

OPINION/EDITORIAL

Off-Center

with Joseph J. Wheeler

Huge summer blow out—all credits 80% off! Year End Clearance Sale! No Prerequisites, No Term Papers! Everything Must Go!

Summer school is here. The regular semester is 81 days long. A summer term is a mere 25 days short. Both are worth the same credit hours, yet a summer term gives you only 20 percent of the time to learn the material. Is everything speeding up?

Perhaps the summer term, with its accelerated schedule, is mostly introductory classes. Y'know—easy stuff?

No way. The summer schedule is loaded with classes that traditionally send a weak-kneed undergraduate bolting from the registrar's office.

Math, English literature, biology, accounting; these are not pushovers. The fact that the student is expected to deal with these monsters on a quickened schedule is disturbing.

Is this a trend? Will everything soon be on some kind of accelerated schedule that dares us to keep pace? Is the "fast-forward" button on the remote-control device of life about to be switched on?

If an 81 day class can be mastered in 25 days, then a four-year degree should really only take nine and a half months.

If an education can be condensed, why not everything else?

The future will be in a hurry. "Fast-Acting" pain relief will prevent you from ever getting the headache in the first place.

A long-term relationship will

mean getting along during the first date.

Seniority in the workforce will be measured in nanoseconds.

Overnight mail will arrive before sundown.

Fast food will be so quick it will get there before you order it.

Everything will be faster, quicker, meaner and leaner.

New and wonderful gizmos will come out, all of them designed to be faster, smarter, better. SUPER-FAX will guess what document you wish to send and have it there with the overnight mail which arrived before anyone sent it.

Mothers will have babies in four months. Children will begin pre-school before birth. Cars will travel faster than the speed of sound which will make listening to the radio a tricky bet.

The clothes you wear will be in style when you leave the house, out-of-style at lunch, and part of a nostalgia craze by the time you get home.

Minute Rice will only take 22 seconds.

60 Minutes will be a half-hour show.

Reading will be considered far too slow a process. By the time I'm able to write something like this column, you'll have already read it. All things will be as the summer term is: fast, fast, fast.

And some people will still be bored with school.

Joseph Wheeler is a Yellin' Rebel staff writer.

Are you Okay?

by Chris Orr, Contributing Editor, University of San Diego

I am an American. I salute the flag and say the Pledge of Allegiance. What I can remember of it anyway. Why just the other day I went downtown and signed up with the Red Cross to learn first aid.

I felt it was my moral duty as an American to be prepared to save another's life by using Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation and Artificial Respiration. Especially if it was on a young female and it would get my name in the newspapers.

What I didn't realize was that the course lasted for eight hours on a Saturday and was filled with unimaginable horrors. For one thing, who is even awake on a Saturday let alone pushing on people chests?

Second, I got stuck with a slightly overweight, undersexed, old woman who couldn't wait to get her hands on my tender bod. Fortunately for me, half of the course was lecture and watching films.

You have to know that the Red Cross has a small budget and so in their films they can't afford to hire real actors so the dialogue on the screen went something like this.

VICTIM: Ooh! I'm Hurt!
First Aid Person (FAP): ARE YOU OKAY!!!!???

VICTIM: Oh! No! I think I'm dying.

FAP: Here, let me press on your rib cage until all of your ribs break.

After watching a series of these films it was time to practice what we had learned. We started with artificial respiration. Artificial

respiration is needed when a person has stopped breathing. What we were required to do was rush up to them and yell in their face: "ARE YOU OKAY?" and if they didn't respond we kiss them several times until:

1. They die.
2. Wake up and slap you.

I had a problem with my partner. We were supposed to work on the dummies they provided (which were given dumb names like Herman or Eunice) but she felt that in order to learn properly she should practice on me.

I had to die several times to convince her that she was doing it wrong and should practice on the dummy.

