

OPINION

American suburbia need no longer fear college students

People, people, people. Don't become stereotypes. Or preachers for that matter, right?

I knew a girl back in high-school. No one special. She was pretty enough, happy enough, wasn't flunking anything, but oh mercy was she dippy.

I'll tell you how flighty she was. She desperately, I mean more than anything else in the world, wanted a mink coat for her Cabbage Patch doll. I swear this is true.

Along with the doll incident, she was also fond of talking about her boyfriends who were in college. She went through a lot of "college men" while she was in high school. And she was oh so apt at conveying the advantages a "college man" had over a "high school boy." And these advantages didn't stop with scholarly achievement and deep conversation, if you know what I mean.

Yeah, this girl was a bit of a nymphomaniac, but her favorite subject was marriage. She was known to talk quite a bit about being pre-pre-engaged and on her

way to the next step of selecting a china pattern.

I saw her a few days ago. She can't be any older than 23, but I saw her walking down the street with a toddler on her hip and a baby in a rusted stroller. And walking beside her was an average looking guy with longish black hair wearing tight Levis and engineer boots. But, who am I to judge? Maybe she is the happiest person in the world and her children will grow up to be senators and doctors and Republicans and such.

But she has probably become what everyone suspected she would. I suppose you could say she was a bit of a stereotype, she was a pretty good representation of a dippy high-school girl. I do not mean to single out dippy girls, there were also very intelligent girls and very stupid guys, this stereotype is just serves as an example.

High school stereotypes are bad, but college stereotypes are not excusable.

Once a person enters the hallowed halls of higher

education, he or she has certain responsibilities. Middle class America looks towards colleges and universities for guidance. Without the Marxists of the 30s, the Hipsters of the 40s, the Beats

YEAH RIGHT

of the 50s, the Hippies of the 60s and the Freaks of the 70s, suburbia would have been LOST. They wouldn't have known whatthehell to be suspicious of. The college generations of those decades really gave people something to fear.

But, remember, these trouble makers were not normal. They were not the average student, not the norm, not the people who had wet dreams about a job interview with Rockwell International. They were not the Economics or International Business majors,

nor were they members of self satisfying honors clubs whose sole purpose seems so often to be filling in a slot on a resume.

I do realize these people were not heroes and a lot of them messed up their lives. The Hippies glamorized the life of the poor without compassion towards those who were poor by circumstance and not choice and the Beats glamorized the homeless. They all glamorized drugs and the only ones who survived were those that eventually realized the uselessness and dropped them.

But when I was a freshman here at Behrend I was looking forward to . . . something. I wanted to see Communists recruiting in front of the RUB desk, I wanted to see men in black turtle necks asking each other if our existence wasn't comparable to that of an anorexic beagle in a zip lock bag.

I'm not saying that a college shouldn't have normal students. My problem is there are so damn many future money-grubbing

capitalists on suburban power trips. Maybe things are different at other schools, but here at Behrend things aren't good.

But what could I have expected. Penn State isn't exactly known for the individualistic attitude it cultivates. Now I know the real truth, this institution has only one thing to sell and that is formal education, the kind that comes pre-packaged in books and lectures.

You can get a pretty good degree from PSU, and you will be as apt as any at plotting a sine curve, but make no mistake, you have learned a skill, not an art. You have learned how to do, not why, and you have learned formulas instead of logic.

But maybe I'm being too tough on the students of this school and this decade. Maybe America doesn't need anyone willing to challenge the system. Maybe learning to think isn't better than learning to plot profit-loss graphs. YEAH RIGHT.

- R. M. Prindle

If it tastes bad, fatty, eat it up

by Mike Royko

A fat actor has written the latest best-selling diet book about how he shed excess blubber. If you are overweight, you might be tempted to buy it. Don't waste your money.

Like many of the popular diet books -- and there's always one on the best-seller lists -- it's basically a ripoff.

That's because the author tries to convince tubby people that they can lose weight while still enjoying tasty, delicious, yummy, satisfying meals.

It can't be done. I've read all kinds of diet books because, like most self-indulgent Americans, I've spent much of my adult life overweight.

