

No brakes!

by Andy Festa

If you put your fingers over a burning match, your fingers get burnt. You soon learn not to put your fingers into fires, no matter how small the flame.

If you're told someone spilled Tabasco sauce on a hamburger, you wouldn't eat it just because you 'want to control the meat.'

These seem to be common sense things. It would be pure stupidity to put your fingers in a flame, or munch a Tabasco covered burger. It would be utter lunacy to practice such peculiar acts for the sake of an ego-driven urge to control the situation. You might be wondering, "What's he saying? What's the point? No one would do something so dumb!" Please excuse me if I ramble.

Maybe you're right. Maybe people don't do such stupid things. Behrend students are intelligent. I wonder if the two (very young) girls who carried on the following conversation earlier this semester are intelligent?

First girl: "I heard this guy was really hot and I wanted to see how hot he was so I went out with him. I got him so worked up he was sweating. Then, I shut him down."

Second girl: "Wow! Neat! That sounds so cool! How bad off was he?"

First girl: "He didn't wanna quit, but I said I'd scream so he quit. It was so funny I coulda died!"

The rub is, she was in his apartment, in his bedroom and, "teasing the hell out of him."

According to an accepted theory, (in certain circles) most women can 'turn off' quicker than men. Many women (and girls) know this and often point to it when defining the inherent weaknesses of men.

We shouldn't feel any compassion for the guy those girls were referring to

Those girls should have known all the risks -- date rape, venereal diseases, AIDS, physical, emotional, and mental trauma -- but, like the fool with the match, or the idiot with the burger, the girl



fall back on that protection, using it as an excuse to see how far they can push (or tease) men before 'shutting them down.'

If a guy was to tease a woman like that, he'd be brought up on harassment charges. The woman doing the teasing is well within her rights to see how close to the edge she can push the guy she's with, something especially titillating when the power-game occurs in his bedroom.

If a guy in such a situation won't shut down (in keeping with the general social attitude that males are instinctively animals), the woman could get a lot more than she

of such acts of stupidity. Their rights do not include the willful and vicious destruction of boys and men. (And, later in life, some women have the nerve to wonder what's wrong with men?)

Men need to understand that, while those girls I mentioned might be the exception, they still constitute a large and growing percentage in my opinion.

Men are accused of not having good brakes (if any at all). As I see it, when the road is the bedroom of a male, the female shouldn't complain about the condition of the brakes, nor the driver, when she vainly walks into the middle of the road.

"Flash! Woman hit by truck speaks after surgery (needed to cover the emotional and physical scars). 'I knew it didn't have any brakes. I knew it was bigger than me, and I guess I was in the middle of the street with my skirt hiked up, but all I wanted was a harmless ride for a few miles. I never thought it would hit me!'"

Andrew Festa is a tenth semester English major. His column appears every other week in The Collegian.

Some women think the law protects them and they fall back on that protection, using it as an excuse to see how far they can push (or tease) men before 'shutting them down.'

because, 'he's a guy, he can take it, he's tough.' Why bother considering the guy? He doesn't feel the pain. He can't be used. Alice Cooper once said, "Only Women Bleed."

Women don't do those kinds of back-stabbing things. Men can't be victimized, only women can. NOT!

who was in the guy's bedroom decided 'the game' was worth the risk. Had something actually happened, had she miscalculated, (with someone she'd only heard about), had she been raped, it would have been entirely the guy's fault. She was perfectly innocent.

Some women think the law protects them and they

bargained for.

What if the teaser is with a drunk male who not only won't shut down, but who's too drunk to think about protection? God forbid something should happen to the wonderful, well-meaning, non-malicious young creature playing the tease-game.

Some women need to understand the consequences

Buchanan's hate loves to be quoted

by Mike Royko

Pat Buchanan has a unique advantage over all the other candidates of both parties. The man can't be embarrassed by anything he said or did in the past.

An example is a letter that someone recently dug out of the Gerald Ford Library.

