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OPINION

We are loud, we are proud and we don't have the slightest clue what we are doing out here!

By SEAN G. CRAWFORD
Editor-in-Chief

While reading through the *Monitor* last week, I am sure many of you noticed the pungent aroma of irony that infiltrated the issue. The center of the front page contained a picture of a group of protestors holding up signs that claimed that the *Monitor* was squelching their right to be heard...the fact that they were aware their plight was scheduled to be on the front page didn't seem to faze them though, I

admire their pluck. Now really when it comes down to it, I was the one squelching their right to be heard. When a member of the protest group presented a petition to save a teacher to me, I declined to run it because the teacher's position was filled two weeks prior. The petition was pointless to run and it was no longer timely enough to run on the news page. I asked the petitioner to write a letter-to-the-editor instead, but I was essentially blown off. What I am really

saying is, they should have just been holding up giant signs with "F you Sean!" plastered over them. This event is indicative of a larger problem that has pervaded its way into American culture...the belief that if you feel oppressed, vocal protesting is the first and only answer, it worked really well during the invasion of Afghanistan guys. While infiltrating the ranks of protestors last week (I walked up to them casually, but that is not very exciting), I noticed that possibly two of them

were aware of why the *Monitor* did not run their story, but they were mad nonetheless. Mad enough to protest, in fact, looks like it doesn't take an unpopular invasion anymore. This was a little disturbing to me, not the fact that a group of students wished to stage a rally. That is their right, really, their obligation as Americans. But I was disturbed by how few of these protestors cared at all about this issue of the *Monitor*. The group that filled the free-speech area below Building I did not intend as a whole to protest

the *Monitor*, they wished to voice their support for biology Instructor Dadbeh Rouhbaksh, ideally, getting him hired as a tenure track instructor. However, because a few students felt that the *Monitor* slighted them, the rally became a protest and their message suffered for it. People were aware that the *Monitor* was a tool of the oppressive administration, "but who is Dadbeh Rouhbaksh?" Hopefully, Ohlone students will see the moral to this story and if not, at least they got a chuckle from the aforementioned irony.

Toy Yorkshire Terriers and the lesbians who own them

By OLIVIA SPERANZA
Opinion editor

I have a wonderful group of friends that happen to be composed entirely of lesbians. Not only are these girls skilled in just about everything under the sun, they also somehow seem to have every aspect of their busy lives under complete control. The only discrepancy I've uncovered is that all of these women appear to have their biological clocks set on fast-forward. Each couple that I know is eager to start families, but don't want to commit to having children. So what's the next best thing? If you haven't guessed already, it's the toy dog that fits

in your purse, a Yorkshire Terrier. As a means of compensation for children, I suppose, each couple jointly owns a dog. Altogether, five lesbian couples that I know have toy Yorkshire Terriers. Yes, every single one of them. That makes five couples and five small dogs. And it seems as if the smaller the dog is, the better. The enigma of the yorkie continued to haunt me as couple after couple purchased the same breed of dog. I questioned the situation rhetorically to myself, "If your best friends have toy Yorkshire Terriers, wouldn't you want to experience another breed, be different, acquire something new? Wouldn't the attractiveness of having a dog com-

pletely original and your own be much less gratifying if two of your other friends have worn out the initial breaking in of the same dog?" I've been utterly perplexed by this phenomenon among my friends until just recently. In order to give myself some clarification and reassurance that I'm not in some replicating wormhole of toy Yorkshire Terriers, I've drawn some conclusions as to why my friends have made such poor decisions in thinking outside of the "typical lesbian toy dog" box. First of all, I think they're all trying to perpetuate the stereotype that they've created within this circle of friends. By purchasing the same breed as the last

lesbian couple, they will continue the vicious cycle of one Yorkshire Terrier after another. Secondly, one toy Yorkshire Terrier can cost upwards of \$1,000. In breeding two purebred yorkies, you get two to three more, thus making a profit by selling their offspring. Monetary benefits are sought out by these girls, despite the fact that they will consequently be breaking apart a small family of yorkies. But that hasn't seemed to bother anyone. Finally, the last of my conclusions is that these girls want to steer away from the *Indigo Girls* look and lean more toward the *L Word* image. Dressing in designer jeans, sporting high heels,

wearing lipstick and owning purses that they actually use is curving away from the stereotypical lesbian. By owning a dog that doubles as an accessory, I believe that they feel more like Paris Hilton and less like Melissa Etheridge. So ultimately, since there is nothing I can do to change what has already been done, I guess I just have to accept the facts and be thankful that my friends aren't pursuing endeavors to create a family composed of children from all walks of life that they can't afford to take care of. Good luck to you girls; and to your ridiculous dogs I say, "Here come the lesbians!"

CAMPUS COMMENT >>>

If you were evacuated to another planet, what one item on you would you bring?



SANDHYA SUDANAGUNTA
Pharmacy

"My clothes on me right now."



SABBIR SATTAR
Pharmacy

"I'd bring my orange."



ADAM MANNING
Nursing

"My laptop."



MARK ANDRES
City and regional planning

"My cell phone."



KHRISTINE GERMONO
Undecided

"My sunglasses."