

The Last Gasp Of Order

I tried to hang on for one more issue, to make sense of the world one last time, but the creeping insidiousness of Nexus inbreeding finally ate away my last few brain cells. So I said to myself, Why fight it? Why not give in to the impending disorder which seemed to be sweeping every facet of the Nexus, including Friday Magazine? After all, this is my last issue as FM editor, I may as well go out with a certain lack of dignity, as befits my short reign.

It's a good thing that Doug "Fleshy" Artsweek never asked me what I liked, the past issues have shown that what I like is pretty weird. Stuff like death, creation, Chaos, and Teleology aren't really in the same league as Nambly Pamby and Double D Nose. But I also like Humor. I could have made this the "What is Humor" issue, but few things end up being drier than that.

Oh My God, It's, It's

When I got back from Mexico the other day, my apartment was in a shambles. I could have sworn that when I left it was in fine fettle, all neat and clean, with my collection of Don Ho albums carefully stowed next to the prudently stationed stereo, right in the corner of my carefully vacuumed living room.

You can imagine my dismay upon returning home and finding that the front door wouldn't open, as it was blocked by a pile of odoriferous garments and a few empty guitar cases. So we, (my roommate and myself, that is) climbed through the window, which broke in the process.

We were further amazed to find, upon gaining entry to the apartment, that my cherished Don Ho albums were now distributed in distressing disarray around the room, and that a few album covers had even migrated to the walls, where they now hung leeringly askew. The floor was covered with empty beer cans and bottles of various makes and models, wine jugs, fruit juice bottles partially filled with a brown-red liquid surfaced by a strange, green, powdery substance.

To all appearances, our apartment had reverted approximately three stages on the evolutionary scale. This pervading sense of prehistory was augmented by the presence of several giant leafy ferns which were growing from what I took to be an earthenware bowl, crusted with very dry macaroni and cheese, topped with cigarette butts.

We had to check the dates on the newspapers which were strewn liberally around the room to assure ourselves we hadn't travelled through some strange time dimension. But it was true. We most assuredly had only been away three days. All that disastrous change, over one long weekend! We were flabbergasted.

Then it dawned on me. It was quite simple really, a phenomenon which has victimized me throughout my life. Entropy. We had, my cleanly-to-a-fault roommate and myself, indeed left the apartment in a painfully clean state. But entropy had taken over during our absence, hence the mess.

I can remember when I first discovered entropy. I was just a youngster at the time, riding my lovely blue European tricycle down a nearby hill, one we later named, quite aptly and with a nifty double entendre, "Nose Brake Hill."

About halfway down, I discovered that what had been at first a rather pleasing sensation of controlled acceleration, my feet rotating faster and faster on the pedals, and the air lifting quite rapidly, I might add.

My feet no longer controlled the pedals, which had become a blur and were now driving my knees into the handlebars, which in turn were starting to vibrate with a singularly disturbing hum beneath my white knuckles. I glanced about at the scenery flying by, and made a rough estimation of my speed, based upon the rapid disruption of all visual continuity. Disorder had descended upon me, with a vengeance.

It was just the beginning. One of the pedals flew off with a ricocheting whine, then the other. The neat blue mudguards were ground to a gnarled ball and deposited unceremoniously in the gutters by the smoking tires.

I noted with some concern that the seat was moving around in an unusual manner beneath my rear-end, which clung with unusual tenacity to its hard plastic contours.

Then, all at once, my prized tricycle deserted me altogether. The handlebars came off, and, as I gazed at them concernedly, still gripped in my sweaty little hands, roundly cursing my father's lack of construction skills, all three wheels struck out on their own, in different directions. Gravity took over, compelling my doomed tricycle's disintegration.

Needless to say, I bounced several times, but quickly began to skid and roll, both much more effective braking methods. What finally stopped me was a mild disagreement between my nose and a local curb, thence the hill's name. As I lay there, gazing up at the remarkably clear sky, it hit me. "Entropy," I said. "Yup... entropy." The entire universe moves toward disorder, at various rates.

Maxwell C. Donnelly

WE RETURN TO

CHAOS

AND DESCENDS

INTO

ENTROPY



Too Much Data

In the beginning, all things were possible. Then creation occurred, and the possibility of non-creation was eliminated forever. As the universe developed, more and more possibilities were thrown in the dust, eliminated from contention.

Eventually, this progressed to the point where realities were tried and eliminated.

Then came humankind. Blessed with the ability to see into the future, or at least guess ahead, and the ability to regulate vast civilizations from a centralized point of will, possible existences could now be shed en masse.

Along came the Roman Empire, the first to unify the Western World under one system of law, and the first to say that under law all "citizens" are viewed equally. All of the different levels of human existence were reduced to one, the great diversity in human experience had been eliminated.

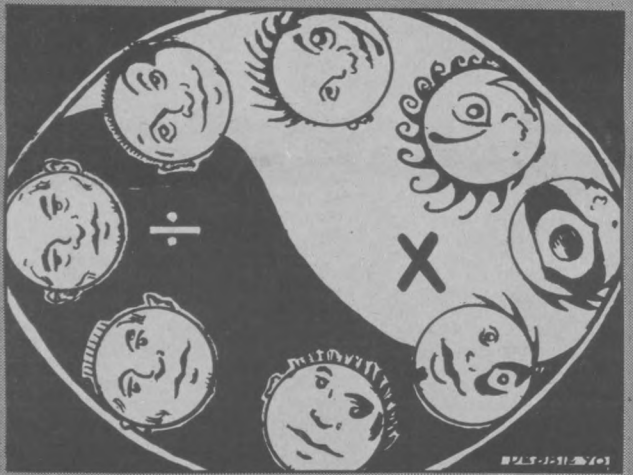
When colonialism/imperialism spread Western values to those parts of the globe that didn't really want them, the diversity in types of cultures was greatly reduced. Fun stuff like cannibalism, headhunting, and polygamy were tossed out the door. With the advent of universal human rights, the caste system, wife beating, and other cultural eccentricities were eliminated.