I've tried the old-drinking-man's diet, the eat-anything-you-want diet, the three-squares-a-day diet, the lotsa-spicy-meatballs diet, the gobble-pasta-till-you-burst diet and all the other enjoy-eating-and-lose-weight diets.

No matter what they claim, there is only one diet that works.

I call it: The-You-Gotta-Suffer Diet

Having just lost 25 pounds in about 10 weeks, I know it works and I'm willing to share it with

you. It's quite simple. You don't have to do a lot of calorie counting, measuring and weighing tiny bits of food or pouring over time-consuming recipes.

All you have to do is be miserable, which is fundamental to any successful diet. And you have to remember only one rule, the cornerstone of my diet.

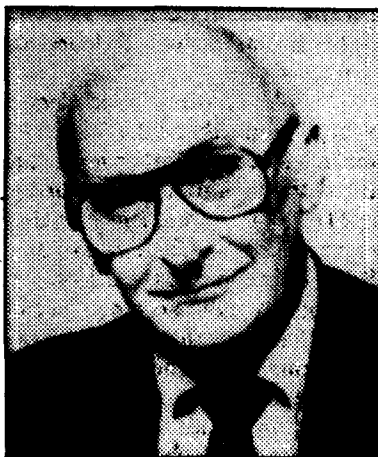
The rule is: If you enjoy it, you can't have it; if you don't like it, you can eat all you want.

This rule derives from scientifically acknowledged fact that Mother Nature is a nasty, sadistic, mean broad. She made everything that tastes good fattening. And everything that is not fattening tastes terrible. An example is Brussels sprouts. Under my diet, you can eat all the Brussels sprouts you want. Stuff yourself with them. Shove them in your mouth with both hands. You won't gain an ounce.

That's because Brussels sprouts are awful. Just as lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots and most vegetables are awful.

The only vegetable that isn't awful is the potato -- and only when it is French-fried. Or baked

and heaped with butter, sour cream and chunks of bacon. Or covered with gooey cheese. Then the potato tastes great. Therefore, you can't eat it.



See how simple it is?

Let's say you go to a German restaurant. There's no big problem in ordering low-calorie foods. You just order the worst thing on the menu.

The menu might have a pork shank with dumplings, which is great cuisine. So, you can't order it.

Order the broiled white fish, with some sliced tomatoes on the

side. It's enough to make me gag.

When the waiter asks you what you will drink, follow the suffering rule. The best thing to drink would be a liter of German beer. The only thing better would be two liters of German beer. So you can't order it.

Instead, you order the worst thing the bar serves: a diet pop. Or, if you are stupid as well as overweight, Perrier with a twist.

Then comes dessert. You probably want something wonderful like a big slab of cheesecake or some kind of rich chocolate cake.

Which means you can't have it. Instead, you must suffer and ask if they have any fresh melon. Squirt a bit of lemon juice on it, smile and pretend you are having a fine time, while you are ready to scream and do violence.

Or maybe you choose an Italian restaurant. Once again, the choice is not difficult. The best thing on the menu would probably be a plate of fettucine

Alfredo, or spaghetti carbonara or lasagna. With a bottle or two of red wine. And a snort of anisette with your coffee.

So you order the baked halibut. With Diet Coke.

The rule applies day and night, every meal, every snack.

Breakfast? Don't eat anything good, such as pancakes with sausage, French toast with bacon or hashi with eggs. Eat miserable stuff, like half a bowl of oatmeal and some fruit juice. Achh!

Evening snacks? The best snacks known to civilized man are a big bowl of ice cream or half a pizza or two peanut butter and jelly sandwiches or a giant-sized bag of potato chips and a six pack of beer. If you are a good American and a decent human being, you love these things.

So you can't have them. Eat some low-fat yogurt instead. Ugh.

That's it. When you go shopping, just walk down the supermarket aisle. If something makes you salivate, don't put it in your cart. If something makes you nauseated., take six of them.

Just follow the simple rule of suffering and misery and you'll lose weight. And, possibly, your mind.