

# the daily friday

**Mission Statement: To Make Holes in Teeth.**

## Jason Sattler talks about Sex and Religion

A badly dressed man looks into the fraternity house. Following the lead of "Roy," a fraternity member, he heads toward the backyard. They weave in and out of pairs of nicely dressed young men talking about their majors, where they live, where they lived last year, and what they like to do. "Roy" and the Badly Dressed Man stop and face each other.

"Roy": So, what other houses have you been to tonight?

Badly Dressed Man: Just a few others, none of them really have food, except the first place had pizza.

"Roy": Yeah. We don't have any food. You want a Coke?

Badly Dressed Man: No, I don't drink caffeine. It just messes you up. Makes it so you can't dream right.

"Roy": Really? I've never heard that.

Badly Dressed Man: Most people don't know about it. It's just like male circumcision, people don't know how much that messes you up.

"Roy": How do you mean "messes you up"?

Badly Dressed Man: If you call losing 30-40 percent of the sensitivity messing it up, I'd say it messes it up pretty bad. But, I don't know how you'd go about judging a thing like sensitivity in numbers.

"Roy": Yeah. I don't know how you'd do that.

They stand and stare at the floor for almost a full minute.

"Roy": You want to meet some other guys in the house? Let's see if I can find you someone to talk to, OK?



## Jason Sattler visits the dorms to say We Were Only Freshmen

A young man sets down His Friend's bong. The stench of marijuana resin causes a nose twitch in the Young Man now exhaling smoke into the ether. They are listening to the Allman Brother's "Jessica"; the Young Man's friend is pretending to play guitar on a slide rule.

Young Man: You know what me, you and Josh should do this summer when we move into I.V.? We should all take a bunch of pictures and hang them over the mantle for people to see when they visit. We should take a picture of all of us with our heads on top of each other, like we're a fucking totem pole or something.

His Friend: Who will be on top of the pole?

Young Man: We could take three pictures and explore all the possibilities, or we could — yeah, fucking listen to

**And we'll have a jar just for pot and it will say pot.**

this idea: We should all wear masks of famous former presidents, like Reagan, or Carter. Or George Bush. How fucking funny would that be?

His Friend: I'll wear a mask of Patrick Swayze.

Young Man: Yeah. It will be so sweet. On our kitchen counter we'll have those jars that you keep sugar and flour, the ones that say sugar and flour on them. And we'll have a jar just for pot and it will say pot.

His Friend: What if my Mom comes to visit?

Young Man: Don't worry she can have some. No, no, I'm just fucking around. But, our fucking house is going to be. ... Everyday I'm going to walk out to the beach, I'm going to learn how to surf.

## Bryce Baer introduces Lusty-Eyed Richie Cross

A lusty-eyed Richie Cross sits in front of the IVBC greedily puffing on a Marlboro 100 — his cigarette of choice. His arms and legs are cold, but his soul has been warmed by Lowenbrau Dark — his beer of choice. He thinks he has style but he is wrong. He has had seven beers.

Enter Sorority Girls #1 and #2. They are wearing eerily similar sun dresses. One dress is covered with dandelions, the other, with daffodils. They have irresponsibly arrived sans cigarettes. They are not arrogant, but they just have lots and lots of self-esteem. They have had two sea breezes apiece.

Richie thinks they are both very, very attractive. He thinks he might even like to ask one out on a date. Richie likes to date attractive women.

Girl #1 boldly approaches Richie. She wants a cigarette.

Girl #1: (with a seductive smile) Hey, do you have a cigarette I could bum?

Richie: Fully.

Girl #1: Sweet.

Richie is stoked. He watches Girl #1's expression like a hawk for any further sign that she is in any way interested in him. He slowly fumbles with his pack of Marlboro's and triumphantly presents her with it. He smiles. She smiles.

Richie: (to himself) "Yes! This is a crucial moment in our potential relationship. I better say something witty and spontaneous. ... Maybe I'll get lucky."

Richie: So, what's up?

Girl #1: Just chillin'.

At this point, Girl #2 spies Girl #3, a member of a rival sorority house — they are not friends, but they hang out. Richie does not notice but Girl #2 and Girl #3 strike up a conversation.

