

# Lambs from Hell

by Andrew Festa

How would you like the right to go out and harass anyone who didn't believe what you believed? What about the ability to wreak psychological havoc on the lives of those you disagree with?

Wouldn't it be a thrill to travel the country for the sake of destroying people's lives, even though such acts go against the very ideas you claim to be serving? NOT!

The Lambs of God, a militant religious group of anti-Choice and Freedom fundamentalists, is an organization accomplishing what lawmakers have been unable to do: shutting down abortion clinics.

They say they only use their words of prayer to turn women away and to close clinics. They claim to love life, yet bullets riddle a doctor's office; and children are put under incredible psychological pressures, even if their doctor-parents don't perform abortions. "This," say the Lambs, "is to scare them into never changing their minds."

During a "60-Minutes" show, Feb. 2, these Lambs were praying for "either the salvation" of the doctor, "or

that a calamity might come upon him." He should be saved or he should die, according to the commentator's words.

The Lambs say they're only concerned with preserving life. If this isn't bullshit, why are they using weapons from psychological torture and intimidation to attempted murder? One doctor's office received five unwelcome visitors once: little tiny guys made of lead. He later installed bullet-proof glass.

Having been raised in a Catholic environment, I distinctly remember one of the Ten Commandments being, "Thou shalt not kill." Archaic language notwithstanding, I don't recall it saying, "Thou shalt not kill unless thou hast found just cause and, at such time, thou mayest do so in the name of God."

A woman who uses abortion as birth control is a sad example of a woman. Anyone who would deny a woman who's been raped or molested, or who could die without an abortion is a sad example of a human being.

A Lamb willing to use a gun, or psychological terrorism, is either a wolf hiding behind the connotative

innocence of 'Lamb', or is a Lamb who has done one too many hits of Acid. (Sorry, Lambs, I'll keep with the times: ...one too many vials of Crack.)

Maybe I haven't spoken to the right people, but the Pro-Choice people I know are against abortion and they believe it's wrong. However,



there are cases when a woman needs an abortion. A woman should not be told by others her freedoms are limited.

On that "60-Minutes" show, there was a woman whose doctor told her she would die without an abortion. Even though her life depended on an abortion, (she's a diabetic and the child was killing her) she couldn't

find a local doctor willing to perform the operation; they were all afraid of being 'marked' by the supposedly docile "we only pray" Lambs. Actually, they're telling the truth, but they can't spell: They only Prey!

She finally did receive an abortion, but not until having to travel to another state, and nearly dying. Further, she had to enter the clinic through the back door.

The psychopathic/terroristic 'Lambs of God,' are a group of people with nothing better to do than beg for food, shelter and gas ("to get to these many places," said an ex-LA cop/Lamb leader). When they arrive, are content to (I paraphrase the cop) "get arrested and have our meals and shelter paid for by the taxpayers."

I'd say feed 'em dog food, but there'd be some pissed-off dogs roaming the streets looking for some Lambs to munch on.

The government of the people, for the people should create laws which would protect the people from violent harassment by psychopathic morons.

Separation of Church and State is fine, until the Priests (sic) of such lunatic fringe

groups, and their empty-minded followers begin taking up arms against the people who are protected by the State and its Laws.

I wonder how many of these holier-than-thou fools are waiting for the day when abortion is illegal nation-wide so they can cash in on the capitalistic, black-market butcher shop abortion clinics.

The government needs to get off its donkey and start serving the people who voted its members into office (are you listening SGA?) or the voters will get even. Hey, when does Lamb season open?

A final note: The commentator and several doctors said, "while the number of doctors performing abortions has dwindled nation-wide, women are still lining up to receive abortions."

Women had them illegally (often killing themselves and the babies) before Roe v Wade and they'll have them again.

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# 'Buy American'? Yeah, you try it

by Mike Royko

The general who said that war is hell wasn't entirely correct. We're in a war right now, and it isn't all that terrible. At times, it's even fun.

That's because we're fighting it with bumper stickers instead of bullets, bombast instead of bombs.

I'm talking, of course, about the great war of words with Japan and the growing "Buy American" crusade.

The fighting really broke out in earnest when some crotchety old Japanese politician made sneering remarks about much of our work force not knowing how to read or write and being lazy and greedy.

In other words, he said exactly what Americans have been saying about each other for years.

The war escalated when the people who own Nintendo said they want to buy the Seattle baseball franchise to keep it in that city.

Baseball fans were horrified as they heard this news on their Japanese-built TV sets, to which their Nintendo machines are attached.

With Japan-bashing at its

highest level since World War II, we have American companies offering bonuses to workers who buy American cars, gas stations offering American car owners a discount, municipalities rejecting Japanese products, and shoppers pecking at the back of products to see where they're made.

So how will this war end? My guess is that it will just fade away as soon as something livelier comes along. In fact, Gov. Bill Clinton's love life may have already pushed it aside on the nightly news.

The problem with fighting this war is that there's little opportunity for action except for loud talk, sputtering and table-pounding.

It's easy enough to "buy American," as the slogan urges, if you're going down to the corner store for a quart of milk or a box of Twinkies. (I'm not sure about the Twinkies. I know they are made here, but I don't know where the additives come from.)

But if you're buying anything that you have to plug into a socket, turn an ignition key or install batteries, how do you know?

I own two American cars. But are they really American

products? I have no idea who made the engine parts, the tape players, the speakers or any of the many things that rattle and squeak.

A friend has a Japanese car. (Hiss, hiss!) But it was put together in this country by American workers with



American-made parts. For all I know, his Japanese car is more American than my American car.

Maybe you are a golfer planning on buying a new set of clubs this spring. But only a couple of American-owned golf companies remain. That wedge might have "Ben Hogan" stamped on it, but the company is owned

by some sushi-cater.

So if you seek out those American-owned companies and buy their clubs, you will be able to say with pride that you are buying American, right? Not really, because all they do here is assemble shafts and club heads they buy overseas.

The last night of my vacation, I dashed to a hardware store to buy a wind-up alarm clock so I could be sure to arise early and return here to compose drivel.

When I set the clock, I spotted the words stamped on the back: "Made in China." I stared at it. A commie clock. And for all I knew, the words had been put there by someone who once sat in a foxhole in Korea, hoping for a chance to shoot me dead. As it turned out, the clock didn't work. But a fine American bird squawked with the dawn and woke me up. Or maybe it wasn't an American bird. Could it have flown here from Cuba? You just can't tell.

I suspect that much of the current Japan-bashing is a reaction to President Bush and those overpaid car salesmen going to Japan to ask them to take pity on us. Some Americans found it embarrassing.

On the other hand, when was the last time anyone barfed on Japan's prime minister?

In the Japanese culture, I'm told, it is considered extremely insulting to barf on someone. Especially a prime minister. Of course, it isn't considered proper behavior here, either, unless you are a hockey fan.

So what Bush did may have been a cunning and calculated political move. When the presidential race heats up in the fall, it wouldn't be at all surprising to see a commercial showing the barfing scene, but with Bush's voice saying:

"You won't open your markets to more American products? OK, this is what I think of you. Take this! Barf, barf."

And on the next trip, if there is one, they ought to bring Dan Quayle along. He could drool on the shoes.

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