

Big guns

Valuable male assets need self-protection

As if American males didn't have enough to worry about, it now appears as if our groins are in more jeopardy than ever before.

A recent rash of self-inflicted groin wounds is taking the country by storm, and I for one am deeply concerned.

Not so much about the safety of MY crotch, but about the sanctity of crotchhood itself.

(Note to Reader: Recent studies have indicated that due to the miniscule proportions of Steve's groin, the chances of it being struck by any object smaller than a piano are about one in 874,000.)

A couple of days ago, a man in Bridgeport, Conn., apparently shot himself in the genitals when he attempted to show his girlfriend a gun he was carrying.

Not much earlier, an intoxicated man on a New York City bus ruthlessly attacked his own groin region because he felt crowded by another passenger.

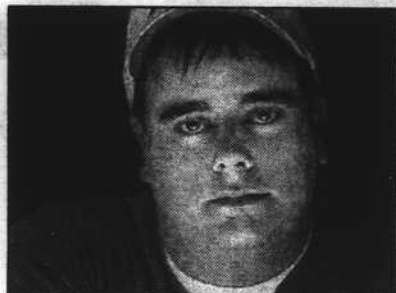
Actually, he was trying to shoot the passenger, but in his stupor elected that his genitals would be a much more suitable target.

Is nothing sacred anymore? How is it that we have gone from a country that helped develop a cure for smallpox to one that repeatedly shoots itself in the crotch?

Crotch-shootings know no racial boundaries, and they affect people from all walks of life.

My father shoots himself in the groin an average of four times a week. The only difference between my father and most crotch-shooters is that his shootings, as a rule, are not accidental.

He claims it is the only way he can draw attention to the plight of the European Pole-cat, which is odd only in the sense that he believes a "Pole-cat" is what you and I would



Steve Willey

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call "mailbox".

American males can no longer walk outside unprotected. Don't be surprised to see most of us making our way to class with arms crossed, hands cupping our ya-hoos.

But even those precautions may not be enough to stop the inevitable.

According to a recent study conducted by former Surgeon General C. Everret Koop, the average American male can expect to be shot in his "hooties" (his word, not mine) at least four times in his lifetime.

(It's also interesting to note that every time Mr. Koop said the word "hootie", Dan Quayle would break into an uncontrollable giggle and usually had to be ushered from the room.)

The sad thing about this ordeal, if it's possible to get more sad than a testicular wound, is that little if

anything is being done to curb this onslaught.

To hell with balancing the budget. Forget the problems in Bosnia. I want my genitals placed on the Endangered Species List.

If someone really wants to win the upcoming presidency, promise me that you'll end this epidemic. You'll get every man's vote, except perhaps John Wayne Bobbitt's.

(Bobbitt, more than likely, would not be concerned with issues that involved MEN and GUNS.)

Bobbitt is of course the man whose wife, using only a rusty spoon, removed his ... thingy. (Ahem)

At least I think it was a spoon. I only heard the newscaster say "cut-off", so I can't be sure of the weapon.

Just like every man who heard those words at that time, I immediately rushed to my room and spent the rest of the month hiding behind the drapes.

It seems to me that most people, women especially, have no idea what it's like to have male genitals.

They also don't understand why the thought of a gunshot wound to that region causes men to wince uncontrollably and take three to four days off work.

Why couldn't I have been born a dog? Dogs never have to worry about the future of their respective crotches. They only have to worry about what they're going to sniff next.

America is a great country, and I love it with all my heart, but there are some things it needs to seriously reconsider.

After all, a mind isn't the only terrible thing to waste.

Willey is a junior ag-journalism major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Talk the talk

Charity no excuse to avoid human contact

I'm a hypocrite.

I don't suppose there's any other word for it.

It's not easy to say that. But it's true.

But my actions contradict one another and therefore I am a hypocrite.

Sure, we all contradict ourselves at times. For example, my friends and I slam women who wear navy and black together. I've been known to don clashing colors. Or I get upset at hyper, over-energized freshman. And then sit in the hallway screaming, laughing or chasing people.

It's petty, I know.

But this time, for some reason, it's different. Maybe because this incident seems to have more social ramifications. Or it strikes me on a deeper level.

Last Sunday I came face to face with myself.

I was at the union, grabbing a quick bite to eat before going out with friends. Since I was alone and not interested in studying, I sat by the big-screen TV.

Sunday was a chilly night, many of Lincoln's homeless population were in the union watching TV.

I didn't think anything of the people sitting around me. Why should I? I was only going to be there for a few minutes.

So I ate my dinner and watched TV until football came on. Then I ate dinner and read Time.

The people in the chairs in front of me began to leave. Except for this one older gentleman.

He wasn't an older gentleman in the sense that you may think about your grandfather or a kindly professor.

This man had obviously lived a hard life — ragged face, clothes and posture. I think that he was mentally ill.

I did notice that this guy had been looking around a lot while we were sitting there. And I did notice when he got up and moved to sit by a smallish



Jessica Kennedy

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woman who was sitting in front of me.

As he tried to make conversation with her, she kept scooting her chair away from him. The more she moved the more he tried to talk to her.

Finally, she got up and left. I remember thinking, "I wonder what I would do if he was bothering me?" and then the next thought was, "I hope he doesn't talk to me!"

Murphy's law — of course he talked to me.

I think he was trying to say "hi." His speech was slurred and muffled so I couldn't tell for sure.

But he repeated it over and over as I ignored him. He kept trying to make conversation with me.

After awhile he appeared to have given up. I almost cried in my Time I felt so terrible and so low. This gentleman was trying to talk to me and I wouldn't respond.

Eventually I left, too.

I haven't been able to forget this incident and my conscience hasn't been at rest since.

I am a hypocrite.

