



## THE NATIONAL COLLEGE NEWSPAPER

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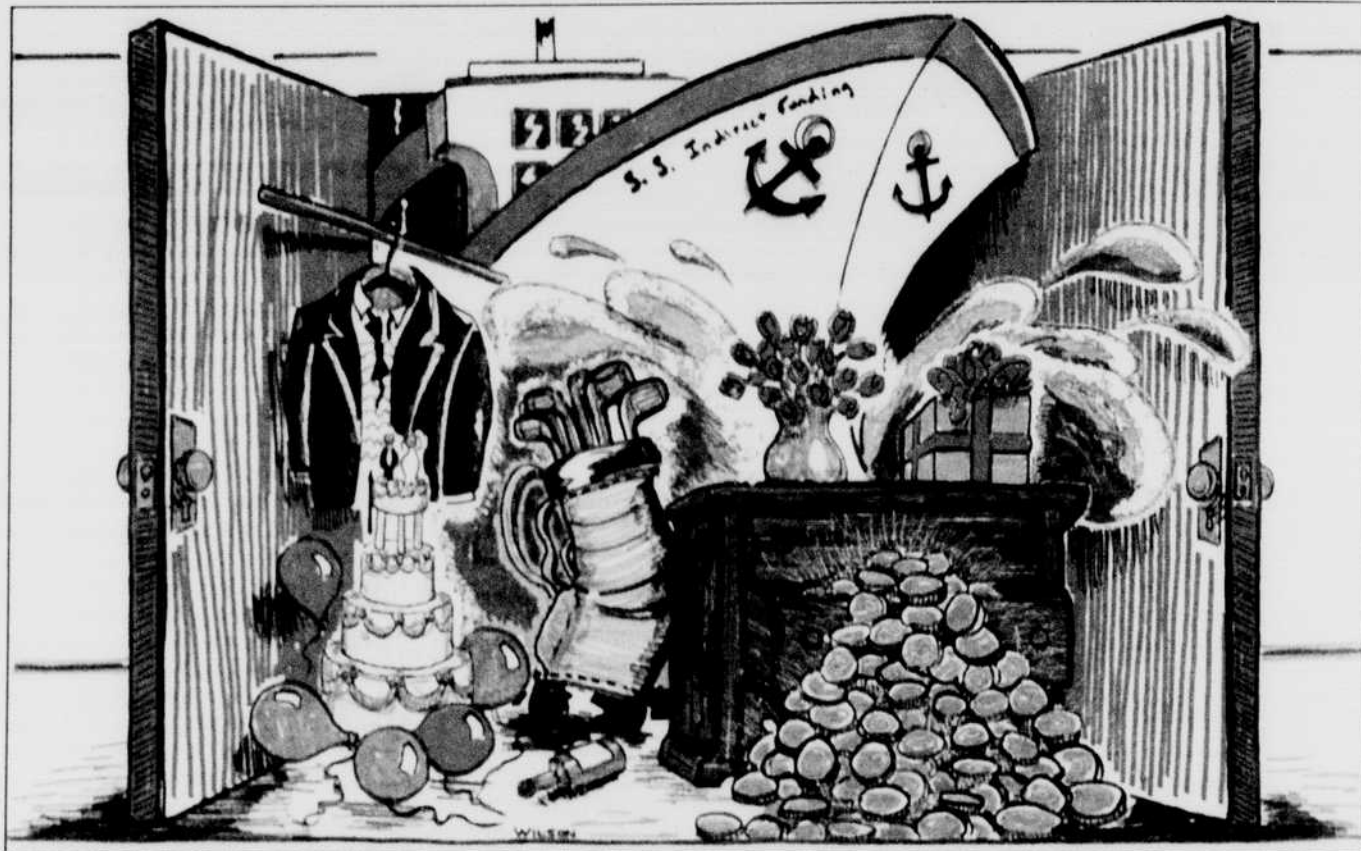
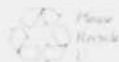
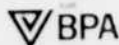
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ADAM WILSON, DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN, U. OF PENNSYLVANIA

# Being PC is tougher than it looks

By LINDA LYONS

*The Oklahoma Daily*, U. of Oklahoma

I am suffering from terminal weirdness this morning.