Girl #3: I did shitty on my advanced nonverbal and symbolic interactionism presentation.

Girl #2: Me too, I can't believe that teacher asked us to act out the Social Penetration Theory.

Girl #1 hears the chatter and quickly joins in, effectively ignoring Richie.

Girl #1: I know, he's so ridiculous. He told me that my analysis of "Seinfeld" was superficial at best. And I was like, "Aah. Kramer is only like the most nonverbal communicator in the world. The guy speaks volumes with his actions not his words."

Richie desperately attempts to enter the conversation. He has seen "Seinfeld" before. He clears his throat and boldly interjects:

Richie: I love that show. Did you see the one with the Soup Nazi?

Yet, the conversation rolls on like a freight train, untethered by his apparent enthusiasm.

Girl #2: (to Girl #3) So how is Greg?

Girl #3: We got in a fight

again. I hate being in a mutually co-dependent disenfranchised symmetrical relationship — all the feeling is lost.

They are not talking about beer or sex. Richie is confused. He sees Girl #4 meandering up the block. She is pretty. He approaches the girl.

Richie: Got a cigarette?

Girl #4: I don't smoke.

Richie: Why not?

Girl #4 I hear it's like being circumcised.

Richie is confused.

## Famous People Drooling



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**YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE**  
BY LINDA C. BLACK

To get the advantage, check the day's rating: 10 is the easiest day, 0 the most challenging.

**Aries (March 21-April 19)** - Today is a 7 - Do everything in your power to get off work early. If you've got the kind of job that allows you to set your own hours, set them for tomorrow and the next day instead. You'll feel like working over the weekend. Today is only suited to fun and games.

**Taurus (April 20-May 20)** - Today is a 6 - Take care where money's concerned. It'll have a tendency to slip through your fingers. Some of your tribe tend to be penny wise and pound foolish. Don't fall into that trap! One of your habits could be costing you more than you realize. Think about it.

**Gemini (May 21-June 21)** - Today is a 7 - Things are starting to go your way. There may be a bit of a challenge today, however. It looks like somebody isn't going to go along with your latest brilliant scheme. At least, not without a bit of a struggle. Don't worry, you have amazing powers.

**Cancer (June 22-July 22)** - Today is a 5 - People and things aren't sticking to a regular routine. There might even be a spill or some sort of accident, so pay attention. You're also being spurred on by a person of incredible impatience. Put on your answering machine to keep from being bugged to death.

**Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)** - Today is an 8 - You're always more fortunate than other people, but today you're awesome. Go for a world record. If you're working with a team or group of associates, you'll notice they're more highly motivated than usual. They still need your leadership, however.

**Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)** - Today is a 7 - Some of your friends and co-workers could be approaching a state of panic. Luckily, you're on the job. It's Mr. or Ms. Meticulous to the rescue! You'll sort everything out. Without much urging at all, the others will give you a spontaneous round of applause.

**Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)** - Today is a 9 - Today is good for travel, both long journeys and short ones. Maybe you can manage to fit in both. Race around and do errands during the day and take off on a mini-vacation right afterward. Your sweetheart's in the mood to travel, too.

**Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)** - Today is a 7 - You can make a lot of money today, or lose quite a bit. It looks like the amount of work is constant. You're keeping plenty busy. It's not by working more but by working smarter that you'll earn more cash. Ask a woman in a position of authority how.

**Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)** - Today is an 8 - What kind of changes need to take place in your relationship? Is there somebody out there you need to sue for one reason or another? Any secrets that need to be revealed? You're in favor of full disclosure, which is one of the ways you contribute to the world working.

**Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)** - Today is a 5 - You'll have to hustle to keep up today. The problem is that the task you're doing isn't your favorite. You're not building something you can show off when the day's done. You're merely pushing papers. Well, it's necessary. Relax and enjoy it.

**Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)** - Today is a 9 - This is a marvelous day for you. You might even decide to throw a party on the spur of the moment. Take care. There's one person who might link on you if you have too much fun. It's most likely to happen right around the middle of the day, too.

**Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)** - Today is a 6 - You're right in the middle of a whirlpool. What's more, it's of your own creation! Don't whine that you're the victim of these circumstances; nobody's going to buy it. Now that you know you're causing it, you can relax and enjoy the ride.