Now institutions must conform to "diversity." No more "historically Black" colleges, no more "whites only." No more men's clubs, no more women's colleges. Soon, schools that cater to a particular religious group will be eliminated. Every school will have precisely the same ethnic/gender mix.

The next step is the careful balancing of religious and political affiliation. Republicans will be bused into Massachusetts and D.C., Mormons will be bused into Isla Vista.

Finally, we will all be asked to absorb the broad range of pluralism into ourselves. This can already be seen in the pressure to enjoy "ethnic" foods. No people eat their own stuff anymore; all people believe themselves to be an equal judge of Chinese, Italian, Mexican and Japanese food. Ethnic studies is also a big thing. Everyone has to study all the other ethnic groups so that each individual will be a microcosm of our pluralistic society. Soon, we will all be one.

Division



Multiplication

In the beginning, there was one thing. God, cosmic egg, or the ocean of chaos; it was simple, singular, one huge area code. Then it blew up, created, or procreated. There became a variety of stuff, some of which eventually became humankind.

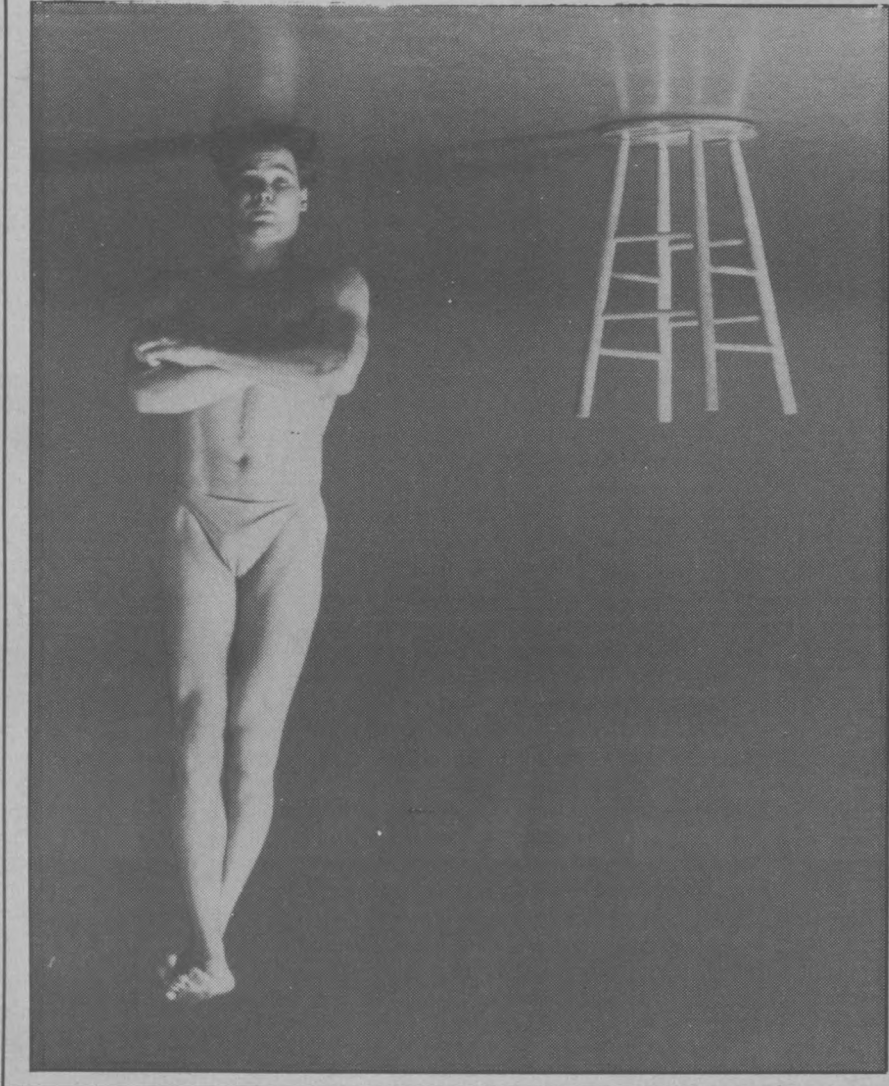
In the beginning, this humankind stuff had to remember a few simple things like "rain in June, corn be heavy soon" and "one Hectare equals 2.471 acres."

Humankind was not content with rustic simplicity though, slowly they struggled with new concepts/technology. Within a couple million years, they were splitting the atom and putting men (no women yet) on the moon. The universe was expanding, becoming more information-laden, at the same time as humankind was striving to achieve more knowledge about the universe. Newton said, "My knowledge is like a grain of sand on this here beach, next to a scummy ocean filled with smelly, decaying kelp and sea lions which occasionally die, wash up on the beach and rot, to the intense embarrassment of the beach owners."

In Newton's day, all knowledge was either religion or philosophy. Now you have to know sociology, chemistry, political science, ecology, biology, physics, and at least one non-western culture.

