

A different world

Spring Break rolls all of life into one big ball

So you wanna go on Spring Break. You're probably thinking "This weather sucks. My classes suck. My life sucks. I need a vacation."

And you know, you are probably right.

That's what I was thinking one year ago. I was strung out, overworked and not real happy with life the way it was. When my roommate and a friend started talking about a road trip to sunny Florida, I signed on without reservation.

And I have not been the same since. My view of the world is skewed. I have not thought about our little planet the same way since I left Daytona Beach.

That tends to happen when you spend eight days either slobbering drunk, hungry or on the beach with 20,000 of your closest friends.

Here's the bottom line on Spring Break in a beach-type setting. It is everything that was ever wrong with college America rolled into one big package.

Spring Break is casual sex. It is reckless abandon. It is fake IDs. It is overindulgence in alcohol to the 23rd power. It is hormones. It is sexual exploitation without regard to gender. And it is chaos.

If you subscribe to the Bible, it is lust, envy, gluttony, sloth and pride—all five for the price of one.

And it is damn fun.

A few tips for those thinking about Spring Break:

● If you are offended easily, don't go.

● If you don't like to get crazy drunk, go running around on a beach until three in the morning, tell wild lies to people you meet until near sunrise and then be out on the beach playing volleyball before noon, don't go.

● If you are shy of flesh, stay home. Wet T-shirt and wet willy (no, not Steve Willey, unfortunately) contests happen every hour on the hour.

● If you don't like getting drunk with a herd of sheep and a tube of ... uh, never mind.

For our trip, myself, Adam and Bob drove from Lincoln to New Orleans, stopping along the way to pick up a friend in Missouri.

From New Orleans — where we spent one night of drinking, dancing and fleeing drag queens — we drove to Daytona. That's more than 30 hours of driving.

We had five cases of beer, a 1.75 liter jug of Seagram's Extra Dry Gin,

a freezer full of cheap frozen pizza and six days of beach time.

Ah, heaven.

Action was non-stop. I learned a new saying in Daytona. "Drink when you are hungry, sleep when you die."

And that's what we did. We drank when we were hungry because we were always hungry, and we slept when we passed out. Death didn't sound appealing.

And we spent time on the beach. And the sexual dynamics of the miles and miles of sand made that really interesting.

It was like a human car show. Thin, tan, busty women in their skimpy bikinis would strut up and down the beach past the groups of well muscle-toned, tanned, seemingly wealthy college men. It was a flesh market for both sexes.

Of the 20,000 or so people on the beach, approximately 11,000 were women. Of those 11,000 women, 10,500 of them were beautiful.

The male breakdown was not so good.

But after three or four days of walking on the beach and stopping to look at every beautiful woman that walked by, I got used to it. It didn't faze me anymore.

We met some women from Wisconsin there and they said the same things. You just got numb to the whole thing.

You started looking for the ugly people.

And it was sick and wrong. Because, who is to say I am any better?

I go about six-foot, 150 pounds of skin and bone. Believe me, I am nothing to speak about in a pair of swimming trunks.

But there I was, sitting in the back of a convertible, driving up and down the beach taking pictures of fat women in thongs and another man that people tried to roll back into the water.

Time ran out on us before the beer and gin did, thank God. And that was a good thing. Not one of the four of us would drink and drive, and we needed to dry out before classes started.

We came home, still in shorts and T-shirts because the last time we got out of the car, we were in the South.

Lincoln just seemed a little different. It was quiet, nice.

Or was it just sane?

Waite is a junior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan associate news editor.

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The Five Stages of Spring Break

By Matthew Waite, Daily Nebraskan Senior Editor

This list is not for everyone. I would not dare assume that all people do this. But from my own experiences and from stories of other's spring break, this is what I have compiled as the stages of Spring Break.

Photos by Matthew Waite/DN

1. ACQUISITION:

In this stage, one buys way too much alcohol for safe and reasonable consumption over the vacation period.

2. PREPARATION:

In this stage, one strolls a beach or skis the slopes working up the desire and proper mental balance to consume an obscene amount of alcohol.

3. CONSUMPTION:

In this stage, one puts on some music and begins passing toxic liquids over the lips.

4. VIOLATION:

Also known as the party foul stage. In this stage, one does stupid things, like pour shaving cream on passed out friends, pour beer on people standing under your balcony, go running around a strange city at odd hours of the night, etc. etc.

5. RETRIBUTION:

In this stage, the body teaches you why what it is you are doing is not a good idea. This is usually ignored after aspirin and a nap.

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