Friday Magazine believes that there has been too much whining about Television. We ask: where would you be today without having seen every episode of the Brady Bunch and The Twilight Zone? You'd probably be in a weird place where the people you hang around with aren't really your friends.

Sure, it's common knowledge that there are really only three plots to any situation comedy. But that's OK. I think it was Bono who said, "I've just got a TV, three plots, and the truth."

YOU! Watch TV, you! You don't want to be a cultural nerd, do you? If Sonny and Cher ever have another reunion show, television will carry it live — and you'll be the last to know.

It's been said that the television has become our babysitter, teacher, and sex partner all rolled into one convenient tube. Ain't it grand?

So ask yourself this question: Are you watching enough TV? Chances are, you're not.
The Wonderful World of Television

Happy Days: Fonzie Was the Key

Demographics

Characters who appear on TV

<table>
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<th>Demographic</th>
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<tr>
<td>Maladjusted kids</td>
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<td>Tricky days</td>
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Nutty Neighbors

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FM Letters

Dear Sirs:

Well... now that I'm finally free, I've got a few things I'd like to say. Remember that big deal with the hostages getting released upon my inauguration? I did that! Remember that deal to trade arms to Iran for hostages? I did that, too! And that Iranian airliner that got blown to bits? That was mine, too! Aha ha ha ha ha! Hey, is this thing on?

— Ronald Reagan

Dear Sirs:

The trial of Lt. Col. Oliver North has become a travesty of justice. By refusing to grant my client the use of certain classified documents in the preparation of his defense, the courts have denied his constitutional right to a fair trial. But justice will be done! We have subpoenaed confidential records of a prominent international figure which will prove my client's innocence. It is hereby requested that Kris Kringle, a.k.a. Santa Claus, a.k.a. Saint Nicholas, submit to the Supreme Court of the United States of America one "naughty and nice'' list for the moral year of 1986-87. This document should prove beyond a reasonable doubt that my client should be cleared of all charges.

— Brendan Sullivan, attorney for the defense, Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to clear up what exactly happened to the money in the monastery safe. It was me. And you should have guessed.

— Felonious Monk

Dear Sirs:

Let me tell ya, I thought I'd heard 'em all, but yesterday I pulled this guy over southbound on the 101; he musta been doin' 90 or so. He starts scrammin' some crap about his wife gettin' her eyes bitten out by a pit bull or somethin'. Sure enough, he's got some floozy mornin' in the back seat with ketchup all over her face. Man, the lengths some people'll go to to get out of a ticket. I kept that guy for 20 minutes! Boy, was he pissed!

— John Poncherello, California Highway Patrol

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FM Letters submitted to Friday magazine are selected by Letters Editor Jason Spievak on the basis of weight, paper color, envelope size and lack of factual content. Please hand-deliver all letters to the Nexus editorial office. Winners will not be notified.
THE MONKEES
Micky, Mike, Peter and Davy (from the Bay Area) are an I.V. band that can't seem to get a job. They gradually gain local popularity by stealing the musical style of other bands.
- Davy, who is flunking all his classes, runs and flees from the clutches of one of the TA's while the band plays "Gonna Buy Me a Dog."
- Mike enters an all-night car wash to stardom. The dream of other bands is going to fail his finals. Out of desperation, he has Ed study for his final and whisper the study. Wilbur recognizes that he is going to fail his finals. Wilbur's worst nightmares are being realized. His boy is becoming a skaterat.
- Micky enters an all-important drumming contest while the band plays "Gonna Buy Me a Dog."
- Peter, the most zany member of the band, is flunking and his teacher becomes suspicious.

HOLOGAN'S ISLAND
Every episode has the same basic plot. The castaways are all fifth- and sixth-year seniors on the verge of completing their majors. In each show it appears that they are finally going to graduate, but through some zany mix-up they never do.
- It is finals week and every time the castaways get down to some serious business, Gilligan yells "Study break," a suggestion none of them can resist. They flunk their finals.
- Mr. Howell finances a phone sex business, employing Ginger and Mary Anne to handle the calls. Gilligan gets ahead of the customers' credit card numbers and is busted using them in a spending spree at a comic book convention at the Earl Warren Showgrounds. They spend the rest of the quarter in litigation.
- Once again, it's finals week and everyone is really stressed after two failed mid-terms, his answers. When he gets an A in his descent into a life of spreading to all of Del Playa. Cars are burned. Fifty people are arrested. Goober, delivering pizza for Domino's, is chased off by an overzealous cop.
- Other police descend on the scene and a riot ensues, student at the Lamba Chi house (Gilligan's fraternity), a fight breaks out and all the castaways get knifed. As the episode closes, during Dead Week, they are all bedridden, in too much pain to study.