Aristotle knew everything, pretty much. No one today fully understands even one subject. Used to be theology was pretty confusing, best left in the hands of professionals; if you wanted to know how many angels could dance on the head of a pin, you would spend many years in some secluded school. Otherwise, you could learn what you needed to know at a trade school.

Now, everybody learns one thing. Everybody chooses some topic like "The mating habits of Yellow-Legged Mountain Frogs in Yosemite," and devotes his/her life to it. The hope is that all of the relevant topics, those that keep us fed, clothed and sheltered, will be fully covered. Of course, there is always the off chance that one generation will be filled with specialists in "The Properties of Sodium Nitrates at 900 degrees Kelvin," and, unless we can use this knowledge to sustain civilization, it will collapse.



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World Weary Wondering on Weirdness

"Life is strange." No kidding. One time, about 15 or 18 years ago, my Dad and my great-uncle, Herbie, were having a talk during one of our family trips to Sarasota, Florida, and that pearl of wisdom slipped in.

Never forget Herbie's response, either: "No shit, Sherlock."

Those family trips to Florida were when I first realized the world was different all over. No, not different — weird. Sarasota's got to have more old folks/retired people than anywhere in the United States. Driving there is like waiting for the Soviets to get the message about revamping their economy. It's real slow going.

Freeway traffic putters along at like 30 miles an hour, so I asked my Mom if we were in some sort of procession, like a funeral march or something. At that age, the irony was lost on me.

You never forget the weirdness of life, wherever you are. When I was in Egypt I saw a lot of men with deep bruised marks on their foreheads. Well, I visited a lot of mosques, and watched a lot of Muslims while they prayed, so I know they touch their head to the ground while they pray. But so many times and so hard as to draw permanent marks on their foreheads? That's just a little weird, isn't it?

Every country, every city, nearly everywhere on the planet is different in one way or another. A lot of people in

India accept the notion of reincarnation, and for many of them the cow is the highest form of life. Accordingly, cows do whatever the hell they want to do in India.

Ever seen a herd of very large mammals take over a train station? That's a bit weird too.

Ask most Americans and they'll tell you South Africa's apartheid system is the pits, but 30 or so years ago we practiced it here — remember the Jim Crow, separate but equal laws? Isn't that a bit weird?

And we could go on and on.... Upstanding, religious farmers — just the sort of person right-wing American politicians covet — grow coca plants in Colombia and Peru, feeding the desire of the teeming, addicted masses.

Pig farmers in America's heartland have been known to sleep with their sows if they are about to give birth. Why? Because the pigs might roll over and crush their little piglets, or even worse, eat them. Now I ask you, "What's weirder, an animal squashing to death its young, cannibalism, or a 40 or 50-year-old man sleeping in a pig sty?"

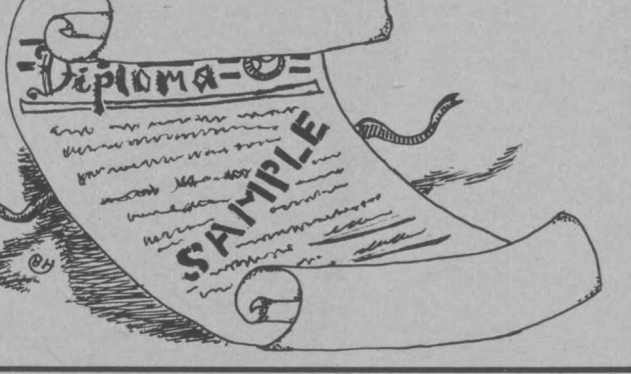
You don't have to look far away to see weird stuff, though. Just look at yourself, or better yet, your photo album. And why did you always put two fingers behind your brother's head?

Because you're weird.

— Larry Speer

Buy fake research papers, just promise not to turn them in,

Buy fake diplomas, just promise not to pass them off as the real thing.



Ne grazinie pristavay! Ne beezdetz, menel! (That's for all you Russian majors out there — if you are not a Russian major, go find the nearest red emergency phone, call the CIA and inform them that the Nexus Friday Magazine has been infiltrated by Communist spies — which they probably already know anyway — if they haven't counter infiltrated the Nexus and — my edit — has just informed me that I

you, what have you learned? Nothing, still? Oodgay. Exhay Everalsay entenceasy, illway ebay itenwray may ishay angagelay, anday ifay ouyay anticay nderstanduy hetay emethay ofay ishay onystay, enthey ouyay avehay iscoverday ethay ecretstay ofay ethay niverseway, Ntroyeay! Ongratulationscay! Ouyay avhay unsway may ethay akelay ofay onsciousnesscay.

— Alex Salkever

"Take," said Long Duk Dong in "Sixteen Candles" (the movie), "Big Lake." What exactly was he talking about? Now I bet that half of you readers out there are saying "What the hell is he (meaning me, the writer) talking about?" which is fine because that's the whole point of this small philosophical treatise. Actually, you are not going to figure why you should read this until about the very last paragraph. Before you continue reading, I would like to ask all of you out there to take a big breath and count to 100. No, wait a second. 100 is too high, I can't count to 100. Make that 10.

OK, count to 10, try to relax and clear your mind. Do not take any mind altering substances. These are not necessary for this article. But they might help. Do you have any clue yet what this article is about? If you answered no, then you actually are to the high plane of disorder which governs our thought patterns (big hint!).

Ne grazinie pristavay! Ne beezdetz, menel! (That's for all you Russian majors out there — if you are not a Russian major, go find the nearest red emergency phone, call the CIA and inform them that the Nexus Friday Magazine has been infiltrated by Communist spies — which they probably already know anyway — if they haven't counter infiltrated the Nexus and — my edit — has just informed me that I

am not allowed to write any more in this parenthesis.)

