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PERSPECTIVES

From chaos comes clarity



Giovanni Salemina/Emerald

Roaring back from the depths of stupor, an Emerald columnist has an epiphany about taking the power back for the people

Argh! Just the other day I woke up with what can probably be considered the worst hangover in history. I rose up feeling like a miserable wretch, mid-afternoon sun blinding my swollen, red eyes, and the scene in the living room resembling a deserted war field — corpses strewn about the rotting carpet, cans and bottles blanketing the floor and broken glasses dribbling the last drops of their vicious contents.

But the worst thing is that my head hurt like mad. I felt as though there was a hammer bashing away at the inside of my bloated head. I mean it really, really hurt. And while my head kept exploding like Baghdad in pre-Ramadan days, I started to remove a line of desiccated stray vomit pasted down the side of my arid, dehydrated mouth.

A horrendous scene, readers. Bizarre stuff, I know. But it's hard to imagine a different outcome after having engaged in such a dementedly alcoholic and fantastically degenerate rage. Top night, it was.

But, however big the revelry was, the absurdly painful hangover could have been avoided. I know it could.

It would have been pretty easy, actually, if only I knew how to turn people down. I squirm, groan and moan, look up and down, gesticulate like the deafest of all men, but in the end, my answer is always an absolutely catastrophic "yes, please" (along with a McDonald's smile).

Terrible stuff, not knowing how to say no. It can get you into all sorts of trouble. One time, just outside the pub, a friend offered me a recreational pill of alien origin and composition. I hesitated and faltered, and hinted I wasn't in the mood but in the end wound up going for it. I took three of the bastards. The things kept me awake for a week and still give me nightmares every now and then.

Anyway, back to the epic piss-up. What I meant to say is that brutal and throbbing headache need not have happened. The thing could have been avoided. It sure could. All I had to do was turn down that

last bottle. I know it was that last bottle that ruined it all. Oh, my God, that last bottle!

So when my swilling friend lurched toward me wielding that last bottle of warm, second-class booze all I should have said was: "Nah, had enough."

Simple as that: "Had enough."

Keyword here: enough.

And that's what we, citizens of this country, have to do. Sometimes we've just got to make our voices heard and shout out loud: Enough! Enough! Enough!

Opinion



Vince Medeiros

Because there are times when we must know it's time to say enough. Enough of 10-page term papers that make us stay up all night destroying our already-debilitated health in front of mind-sucking computer screens while devouring fattening sugar and cocoa and sucking back life-threatening doses of black coffee.

Enough of the ridiculously inefficient University Internet provider that makes it virtually impossible to check e-mail or sail the Web unless it's three in the morning or spring break or summer vacation.

Enough of a university funded by filthy capitalists whose only wish is for schools to graduate brainwashed professionals who'll perfectly and silently integrate the market economy.

Enough of this fake neutrality of the media when we all know most journalists are as thoroughly committed to capitalism and existing social relations as the CEO of the corporation for whom they work.

Enough of this free market rubbish when we know that the economic power is concentrated in the hands of a few dozen corporations against whom no small entrepreneur would ever be able to compete.

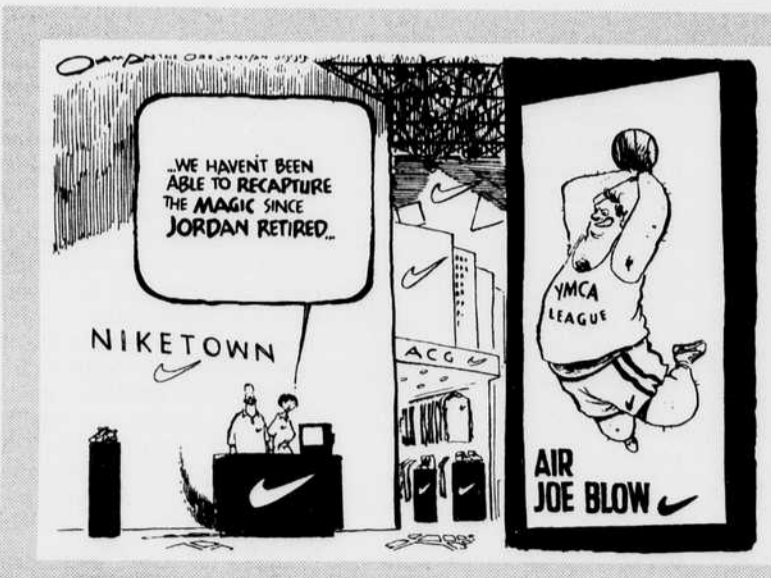
And finally, enough of a society broken down into classes. Can't condone that one, can we?

So go out, readers, say enough to all these ruthless, savage injustices. Make yourselves heard.

Democracy without citizen participation develops a whole new meaning.

Unfortunately, it's usually an empty, void and meaningless one. Just like that infamous last bottle of beer.

Vince Medeiros is a columnist for the Emerald. His views do not necessarily represent those of the newspaper.



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