

Mark's back and he's not happy about his diet

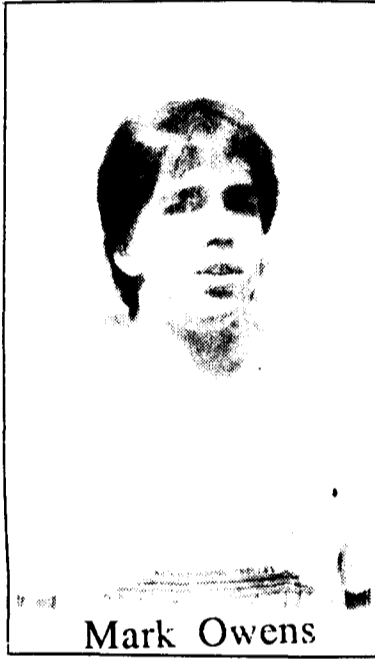
by Mark Owens

I feel sloth-like. I'm sitting here, with keyboard in paw, looking at the remains of a Pizza Hut free delivery special and a six pack of Jolt cola. My girlfriend just called to see how I was doing. Occasionally, like this time, we talked about our joint diet, so the conversation went something like this:

Her: Whatcha doing?
Me: Feeling bloated.
Her: (sounding suspicious) Why?
Me: Well...there's this Pizza Hu-
Her: You didn't.
Me: Well...
Her: Slime.
Me: But hon-
Her: I'm sorry dear. I meant swine. Oink oink. [click]
 Actually it's not that bad. We have this daily ritual where we remove all objects that could throw off the scale (like navel lint) and see how much damage those Twinkies did.
 So far she's doing a lot better than I am, mainly because I've got the will power of a rutabaga. By the way, my editor has

cautioned me about my warped animal references. He threatened to do something painful with a cheese grater if I ever made another one again, but I'm not afraid of him - the squid.
 Anyway, I'll get my act together and get rid of this excess - the Ooze as she likes to call it. "Mark, you're oozing over your belt buckle again," is the nice way she puts it. At other times I've waken up from a nap to find a "wide load" sign resting on my stomach. Ain't love grand?
 Of course it's going to get worse. I predict in the next few weeks you'll see lots of your friends in a panic, refusing food and babbling about stretch marks. How do I know? Easy.
 Last week's warm weather (remember my Wheel of Weather theory? 'Nuff said.) had a lot of people thinking about the beach. In a chipper mood they dug out their swimsuits and a) gnashed their teeth and howled in despair because it was too tight, cutting of circulation from various appendages and protrusions of the body; b) fainted because they couldn't fit into their swimsuit at all; or c) couldn't see the swimsuit because

of all the excess pizza and onion dip hanging over it and in a fit of despair gorged themselves on Ho-Ho's until they exploded. Hey, I never said this dieting information was going to be pretty.
 Now I know a lot of you are thinking "Gee Mark, what can I do to keep from stuffing myself with Hostess Ho-Ho's and consequently becoming an integral part of the sofa?"



Mark Owens

The Missing Pieces

Answer: my Balanced Omnivorous Nutritionally Emaciating Hernia Enhancing Apathetic Diet, or BONEHEAD for short. Simply put, it's a combination of moderate exercise, a restricted diet and group therapy. Naturally it sounds like every other diet in the free world, but there are differences. Below are details:

Moderate exercise: With BONEHEAD, exercise-related injuries are eliminated. The program encourages low-impact exercises like speed workouts with the TV remote control, pop tab pulling and arm/upper chest workouts using bags of chips and nachos.

Restricted Diet: With BONEHEAD, you're allowed to eat anything you want, provided it's a recognized form of Hamburger Helper and it's cooked by a certified bachelor. After a week or two of this you'll gladly move up to the Unrestricted Diet, which includes yogurt, oat bran and large amounts of zebra mussle casserole (we've got to handle this problem somehow).

Group Therapy: BONEHEAD uses a different approach to help you cope with dieting. No Oprah techniques, no short women with thick German accents saying "Letz talk und you can tell me vat yooo tink." Just good, old-fashioned nagging and vicious humiliation.

This is the kind of program where a fellow member will hide in your refrigerator, ready to insult you for going after the chocolate cake. This is the kind program that has no qualms about taking a picture of you eating that piece of chocolate cake, covered with creamy frosting and little colored sprinkle... oops. I forget myself.

Like I was saying, this is the kind of program which wouldn't mind taking that picture, blowing it up on billboards all over town and using the caption "Joe Schlemdingker breaks his diet again. Oink oink." There's nothing like comforting friends to help you in your time of pain and suffering.

If you start now, if you follow through with the BONEHEAD program; you can be in shape for the beach, ready to get sand in your shorts, zebra mussels stuck on your feet and a knock-out tan that eventually will give you skin cancer. Say - anyone up for carry-out?

Prof responds to Spanos

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has seen (as an engineering statement) 12 hours of Coke commercials and 12 hours of Pepsi commercials, but one has only studied the Roman conquest of England (which is one of the roots of English) or the periodic table (one way to tell steel from aluminum) for about two hours each, if that much. Are people who could not place the Iranian Hostage Crisis ill-educated? Maybe they were too busy learning something else to have noticed it. Or maybe they though it was a new brand of household cleanser.

And what about moral values? TV teaches that the highest moral value is the ability to sell people something they never wanted for more money than they can afford. I doubt that I can convince the reader of this, or Ms. Spanos, but I hold the following: all advertisements are lies. No one advertises the health benefits of dandelion leaves, which you can pick and eat yourself, because there is no money in it. Instead, they advertise the health benefits of Mars Bars. The schools are an untapped market, like Eastern Europe, just ripe for Whittle and Channel One. Is this what you want your families exposed to: 2 minutes a day, 10 minutes a week, 5 hours during the school year of slick ads for Mars Bars? Against probably 2 hours for Shakespeare, on hour (to be generous) for polythylene and how many hours for even history or moral thought?

Let me put my view into perspective. Television does not kill as many people as cigarettes do. It does not even kill as many people as hair-dyes do. But it is antithetical to education, and has no place in the classroom.

Yours in education,
K. Halperin
 Asst. Prof. of Mech. Eng.

An Outrageous Act



Ask Louanne

The Collegian advice column
 by Dr. Louanne Barton
 Personal Councilor

Dear Louanne,
 Last Thursday Gloria Steinem challenged the women in Eric Hall to do some "outrageous act" during the next 24 hours. I thought and thought. The next day was fast drawing to a close and still I could not even conceive of an outrageous act let alone do one. I began to worry that I didn't even have a consciousness let alone a raised one.
 For as long we've been together, my husband sits down to read the paper after supper. If I read it all it's around 11:00 pm after I've salvaged what pieces I can from the family room, bathroom, and wherever. It used to bother me that the only part which seemed used was the crossword puzzle.
 Suddenly it came to me. After supper I left the dirty dishes on the table and raced for the paper, neatly tore out the crossword puzzle, handed it to my husband, and paraded proudly to the easy chair in the front room (not unlike our cat when he brings home a chipmunk and drops it on the porch). I will always cherish the look

on my husband's face.
 footnote:
 Guess what? My husband has decided the puzzles are much easier to work on without having to figure how to fold up the whole paper. Now all I have to do is convince myself it's okay to read the comics first.

Signed,
 The Outrageous Woman

Dear Outrageous Woman,
 You go right ahead and read the comics first. I always do.

Love, Louanne

Send Letters To:
 Dr. Louanne Barton
 Reed Building
 Drop them in the campus mail or leave them in the counseling and advising center, 1st floor Reed Building.