Buchanan wrote the letter in 1974, asking President Ford to make him an ambassador.

He had a specific country in mind where his political views would make him highly suitable for a diplomatic post because that country's government would like him.

I'll give you three guesses which country Buchanan wanted to go to as our representative. (If you've followed Buchanan's colorful brain waves, it shouldn't take you more than one guess.)

Of course, South Africa. The South Africa of 1974, where apartheid was firmly in place, and dissidents as well as innocent bystanders were being murdered, tossed in prison, hounded and persecuted in every imaginable way by a racist government's storm troopers. Where the rule was one man, one vote, so long as that one man was white and not some off-brand.

And this was where Buchanan thought he would fit right in and be viewed as a real pal.

Now, if a letter of that sort turned up bearing the name of Clinton or Tsongas or Kerrey, oh, what a flap there would be.

They'd be in front of the TV cameras, sweating through questions like: "Why did you think you would be welcomed by a government that kills demonstrators, sends people to prison for making speeches, and pens human beings up like herds of cattle?"

It would be time to close up the campaign offices, turn out the lights, and look for a new line of work.

Even Bush would have difficulty surviving that one. How would it look to the world if an American president were asked: "This letter appears to mean that you supported apartheid and brutality. Can you explain why you took this position?"

About all he could say is "Uh, my secretary was under a lot of strain because she was quitting smoking at the time and wrote a lot of strange stuff."

But Buchanan can shrug it off. So what else is new? Would anyone think he wanted to go to South Africa to immerse himself

in Zulu culture?

If anything, disclosure of this letter could give his campaign a temporary boost.

Think. Where are the next big primaries being held? Where is Buchanan hoping to make his biggest splash and make Bush's political life even more miserable? That's right, in the



South.

So how will news of this letter be greeted in the roadhouses, diners, and around the gas pumps?

Will Bubba say to Junior: "Doggone, I see where it came out that ol' Pat wanted to be ambassador to South Africa 'cuz he thought he'd get on just fine with that racist, oppressive, mean

government that's been shootin' all them native Africans just for stickin' their heads out of their shacks and wantin' to vote and have a say in how they live."

"Yeah, I saw that, Bubba, and I am just shocked out of my boots that Pat would even imply that he condoned such cruelty to men, women and children just because of the color of their skin. I am deeply disappointed in Pat."

"I, too, am gravely disillusioned."

Sure, and they'll ask the waitress for a slice of quiche.

That's the advantage of being Pat: burping up any thought that pops into your head and never having to say you're sorry.

He's now telling his Southern admirers that AIDS is nature's way of punishing gays for their sins. He hasn't told us if the virus that killed Mozart was nature's way of punishing him for being a madcap.

If any other candidate said that, he'd be accused of being a vicious gay-basher. But there's no point in making a big deal out of Pat being a vicious gay-basher because he's proud of it.

So, in a way, he's the most honest candidate out there. And maybe the least troubled. What a hater. It's almost squirting out of his ears. But it doesn't have to

squirt out of his ears, because he lets it all pour out of his mouth. Compared to Buchanan, David Duke is a mealy-mouthed waffler.

That's why I'm glad Buchanan is running. A few months ago, I thought Duke would serve the scholarly purpose of being the nation's Hate-O-Meter. Count Duke's votes, I said, and you'll get an accurate reading of how many hard-core haters there are in this happy land.

But Duke sort of wimped out and faded. Buchanan is doing the job far more effectively. By the end of the primaries, we'll have a Hate-O-Meter reader with a plus or minus factor of about two people. The statistics will be invaluable to social scientists, if they can stop trembling long enough to read them.

By the way, President Ford ignored Buchanan's application for that South Africa job. Ford wasn't the brightest bulb in the lamp store, but he was smart enough to know we didn't want to be represented by an ambassador who carried a tear-gas gun.

Mike Royko is a Chicago-based, nationally syndicated columnist. His column appears weekly in The Collegian.