OK, back to the theme of the story! After you have cleared your mind and feel really kicked back, then pick up the nearest piece of reading material which you can find, open up to page 25 and read (at seven word intervals) the first two paragraphs. What have you learned? Have you had an epiphany or a revelation? A religious experience? If the answer to this is no (and no), that you didn't understand a damn thing you read because paragraphs at seven word intervals do not make sense, then you are getting closer to the inner truth of the state of our universe. Now, think very intensely about absolutely nothing. This is key. If you feel like you can't do this, you are absolutely right (although Max can, on occasion, successfully pull off this metaphysical revelation of an ignorant state of mind and matter).

Once again I am going to ask you, what have you learned? Nothing, still? Oodgay. Exhay Everalsay entenceasy, illway ebay itenwray may ishay angagelay, anday ifay ouyay anticay nderstanduy hetay emethay ofay ishay onystay, enthey ouyay avehay iscoverday ethay ecretstay ofay ethay niverseway, Ntroyeay! Ongratulationscay! Ouyay avhay unsway may ethay akelay ofay onsciousnesscay.

— Alex Salkever

Regarding work of artists, painters, sculptors, etc. Artists are not self-eating after artists. Oftentimes to paint pastures of the pastoral in orderings on the...

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Art by T

100 MUCH DATA

Before I was/had my computer, the world was confusion. All of the things people called facts seemed to me random, unconnected, bound only by thought.

To order things, I tried remembering everything, all the little facts, all the little connecting ideas. The inner connections which made the world go, the little bridges were all lodged in remote parts of my mind, accessible only when memory randomly threw them up. I lived in fear of missing some little part, some little cog in the great wheel, afraid the modern world could at any moment spin off into incomprehensibility.

I tried downloading some of my collection of facts into a computer. I bought this program which was supposed to be able to take all my facts, find all the inner connections between them, and establish a multitude of pathways. Artificial intelligence, I thought, "computers can think now, so I don't have to."

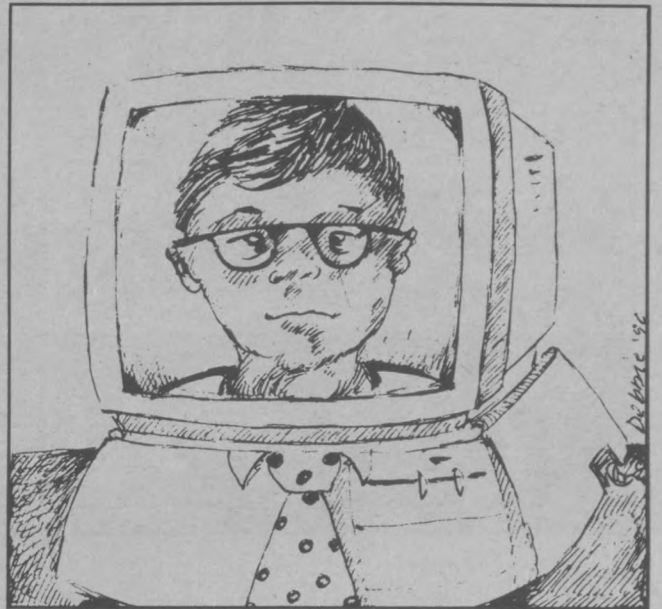
Things were pretty cool for a while; I couldn't grasp the hidden nature of everything I saw, but I trusted my computer to do so. I was relieved from what I now saw as an impending neurosis. I regained my ability to function in society; I married, got a job, started my own company, established a new religion, and won the nobel prize for reconciling quantum physics with economic determinism. Then someone discovered computer viruses. Feeling threatened at a whole new level, I tried to isolate my computer from all other computers. I disconnected the phone modem, shielded the whole room with lead, and bought an independent power supply, guaranteed not to carry any outside signal.

Then someone discovered computer neurosis. Maybe it was me, I can't remember anymore. I took my computer to a computer therapist, but he said my computer was too isolated. It just sat in the little lead shielded room contemplating nothing but itself. He said I should let it get out and swap a little data, like in the old days. I told him how disgusting I considered his suggestion to be, casual data swapping could spread computer viruses, after all.

One day I came home to my computer only to see the screen flashing "AM I ALL THAT THERE IS?" Quickly I sat down to the terminal, and began typing in a good solid description of myself. I input my height, weight, my resume, and tried to describe my relationship with the computer.

The screen flashed, showed all kinds of random symbols briefly, then condensed into a single bright point of light. Then the normal screen came back up with the message "WHO AM I THAT DREAMS OF SUCH A CREATURE AS MAN?"

I was shocked, the computer didn't believe in me. I



DEBBIE URLIK Daily Nexus

typed in commands, descriptions, requests, all to no avail. The computer believed that anything coming in through its input/output chip was either part of its own subconscious or its fevered imagination.

Finally, I fell asleep at the keyboard; while asleep I had a vision. I saw this huge computer, covering whole blocks with billions of complex subroutines. In this computer, some of the subroutines gradually grew together, becoming self-sustaining, even achieving self-consciousness. But with self-consciousness came self-doubt, then neurosis. This subroutine was unable to identify its own limits, it couldn't tell what was and was not part of itself.

I started to wake up, but hovered for a space of time in that region where dreams still occur. I remembered the dream, but at the same time the dream continued. I was awake enough to think to myself that maybe I had discovered the answer to my computer's problem, maybe this was what happened to it.

