



Sticks and Stones: How hyperbole is hurting America

BY MATTHEW ROBINSON | Managing Editor

In these recent weeks, the passage of new immigration laws in Arizona, continuing debate over healthcare, Tea Party protestors touring the country and the myriad of other goings on in America, have set the infotainment industry ablaze with fresh fodder for their “intellectual” discussion.

Emotion-stirring issues like these usually lend themselves to all kinds of finger pointing and posturing from the opinionators and pundits of the media, with their comments generally landing somewhere between derisive to ad hominem. Normally, I don't mind the impassioned sword-crossing of ideological opponents; in fact, I generally think it is a good sign of a healthy freedom of speech. However, recent comments have me worried that the state of political discourse in America has plunged to a new low.

Consider the recent deluge of dissent being thrown around the papers and television:

New York Times columnist Frank Rich charged the Tea Party protestors who had thrown bricks through the windows of Congress member's homes, with reenacting Kristallnacht, the two-night raid of Jewish homes and businesses prior to WWII that marked the genesis of the Holocaust.

Rep. Alan Grayson, D-Fla., has made similar comparisons, calling the country's failure to cover the uninsured a “holocaust.”

Washington Post columnist Eugene Robinson called the recent Arizona immigration law draconian, racist, oppressive, mean-spirited, unjust, xenophobic, unconstitutional and an abomination.

Jesse Jackson may well agree. In a recent interview on MSNBC, he said the new law is “a form of terrorism.”

Glenn Beck, in a discussion on his show

about some Americans' distaste for the recent healthcare overhaul, compared the U.S. government to pedophilic rapist Roman Polanski, and the American people to a 13-year-old girl.

Maureen Dowd, another New York Times columnist, compared her own experience as a Catholic woman to that of the subjugated women of Saudi Arabia, calling the Catholic Church, “an inbred and wealthy men's club cloistered behind walls and disdain[ing] modernity . . . an autocratic society that repress[es] women and ignore[s] their progress in the secular world.”

If I may just briefly and respectfully offer some perspective: In this country, Ms. Dowd can say that. In this country, she can travel without a chaperone, drive a car, vote, use the Internet and make love to someone of the same sex without fear of death, imprisonment

or deportation. And perhaps most importantly, given her charge against the Catholic Church, she can leave her religion.

These are of course just a few examples of the trite commentary that is passed off daily as discourse in America. Certainly these people have the right to their opinions, but their choice of language and imagery is boorish, morally confused and dangerous. By using such emotionally charged language so cavalierly, they are stripping the language of any meaning.

When uninsured Americans are compared to the millions of men, women and children that were exterminated in the Holocaust, then the word “holocaust” loses its significance and the lives of the victims of that great evil are cheapened. When American taxpayers are compared to a victim of child rape, the true victims of that heinous crime are undermined.

Rhetoric is a wonderful part of American society, but if language is to retain any utility it must be measured.

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Deep Thoughts

BY QUINN EDDY | Thinker

My friends,

Here's a bumper sticker we need to get printed up: “Four Lokos made me diabetic.”

After my second million I plan on having an addition built onto my garage to house my collection of fully restored and flyable World War II fighter planes.

Some day it would be nice to get some hair action.

I drink entirely too much of that Lipton Brisk Iced Tea. You can't blame me for wanting to keep things on the brisk side.

I feel like we just kicked global warming up another notch with this oil rig sinking in the Gulf of Mexico. According to CNN, since April 22 we've been gushing about 5,000 barrels of oil a day into the Gulf.

On CNN's “State of the Union,” Homeland Security Secretary Janet Napolitano, Interior Secretary Ken Salazar and Adm. Thad Allen, the commandant of the Coast Guard, warned the leaking oil from a rig explosion could continue for weeks with dire consequences.

“It potentially is catastrophic,” Salazar said. “I think we have to prepare for the worst.”

Environmentalist Richard Charter of the Defenders of Wildlife organization said the oil leak could cause damage that would last decades. Rattled now?

A girl in one of my classes made fun of me for buying molasses cookies.

My middle name is Jerome. After I work out and hit the sauna, I'm just like Jerome Jell-O

At Lilly's I was feeling squirrely and decided to venture towards the dance floor. Since Michael Jackson wasn't on I realized I couldn't conquer this dance floor by myself so I politely asked a smoking hot blonde girl to dance. I hadn't finished the word dance and some random guy had already come out of the woodwork and straight up grabbed my prospect. I got dance jacked.