I play the good citizen role by donating money, time, clothes and food to those less fortunate. Yet, when confronted by a real human on my turf and on my time, I can't deal with the situation.

They become a threat — something to avoid, to ignore and stay away from.

In a idealist sort of way, I'd like to think that he was trying to reach out to me, human to human.

But that's not reality. I'm sure he was mentally ill, and why he was talking to me will remain a mystery.

Yet, my conscience reminds me that whether or not he is ill, I shouldn't discount him. And most definitely should not ignore him.

He wasn't asking me for anything, nor was he panhandling. He was just saying "hi" and I couldn't find it in myself to say "hi" back.

People talk to the homeless in the union every day. They know each other by name and even write letters to the editor in the defense of the humanity of the homeless.

I read those letters and watch those people with envy. I wish I could step outside my comfort limits and say "hi" back.

I highly doubt that anything earth-shattering will occur if I do say "hi" or, hell, even strike up a conversation.

What may happen is that I may learn something. That despite circumstances, we really are just human talking to human.

So maybe now that I recognize I'm hypocritical, I can try to do something about it. Maybe I'll forget societal pretenses and my own biases and say "hi."

Maybe I'll even ask the older gentleman how he's doing today.

Kennedy is a junior broadcasting, advertising and integrated studies/public relations major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

From the

INTERNET

Favorite Tickisms wax philosophical

"The Tick" is a popular Saturday cartoon show — in case you didn't know.

"Life is a big wild crazy tossed salad, but you don't eat it, no sir! You live it! Isn't it great?" — endnote

TICKISMS! One of the things that makes the Tick such a unique character are the statements and observations that he makes.

Called Tickisms by many fans, they pop up in all episodes of the animated series, usually at the end, as a sort of moral to the episode. Some of these statements are poignant, some are hilarious, but all are definitely abnormal.

Follows, a partial list of Tickisms by episode.

The Tick vs. The Idea Men

"Destiny's powerful hand has made the bed of my future and it's up to me to lie in it. I am destined to be a super hero, to right wrongs and pound two-fisted justice into the hearts of evil-doers everywhere. You don't fight destiny, no sir! And you don't eat crackers in the bed of your future or you get all...scratchy. Hey, I'm narrating here!" — pondering his new role as the defender of The City

"You're not going crazy, you're going sane in a crazy world!" — reassuring his sidekick Arthur's misgivings

"And so, may evil beware and may good dress warmly and eat lots of fresh vegetables." — endnote

The Tick vs. Dinosaur Neil

"Well, once again my friend, we find that science is a two-headed beast. One head is nice, it gives us aspirin and other modern conveniences ... but the other head of science is bad! Oh beware the other head of science, Arthur, it bites!" — endnote

The Tick vs. Mr. Mental

"The human mind is a dangerous plaything, boys. When it's used for evil, watch out! But when it's used for good, then things are much nicer." — endnote

The Tick vs. The Breadmaster

"Not baked goods, professor, baked bads!" — describing the various devices of the Breadmaster

The Tick vs. The Tick

"I am mighty! I have a glow you cannot see. I have a heart as big as the moon, as warm as bathwater. We're superheroes, man! We don't have time to be charming! The boots of evil were made for walking. We're watching the big picture, friend. We know the score. We are a public service, not glamour boys! Not captains of industry! Not makers of things! Keep your vulgar moneys. We are a justice sandwich, no toppings necessary! Living rooms of America, do you catch my drift? Do you...dig?" — rambling during a television interview

"I get it, spelling America with a 'k', are we?" — perturbed at the carding policy of the Comet Club

The Tick vs. El Seed

"Villains always have antidotes...they're funny that way." — explaining the psyche of the super villain

The Tick vs. The Uncommon Cold

"Mucous, the scourge of mankind." — after a sneeze

"I don't know the meaning of the word surrender! I mean, I know it, I'm not dumb...just not in this context." — when given the option to surrender by Thrackazog

The Tick vs. Pineapple Pokopo

"Slideshow...boring. Losing...consciousness." — during a briefing about his mission

"You know gang, when you're a super hero, you never know where the day will take you. You may find yourself halfway around the world in the shark-infested waters of true-to-life living. Or you may find yourself going down to the store for a lozenge. You can't know, can you? No! You gotta ride that wave, You gotta suck that lozenge! 'Cause if you don't, who will?" — endnote

The Tick vs. The Mole-Men

"Ah savory cheese puffs, made inedible by time and fate" — during spring cleaning

"Supermodels usually don't date guys who live in the dirt." — trying to deter the mole king from hitting on a surface girl

The Tick vs. The Proto-Clown

"Well, once again we find that clowning and anarchy don't mix. And even though evil may wear big floppy pants, it ARRRRRGH!" — finding out that he had not quite finished off the Proto-Clown

"Yes, yes, it's so true. We're all born into the cold unyielding world of nothing, no blankets, no glove and scarf gift sets, and why? Why?" — The Tick's mind trying to read too much into one of the Tick's statements

"Oh what a goofy work is man!" — The Tick's mind, waxing philosophical

The Tick vs. Arthur's Bank Account

"Evil, Chum, is ever green!" — explaining to Arthur how the Terror, an evil-doer who first appeared in 1903 can still be causing trouble in 1995

"Yes, evil comes in many forms, whether it be a man-eating cow or Joseph Stalin, but you can't let the package hide the pudding! Evil is just plain bad! You don't cotton to it. You gotta smack it in the nose with the rolled-up newspaper of goodness! Bad dog! Bad dog!" — a speech after saving the mayor's life

"On justice and on friendship, there is no price, but there are established credit limits." — endnote

These and other witty Tickisms can be uncovered at <http://www.cipsinc.com/TICK/tickism.html>