



Chicks gotta git up an' yell 'down wid da man'

by LaMont Biscuits

I was watching one of my favorite shows the other night, "Inside Edition"—it ranks up there just behind "Cops" and "Baywatch." It had a story on a popular group of hormonal high school boys in California called "The Spur Posse" who have a point system for the women they score with.

This may sound sick, but really, "The Spur Posse" is a microcosm of the real world. Men are vain and like to talk about their conquests. There's an old adage: "What's the first thing a guy does after getting laid? Call somebody."

Maybe not all guys keep track (I believe I'm at 60 points for the week), but for most men, women in the '90s are nothing more than slabs of raw meat to be devoured and spat out like a backstage orgy at a W.A.S.P. concert.

Scientific studies have proven that 98.7 percent of men are just out for a piece of ass. I hate to tell you ladies, but guys aren't really like Pat

Boone. We're more like a cross between preverts like Rob Lowe who want to videotape every roll in the hay and chauvinists like Howard Stern who want to tell our friends what a stallion we are for bedding a tramp like you. Men don't like women because we're all Hell's Angels at heart.

The guys that say, "Hey, I'm not like that" are the ones sitting on their bed at home surrounded by back issues of *Swank* and *Clam Chowder* with a handful of jolly jelly.

Now the California P.T.A. is all up-in-arms over the whole Spur Posse thing and everybody from parents of the boys and their prey to Dr. Ruth are getting gigs on "Donahue" and "Montel Williams" to whine about the whole ordeal.

Always the brown-nosing, dress-wearing feminist, ol' Donahue is saying, "Women shouldn't have to consider all men a potential threat of rape."

Well, Phil, maybe they should or maybe, just maybe, they could subscribe to the LaMont Biscuits' school of thought.

Young women are pushed by family and friends to be popular. It's to the point where young women will do just about anything to be a part of the "in-crowd."

So as always, LaMont has an alternative. This is a shout



LaMont gives a shout out to the women of the '90s: Get armed, get spiritual and be bad like Bridget Fonda taking out the man in *Point of No Return*.

out to the women of the '90s.

Get armed, get spiritual and be bad.

At the age of 10, women should be sent to citadels in the Swiss Alps. Not necessarily for secular training, but for classes on self-defense, weapon training and transcendental learning. The 15-year curriculum would include tai chi, yoga, judo, meditation and yodeling.

It would be a *La Femme*

Nikita (That's *Point of No Return* for you gringos) school for the exploited women of our country. They'll be like Red Sonja meets Hong Kong Phooey by the time they get out at age 25, ready to fend for themselves. Only then will women be disciplined and ready to whoop ass.

"C'mon baby, let's go back to my room for a little night cap, all the popular girls are doing it. You're not cool unless you do it."

"Oh-yeah, take that. Hi-yaaaaaaa"—reverse crescent kick to the back of the head—"That'll teach you to get fresh with me."

Maybe then, women will

wake up to the fact that they are the majority in this country. They are the child-bearers. They possess the garden where a man's seeds must take purchase. For without women, men are left alone like a Barry Manilow after-show party at the Desert Inn.

It is time for women to seize control, kick the men out of the head office and straight through the glass ceiling like they was the elevator at the end of *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*.

That's the truth, Dr. Ruth. Peace.

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