

Brian's Mind

by brian cecil

"Son, I've promised myself never to be angry with you" "So you're saying..." "So what I'm saying is...it's just so disturbing to speak of" "Dad, I know what you are trying to say" "You do?" "Sure, I'm no idiot...you want me to send you some articles to make you feel the money your sending me is going to some use that could flourish my career as a post management waste disposal technician, right?" "No, I'm trying to say you took all my underwear to college and left me your R-2 D2 underoos...uncool son" "Sorry pop!" Now on that note we'll begin.

I strongly suggest we petition the CSUN or even a cross-over top 40 radio station here in town to have the nations biggest beach party bash. Don't you just despise smelly girls and smelly boys but love smelly women. Why I wrote that I'll never know.

Why is it you never go to the right escalator the first time, or when you're waiting for the elevator someone always

pushes the button 20 to 30 times before saying "sheesh". Boycott peanuts today-Sutter tomorrow. Imagine yourself on the Dating Game, you're chosen as the date, you meet the ugliest date ever booked on the show, then the trip you win is hot-air ballooning in New Mexico. Do you shoot the host or shoot the date and take the host? What did the plate of pate say when the royal couple refused a piece? What am I chopped liver! I have the perfect day planned and I want all of you to know it and follow it.

First wake up, but don't call in sick just don't go in. Then hop in the BMW and jettison to the beach (Daytona Beach) and sprawl out on the sand with a pin-up of Woody Allen posted to your chest. Spend the day there socializing with the sand crabs and jellyfish then come home because your late for dinner. You call your best friend, it's busy, so you spend 85 cents to have the operator perform an a emergency break through. Now mind you, this is your best friend,

then the so-called friend declines the emergency and carries on his conversation with the D.J. from a local radio-station. Here's the scene...you're in Jean, Nevada and sand has corroded your engine and left you stranded. The solution is simple...cry a river and float to that friends house and steal his car.

Alright a quick song...It's originally "Wild Thing" but now its "Don King".

Don King
You mecn nothing
Don King
Promote fights in the ring
arrested once ain't no thang
groovin'
Don King
Thanks for glaring over this space.

Pandora's Box

Wowzall what a week this has been...first Echo and the Bunnymen...Screaming Blue Messiahs...I am of course presuming you went pshcodelic dude...and since I am writing this on a Wed. morning I guess I saw you there...second and foremost...Even as we speak I am packing my bags, going off to L.A. (man) to go see the one and only...The Church...kids I know you're jealous! I'm making plans to drive down there as soon as this piece of paper leaves my typewriter...roadtrips,

there isn't really anything I hate more than making solo roadtrips, but as luck would have it no one is around today and if they were they would probably be sitting here telling me that they had some class they simply had to attend so off I go. Ever made a roadtrip by yourself? You have to sit in your car cranking up the tunes...singing to yourself...luckely there aren't very many people around to see you...you buy the economic sized Gatourade...a few bags of Doritos maybe a pop or two...and you drive

O.K....for about 30 minutes then your mind starts to wander..."gee I wonder how long before I make it to Hart's cafe?"..."What an ugly family that is in front of me..." "Was that a police car I just saw?"..."So like what is the actual speed limit now?"...So on and so forth until I get to L.A. and crash...anyone got a valium?...L.A. motels...now there's an experience to remember...I should stay at a friends house I guess...but then you don't know what time you're going to be getting in and if

you walk in at 5am you know that stupid little dog from hell is going to be jumping and yelping all over the place...then you'll want to kick it across the room, but won't so whatever...no I think I would rather stay at a flea bag hotel...you know were their meaning of 'room

service' is the 7-11 across the street...So now you're asking yourself is this all worth it just to go see The Church...a come on anything for rock and roll guys...gotta go the dryer just beeped which means my sweats are ready...plus I have to fill up the gas tank while I can

still enjoy those two diget gas prices...99 cents...89 cents...not \$1.20...not a pretty sight to be looking forward to...Great so now you tell me you want to go...why didn't you say that yesterday?...Adios guys see you next week...with more news from the box.

Morrissey

Come" proved a fitting comma to a classic Eighties pop legacy. The Smiths split shortly afterwards, leaving behind 17 classic singles and four gold albums. To some, pop's miscreant had been stopped in mid-track. To others, it was the end of an era; February, 1988, however, was to see the beginning of a new one...

Six months after the Smiths split, Morrissey broke the silence with "Suedehead," a new single on a new label. "Suedehead" jumped immediately to Single of the Week in all four major British music papers gaining immediate radio acceptance and, at the same time, priming inter-

natiional attention for the iconoclastic artist's debut solo album.

The Winter of 1987 was spent recording Morrissey's debut solo album with guest musicians Vini Reilly (guitars and keyboards), Andrew Parese (drums) and Stephen Street (bass guitar, guitar). All 12

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songs were co-written by Morrissey and Stephen Street. Certain tracks feature a six-piece string section of violins, viola and cello. Titled *Viva Hate* and produced by Stephen Street, Morrissey's first album is, predictably, as completely surprising as its artist; evocative, provocative and resonant. *Viva Hate*. Viva Morrissey.

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