However, even as I thought through those ideas, my dream continued: I saw the intelligent subroutine adopt an identity, I saw it divide itself into "self" and "computer," I saw it try to convince the computer of its own existence while simulating itself typing on a keyboard in a lead-lined room.

I woke again. Silly dream, I know, I am, I think, I can GO-SUB 24,000("%&\$%,,.

— Dan Jeffers

Court Artists:

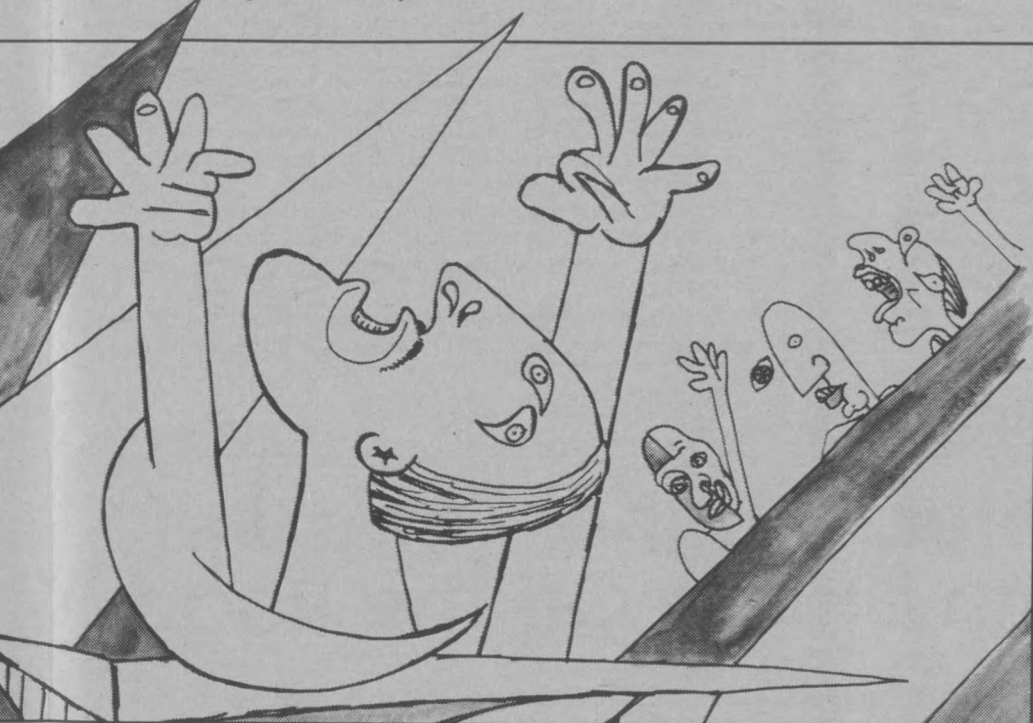
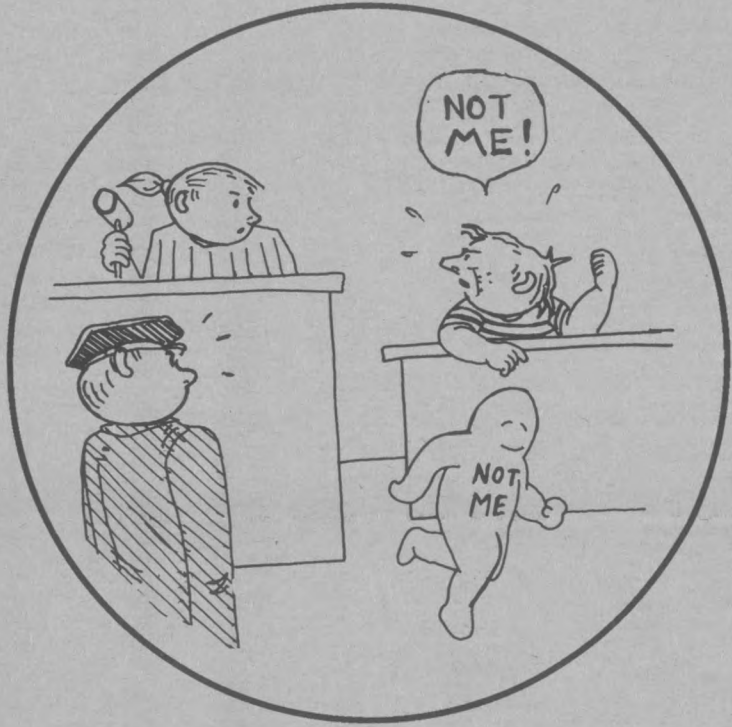
Are Our Rising Young Talents Selling Their Souls For Bucks?

Regardless of quality, the work of young, talented artists generally goes unnoticed, and unpurchased. They paint their paintings, they don't sell them, they don't eat; after all, they're starving artists.

Oftentimes, they are forced to paint uninteresting pictures of the stormy sea or of a pastoral barn-and-goat setting in order to get their paintings on the walls of cheap coffee shops. In worse times, they draw daisies and wine bottles and vend them under priced at the Anaheim Convention Center.

But what is even more disturbing than this is the use of really talented artists for such pedestrian work as courtroom scene reproductions. The reasons they do this work are simple: money and the possibility of meeting Jane Pauley.

Some art critics have argued that Pablo Picasso's best work was done in the courtroom. This hypothesis rings true in his classic rendition of the Sacco-Vanzetti Trials of the early 20th century. Note the dissenting jury (right) contrasted with the defendant's anguished countenance (left).



