



by Deanna Risucci

As much progress as I've made in the years I've been laying on the couch every week, I am surprised to learn that I still maintain a little naivety, if you will, in certain areas of life. One would think that as a relatively mature woman no longer in her 20s, that I would have by now figured out that the grass is not always greener on the other side. Its not just that other peoples lives seem more pleasant or better than mine but that they just could never relate to what I'm going through. Lo and behold, let out your dirty little secret about seeing a shrink and people all around who I would never suspect in a million years of sharing any sort of neurotic tendencies I have so effectively molded into second nature come out of the woodwork saying, Me too. Wow. It just goes to show that mom was right. Everyone has their share of problems or issues or whatever with which to deal. Upon learning that I ain't so bad, I figured I am now in the authoritative position of deciding who should, if they haven't already, seek out a little cognitive help... Those who turn issues inside out and focus on everything but the heart of the matter definitely need their heads examined. They not only obstruct the possibility of gaining some true quality of life but they're also big pains in the buttocks. For example, anyone opposed to making guns safe are of questionable character. Especially when they start whining about fears of government control and what not when the issue is truly about SAVING LIVES. This also extends to anyone who gets angry with gun safety proposals of any sort. To them I say, Start with a nice 10-pack of sessions and go from there.

Believers in public protesting, with preparations to get violent, when the cause is a parent who wants the safe return of his 7-year-old boy to his homeland. Yes, the homeland in question is Cuba and yadda, yadda, but again, stick to the issue at hand people, this is about a little boy and his family. God, or whomever you believe in, created man first, government second. Gloria Estefan and her little Miami ring of locals who are shocked and dismayed to the point of threatening dead bodies dropping before little Elian Gonzalez returns to his father in Cuba ought to enter group therapy. Whitney Houston, who has not only said some of the dumbest stuff out loud, but to a journalist of a national magazine into his tape recorder, needs to be analyzed. What anti-semitic crap was that about a jeweler in New York? On top of that, not necessarily in this order, there was a laughable connection to U.S. presidents and crack addicts. Perhaps she's confused with the mayor of Washington D.C. Just how intimate is she with the habits of crack addicts? Certainly she's not too familiar with the habits of highly effective people. Whitney, check it in before you publicly check it out. It may be possible that Tyra Banks and Cher can get a two-fer for their Oscar night outfits. Tyra had that Cinderella thing going on, clearly stuck in a made-for-television fairytale while Cher sported an oversize cross that I hadn't seen since Madonna's Virgin days. What were they thinking? While on the subject of celebrity, Halle Berry needs to just lie down and chill for a while. Obviously she had delusions that the freeway is one big demolition derby where she's allowed to speed away from the scene of a self-inflicted crash. That is certainly not what they mean by creative license, dear actress.