**Today's Birthday (May 23)** - Your lesson this year is about partnerships. Find a person who lures you outside your mental safety zone and you could be entranced for life. Put your love into words in June. Set up house-keeping in September. Find your fortune in October. December's about completion and new beginnings. Get the money you need in January to take an outrageous trip in February. Attend a reunion in April and re-kindle an old love in May.

**FICTION!**

Nick Robertson is

# Stoned Free

**A**s Nathan slowly drifted back into consciousness, head propped against the tinted window, his eyes opened to see scattered beams of sunlight blurring through the rippled clouds of the great Silicon Valley sky, spreading across the vast desert of industrial buildings below.

He rubbed his eyes and wiped the drool puddle from his hand. Immediately he knew where he was — entering Sunnyvale for the two-minute stop before embarking toward San Jose. He recognized the passing storefronts ... Sunnyvale Wafer Fab Corporation, Kal's B-B-Que, a giant bread-loaf statue, and then that big-ass towering Libby's can.

Nathan had made this journey many times, he couldn't remember how many. But at least once a month he left UCSB behind to hop aboard a Greyhound bus and course the California vein that is Highway 101. And though the traveling became monotonous long before, Nathan still found an obscure wonder in the ride, a recurring opportunity to wonder about life and daydream — or at least stare in a hazy gaze out the window.

Nathan peeled a cherry Life Saver from his dwindling pack. Sucking contentedly, he watched a small commuter plane touch down at San Jose International Airport. He considered getting off at the nearing station and taking a cab to the airport terminal. He could buy a ticket to just about anywhere, he supposed — after all, he did have \$2,400 in his money belt, and a healthy 48 bucks in his wallet. But getting the weed on board would be a problem.

Riding in the steel bowels of the Greyhound's fuselage was Nathan's green army duffle bag, and riding in that duffle bag was a half-pound of some of the best shit he had ever smoked. This stuff was dense, and so crystallized that some of the nodges looked like giant pistachio nuts, through squinted eyes.

Nathan had first sampled this harvest the night before, with his loyal hookup Riley (the only high school friend he stayed in touch with), who had moved to Garberville in 11th grade and hadn't left Humboldt County lines since. They were both relaxing on Riley's apartment balcony, which had the floor space of a large doghouse but

Nathan had the edge over the common I.V. dope dealer — he was an I.V. dope smuggler. And what safer way to transport the precious cargo than by bus? There's no risk of getting pulled over, the Greyhound ticket authorities never check IDs or search the luggage, and there's so many demented freaks everywhere that bus station security never pay attention to one unshaven hippie-student type with severely bloodshot eyes.

But Nathan's eyes were clearing up now. Soon he would need to step out of the bus for a quick smoke break, to further enrich the familiar passing scenery. The next stop long enough to sneak a toke was Gilroy, so until then he read the paper.

Stoned silent somewhere near Watsonville, Nathan



**He could buy a ticket to just about anywhere, he supposed --- after all he did have \$2,400... But getting the weed on board would be a problem.**

the view of Northern California's sloping, redwood-laden hills, all blanketed with a dark-blue night sky dotted by a trillion stars and no moon. Passing a magic-marker-size joint back and forth, Nathan and Riley stared out at the purple heavens, enveloped in total tranquility.

Well, all wasn't completely tranquil — Riley was supposed to pick up three pounds of mushrooms, and didn't, not surprisingly ... and in the back of his mind, Nathan wondered how he was going to explain this situation to the various dealers around I.V. that he'd been bragging to about "gnarlic visuals." But what were they going to do? Start driving halfway to Portland and back every three weeks?

reached up from the comfort of his red and navy-blue fuzzy seat and twisted the tiny air conditioning nozzle that looked and sounded not unlike a miniature jet engine. It was damn stuffy, Nathan thought, while shedding his girlfriend's baggiest sweatshirt. He had grabbed it right before leaving her house Friday morning, after kissing her cheek. "Don't worry, Vickie, baby, it's gonna be fine," he whispered, unsure if she was really sleeping. She was later than she'd ever been before, but she was usually somewhat late ...