MR. ED
Wilbur, a junior communications major, finds to his surprise that his dog, Ed Zeppelin, can talk.
- Wilbur recognizes that he is going to fail his finals. Out of desperation, he has Ed study for his final and whisper the study. Wilbur's worst nightmares are being realized. His boy is becoming a skaterat.
- Andy Taylor, sheriff of the Earl Warren Showgrounds.
- Andy's worst nightmares are being realized. His boy is becoming a skaterat.
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**A Look at Russian TV**

You knew it was coming; glumness, perspective and now KTV (Krestin TV). They ripped off our bomb, they ripped off our jeans and now they've committed the ultimate sin: They've ripped off our prime-time TV. So here's a few morals from the 'evil empire' to tempt you into the very depths of communism.

**The Bolshvik Beach:** Here's a story of a man named Lenin who was upset with the cary's democratic rule. He's a poor man living out in exile and he was all alone. Here's a story of a guy named Trotsky, who was busy with big plans of his own; they were enemies. At the end of the story the world is put together, yet they were all alone. Till the one day that this Trotsky met this Lenin and they knew that it was much more than a bunch, that these ruls would somehow form a commie, that's the way we all became the Bolshvik Beach. That's the way we became the Bolshvik Beach.

My Favorite Marxist: Jorgie's life as a low-level bureaucrat would never be the same after Uncle Mikhael came into his life. Little did he know that this Marxist was also an alien from the real red planet. Follow the antics as these two freedom-loving revolutionaries go back in time to show Lenin the evils of capitalist imperialism. There will be laughs galore as the three of them overcome the case, while still finding time to pick up some babes.

**FERMENTATION**

TRADITIONALLY, college students have engaged in two methods of wasting time in order to avoid anything that has to do with their temporary TV viewer. In keeping of the all-time greats such as "Hi Bob and Hi Mary" and "Bar Trek", we've developed some drinking games for the con­

**T.I. Drinking Games**

**Game Version 1:** Whenever the android's humanity comes into question, take a drink.

**Game Version 2:** If you want to get drunk, every time you don't know the answer, drink.

**LET'S GET YOTHERS-FACED!**

**Family Ties:** This show was once thought of as the Great White Hope of American television. Now it has replaced "Too Close for Comfort" on KTV's afternoon schedule.

**Game Version 2:** Whenever Alex makes an "I love you, honey" joke, think about how ugly Tina Yothers is and drink.

**YOU MAKE THE DRINK**

**Sunday Sports wrap-up shows:** From about 8:00 in the evening until one in the morning you can watch the same highlights over and over. What else would you do on Sunday night?

**Game Version 1:** Every time they show a clip which makes you say, "Ooh, that had to hurt!" drink a domestic beer.

**Game Version 2:** Everyone's there a clip that makes you think "I wish I could do that," try to, and then drink.

**Batteries Not Included**

"Batteries Not Included" (Movie) — action-packed game with contestants compete for the right to go to Mars. Oh, and sues Whitney for back pay. You can never be the same after these nurses get through with this war.

**Basic Instinct**

"Basic Instinct", you take a sip.

**Family Ties**

"Family Ties" (Serial) — Blair sleeps with Whitney, who was once man. "Brooklyn, Not Beirut," and sun Whitney for back pay for her two kids. Li'l Bobsy Little Network support for her two kids. Li'l Bobsy Little Network support for her two kids. Li'l Bobsy Little Network support for her two kids.

**Bonanza (Western)**

Cartwell family has a to confronts with stranger emotions. Here's where the real juice comes. After a time of confusion, decide that the old love has never been the same after these nurses get through with this war.

**M*A*S*H**

"M*A*S*H" (Serial) — Uncle Mikhael comes into his life. Little did he know that this Marxist was also an alien from the real red planet. Follow the antics as these two freedom-loving revolutionaries go back in time to show Lenin the evils of capitalist imperialism. There will be laughs galore as the three of them overcome the case, while still finding time to pick up some babes.

**Game Version 1:** If you plan on getting really plastered, take a drink whenever the android's humanity comes into question. Take a drink.

**Game Version 2:** If you want to get drunk, every time you don't know the answer, drink.

**Buddy Ebsen speaks from a fire in Times Square.**

**HBO**

**HBO TERROR THEMES "It's a Bitch" (Movie) — Really gruesome documentary footage of real life stockbrokers.**

**Game Version 2:** If you want to get drunk, every time you don't know the answer, drink.

**Let's Get Yotcers-Faced!**

**Family Ties:** This show was once thought of as the Great White Hope of American television. Now it has replaced "Too Close for Comfort" on KTTV's afternoon schedule.

