

Feminist Scarlet meets cool Rhett

Stop printing garbage about whiney, prissy, southern women

I don't know what it is about this sequel thing these days: Bill and Ted, The Highlander, Freddy V (thank the gods, that's over!), and of course, my personal favorite, butt cracks — just kidding. You figure, somewhere along the line, if you're lucky, and you've got Arnold Schwarzenegger working for you (throbbing loins and all), you'll make twice as much money the second time around as you did the first. Which brings be to my favorite subject (the real one): *Gone With the Wind*.

Yeah, the fiends at that Margaret Mitchell Foundation are at it again. Of course you all read a couple weeks ago about my supreme hatred for the very book that the now-deceased Margaret Mitchell wrote: *Gone With the Wind*. For those of you who missed me that week, I'll say it again: *Gone With the Wind SUCKS!*

And now it sucks even more, because, not only has the Mitchell Foundation spawned the sequel, "Scarlet's Tomorrow: The Sequel to *Gone With the Wind*," but it also has more in store.

As if we didn't get enough whining in the first 5 million page epic whine, GWTW, the Mitchell Foundation is contemplating releasing a prequel to the original *Wind* (Whine) and they might even just write an alternative version of the sequel for those of you who don't like Scarlet's Tomorrow — not that you would like it any way.

To top it all off, the Mitchell Foundation also wants to turn the whole *Gone With the Whine* prequel, sequel and alternative sequel into a made-for-TV movie — hopefully Ted Turner will colorize it and Debbie Gibson can star in it ... Hammer could also score the theme music, but that's another column.

In today's column, in the tradition of the original (see Stacy's rewrite of the original GWTW, Oct. 17), I'm going to toss my name in the hat for the multi-million dollar contract and do my own Reader's Digest Condensed Versions of both the *Gone With the Whine* prequel and the *Gone With the Whine* alternative sequel because, hey, a million dollars could support my growing habit.

A long, long time ago in a galaxy far, far away, Sigourney Weaver (you'll never catch her in a clown suit) was whopping up on some really slimy monster — not unlike the jello molds we all too often see in Sbis.

All of the sudden, from the dark and hideous bowels of the monster came a sound not unlike a Mexican food fart, and emerging from the round and resounding womb of the evil monster came Scarlet O'Hara! (Cue the Psycho shower scene music.)

About this time, Michael J. Fox cruises up in his Delorean, abducts Scarlet, spawn of the jello mold, and whisks her away to the Antebellum South. Arriving in Georgia, the home of the Braves, Fox encounters himself and is forced to leave before he forever alters the scope of history — had he stuck around, *Gone With the Wind* would never have happened. I wouldn't have had a column this week, and you would have had to contemplate my butt crack again — and you don't want that — well, not all of you.

Anyway, Fox, a.k.a. Marty McFly, is a gun on the run without any time to hang around playing mommy to

screaming spawn Scarlet — who already takes after her mother, referred to by Sigourney Weaver as "bitch."

Marty therefore decides to leave spawn Scarlet in the capable hands of a black slave family who cares for the whining brat until they decide it would be in their best interests to sell her for food.

Spawn Scarlet is bought into white slavery by a doddering old man with most heinous sideburns whom Scarlet refers to lovingly as "Daddy" since she never had one before, because her mother, the jello mold, was asexual (look it up and get your heads out of the gutter — this is a family paper).

But that doesn't mean we can't contemplate the Freudian implications of her relationship with her mother, the jello mold. Of course now the war starts — watch the PBS series if you want a good representation of it — and the real *Gone With the Whine* begins.

For those of you who missed it, that was my prequel to *Gone With the Whine*. For those of you just catching on — humor can be so hard — the next part is my alternative sequel to *Gone With the Whine*.

See if you can follow along. We haven't yet cut a deal for the play along record and coloring book.

And this is how it goes: *Gone With the Whine, the Alternative Sequel, Part Two, the Revenge, the Quickenning: The Readers Digest Condensed Version*, in 200 words or less, by yours truly. (Pay attention, this is where it gets alternative.)

"It's the '60s — if you remember it, you weren't there."

We're in Atlanta, home of the Braves which has just been decimated by a nuclear bomb which killed everyone, except Rhett who survived into his next life where he was reincarnated into a beatnik poet.

Rhett's a hipster. He's cool. He wears all black, especially black combat boots and wool berets. He's cruising down Sunset Blvd. on his new Harley hog when, suddenly, he stumbles upon a stylishly underweight, bralless woman who is flaunting her curves in her butt crack-showing, hip-hugging, bell-bottomed jeans.