Some guy had gotten on the bus at Gilroy who wouldn't stop trying to spark conversation with anyone in a six-row radius, and when nobody would acknowledge his presence, he spoke to the air. He was now rubbing his thinning blond scalp marked with liver spots from too many days of drinking in the sun.

"Does anybody got a pencil, a pencil? The phone booth back there took my money, and I don't want to forget the address I need to write," he muttered loudly, while rocking in his seat and looking around at the motley crew of passengers. "The phone booth back there took my money, and I'm gonna get my 75 cents back, oh yeah."

Who is this guy? Nathan wondered. How does someone end up like him? How can someone who gets kicked around constantly, by an entire society, only want to lash back when a bus station pay phone steals enough money to buy an overpriced candy bar?

Could I end up like him, Nathan wondered? Nahh. He had already succeeded too much, gone too far in life. After all, he was a University student. Maybe it was his second junior year, but he was learning a lot, broadening his mind, making connections ... this guy probably never even graduated from high school. But then, neither did Riley, and Nathan kept his company.

The Daily Friday asserts:

# Left-handed People is Right!

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**THE LEADER IN ADULT CABARETS**

Oh, well, whatever. All this thought about the future took time away from Nathan's window-gazing, which wasn't going to be an option soon. Night was slowly falling, and across the great plains of California fruit-bearing soil, the waning sun burned a soft but brilliant hole in the choppy clouded sky. The bus passed a row of eucalyptus trees that loomed over the highway like a giant's wooden fence, and Nathan noticed light emitting from the tiny houses nestled in the brown foothills.

What was *that* life like, Nathan pondered. Looking closer, he could see that the houses weren't really that small. They had long, long driveways, and he could see multiple cars in each yard. These people probably do pretty well for themselves, Nathan reckoned, but what do they *do* with their lives, out here in these vast fields?

But then, what do people do with their lives anywhere? Nathan always believed he would live out the American Dream — graduate from college, get a well-to-high-paying job doing *something*, save minimally until he could make that down payment on a nice house to raise a charming family in ... that's what he'd always been told he wanted.

But once he got there, what would he do? Paint the tool shed? Dig weeds in the garden? Attend PTA meetings and rent four videos a night, half of which the kids would lose for days and then whine about not getting their allowance because of it? Is that all these people *do* out here?

Nathan passed the next 55 minutes by staring out the



window as the sun finally sank below the broad horizon. He decided that he would buy a new Walkman with his earnings from this trek; Riley said he lost the one he borrowed, even though Nathan thought he saw the earphones dangling out of a kitchen drawer last night.

"King City. We'll be stopped for 15 minutes, so grab a bite to eat if you're hungry," the driver bellowed.

Nathan stumbled from the sliding door, taking care to not bump into the pretty jail bait who walked in front of him. He had sometimes fantasized about meeting some woman on one of these excursions and coordinating an erotic rendezvous at one of the stopover points, but Nathan always kept these fancies to himself, draping his legs across the seat next to him in a very uninviting way throughout the ride.

The bus was parked in a dirt/gravel lot in front of an independent convenience store with the word "convenience" misspelled on its dimly lit sign. The driver walked inside and was warmly greeted by the mole-covered portly woman behind the counter and the ancient guy in the corner wearing sunglasses and clutching a broom. The passengers dispersed throughout the shop, inspecting its 1950s-era coolers and the wealth of frozen burritos inside.

Nathan stood in the parking lot, fingering the loaded pipe and lighter in his pockets, looking around for an inconspicuous spot. There were no other buildings for miles along the road, except for the creepy abandoned gas station next door. He moseyed a lap around the store, smoking in motion while behind the building and out of sight.

It was the very end of dusk, when the mysterious glow that keeps the evening sky pink fades away, becoming a

dark blue that Nathan believed was the same color that envelops the floor of a shallow sea. Nathan had always wanted to voyage the ocean — he had even taken elementary boat and sail, and loved every minute of it, but instead of taking intermediate he put the \$55 registration fee towards an eighth. Hey, it's called fiending for a reason.