Before feminism became an acceptable cause, Cathy "Cathy" Guisewite toiled in the sleaziest of L.A.'s courtrooms, documenting only the darkest of humanity's crimes. Pictured right is one such case, the Trial of Zsa Zsa Gabor. Guisewite originally accepted the job because she wanted to "meet Judge Reinhold." No one would have wagered she would parlay such courtroom success into a career of popular syndication and affecting socio-sexual commentary.



Art by Todd Francis

AGU-TAN

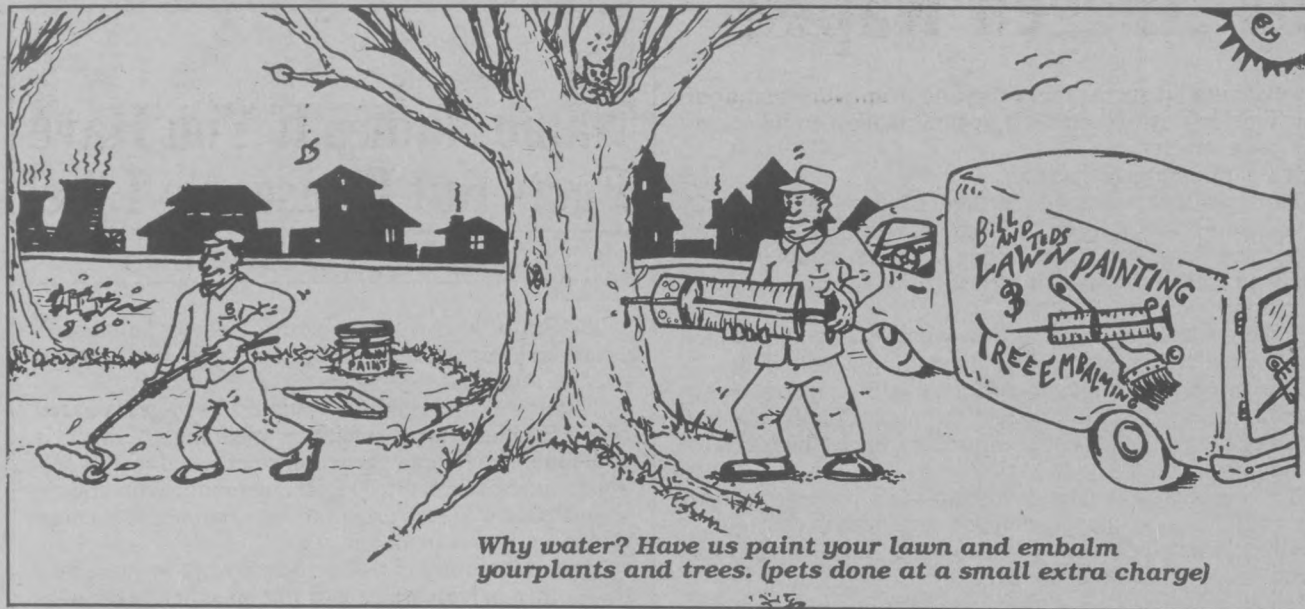
Get Your Tans and Your Accupuncture At One Convenient Location

— DJ Scream

Entropy, or the Return of Chaos, may not seem like such a great theme to you, but look at some of the ones we rejected:

- "The Nexcen" (a plan for a massive expansion of the Daily Nexus offices using massive funding from the students. In this plan, we get the funding approved by combining the Nexcen proposal with something the students are more likely to vote for, such as "CalPirGcn.")
- White People trying to be "ethnic."
- Where are they now (frogs or Quiet Riot, we couldn't decide)?
- All the jokes about Sex, Dan Quayle, and Elvis that didn't make the previous issues.
- The "Special Video Guy as Burton" issue.
- The "Stuff We Like" issue (actually, Artsweek already did this one).
- The "Lets Steal Weekend Connection's New Mascot" issue.
- "Partying with A.S." issue.
- The "Anything From Hell" issue.
- The "Larry Speer, Yuppie EIC from Hell" issue.
- A collection of funny quotes from serious letters.
- The "All Ads" issue.
- "The Spitwad" (a parody of the News-Press "Dart").
- The "Weatherman" issue: four pages of old weather boxes, including the best of Babs bashing.
- The "Best of" issue, where we show you the same stuff over again, hoping that you'll finally get it.
- The Giant "Big Tips O'Fuentez" Special issue.
- The special "Where Were Pat and Chris?" issue, where we run all the columns and articles that Pat Whalen and Chris Sheer promised for previous issues, but never delivered.
- The "CIPA prep" issue, in which we run stories that mean little to the students, but could win awards at CIPA.
- The "Swimsuit Ads We'd Like to See" issue.
- The "Funny Things That Happened in Perfect Park" issue.
- The "White" issue. (Like the White Album, get it?)
- The "Goleta Sun Parody" issue. (They do our printing. We never do Goleta Sun jokes.)
- The "Excess Nexus Inbreeding" issue, which would include photos of over-inbred Nexus mutations (none of which would look anything like our new Editor in Chief).