She's bald, except for the scruff of hair growing on the back of her head which spells "NWA."

She has a nose ring which is connected by a chain to one of her eight earrings.

She has a peace symbol (the footprint of the American chicken) tattooed on her left breast, which is covered by a flimsy halter top which looks like it was made out of a pair of curtains.

"Say, babe, you're lookin' mighty fine in them jeans," coos cool Rhett.

"Who the hell do you think you are, insulting my womanhood! I'm Scarlet O'Hara!" she cries.

"Well, frankly, my dear I don't give a damn."

BUT! Before he can ride off into the sunset, thinking he's some kind of stud, Scarlet, the alternative version (i.e. now she's cool; she's no whiner), in a move that would make Aaron Wallace proud, tackles Rhett off the bike and throws him violently to the ground (always careful to spit phlegm in his face) and rides off into the sunset for him.

"That's Ms. Scarlet to you, buddy." You heard it here first.



Stacy Feducia

Feducia is a senior English and history major.

Voters choose between ex-Klansman, womanizer

Who will govern Louisiana?

"Vote for the crook!" That's the shocking phrase touted on the bumpers of many cars in the state of Louisiana.

The nation watches the Louisiana governor's election between Edwin Edwards and David Duke with a fascination akin to that of spectators at the scene of a very bad accident. It's alarming and repugnant, but you just can't seem to take your eyes off it.

On Nov. 16, the voters of Louisiana will go to the polls to choose between a proclaimed ex-Klansman, someone who reputedly celebrated Hitler's birthday as recently as 1989 (so much for his "youthful indiscretions") or Edwards, the "Cajun Prince," a man who has been indicted on more than one occasion for racketeering while in office — the lesser of two evils at its finest.

John Maginnis, a Louisiana political observer quipped at the time Edwards was on trial that a jury of Louisiana citizens would never convict a standing Louisiana governor for anything in a federal courtroom, guilty or not. It might happen in some state like Nebraska, but never in Louisiana.

And it is a fact that in some ways relates David Duke's growing popularity. The people of Louisiana, as is so in much of the South, resent what they perceive as "outside interference," especially if that interference comes from the federal government or eastern liberals.

It is likely that Duke was propelled into his seat in the Louisiana State Legislature by voter anger over anti-Duke campaigning by federal officials. Each time another



David Duke

"It is likely that Duke was propelled into his seat in the Louisiana State Legislature by voter anger over anti-Duke campaigning by federal officials."

columnist for the Washington Post or the New York Times writes a column critical of Duke, he seems to rise in the polls.

Likewise, when an administration figure speaks out against him, as President Bush did last week, Duke gains.

Surely, it is less than wise for Louisiana voters to be swayed in such a way; but the memory there is still strong of carpetbag governors who were forced down Louisiana's throat during Federal Reconstruction.

Some even suggest that reconstruction has not truly ended since Louisiana is one of eight southern states whose electoral process is zealously controlled by the Justice Department. Despite numerous election abuses outside the south, no other states are so controlled.

Carrie Cavalier
Opinion Editor

Cavalier is a senior psychology major.

What is behind the Duke phenomenon? Sad to say, many will not choose the crook. Their mouths water at the promises made by David Duke of welfare reform.

Obviously, he is saying what a lot of people want to hear — especially a middle class shouldering a huger and huger tax burden in the midst of difficult economic times.

Why has Duke risen so far? The answer may be one we do not wish to explore. The popularity of Duke — the man who lacks integrity — is partially a product of the most zealous proponents of the political correctness movement who seek to destroy opposition by anyone who differs from political views most often espoused by liberal Democrats and many of their fringe minority group constituents. Staunch opponents of such views are often attacked and sometimes politically destroyed, sending a message that it is safer for mainstream politicians to tread a less hazardous middle ground.

The PC movement has made it difficult, if not impossible, for persons of integrity to exercise their constitutional right to speak out against a political perspective held by only a minority of citizens.

The PC movement centers around multiculturalism which, almost by definition, means issues concerning non-white, Anglo-Saxon men. The issues promoted by some of the overzealous proponents of PC may be beneficial to minorities, but they tend to exclude issues dealing with problems experienced by white males.

This is not to say some ideas of PC are not good. Many of them are good in theory, but shoving them down the throats of conservative, white southerners only leads them to turn to a radical such as Duke, a founder of the National Association for the Advancement of White People. Maybe we have only ourselves to blame for David Duke.