## Hey, it's called fiending for a reason.

When Nathan emerged from behind the store, all of the passengers had already bought their substandard fare and were back in the bus. The driver sat and chatted with the old couple. These people are in cahoots, Nathan conjectured — why else would the driver stop at this god-forsaken business? With the total bus-rider sales of poorboy sandwiches and red vines, not to mention rotgut flasks, they probably cleared a hefty profit, and the driver would get a nice kickback. More power to him, Nathan thought.

The more he learned about life, the more Nathan felt that everyone is inescapably corrupt because they want to be. Just think of those patsies stuck out in the farmhouses — wouldn't that lifestyle become genuinely exciting if Father sold homemade Adirondack chairs without getting a business permit? Wouldn't Mother's pantry-aged wine sell to the neighbors? Oh, the cops would never hassle them. They're Good People.

Now it was too dark outside to see through the already-blackened windows, so Nathan stared at his dim reflection. As the bus accelerated and pulled back onto Highway 101, he wondered if there were any good people out there. Or what good was. Who defines good? Is that person good?

Nathan wondered if he was good.

According to Nancy Reagan, certainly not. He was the scum of society, destroying the lives of innocent children (because their parents never had the courage to talk to their kids about drugs, only to reprimand them). But he felt like he was a good person. He meant no harm to his fellow Americans.

What's up with this country, anyway? How has it gone so wrong? Nathan wondered where, in the Constitution or the Bill of Rights, morality and righteousness are mentioned. Then he wondered if smoking the hemp paper that the Constitution is printed on would get him high. He wondered if being high was all life should be about. He wondered what life should be about. He wondered about life. Until he fell asleep near Pismo Beach, Nathan asked himself question after question. But there never seemed to be an answer.

The Greyhound rolled to a stop at the corner of Carrillo and Chapala, one red light away from the long-awaited destination of Santa Barbara's Greyhound depot, covered in plastic and dust from remodeling. Nathan had heard more people were traveling by bus nowadays.

When the massive engine shut down, Nathan didn't bother retrieving his duffie; in fact, he left his backpack sitting on the next seat. He darted to the ticket counter, where a pockmark-faced man watched late-night television.

"Do you have any tickets to Mexico?"

"Tijuana."

"Do they like, check your bags, and stuff?"

"Yes sir, they check your bags and I think you need a passport."

"One way to San Diego, please."

After paying for his ticket, Nathan unbuckled his belt and walked out to the same bus, which would drop him off in L.A. for a transfer. He reclined in his still-warm seat and closed his eyes, smiling.

Now his daydream would begin — and all his hazy gazing would be at something new.

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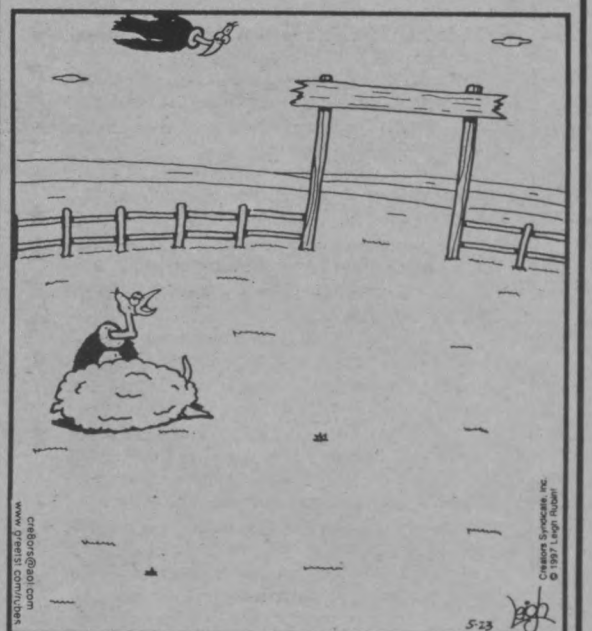
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# Campus Comment

Interviews by Dan Nazzareta  
Photos by Alan Jacoby

Who do you think is sexier, the RBT Lady or the Weatherperson?



“ I definitely think the Weatherperson because he is interesting. The RBT lady is boring and only brings bad news.