Next was CPR, or cardiopulmonary resuscitation to you medical types. In this, we were required to rush up to a person whose heart has stopped and yell in their face: "ARE YOU OKAY?" I was beginning to feel really stupid.

If they failed to respond, we were supposed to press on their ribs until they all broke and the victim:

1. Died
2. Woke and punched you in the nose.
3. Woke, punched you in the nose, and then died because all of their ribs were broken.

Choking was my favorite. If we saw someone choking we had to rush up and yell in their face, which was by this time turning various shades of blue, "ARE YOU OKAY?"

When they couldn't respond, we ran around them and grabbed their stomachs and squeezed really hard a bunch of times. If the

food didn't pop out along with everything else they ate, they were obligated to become unconscious and fall down.

When my partner fell down she took me and three other students with her. I was then required to press on the stomach until the food popped out. She had steak and eggs, the person next to me had an omelet and the instructor had a nervous breakdown.

Bleeding was the last topic we covered. In the films they had portrayed a traumatic amputation victim. (Can everyone say traumatic amputation victim?) It went something like this:

VICTIM: Ooh! My arm has been violently torn off at the elbow. (Spurt! Spurt!)

FAP: ARE YOU OKAY?
VICTIM: (Spurt! Spurt!)

FAP: Here let me tie a tourniquet (pronounced Tur-key-net) around your neck.

When the exercise came around, I drew the line. My partner was more than willing to tie me up and that scared me.

We finally got around to taking the final exam. It was a tough one. I noticed several people were having a hard time with "ARE YOU OKAY?" but the majority of us passed.

I am proud to say that as an American I am fully trained in rushing up to people and yelling "ARE YOU OKAY?" in a person's face before I proceed with breaking their ribs.

Next week I would like to talk about the Star Wars Defense Initiative and I...Hey!...ARE YOU OKAY?...

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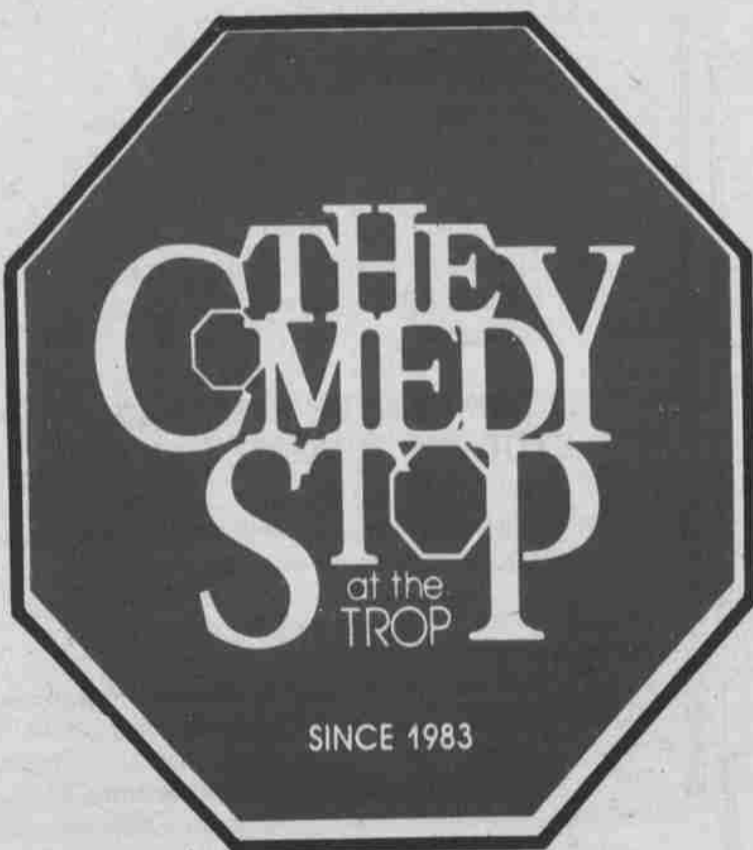
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