It all started last week. I was on the phone with my best bud, Margaret, doing my boyfriend's dishes when I was struck by the political incorrectness of my situation. I immediately confessed my transgression to Margaret (that being the feeling that I was playing right into the hands of this particular man's male supremacy by allowing him to fish while simultaneously getting his dishes done).

To my personal delight, Margaret pointed out that I would be doing the exact same thing if I were a lesbian and my girlfriend was the one who did all the cooking instead of my boyfriend.

"Whew!" I thought. "That was a close one." Congratulating myself on my newly discovered ability to achieve equanimity in a personal relationship, I looked down into the dishwasher and, to my horror, discovered another big-time transgression in the area of political correctness: ALL of those coffee cups I'd been washing were made in foreign countries! Yes, that "Life's-a-bitch-then-you-die" cup was made in Japan. "The Far Side" cartoon cup was made in Taiwan. The R & R Roofing Company cup was made in England.

In my dazed astonishment, I emptied the last of that Colombian coffee out of the last of the Japanese coffee cups and made for the door.

I climbed into the driver's side of Renaldo's foreign sports car, shoved Happy Mondays (relatively new British rock group) into the tape deck and slammed on the gas.

I realized that the more politically correct thing to do at this point would have been to carpool around until I had my thoughts more together, or perhaps even walk around for awhile, but come on...let's be reasonable.

Just when I had begun to accept my heterosexuality, I was confronted with the role that I was playing in the creation of the massive foreign trade deficit. Even the gas pedal beneath my foot was attached to a foreign car.

The whole issue of political correctness has been making me ponder so. Take for instance my children. My children are American! Well, that is to say that once you get past the Irish and French blood, they're pretty American. Of course, it might be more politically correct to go out and adopt some un-American children from Third World countries, but if I really wanted another face around the house, I'd just get rid of this French HUD.

Of course, that brings us to another point, which is that I would surely disregard all foreign trade deficits to use RU 486, the French abortion pill, if the American government which oppresses me would just OK it.

All of this talk is really unnecessary, actually, considering that Renaldo once purchased (and still owns) a good old-fashioned American vasectomy, but oh well.

So, anyway, I was driving around confused, remember? After a while, I (naturally) got hungry.

First I considered stopping for a pizza and a Coke (what could be more American?), but then I remembered that Coke sweetsens apartheid so there went that idea. Then I figured I could stop at McDonald's, (no Italian food there, right?), but I remembered the rain forests and well, you know. (I would like to add, incidentally, that pizza is really pretty American if you consider that the Sicilians didn't have tomatoes until the British shipped some over from the New World... Of course, 1492 isn't really the year that America was discovered but, hey, if we're gonna get into correcting history, we'll be here all day).

Finally, I decided to just go home and check the refrigerator. There in the freezer was a ton

of venison.

Now, this is politically incorrect not only because eating meat means eating animals (excuse me, are those leather tennis shoes you're wearing?) but also because this particular animal had been alive out there in the woods until Renaldo came along.

This knowledge caused me to reflect on the frowns I would get if people knew that I have my very own hunting license in my (leather) wallet, but I don't feel so guilty, knowing as I do that hunters contribute \$3 million a day to the preservation of wildlife. So there!

About this time, my lawyer called. Now there's something to be proud of, right? I have contracted the services of an American lawyer.

Of course, this is pretty common because 70 percent of the world's lawyers are American. Interestingly enough, 70 percent of the world's garbage also is generated by Americans.

About this time, I am coming to grips with the fact that I am suffering from a French disease of the soul.

Something has to be done.

My life must change. It's beginning to feel a little too Kafka-esque.

I turned on the (Sony) television, inviting thousands of American-made commercials into my field of vision. I was lighting up an American cigarette when I realized that Philip Morris put huge bucks into Jesse Helms' pocket last year. I was about to pull a Sylvia Plath when I realized that all the knives in the house were German-made.

I knew there was only one thing I could do at this point and strode over to the liquor cabinet. There, between the French and German wines was all the hard stuff.

I couldn't decide between the Russian vodka and the British gin so I just poured a little of both into a big styrofoam cup, added a little Canada Dry Ginger Ale and proceeded to tie on an old-fashioned American drunk.

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition!