

**It's labor Day 2000. A lot of you are probably outside enjoying the beach or grilling steaks with good friends. The other lonesome shut-ins and I are in front of the TV, enjoying one of the most educational days of the year. Law & Order and ER are running all day, and the History Channel is showing their Big House series on prisons.**

I think by Monday Night Football tonight, I will be fully qualified to write an amicus brief for the Supreme Court, handle the unique problems of an emergency C-section while my wife is leaving me, and theorize on current penology. Go ahead; ask me my opinion on the psychological effects of the SHU at Pelican Bay.

Maybe I watch the History Channel too much. I'm dying to call in an air strike. I think with the right pilot, I could get rid of the parts of the Upper West Side I don't like without too much collateral damage to Central Park.

If you have the History Channel, you know more about Navy SEALs than the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and you probably know that Sing Sing was up the Hudson River from New York City hence the origin of the phrase, "up the river."

America watches too much TV. Nonsense! The rest of the world watches too little! Israelis and Chileans are wasting their time starting Internet companies and revitalizing their system of social security. From the luxury of my now mouse-free studio in West New York, NJ, I'm learning how to become a better bass fisherman and the difference between topiary and espalier. Topiary is when cheesy but needy people trim their hedges into a gaggle of geese.

Sure we take our hard-learned knowledge a little too far. Into say, actual use.

Last summer at the beach, it seemed like a good idea for me and a couple of friends to go skinny dipping after last call. We're swimming and a couple of local rent-a-cops sleuthfully deduce that something is amiss. I think leaving our clothes at the edge of the surf was probably the big tip. They shine their flashlights on us. Pale me, I reflect the flashlight like a mirror. Knowing that the officers aren't dumb enough to confuse me with a gigantic jellyfish, I quickly remember a little of my Navy SEAL TV Knowledge. I duck underwater and start swimming south. The water is your friend we SEALs say. After swimming for a pretty good length of time, I figure it's got to be about 100 yards, I surface. I'm about ten feet away from where I went under. Still in the original beam of the flashlight. Pathetic.

Finally, the officer's shout, "we see you come in already." From TV, I know that virtually every organization with a charter has some type of SWAT team. The Secret Service, local police, the FBI, every prison. I, myself, am thinking about starting such a thing in the comedy clubs where I work; the Heckler Response Team. HURT for short in the lingo of special ops. Does the Dewey Beach, DE police force have some type of response team? Probably not but I'm hungry so I go in anyway.

Fortunately, I was naked, which is the best way to deal with an angry criminal justice major who thought he was getting a free summer at the beach. There's got to be a special on some network about the legal benefits of nudity. Not in court though, "permission to treat as hostile your honor."

So waste your time dear readers. Gorge yourselves, you gluttons, on your hot dogs and cheese doodles. Soothe your ignorance with camaraderie and junk food. The really driven people like me are inside today. Learning.