

Boy meets girl: Andy explains

by Andrew Festa

A few days ago, someone told me she felt all men were insecure. Some time ago, a female friend said men need to be needed.

Women's Lib has done a lot to help the cause of women, but it's also screwed things up quite a bit.

Women now seem to have this great universal understanding of men, all the while claiming to be unreadable and complex.

Humans, by their very nature, are complex creatures and they're impossible to define. Neither sex can understand the other. Women's Lib, however, has turned a great many woman into scared and scarred puppets of its doctrine.

Of course, Women's Lib isn't entirely to blame. A good deal of the blame rests on the uncaring men and women who have hurt the one they profess to love. Those who have been hurt tend not to trust others and also tend to hurt those they profess to love later in life. This isn't always the case, nor can a generalization be made, but the fact that this cycle exists at all is a shame for those who never find (or hold onto) that special someone.

Many women I've talked

to say they don't trust men because they've been hurt before (as if men haven't), but they fail to realize they've fallen into a negative gyre (a downward spiral).

Boy meets girl. They fall in love. Girl trusts boy. Boy hurts girl. Girl leaves. Girl meets another boy. They fall in love. Boy trusts girl. Girl hurts boy. Boy leaves. Boy meets another girl. They fall in love. Girl trusts boy. Boy hurts girl. GOD! (Deity - Fate - Nature - whatever) When does the stupidity end.

There's been quite a few publicized cases where a woman (or some women) complain about the centerfold photos or posters of women wearing swimsuits (or less) hanging in public places. Women complain about these photos because of the amount of flesh visible. I'm sure many women are sincerely offended by the photos and posters, but many aren't. How can they possibly expect men to take them seriously when they wear only a thread or two more themselves, and in the same public places?

Most men do have a strange tendency: When they see an attractive woman, especially one showing most of herself to the world, men smile and fill with a warm feeling (otherwise, there'd be

no need for bedroom lights and people would copulate like robots).

Of course, only men do this politically incorrect thing. Women are much more refined and they have total self control. They'd never look at men the way men look at women. (Yeah, and we can all travel through time in Orwell's machine.)



Women go to work wearing skimpy dresses or, as was pointed out in a recent Ann Landers column in the Erie Times, with see-through clothes. And, everything is supposed to be fine and dandy?

Just once I'd like to see a man go to work showing as much skin as women do. Forty-nine percent of the women would drool (though they'd never publicly admit it). Forty-nine percent of the

women would cry 'harassment.' (The other two percent are still waiting for their glasses to be repaired.)

Before Women's Lib began making changes, the situation needed to be corrected (the situation of how women were treated and perceived). Many positive things have come from those early efforts, and I think there's still room for improvements. But not all the corrections have been for the best.

Some cures were needed, some still are. Some of those cures, however, have proven to be worse than the original ills.

Women needed equality: equal pay, equal treatment, equal opportunity, equal rights all around. In many ways, women have become equal. In some ways they still have a way to go. And, in still other ways, they've surpassed men leaving men on the pointy end of the shaft. (Is that ok? Right a wrong with a wrong?)

As for relationships, women have gained the ultimate in equality: they can be, and sometimes are jerks, just like men. The sad part to that aspect is, men, by virtue of their John Wayne upbringing, aren't nearly as free to show their pain.

Men aren't the only ones

insecure (those who are,) nor are they the only ones who need to be needed. And, women aren't the only ones who can be deeply hurt and scarred.

This poem I wrote some time ago says it all: MEMORIES BETWEEN THEM

They stare at each other./ hands held tightly./ looking for the questions to their answers./ Hearts infuse with new current./ smiles take to the air./ joy rides them.//

They step forward, touch./ and jump back./ aching to touch again./ but afraid to go/ down the well traveled road/ which has brought them to/ detours, downed bridges./ and crashes too often before.//

Questions gambol up, out, forth./ touching memories on the surface./ Yesterday's tears step in./ like a cordon between, yet around them./ Memories hold hearts for ransom./ hands, loose, grip for each other./ Yesterday becomes the enemy./ Today falls victim to memories between them./ Tomorrow jumps the growing void/ to reach for the leaving./ Another tear-drop falls.