The state is in economic trouble. For the voters to elect someone to run the state of Louisiana who skims the coffers would be to shoot themselves in the proverbial foot.

However, to hire someone like Duke to run the sportsman's paradise would be to shoot themselves in the head! What self-respecting company would do business with a state run by a man who sometimes wore a Nazi uniform to class in college?

Duke's veneer of charisma and promises of welfare reform should not blind the voters of Louisiana to his true identity — a crazy man with political influence. We are hopeful they will choose the lesser of two evils.

Regardless of who wins the Louisiana governor's race on Saturday, considering Edwin Edwards' reputation as a womanizer and David Duke's history in the Klan, the governor's mansion had better have an ample supply of sheets on hand.

Mail Call

Commend Magic's unselfish actions

As a columnist, David Nash should fulfill his responsibility to have his facts straight and not mislead readers.

For example, he does not seem to understand the distinction between being tested positive for the HIV virus and having AIDS. Magic Johnson announced his retirement from basketball after testing positive for the HIV virus — not because of AIDS. And yes, there is a difference. Although most HIV positive people will develop AIDS, it can take 10 or more years, while someone with full-blown AIDS has a life-expectancy of two years.

Magic Johnson also has taken full responsibility for his actions. He has not once tried to blame his current condition on anyone other than himself. He only has chosen to go public in the hopes that he can make people aware of the reality of HIV and AIDS. Education and awareness are Magic Johnson's aims, not selfish gains. I suggest Nash wake up and realize that the HIV virus and AIDS are not "half-existent problems."

Nash also makes misleading implications. He assumes that all people touched by HIV or AIDS deserve their fate because of past promiscuity. Nash also said he believes many failing "celebrities have come out with these stories ... just so they can get in the spotlight again." He should realize that Magic was at the height of his basketball career and suddenly ended it. Magic's decision to go public was also a self-destructive move, jeopardizing his future endorsements. His new career will consist of staying healthy and promoting safe sex, something sure to keep him in the public's eye, yet not a strategic move to heighten his career.

The problem today is that people are generally unwilling to go out of their way to help others. Magic Johnson has come forward to help, and there are people like Nash on the sidelines ready to accuse him of selfish rather than humanitarian motives.

Michael M. Dean '91

Parking at centerpole interfered with traffic

I would like to respond to the letter written by Chris Tombari about parking on the day centerpole was raised.

First of all, Tombari, you were wrong. All that illegal parking during the raising of centerpole did disrupt traffic, bike traffic included. As I drove down that street, I had to literally drive in the center of a two-lane road because the illegally parked cars took up almost half of

the driving lane.

What made it worse was trying to avoid a cyclist who was biking in the driving lane because he could not ride his bike in his designated lane.

At one point, I was almost involved in a collision because another car next to me tried to drive in his lane that I was forced to take half of because of your parking technique.

There is a parking garage about 100 yards from Duncan Field and it only costs \$.50 an hour. Why not park legally, pay \$.50 and get some exercise? It really shouldn't be that much of an effort. That's why the garage was built.

Finally, how can it be bad bull to be obeying the law? It's bad bull to illegally park. Think about your actions before hand, and you might save yourself a \$15 ticket.

Tasha L. Trlica
graduate student

Feducia's outrageous columns must stop

I would simply like to inquire about who this Stacy "fart" Feducia character represents and if she has any notions concerning the utter failure of her sewage filled commentaries to amuse or entertain anyone outside of her anal enveloped environment.

I can't be so vain as to suggest that I speak for everyone, as Feducia does; however, I am far from interested in promoting the advancement of flatulent activities, especially those that are discharged from the horizontal crack below Feducia's nose.

Therefore, I suggest The Battalion stop this needless and pointless manufacture of toilet paper with articles from the queen of farts printed on it, and implement a program in which the head of this experiment-obsessed columnist might be dislodged from the cavity from which the majority of her thoughts seem to be drawn.

Jase Graves '92

Have an opinion? Express it!

The Battalion is interested in hearing from its readers. All letters to the editor are welcome. Written letter must be no longer than 200 words. Letters must be signed and include classification, address and daytime phone number for verification purposes. Anonymous letters will not be published. The Battalion reserves the right to edit all letters for length, style and accuracy. There is no guarantee letters will appear. Letters may be brought to 013 Reed McDonald, sent to Campus Mail Stop 1111 or can be faxed to 845-5408.