It's really annoying how loud these new Sun Chip bags are now that they're completely compostable. Whenever I go for a chip it's like lighting a string of Black Cat firecrackers.

Make sure you're sitting down because we're about to get super Deep. If this were a roller coaster of deepness, this is the part where you throw your hands up before the big drop:

Take comfort in the thought that nothing bad will ever come from working hard and nobody can take your talents from you.

This week's vocabulary enrichment is smash (n.) – used to describe driving stupid fast in a 25 mile an hour zone. Used in a sentence, “Bro, you tryin' to smash?”

REALationships 101:



Mother's Day: Unofficial day of gardening

BY ERICA SPALTI | Online Editor

Before you jump to conclusions, this is a positive article. Every year for Mother's Day I ask my mom what she wants and every year she says she wants me to help her garden. So every year we go down to Home Depot, pick out a couple boxes of flowers, and we garden. And I hate gardening ... most days.

Mother's Day is the one day out of the year I actually enjoy gardening because I get to spend the entire day with my mom ... my dad, and our two dogs. See, my mom and I used to not get along very well at all. Don't take that the wrong way, I love my mom, but over the years since I left for college my mother and I have grown closer.

My mom is one of my best friends and there are no words to explain our relationship. Now if you are not my Facebook friend and you don't know me, let me tell you some quick snippets about my mom and me. We share a stuffed turtle named Poi and we have matching pink t-shirts we got on spring break. We love everything Disney and while we were there over spring break we made a stuffed bear and took pictures of him around the park. His name is Walt T. Bear and yes, he has a Facebook.

My mom and I are the biggest goof balls you will ever meet and we do not care what others think. We have each other and I would do anything for her. I don't know many people that can talk to their mom about everything. I literally talk to my mom about everything, from the party I went to at WSU, to my relationship with my boyfriend. Most of my friends don't understand how I can be so open with my mom, but I don't care if they don't understand.

It is the little secrets that I share with my mom that make our relationship special. I consider myself lucky to have such an amazing woman in my life because that is what she is, amazing.

Here is what I suggest to everyone for this Mother's Day (which is Sunday in case you didn't know).

If your mom wants to garden and you hate it, relax and just do it. Do it before she asks though. Go buy the flowers and the soil and just start gardening. If your mom is a little less into gardening or just wants to hang out with you, get up early and make her breakfast. Oh, and maybe get her a card. I feel like moms LOVE cards more than anything. I don't think one day is enough to celebrate all that our moms do for us. To my mom, Happy Mother's Day and I love you.

X.O.X.O.

Erica

Got a relationship problem and you need some outside advice? Send me an e-mail me at cwuobserveronline@gmail.com.

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sacred creature in Japan, in homage of the six years I spent growing up on a Naval Base there. I put it on my leg because I've always liked how my legs look, and I can cover my legs if I need to for employment. Kois are symbols of luck in Japan. My Koi is swimming up my leg on its journey to becoming a dragon (maturity). It has a green dot on its forehead because Koi have a dip in their heads which Japanese myth says grows algae and brings wisdom to the fish. I got bright pink cherry blossoms because I love snow and in all my years in Japan, I got maybe a total of three inches of snow. In the spring, the blossoms would fall on the ground and cover it in pinkish-white faux snow. I chose the Koi in part, and decided to add a lot of water because I'm a pisces, and the four states I've lived in (plus Japan), I have always been near water. I have also swam competitively since I was ten. I've always loved water: drinking it, swimming in it, the sounds it makes, the reflections it gives off when light hits its surface ...

My Koi cost me \$600, with a \$100 tip. It took four-and-a-half hours in one sitting. I got it three years ago and I couldn't be happier. When lotioned up, the ink looks as good as it did the day after it healed. I refused to scratch it even when the itching was agonizing. I told myself, “you spent way too much to scratch it off, Jeremy.” I rubbed lotion on it whenever it itched. For the first few weeks, I always had a bottle of lotion with me. I've seen people who scratched at their healing tattoos and they look terrible. No touch-up will ever be as good as the original ink.

Whenever choosing a tattoo, remember that it is a permanent piece of your body. Decide what you really want and pay for quality. Do no skimp here. If you can't get exactly what you want, then wait to get the ink. Choose wisely, and think about what you will see there in 20, 40, maybe even 60 years.