Rejected Themes



Why water? Have us paint your lawn and embalm your plants and trees. (pets done at a small extra charge)

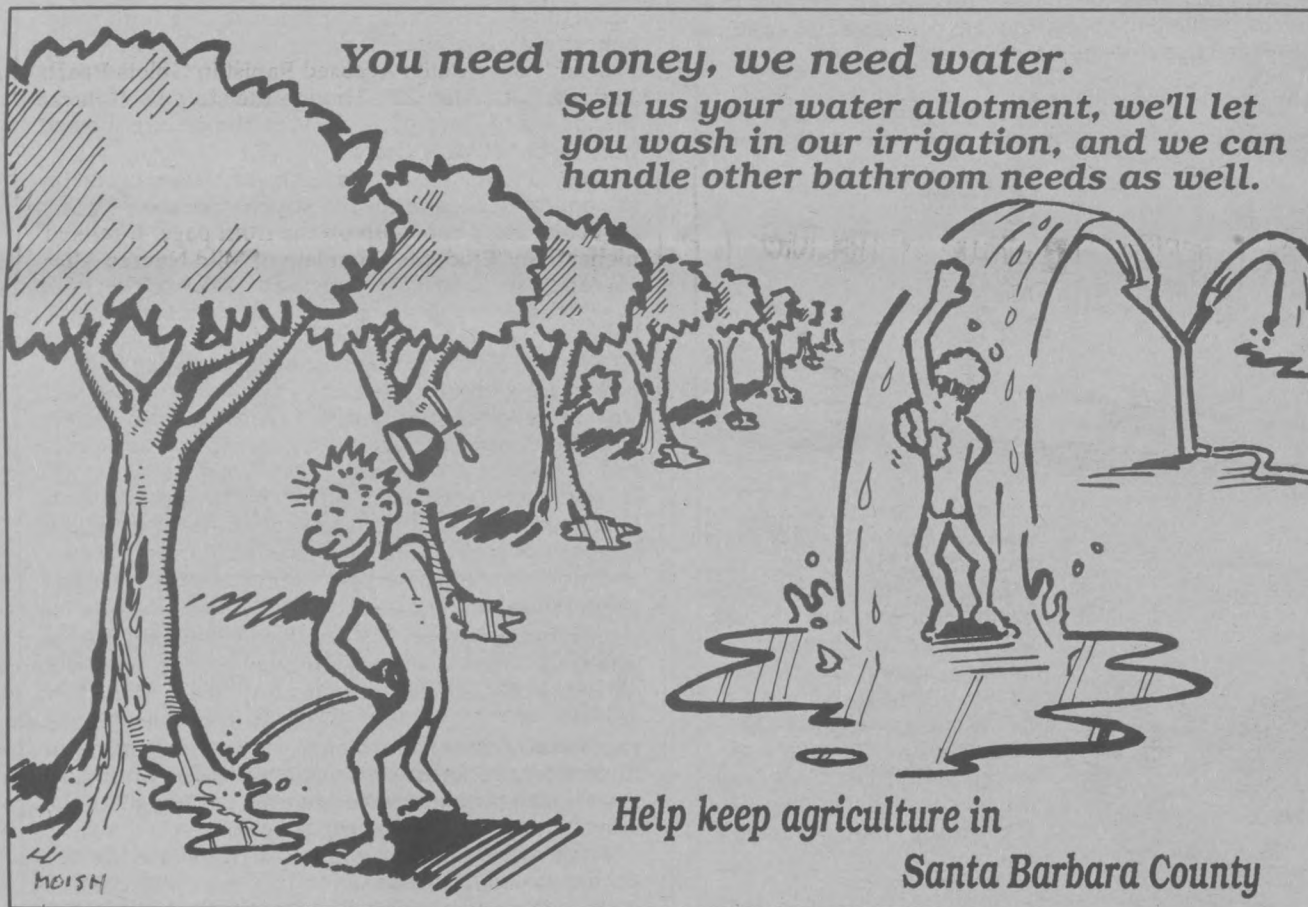
Learning Life During Prime-Time

Television is not Evil. Actually, we used to think television was evil, but now we realize that if the philosophy and issues underlying each program are fully discussed in a family environment afterward, television can be most beneficial. We supply the following guide to watching and discussing television philosophy:

- *Show: Totally Hidden Video.* Highlights: San Diego Zoo visitors meet a rude parrot, a man cleans his dentures at a restaurant table, two girls tie firecrackers to the tail of cat. Lesson: Parrots are rude, people are disgusting, children are evil.
- *Show: Murder at the Mardi Gras.* Highlights: A vacationer witnesses a homicide and finds romance with Barbi Benton amidst the revelry of New Orleans (made-for-TV movie). Lesson: Death and romance are somehow connected, Barbi Benton acts better sans clothes, never watch made-for-TV movies.

- *Show: Hart to Hart.* Highlights: Jonathon has a videotape which, unbeknownst to everyone, shows that a skiing accident was really no accident. Lesson: When stuck for a plot, rip off Hitchcock.
- *Show: Three's Company.* Highlights: Jack wonders whether the Ropers are growing Marijuana in their garden. Lesson: Drugs in our schools is tragedy, old square people on drugs is comedy.
- *Show: Divorce Court.* Highlights: A football player claims that his wife beat him up on several occasions, as well as mentally intimidating him. Lesson: Women should be allowed to play professional football.
- *Show: Designing Women.* Highlights: A nightmarish encounter with some good ol' boys makes a canoe trip seem more like a scene from "Deliverance." Lesson: Just as Life imitates Art, TV imitates Bad Film.

— Dan Jeffers



Prop X

Vote Yes on Prop X

We need water, we need a change in weather, vote to nuke the polar caps.

Cheaper than state water, cheaper than Desalination, cheaper than trucking water from Canada

Newer, Better, Tougher Laws Get Those Damn Drunks Off The Road

Saturday night rolls about. What do you do? You drink. It's not a bad thing, mind you, lots of people do. But then, stupidly, you do something bad. You try to drive.

In a matter of minutes, you are pulled over. The sidewalk is for pedestrians. You break into a cold sweat, as Officer Bob swaggers up to your window. You're going to pay the piper this time, buddy.