Danielle Dohmen  
sophomore  
biology



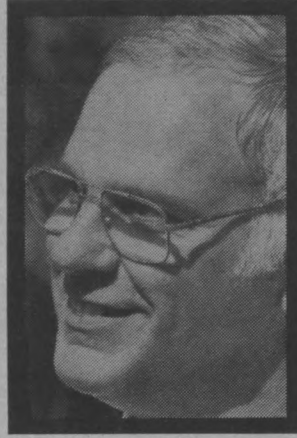
“ Definitely the Weather lady because the way she integrates her perspectives on life and how it affects the weather.

Isabel Oregon  
junior  
political science



“ Going by the voice, the RBT lady, but personality-wise, I like the Weather lady.

Judy Kim  
sophomore  
environmental  
studies



“ I guess the Weatherperson by default. I don't know the RBT lady.

John MacPherson  
chief  
UCSB Police Dept.



“ Actually, I've been having a sexual relationship with the RBT lady and she's an amphibian woman. She's got webbed feet.

Kevin Dale



“ The RBT lady — because she turns me on.

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## The Juvenalia of Noah Blumberg

I was the greatest day of young Jason Scheff's life when Peter Cetera, one of America's best-loved singer/songwriters, left the adult rock group Chicago. That was the day that Chicago's drummer, Tris, called young Jason for an audition. Although Jason was only 14 years old at the time, his guitar wizardry, soulful voice and daring stage antics had garnered much acclaim and had piqued the interest of the members of Chicago.

The audition was a success and soon Jason was on a nonstop world tour that would last for nearly two years. After the tour's close, the band decided to ready another "Greatest Hits" collection and Jason was granted some time off. He went home to his parents' house in San Diego and got back in touch with his good buddy, Barry Fefferman, a 38-year-old accountant and devout family man. Barry's hobbies were several. He enjoyed body-building, purchasing cars, and going on long, long drives.

Barry and Jason referred to each other as Feff and Scheff, respectively. Feff asked Jason's parents if Scheff could go on a long drive or something. Jason's parents agreed without much argument and Feff and Scheff set out in Feff's new Cadillac Seville convertible.

"Where are we off to, Feff?" Scheff asked.  
"Well, I thought we'd check out that movie "Penitentiary Pranksters." What do you think?"

"Naw, not another prison comedy."  
"OK. Well, what do you think about going to Mexico?"  
"Sounds great. Let's go."

So Feff and Scheff both put on tank tops and headed down to the somewhat-commercialized yet quaint fishing town of San Felipe on the east coast of the Sea of Cortez. They enjoyed some fish tacos, dune buggy rides and beach camping.

After a couple of days, they drove north to Mexicali in search of more excitement. There, they walked the streets of Mexicali for hours. Although they found some reasonably priced shoes, the many burnt-out buildings on the many dirty streets had them feeling less than enthusiastic about Mexicali. On the way back to Feff's car, they walked passed a small, shabby building that had a large animated naked woman painted on it.

He enjoyed body-building, purchasing cars, and going on long, long drives.

Scheff said, "Let's check it out."  
"Oh, I don't know. What would your parents say? Besides, you're only 16, they wouldn't let you in."

"Sure, they would." Scheff insisted.  
Very reluctantly, Feff led the way to the front door of the building. A small old man appeared and led them inside. The room was so dark that they could not see where the old man was leading them and could follow only the old man's nudging at their hips. They found themselves at a table and had a seat.

"What would you like to drink?" said a voice in perfect English.  
"Um, two cervezas," said Scheff.  
Nervously, Feff said, "Scheff, you're not old enough to ..."  
"Relax, Feff, relax. It's OK. No one cares," Scheff said with the toss of a 50-peso bill to the waiter.

As their eyes began to adjust to the darkness, they realized that they were right in front of a stage. Against the very back of the stage a dim light lit the figure of an extremely tall and heavy woman dressed in a black bikini and a long, blonde wig.

Feff and Scheff looked at each other with confused and frightened eyes. Abandoning their beers, they both went straight to the exit.

Neither Feff nor Scheff spoke until they had safely crossed back into the United States.  
Feff looked over at Scheff and said, "Wow, it sure is hot out today."  
"I hear ya," Scheff said, "I'm glad I brought my tank top."