

## OP/ED

# When the beer flowed like wine. . .

Gabe Uhr continues his series with 'A Beer Runs Through It: Part II'

By popular demand, here is the sequel to my underage drinking column: legal drinking in the 'Burg.

I thought the bar scene was getting a little better all the time, but now it can't get much worse. Long ago when I turned 21, the 'Burg reached what will later be known as the "Golden Age of Insobriety", when the beer flowed like wine. My weekends started at the Biltmore or the Blue Foxx on Wednesday nights. On Thursday nights there was JM's, and on an occasional weekend night I would end up at Main Street or another bar to hear a band.

Those days are gone, crushed by the Gestapo forces of the Virginia ABC. The Blue Foxx shut itself down after alleged ABC violations, and JM's faces possible punishment for other alleged violations. No matter who is to blame (ABC), the fact is that as soon as one bar opens in Harrisonburg, another one shuts down.

Now the ABC has made its presence felt by destroying JMU traditions like 99 Days 'Til Graduation. I can't remember anything like this happening when Uncle Ron was here. I've got three

words for you: Con Spiracy.

This just in: the Alcoholic Beverage Control has officially changed it's name to ABENFFA (Alcoholic Beverage Elimination or No Fun For Anyone) or ABE for short.

A B E announced that it's been misinterpreting a policy that allowed JMU to serve beer at the Grad Countdown. No offense to under-

classmen, but what was planned as a party for seniors was opened to all classes in an attempt to break even.

I was ready to skip class for the 99 Days party. I really had no choice about missing class (Sorry, Professor Cote). The Grad Countdown would have been an opportunity to celebrate all of my experiences and hard work with all of the friends I've made in the last three-and-a-half years. Now I could get some finger-food and hear about the new ping-pong table in White Hall? No thanks.

This just in: ABE has just named deceased Puritan preacher Jonathan Edwards, of "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" fame, as its Harrisonburg rep-

resentative. In his press release, Edwards announced, "The sword of divine justice is every moment brandished over [JMU students'] heads, and it is nothing but the hand of arbitrary mercy, and God's mere will, that holds it back."

On a lighter note, when I think back on all the good times I've had at the bars in the 'Burg, it's a wonder I can remember any of them.

During one of JM's "last nights," I was standing in line waiting to get in. There was a girl in front of me with two guys; she could be described politely as slightly less loud than a pile driver. So I was by no means eavesdropping when I heard her talk about her fake ID.

Anyway, as we neared the door, the line was getting longer and slower, and I thought I might not make it in. Then and there, I decided that if it came down to me or this girl getting in, I was going to sell her up the river, but I didn't have to. For you underage drinkers, the moral of the story is that bar lines, liquor stores and Quik-E Marts are the wrong place to talk about your fake IDs.

This just in: ABE has closed down the rest of the bars in Harrisonburg for allegedly serving beer to an underage dog. Neither the bar owners nor "Spot" have any comment. ABE has decreed that it is

still legal to buy wine coolers and ZIMA, but they must be consumed alone, in a dark closet, while listening to the Monkees.

That was close. Another great memory was my friend Jon's 21st birthday, when he threw-up right at the bar, but it was so crowded that no one noticed. Jon noted, "I lov burfdaes!"

This semester has been a lot of fun because all my friends are now legal, although my friend Horse has been kicked out of every bar in Charlottesville (on numerous occasions) and he is currently working on being thrown out of every bar in Harrisonburg.

Luckily, people can still go out on Wednesday nights to listen to TJ Johnson and friends at the Biltmore. Not many of TJ's fans know that TJ almost left the Biltmore to be a replacement player for the Chicago Bulls before the NBA lockout was resolved.

This just in: ABE has uncovered a new prohibition law, which they previously misinterpreted. No alcohol may be sold or consumed in Harrisonburg.

Ummm... I've got to go. If anyone needs me, I'll be in my closet.

*Gabe Uhr is a senior English major who plans to host the Grad Countdown party in his closet.*



Conduwit

— Gabe Uhr