

PERSPECTIVES

Dead and Bloated

Part one of a columnist's rant about the state of the American intellectual

Today I wanted to talk about the role of intellectuals in this country, about the thinking elite, about the academia, but first let me tell you about my friend Chuck.

Chuck was actually quite a lanky bugger when I first caught up with him. At that time, about five years ago, Chuck's gut was a mere average-sized, round, little chunk of fatty meat projecting out away from the surface of his waist. Certainly not a perfect body, but nothing outrageous about it either.

But a

year or so later, after he pissed off from high school and had to earn that daily bread, things started to change. He would never put his stuff together, cop a decent job and all. Living on welfare, Chuck couldn't afford eating some proper grub, plus he was always fond of that unctuous stuff they hawk at fast

so he didn't really care about making burgers his daily staple.

As time progressed, I noticed Chuck getting bigger. The increase in the circumference around his gut was becoming pretty obvious to anyone who knew him. Aware of the fact that my friend was turning into a repellently unattractive individual because of his diet, I thought I'd give him a bit of an advice.

I started telling Chuck he should cut down on saturated fats and all, but Chuck just kept burger, burger, burger, burger, burger. I suggested he tried the gym to sort out that globular gut, and Chuck just burger, burger, burger, burger. I told him: Go for a run. And Chuck: burger, burger, burger.

Diet? Burger, burger, burger, burger, burger, burger, burger.

Nothing worked. Nothing

would persuade the big guy that if he kept burgering the way he was, he'd continue bulging up for the rest of his days; that he'd wind up turning into a disgusting, rotund and ugly blob; that the protuberance of his stomach would grow so

much he'd eventually crush himself and die. I even tried to explain the simple logic that one burger leads to three, which leads to eight, which leads to 13 and so forth. He didn't get it, Chuck, and continued hungrily his frenzied fat-bellied attack, ravaging every burger joint in town just to eat yet another oil-dripping, saturated-fat opulent burger.

At this stage, Chuck's gut was way beyond that moderate, still-kind-a-slim, elegant and even chick-pulling level. At the attractive moderate level, the rolls of lard merely slip out over the hem of your trousers, but it's nothing too serious. At this snappy stage, you can still easily catch a nice glimpse of your shoes and even observe with rela-

tive clarity the turf on which you walk. But Chuck, he was ways past this point. Chuck's situation, an alarming one, was beyond the point you can still see downwards. And with the vision now impaired beyond belief, Chuck kept ignoring the advice, eating like a pig and swelling like a freaking balloon.

At this stage, Chuck was already endowed with Baywatch-sized breasts and large, pointed mammary glands.

He was now a shivering mess, and out of nowhere suddenly beads of sweat would break out on his plump forehead. That's because his once ample and spacious arterial avenues were now hopelessly jammed with lard.

He went to see the doc and the doc told him: If you don't change your eating habits you're history in the very nigh future. The doc and me: we told, we told, we told. And Chuck: burger, burger, burger.

One day, I rang my obese friend and no one answered. And I rang again and again and again and still no answer. Because I knew he was now too fat to get out through the door, I knew he had to be home and that something was wrong. I hurtled over there, booted down his door and there — I found him.

Collapsed between excrements and blood, that amorphous mass of chub prostrate on the kitchen floor — and the face, of a Frankenstein green. Even though Chuck knew the situation was serious, even though he knew he could do something to change things, even though solution was within reach, he never acted. Chuck just never, never acted. And he died.

Just like the intellectuals in this country.

More on the intrinsic connection between the late Chuck and the U.S. intelligentsia coming up two weeks from now — stay tuned.

Vince Medeiros is a columnist for the Emerald. His views do not necessarily represent those of the newspaper.

Opinion



Vince Medeiros



Giovanni Salmeria/Emerald

Letters to the Editor

OSPIRG not hurting

Monday's (ODE, Feb. 15) letters to the editor lashed out against the Constitution Court, saying that the Court is "playing God." Considering the Operation Rescue-like intimidation tactics that OSPIRG supporters employ, it's no wonder catch-phrases involving God are rolling around in their tiny brains.

In the time since its funding was taken away, I have seen as many OSPIRG posters, announcements of OSPIRG events and OSPIRG signature gatherers as ever be-

fore. OSPIRG's presence on campus has not diminished because of last year's election. The ASUO president, vice president and several student senators work tirelessly to keep the organization running. If anything, OSPIRG's presence has increased — at least if we consider volume the collective high-pitched whine.

The ASUO oligarchy of resume-padding wankers needs to be purged. Political science and PPPM majors who don't know the first thing about managing money, or dis-

agreeing with people in the absence of dead farm animals, should not be in charge.

Selena Brewington
Computer & Information Science

College not for all

I am writing in response to the column by Vince Medeiros, "Moving on ... or Giving Up?" (ODE Feb. 5), because I found the message to be very cynical, pessimistic and overall untrue. You basically described your friend as a failure because he attended

college for six years only to drop out and move to New York where an uncertain future awaits him. I see it differently. Who are you to say that leaving school equals failure? He simply changed his mind about his course of action, exercising his freedom of choice, which is something we all should do all of the time. I think your friend is far braver than you give him credit. He is charting his own path, following his own guidance despite a myth that one has to attend college and get a degree to be on the right track,

which is simply not true. For some, a university education, a high grade-point average and a degree in a chosen field may equal happiness. For some it may not. It's not for us to judge. There are no rules, no set formula for how to achieve fulfillment and contentment in life. Your friend is daring to seek happiness outside of the regimented guidelines he has been handed, and I say more power to him.

Elana McMichaels
Art History

LETTERS POLICY

The Oregon Daily Emerald will attempt to print all letters containing comments on topics of interest to the University community. Letters must be limited to 250 words. The Emerald reserves the right to edit any letter for length, clarity, grammar, style and libel. Letters may be dropped off at EMU Suite 300.