

Marriage is a four letter word

Whatever doesn't kill us...

By Rachel Land
Staff Opinion Writer

I didn't realize what I had gotten into until it was too late. I made a promise to my best friend and in the process of following through with my promise I have come to a realization: I am never getting married.

My best friend was getting married the weekend before Spring Break, and I was still getting used to the idea. No, I am not talking about the commitment, the change in lifestyle, or that not-only-thinking-of-yourself crap. I am referring to the actual wedding. The planning, the arranging, the scheduling, the guests, the money, and of course the actual wedding. I really don't know how she did it.

It all started with the purchase of my dress. I was a bride's maid and had to buy this dress that I will never wear again, but it didn't stop there. I still needed to buy the gloves, the shoes, the pantyhose, and the backless, strapless, hopeless wonder bra. All of these com-

ponents are designed to help me not trip down the aisle of fall out of my dress (hopefully). I bought all these items about three months before the wedding, and to be honest I forgot that she was getting married.

I remember one morning waking up and asking myself, "Is Amy already married?" I realized at that moment the wedding was rapidly approaching. I got the invitation to the bridal shower, and then the notification of the bachelorette party, the call regarding the wedding rehearsal, and Amy encouraging me not to be late for the entire event (tardiness is a habit of mine when it comes to meeting my friends somewhere.) So, I was cool up until about a month ago, and then all the chaos hit. First, I had to attend the bridal shower, a weird ritual where torturing the bride must answer questions pertaining to her mate and when she gets an answer wrong she has to chew a piece of gum. She also opens

presents, which from all the other women consisted of lingerie, gift certificates, wedding journals, and handmade knick-knacks. But what did I manage to throw together? A coffeemaker. Yes, in order to express my friendship and love I decided to shy away from all the pretty and frilly stuff and just be practical. Besides, everybody needs a \$70 coffee maker, right?

After all of that it was about a week before the wedding and I realized my dress hadn't been altered yet. I called the dress shop and asked them when they could squeeze me in for a nip and a tuck. The women at the shop asked "So, when is the wedding?" I said, "April 4." All I could hear after I said that was her roar-

ing laughter. "Is there a problem?" I asked. "You should have called us two months ago," she said. Well, after pleading with her to let me in for an appointment I let her know that I had kept my receipt, which entitled me to a free alteration. She said, "I have no idea what you are talking about, we don't do free alterations here." So, I had to go to a private seamstress, another term for "friend of the family", who gave me a great deal and some advice on a push-up bra.

The next issue was the bachelorette party. It was at TGI Friday's at 7:00 p.m.; I arrived at 7:30. We, ate, they drank, and we sat there for hours talking about the wedding and the new changes in her life. It was kind of a drag for me because I can't drink, and I couldn't follow my friends to their adventure at the Olympic Garden because I am underage. So, after pulling myself into my tight velvet leop-

ard skin skirt and putting on my tallest heels I was forced to go home and sulk.

My friend is only 21, and although I have tried my best to convince her that marriage is an evil plot she still wants to follow through. I still realize that my other good friend might get married. I am not looking forward to going through all this again, but at least she won't request that I take out my piercing.

So, the weekend before Spring Break I trotted down the aisle in front of about 200 people I don't know, who will know me as the girl with the absent body jewelry and farmer's tan. My dress was tight, my heels high, but I am happy for her, and if I ever get married I want all of my friends to go through the same troubles that I am speaking of. I guess all the pain involved in getting married is a good comparison to the actual pain of being married.

by Boomer Cardinale

TUBULARMAN



MUSINGS: This show's popularity shows how far we've sunk

ing Christians and lions fighting in ancient Rome.

So how did this show get to be so popular? Even Springer himself appears to be confused by the question. In the latest issue of *Rolling Stone*, where he's the cover boy, he says jokingly, "The things you get famous for in America."

But in another quote from the same article shows that he clearly understands what the audience wants and why.

"I mean, American television is so upper white middle class. On mainstream television, that's the only perspective we see. And so here you have a show that just defies all these traditions, where the people on it don't speak the king's English, they're not rich or powerful, and most of them don't have an education."

That sure does seem to sum it all up. Large chunks of America are poor and stupid and they deserve a show that lets them treat each other and themselves in the same way. Springer caters to the lowest common denominator of the American people and then beats you over the head with it. Sex, drugs, violence, foul language.

It's all there in living color. And we eat it up like candy.

Have we all gotten dumber? Or are we just looking for an escape? Or is it just fun to laugh at people who are so much farther down the food chain than us? I think that it's a little bit of all three.

Are we dumber? Yep. People no longer sit and read books for entertainment. It's so much easier to wait for the movie version to come out than to waste time reading. Plus, we're so used to using the Internet to find stuff that books have become passé. This simple change in our philosophy of fun has resulted in major changes in our intelligence.

Is it simply an escape? Of course. After putting in a hard day at work or spending time dealing with the kids and the laundry, we like to sit down and watch something that requires absolutely no thought. Jerry Springer's show allows us to check our brains at the door. We certainly won't be needing them for the next hour. The show gives us time to decompress from the world around us.

Is it just fun to watch those less

intellectually endowed than us? You better believe it. This may well be the major reason why the show is so popular. Everybody can watch the show and realize that, no matter how messed up your own life may be, you are still better off than the losers on the show. If that doesn't make you feel better, nothing will.

You may be asking, "what's the harm if Springer rigs the show a little?" Is it really a big deal if the woman in the rubber suit isn't really a dominatrix or if the three people on stage aren't really involved in a messy love triangle? Can't we just sit back and enjoy it? Well, yes and no.

If people really want to watch this form of mental masturbation, then, by all means, watch it. If it turns your brains to mush, so be it.

But, what if the success of this particular show leads to more of the same showing up on our screens? Will the Discovery Channel start "fixing" safaris to get that great nature footage? Will CNN start "dumbing down" their newscasts, just in case we don't understand? Would the networks show more sleaze, just to get ratings?

What? They do all of that now?

Next you'll tell me that professional wrestling isn't real either.

CHERNOBYL: All nations should help keep Chernobyl under wraps

day they go there as watchmen. Many of them have disabilities, terrible illnesses, but they won't abandon the power station."

To those of you who smugly believe yourselves the inheritors of American destiny, ask yourselves: would you continue to work at a job where you are unpaid and unrecognized, even though just doing the job may be killing you? Remember that these underpaid and dying Ukrainians are doing as much to protect your way of life as your own Coast Guard or Navy. That their motivations have little to do with American patriotism is beside the

point. You should recognize their contribution, and you should be willing to pay for it. Forget putting your money where your mouth is; let's just put it where it belongs.

In honor of the twelfth anniversary of the Chernobyl explosion, a laser paints the words "Remember Chernobyl!" on the sides of the sarcophagus in a dozen different languages. If only such a cosmopolitan message were more than merely symbolic. Putting the contentious issue of nuclear power itself aside, only real international cooperation will keep the lid on Chernobyl's Pandora's box.



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