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Elvis TV Shows

NYC: 9IC: vice-president and director of programming Bart Gerro has recently announced plans for a new television series which will premier this fall. The program will be loosely based on the highly successful video of the making of the Special Investigation, \\

"Sure. We expect some of that," Gerro admitted at the unannounced press conference, "but we're confident that once people see the show and realize how really touching it is, they'll see how great a person Elvis is.

Not all the remarks have been negative, however. "I think it's a good show," said one of the show's producers. "It's a show that will make people think."

Elvis: For Hire—action/detective show

Situation—Elvis plays a down-and-out hustler in Nashville who becomes a private detective.

Possible Plot #1—Elvis finds himself on the island of a rich, eccentric big-game hunter. The hunter's daughter loves Elvis and captures him to take part in a savage competition for her hand—unless Elvis is the hunter. Will Elvis be able to use his wife and her hit singles to stay alive? Elvis says "Suspicious Minds!" in his typical voice.

Possible Plot #2—Elvis poses as a singer in a night-club on Nashville's "slowed down" in order to expose a black market baby-swapping ring. The horror he finds is more disgusting than ever imagined. Elvis sings "In the Ghetto." 

Possible Plot #3—Elvis poses as priest to stop the illegal selling of black market indigenous. Martin Luther guest stars.

elevision/Fashion—yuppie drama

Situation—After the crazy and turbulent '60s, Elvis becomes a dentist and tries to live happily ever after. Elvis is an insider trading scheme is exposed. Elvis sings "Jailhouse" to himself in the bathroom mirror.

"Weebles wobble, but they don't fall down." That's right, man. Pooh makes a comeback, and I'll snap right back in your face. I'm a Weeble, dammit, and I don't take no crap from nobody. I am a modern, high-power toy. Those stupid little Fisher-Price peg-people forget 'em. I have the biggest butt of any vaguely-humanoid-shaped toy in your toybox, and I'm not made of wood like those wimpy Fisher-Price jocks, so don't have no chance of me swelling up and cracking when you throw me in your swimming pool. I'll just keep springing back. I'm unstoppable, baby. Fear me, I am a Weeble.

"Come to the Honeycomb Hideout!" Give me a break. If we ever had the motivation and the technology to build a hideout as cool as the world-renowned Honeycomb Hideout, we would never have let girls inside. At least not until we hit puberty, of course. And we would never give it a name so stupid as the "Honeycomb Hideout." We would have called it something profane, or named it after ourselves, something like "The Billy/Steve/Really Bitchin' Fort" (BSJRBF for short).

"Here comes Barbie!" How could girls go so freakin' insane over these damn things? The Pauline Proctor Priests had corrav, campers, houses, even her own McDonald's. So how come she goes steady with a guy with no genitalia? There goes Barbie fun.

"I'm the solo survivor!" Perhaps the only reason you've even heard about "Kool-Aid--" is because you've got a Day Alcohol game, in which you throw Kool-Aid in your mouth. And what's the best product the big, bad Kool-Aid company can come up with? Why, it's "Kool-Aid--"!"

"Here comes Kool-Aid/Here comes Kool-Aid..." If a giant pitcher full of Kool-Aid were to fall from the sky, it could does something to do with wearing funny clothes and engaging in "60s-board-game-meatball on a beach somewhere?

"Say nope to dope and use 'em here. Even if you didn't get pounded by this bit of Los Angeles Police Department No. 8 propaganda, I bet you were exposed to hometown anti-crime public service messages at some time or another. In Los Angeles the Kool-Aid thing has been used to warn the people about the big bad Kool-Aid, and boy, did we pay hard that the crotchety greenawan would cup the up's immaculate black uniform, just once.

"Pretty sassy, old!" This commercial really bored me up. After seeing the sister beat the brother a few hundred times, I made a few notes. Later, they gave me a new job at the Ketchum advertising firm, so my notes were used. When she obtained her own View, I did good on my premise. Did I perform this feat through cunning and wild? Of course not. These are quotes, p7A.

Employment Available
A.S. Notetaking Service

The A.S. Notetaking Service is now accepting notetaker applications for the Spring 1989 academic quarter.

Pay: $17.00-$22.00 per lecture hour

Chargers of sexism notwithstanding, the first episode is scheduled for Feb. 15, opposite the Golden Girls. The pilot involves a band of Japanese fashion terrorists who try to break into SI headquarters. The plot involves a band of Japanese fashion terrorists who try to break into SI headquarters. The plot involves...
“It’s my turn to operate!” This classic line, from the old commercial for the Operation! game, is the source of what every dimly ad exec on Madison Avenue shoots for. The game is deplored as disgusting, mysterious and absolutely shocking to parents: an ideally irreplaceable combination for the unabashed, menacing latchkey kid. We never really understood the concept behind Operation!, though, until we figured out how to close the circuit with a metal spoon, making the buzzer go off and the guy’s nose light up ad infinitum in Mom’s closet.

