of this up.

I am here to march in the Broom Corn Parade with Arcola's world-famous Lawn Rangers, a top precision lawn mower drill team. This is my third year as a Ranger. I've tried to talk my wife into going to the Broom Corn Festival with me, but she resists.

"It's just a bunch of guys who drink beer and push lawn mowers around and act juvenile," she says.

"Yes!" I say, not understanding her point.

Anyway, the Rangers do more than just "push lawn mowers around." We also carry brooms, and we perform precision broom and lawn mower maneuvers, such as the

extremely difficult (for us, anyway) "Cross and Toss." Plus, this year we are marching with - get ready -- a 10 foot high painted concrete statue of Elvis. It belongs to Clark and Sandy Stafford of Seneca, Ill., and it is available for rent. It's mounted on a trailer, facing backward, and it weighs 5,000 pounds, almost as much as The King himself near the end.

It's difficult using mere words, to describe the scene as the rangers, more than 50 strong, stride in two columns down the parade route, pushing our mowers in front of us, raising our brooms on high at the command "Brooms Up!"; meanwhile, bringing up the rear, glinting in the Midwestern sun, is: Elvis' giant concrete butt.

VERY EARLY SUNDAY MORNING

After an evening of fellowship with the Lawn Rangers, I return to my room at the Arcola Inn, which is also where Elvis is staying. Looking out my window, I can see him on his trailer in the parking lot, looking into the distance, as if waiting for somebody to deliver a giant concrete pizza. I reflect back on my trip -- on Elvis, the Lawn Rangers and Fussbudget the cow. Things are good here in the Midwest. Weird, but good.