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Pilgrim's progress: pigeon pilaf

by Mike Royko

A woman strolling through Chicago's Grant Park on a recent Sunday was horrified to see two men stalking pigeons.

One man would throw some breadcrumbs on the ground to lure the pigeons to him.

When the pigeons gathered, the other man would sneak up on them and slam a long-handled fishing net over one or two of them. Then he would stuff them into a canvas sack.

"They caught more than a dozen pigeons just while I was watching," the woman said.

She asked the men what they were doing. Neither man spoke much English, and they had difficulty understanding her. But finally one of them smiled happily, pointed at the sack, and said: "Eat, eat!"

"Can you imagine?" the woman said. "They were catching the pigeons to eat them. It's unbelievable."

Not really. People have been snatching pigeons out of the parks and eating them ever since there were pigeons in the parks.

The police say the practice has always been most popular among more recent European-born immigrants and some Asians who eat pigeons in their homeland.

When I told the woman that, she said: "Then it must be illegal. And isn't it unhealthy? I mean, they're such filthy little things."

No, it is not illegal to catch and eat a city pigeon, unless it happens to be someone's trained homing pigeon. And in that case, it's doubtful that the owner would know you had eaten his trained homing pigeon. Besides, if the little bugger doesn't have enough sense to go home, then he has to face the consequences.

I asked the Park District's main offices if there is any law against catching pigeons, and spokesman Ben Bentley said: "The pigeons go in the park, but we're not responsible for them. We have enough to worry about with muggers without trying to keep an eye on pigeons."

As for their being unhealthy, that is not true. The city's health office says that there is nothing harmful about eating a city pigeon, so long as you remember to remove its feathers first. And don't swallow the bones. Or the beak.

"Oh, my God, that's terrible," said the squeamish woman who brought this matter to my attention. "They're like pets -- little tame things. How can anyone eat something that's like a pet?"

I'm sure many people share her feelings. And I find their attitude ridiculous. What's wrong with eating something that's like a pet? People do it all the time.

After all, many people keep tropical fish or goldfish in their homes. They feed them, make



sure they have enough air bubbles in the tank, and change the water. These fish are treated like pets.

But they will go to a restaurant and eat fried smelts, although these little creatures are just as cute and wiggly as their tropical fish.

People eat ducks all the time, although the duck is, in my opinion, a far more likable bird

than the city pigeon. All a duck wants to do is paddle happily around a lake, sticking its rear end up every so often, just like a tourist.

Yet, people who might cringe at the idea of eating a Grant Park pigeon will eagerly plunge their teeth into the dead body of a poor little ducky-wuck.

Or consider the lamb. You won't ever run into a more pleasant, even-tempered, friendly, pet-like beastie than a lamb. There is no record in all of history of a lamb ever attacking a human being. All they do is go baa. Lambs are quite decent.

Compare the temperament of the lamb to that of the cat. Cats are really vicious. They kill little birds, squirrels, tiny mice, and anything else that is defenseless. If a cat doesn't like your looks, he'll sink his claws into your arm. My elderly aunts all swore that if you dared sleep with a cat in the house, he would surely pluck out your jugular vein some dark night. Cats give people the evil eye.

Lambs never do any of those terrible things. But old people are always eating lambs. They eat their ribs and shanks and all different parts of the little dears.

Yet, these same lamb-devouring people would turn green if you suggested that they

eat a cat.

I don't see why. I've never eaten a cat. At least, not yet. But there are some parts of the world in which cats are eaten when they are available.

They're supposed to taste pretty good, if prepared properly, although I still haven't found a cookbook with a recipe for cat.

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not recommending that anybody go to Grant Park and catch themselves a Thanksgiving dinner, although there are many excellent recipes for pigeon -- and I assume that you would cook up a city pigeon the same way as a commercial bird.

Nor do I recommend that anyone eat a cat -- theirs or anyone else's. Whether one eats a cat or not is a personal choice, and I don't want to sway anyone one way or another.

But if you do, there is one obvious cooking tip: Always remember to remove the bell from the cat's collar before cooking. You don't want to make a tinkling noise every time you burp.

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