

Bus' out the smoking paraphernalia, the Dead's a comin'

by LaMont Biscuits

With the Grateful Dead coming to town in a few weeks, The Man is freaking out.

Those damn anarchist hippies, they're going to come in and bring ruin to our fair city. They're the downfall of humanity itself."

The crux of The Man's problem is with marijuana or who I affectionately refer to as "my old lady Mary Jane."

The illegality of doobage is quite possibly the greatest hypocrisy of our time. I can't even buy a belt made of hemp to hold up my britches 'cause the crackers in Washington want me to give a hoot and not pollute my brain with pot resin, no less do upside-down bong hits with inversion boots.

Let's face it, pot gets a bad rap. Pot is no worse for you

than the six pounds of bacon grease we consume daily or the virtual bong hits we take in from automobile exhaust and industrial waste.

Are we going to outlaw all pork products because they increase the risk of heart disease? No, because America is founded on the idea that a hardened artery is a strong artery.

Pot is no worse than alcohol. The only people who don't believe this are the ones who haven't toked up a fat blunt lately. We condone alcohol use as a socially acceptable vice and call people who smoke pot, "just a bunch of rastalar-ians."

But really, when I roast a hooter, I don't go out and mow down a family of five crossing the street in my tricked-out hooter. When you smoke grass, you realize how unimportant everything is and that life itself has no meaning. You also find it very hard to peel yourself off the couch and stop watching cartoons.

The only people I'm gonna run over when I'm stoned are the people that stand between me and those packs of Zingers and Hostess Snow Balls at 7-Eleven when I get the munchies.

I don't want to downplay

the importance of liquor as a valuable means of escaping reality. Nothing beats cannonballing 40 ounces of smooth and satisfying malt liquor with a big Bob Marley joint. But let's get real.

I'm also not going to give you some speel about how pot is good for mind expansion and all that garbage. That's what hallucinogenic paste is for. I will say that smoking pot is fun for the whole family, kinda like a Milton Bradley game.

"But marijuana gives you black lungs," the concerned parents cry out.

No, when you bus' out the bong, just perch a canary nearby to detect toxic levels of fumes and everything will be hunky dory.

So what if you come down with an terminal illness anyway? What's the difference between an iron lung and kidney dialysis machine when your body gives up after years of hitting the bottle?

I'll take the lung cancer any day, because then you might be lucky enough to get a tracheotomy or my personal favorite—a voice box.

All the people who have a problem with dope are the ones who have no problem knock-in' back the Cutty Sark and pinching women's asses all night at a company party.

Pot does not inspire promiscuity. Acid and other hallucinogens caused that whole free-love thing back in the '60s—not pot. I don't blame those people for tripping though, because all the guys looked like Greg Brady circa his Geri Curl perm days and the women looked like Mama Cass and Janis Joplin.

"Gimme a dose and I'll try to score with that chick with the feather in her hair that looks like MacKenzie Phillips. Yeah, that one over there, with the brown cords and the beer gut."

Happy people on dope are the mellowest people on earth. They're too sedated to think about bothering anyone unlike the slobbering drunk fool who wants to head butt you like he was at a Van Halen/Jackyl double bill.

Community pillars make such a big deal out of Grateful Dead shows that they want a SWAT team there to make sure no one gets out of line, yet

Wild Kingdom

Contributed by Tribune Media Services
By Anthony Robbins, Jr.

"Laugh at yourself first, before anyone else can."—Ella Maxwell

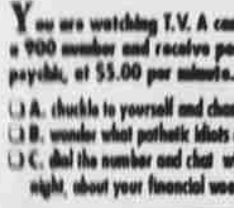
How to Tell if You're an Idiot

Answer the following multiple choice questions, and find out!



You are next in a long line for the check out counter at the grocery store. The clerk rings up your groceries and gives you the total. You...

- A. pay in cash, get your change and quickly move along.
- B. pay with a check that you have already started to fill out.
- C. stare blankly at the clerk, mouth open, after announcing that you have no cash and you've left your checkbook at home.



You are watching T.V. A commercial urges you to call a 900 number and receive personal advice from a live psychic, at \$5.00 per minute. You...

- A. chuckle to yourself and change the channel.
- B. wonder what pathetic idiots actually fall for this.
- C. dial the number and chat with Madam Tosh, into the night, about your financial woes.



You are the first in a line of cars stopped at a traffic light. The light turns green. You...

- A. already have your vehicle moving forward in anticipation of this phenomenon.
- B. look both ways, just to be safe, then drive through the intersection.
- C. examine the booger you've just picked from your nose and wonder why the people behind you are keeping their noses.



If you answered (C) to any of the above questions you are, in fact, an idiot. Clip the label below from your newspaper and paste it on your forehead. Now go sit somewhere quietly.

!!!!WARNING!!!!

I'M AN IDIOT!

SPEAK TO ME AT YOUR OWN RISK!

Attention Fraternities and Sororities!
YES! This label is also ideal for use on your pledges!

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