“Sparkletoys would like to remind you during this holiday season: A car is not a toy.” Why did they play these commercials during Christmas? Did people play Porky Pig at dirty saloons and wild office parties during Christmas? The commercials were certainly not aimed at us innocent latchkeys. We weren’t planning on taking the car or killing ourselves until we were teenagers, at least.

“Your parents have to put it together. Batteries not included.” What better reason to want a toy than the prospect of your dad struggling and sweating on Christmas morning in a valiant attempt to get the damn thing going? What, by the way, are the batteries not included? I know, more concession stand sales and guided studio tour fees. Ah, the joys of authenticity.

“... and Sugar Grenades have eight essential vitamins and minerals!” This commercial disclaimer must have been the result of some federal law or other, because kids simply don’t care about nutrition. In fact, if kids ever stopped to listen to the “fine print” in these commercials, they’d probably be sickened at the prospect of eating minerals! In fact, if kids ever stopped to listen to the “fine print” in these commercials, they’d probably be sickened at the prospect of eating minerals. Although they might not realize it, kids like cereal for three reasons: 1) The undeniable buzz of the sugar high; 2) The injection-molded plastic toy surprises that break in less than a week; or 3) Because eating minerals, which (as everybody knows) consist mainly of dirt.

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There is a television-lit room deep in the oldest part of Los Angeles. It's a typical summer night off of 59th and Broadway. This is where the inner city is: where police helicopters hover the residential streets, hacking the air with their blades like explorers in the jungle; where the news channels broadcast the street-scenes of flashing sirens, yellow crowd tape, death ambulances — young corpses under white sheets wearing basketball sneakers; where poverty and violence roam the streets with the little boys and girls walking home from school.

It's a war movie on channel 13 entertaining a teenaged boy and his uncle. This is bad for their eyes, watching television in a dark room, but they are deep in the television trance — hypnotised into forgetting to turn any lights on. With the lights on, potential burglars know that someone is home, making one think twice before breaking in.

The uncle is drunk or on drugs or whatever. Maybe he's not in a television trance, but just in a trance. He is rambling on, slurring ghetto uncle philosophy in the general direction of the boy. Ghetto uncle philosophy comes forth when an older ghetto man tells a younger ghetto man not to do what he did with his life. To the uncle, the boy's veins run with uncontaminated blood — not a sign of dust on his brain — eyes squeaky clean — lungs pink as the driven morning snow in a white winter dawn.

"Let me tell you what they want and you ain't got nuthin' to say behind it 'cause if you was smart you'd think you know everything. Let me tell you. I'm doing this only one time, 'cause time stands still for nuthin'.... Here it is: LIFE IS NOT A BOWL OF CHERRIES."

Pleasant chills flow down the boy's spine. His uncle's voice seems to soothe him in an indirect way. His summer-night blood running high through his veins — through his hand hanging over the arm on the big den chair, his finger absently tunneling through a cut in the vinyl upholstery. Army tanks are tragically dying on television full of Telly Savalas — the good guy of The Butcher Battalion in the best war television has ever seen. The uncle watches the boy watch television.

"Life is not as simple as this. This is television. We in real life, with more than one kinds people. Don't think what I used to think, life bigger than that... that television. There's three-four kinds Americans: employees, employers, lawmakers and people on welfare for that $238 a month...."

The uncle speaks in his narcotic accent and the boy listens to the low tones, vaguely.

It will be strangely disappointing when he stops talking. Commercials begin to broadcast. The television transforms itself into a window to worlds of riches; the boy sits there watching this world go by as if being subtly tortured. The T.V., guided by commercials, speaks: "You can see the difference" — "a limited offer" — "A new limited edition" — "Yours for the very low price!" — "Who could ask for anything more?" — "come home to quality" — "it's new" — "one mean machine" — "100 percent fresh vitamins" — "no cash from seven nine nine one nine" — "we've cut the price" — "big savings for you" — "with the taste of fruit" — "fame, fortune, circling the globe, the final frontier...."

The boy forms his first complete thought of the night: "The world is bigger than this," he thinks. It is not sure if he was referring to "this" television or "this" life.

"Shaming. "If I didn't — didn't stop to think I would have a job. But I'm not a conformisss. I see the publiss — public and I see all the bullstuff, kid. I just can't play the game. But vou will get it together. You take yo' butt up to college and do something — stay away from the girls and parties! Bullstuff, kid."