



mike lee

ETERNITY cheshire fortnightly

1. Where Have All The Airheads Gone?

Walking down Alder Street the other day, I saw a guy standing on the sidewalk, staring into a hand mirror.

I know frat boys are vain, but this was a bit much. I asked the guy what he was doing.

"Trying to find myself," he replied.

"You're right there," I told him.

"Thank God," he said, throwing his mirror down. "I wasn't sure anymore. You see, I used to be an Airhead."

Ah, yes — I did see. The tips of his hair betrayed traces of a perm. His faded designer jeans bore cheap patches. And as he walked, he scuffed the concrete, trying to slide as if he were still wearing roller skates.

We walked into a tavern, where he ordered a pitcher of Miller.

"It's not fair," he began. "I was a faithful Airhead. Discos were my stomping ground. I could hold my Pina Colodas as well as anyone. And I once talked for three hours straight without saying anything intelligent."

"Suddenly things changed — everyone turned Cowboy on me."

Poetic justice — those who live by the fad, die by the fad, I

thought to myself.

The Airhead continued. "Have you ever tried to chew tobacco without spit dribbling down your chin? Have you ever tried squeezing your toes into those pointy boots? Have you ever tried to dance after breaking your back on a mechanical bull?"

By now he was reduced to tears, and he left to cry on the Captain Fantastic pinball machine. I found myself pitying him, strangely enough — all he wanted to do was conform.

2. The Party's Over

As I sat there, a tall dark figure approached me. The hooded cloak he wore hid his face, but I knew who he was because he carried a sickle. No, wait — it was a *diploma*.

"I have come for you, Mike Lee," the cloaked man said ominously.

"Please, not yet," I pleaded. "It's not my time. I — I don't want to graduate!"

"Don't be so naive — you knew what you were getting into when you took all those classes. Economics, history, literature — you knew that if you mainlined college too long, it would all come back to haunt you."

He stopped and pulled off his hood, sending shivers up my spine. The man was my adviser.

"It's time to face up to reality, Mike Lee," he said. "Respectable young graduates looking for a job don't go around playing frisbee golf in their shorts."

"They don't?"

"Not if they want to eat."

"But it's not fair," I complained. "I came to college four years ago to *escape* reality."

"And now it's time to go back," the man said, and he pushed me out the door, into a very thick fog.

3. Reality

The tavern's doors slammed shut behind me. I tried to open them, but they were locked tight.

I could hear more doors slamming in the distance, like a chorus of wooden angels, all over campus. And then, the piercing *CLICK!* of a giant lock being turned.

I was alone. Through the fog, I now heard the giant thunder of rolling dice, an ethereal game of chance:

Nine. You will be stuck in an elevator between floors with the woman you later marry. Four. The plane you missed because your car wouldn't start will crash. Seven. I'm sorry, sir. You just crapped out.

Frightened, I ran through the fog, not knowing where my feet would land. I ran and I ran, until

the fog suddenly cleared — a shaft of sunlight about 20 yards across.

And in the center, the most hideous sight ever to sear my eyes: four middle-aged people sitting around a rickety card table, playing Bridge.

"No!" I screamed.

"Nooooooooo!" At my feet lay the Airhead's mirror. I picked it up, looked into it, and saw a full-length mirror in

the reflection.

I turned around. Yes, there it was. Just my size, too. The mirror was clear in the fog; soothing, inviting. I put my hand out — and it went through.

Temptation overtook me. I stepped through the mirror, but on my way through, I tripped on the lower bar.

The last sound I remember hearing was the mirror crashing behind me.



Tired of studying for finals?
Take a Gantsy's break.

1605 E. 19th

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ask the sexpert

Since my wife's spinal cord injury, her self image — especially in regard to her sexuality — has really suffered. Are there any places we can go locally for help or information about sexuality and physical disability?

For many disabled women and men, developing a positive self image can be a difficult process. One local person who has helped others in this area is Darrell Ackerman. Ackerman is currently the director of Consulting and Personal Services, an organization that provides consulting services to the handicapped. This summer Ackerman will be conducting a sexuality workshop for the disabled. Topics will include self esteem, assertiveness, communication and coping skills, and personal feelings about body image. For details on this workshop, you can reach Ackerman at 345-2825 or 343-3315. We also would recommend reading "Toward Intimacy," an excellent booklet dealing with sexuality concerns of physically disabled women. A library copy of this booklet can

be found at the Women's Awareness Center, Room 336 EMU.

The Center is wheelchair accessible from the elevator of the fishbowl. Copies of the booklet are also available for purchase from Planned Parenthood. This office, however, is not wheelchair accessible.

My penis curves slightly to one side during erection, which is cause for concern. Can, and should, anything be done about it?

There are very few penises that are perfectly straight. A slight curve in an erect penis is just a normal variation, and shouldn't be cause for concern. A severely curved penis, however, could be an indication of either penile chordee, or peyronies.

Penile chordee is due to a congenital — present and existing from time of birth — anomaly or to a urethral infection, such as gonorrhea.

Peyronies is an accumulation of plaque in the erectile body of

the penis. The erectile body then loses its elasticity, and curvature results. Peyronies is usually found in older men.

Unless the curve in your penis affects penetration during intercourse, or causes pain for yourself or your partner, there is no need to consult a physician.

This column is written by Planned Parenthood, 134 E. 13th Ave., Eugene, 344-1611. Please send questions to Suite EMU 300 or to Planned Parenthood. Planned Parenthood is a private, non-profit United Way agency providing comprehensive family planning services, pregnancy testing, education, information and referral.

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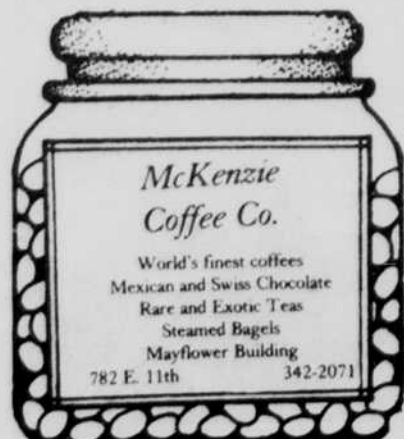


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