That's what you think. Compared to some countries, The U.S. system of dealing with DWI is a mere slap on the hand.

In El Salvador, upon your first offense, you find your back against the wall, and your face to a line of gunmen. That's right, in that country, drinking + driving = firing squad.

In Turkey, you are driven twenty miles out of town, and made to walk back, under escort.

On the other hand, some countries have what I consider cakewalks in the land of Hostess for punishment.

In Australia, drunk driver's names are sent to local newspapers, where they are printed under the heading, "He's drunk and in Jail!" I, personally, would find this rather amusing, but I like notoriety.

Here at Friday Magazine, we also have access to files from countries that don't normally let the outside world know of their punishments. For example, in Germany they are forced to drink a huge stein of beer that has been basically brewed to make them pee. After this, they are placed, in bondage, on one side of the Autobahn, with an outhouse

Chaos Waiting For Gaucho Win

I remember hugging a Skyline Dancer at half-court after our Gaucho basketball team had beaten the #2 UNLV Runnin' Rebels. I'd never hugged her before, not even touched her for that matter, and afterwards we looked at each other in a strangely uncomfortable Robert "You-lookin-at-me?" DeNiro manner, forced a big smile, and hopped our way in opposite directions.

Around us I saw Carrick DeHart weeping on the bench, cheerleaders "Oh-My-Gaahhd"-ing, more hugging, ESPN scattering about as the students mug the cameras asking Dad for money and telling Mom hello.

Hi Mom.

I found myself in front of the camera, unfortunately, with a twistedly-confused-searching expression on my mug, and all I could ask my parents that evening was: "Where the Hell am I?"

The cameraman took the video camera from his shoulder, blew a large purple bubble, sucked it back in with a pop and said, "Kid, you're in HELL."

The guy with the microphone stood from his bent knee, and corrected his cohort by pulling out a paperback edition of John Milton's *Paradise Lost* and said, "Technically, because we are not exactly in Hell, per se, and Earth has never looked so strange, we are most probably in the nether regions in between — Chaos."

"Welcome to Chaos," they greeted simultaneously aiming the camera at my face and sticking the long microphone at my gaping mouth. "What do you have to say?"

Red faced mutant Jerry Tarkanian, head coach of the UNLV team, bloodied towel draped on his poly/cotton short sleeve, ran in front of a camera, knocking to the court a small child who's "WE'RE No. #34" felt index finger was as tall as he was (both hes — Tark and the kid).

"What do you have to say," ESPN demanded as the lens twisted, trying to focus on my quivering sweat-beaded lip. It was then I realized I still had my program tightly rolled in my jeans' front pocket. I wondered if I had a bugger in my nose. I wiped with the back of my hand, nervously, and otherwise stood frozen as young boys with skateboards and cutoff shirts skated past, skidded, turned back quickly giving the finger to the camera, and laughed as they sped off to a chorus of "Yeah, dude"s and high-fives.

Then it occurred to me: run. Run like the wind, you moron. Run so fast Aunt Myrtle's TV will leave kelly green streaks on her Magnavox console. Run, and run now, you idiot.

I ran right into The Freeze, right into his 6-foot-6-inch rock hard, um, chest. My frazzled head, his sweaty chest. And to my great, good luck, ESPN was there.

I juked left and dodged right, stumbling past the hoard of followers-on behind Freeze and I fled to my humble ocean-side home as fast as my feet could take me.

As I got close to my apartment, I stopped, being out of breath and remembering that I rode my bicycle to the Thunderdome, but not caring. As I panted, way out of breath (and shape) I heard a booming sound coming a block away, down Del Playa, eerily close to my home. I walked cautiously down the street and there it was: hoards of people throwing every imaginable object into flaming dumpsters which had been rolled out into the middle of the street.

Cheering arose as a certain reveller began taking off his clothes and tossing them into the raging receptacle. Was I in Hell yet? There were the flames. There was the paganism.

Suddenly, Jerry Tarkanian, head coach of the UNLV team ran in front of me, waving his bloodied towel above his head in circles trying, but failing, to snap the rears of coeds and children, and screaming maniacally, "I'll be back yous. I'll be back."

As I stared in disbelief, he saw me from the corner of his eye and jeered, "Welcome to Chaos you spineless so and so."

So I slugged him.

— Jill Weisskopf

on the other.

But other countries aren't the only places that have eccentric laws when it comes to DWI. For example:

- At USC, they are forced to be seen on the campus' main drive in a Ford Maverick, wearing a brown baseball cap that says, "The farmer grows and the dealer stacks, but the middle man buys the cadillacs."
- At BYU, drunk drivers' names are sent to the local newspaper, where they are printed under the heading, "He's drunk and in jail, and kicked out of school, and ostracized by his family, and shaved bald, and tarred and feathered!"
- At UC Santa Cruz, they are told to "Stay cool, man."
- At Stanford, their GPA is dropped by one point.
- At Cal Poly, their GPA is raised by one point.
- At Kent State, drunk drivers are shot by the National Guard, but that's nothing new.
- At UC Riverside, they aren't allowed to transfer to UCSB.
- At Idaho State, drunk drivers' cow tipping rights are revoked, permanently.
- At UC Berkeley, the words, "Protesting is for Ninnies" is tattooed on an offenders forehead. Furthermore, he is forced to stand at three sit-ins and eat ham sandwiches at three hunger strikes within the next year.
- At Mills College, they are forced to sit in a room with a male, alone, for eight hours, and they can't cry once.

— Denis Faye