

## Shirts vs. skins

According to one behavioral psychiatrist, there's nothing more human than a person in the buff. "When little children do it, we think it's charming," he said.

At Tennessee Wesleyan University, a church bulletin board reads: "God created two streakers."

It was only a matter of days before widely published accounts of streakers on campus—and some in suburbia, reportedly bored homemakers—began to include the highjinx of UNL students.

Tuesday night students discovered and embraced the national trend, which is decidedly more euphoric and memorable than Volkswagens or telephone booths crammed with sweaty students; swallowed goldfish; a pile of panties or a finals week snowball fight. It's also more of a spectator sport.

University officials don't seem particularly apoplectic about UNL picking up the trend. "After an incident or two, I think we'll see the end of (streaking)," UNL Chancellor James H. Zumberge said. "I don't think students find an awful lot of satisfaction in this activity after the initial daredevils make the first impact."

Observers at the Tuesday night melee said Campus Security officers seemed to relish the spectacle as much as other onlookers, and a formal policy statement handed down by administration officials Wednesday hardly promises severe penalties.

One member of the University staff has expressed concern that students might not stop to consider what will happen if they are arrested.

"A relatively innocent activity like this is likely to lead kids into the court downtown," he said. "Streaking is a lot of fun, but the price could be pretty hairy."

Since two UNL streakers were arrested Tuesday and charged with disturbing the peace, it's something to think about.

Mary Voboril



"Grand jur-ies are breaking up that old gang of mine..."

## Alice sees bunny goings-on in Legislatureland

Once upon a time there lived a girl named Alice, and she was very curious. One day, she visited the halls of government, but while perusing a legislative journal she found there, she fell fast asleep.

When she opened her eyes, the journal was open to a page marked LB616. Try as she would, she couldn't understand what was written there. Looking around for help, she spied a little man in a green suit.

"Who are you?" she said. "I am many things to many people," he replied. "I have so many hats, most people call me the Mad Hatter. It's the Hiram Scott thing all over again."

"What is?"

"That's the answer to your question. LB616 is the Hiram Scott thing all over again."

"My goodness," Alice said, "I think you must be confused. Hiram Scott was a college whose property the state was supposed to absorb. LB616 is about liquor prices."

"Precisely", he said. "The Hiram Scott bill was sold as a concession to the western half of the state. LB616 is the same thing, only better. It sets the same price for liquor transportation by common carriers, no matter how far it actually has to be carried. On the average, then, transportation costs would be less in Scottsbluff than they used to be, and greater in Omaha. But since Omaha wouldn't like that as a concession to them, there's also a provision tacked on to make it illegal to sell liquor at a price lower than the wholesale cost plus 15%. No more cut-rate retailers. So now everybody's happy."

"Everybody but me," mourned Alice. "I pay for it."

"True", said the Hatter, "but you don't have a lobbyist."

Looking through the glass at the legislative chambers, Alice noticed that everything was reversed. The integrity of the Legislature was forgotten, but a senator's turtle-neck sweater was the subject of controversy. Alice was very puzzled, but just when she was sure that there was no solution to the problem, the Hatter nudged her elbow.

mary cannon  
cannon law

"Look", he said. "Here comes the one who wrote the bill. Maybe he can tell you about it."

She looked through the glass, and sure enough, there was a large white rabbit bounding up the aisle. He squeezed through the crowd at the door, and pop, there he was.

"Sir, can you tell me why the Legislature is so interested in making special interests rich at my expense?" asked Alice.

"Why, certainly, young lady. You see, this bill

would help the liquor dealers, and that is good."

"But they're only a small group!"

"Of course. Nearly every bill we pass benefits a special interest group. That's what the Legislature is for."

Alice had an idea. "Then I take it you favor having liquor on the University campus?" she asked.

"Of course not!" he cried. "Liquor is such an evil influence, I can't understand why they even want it around."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Rabbit. What are you going to tell the people in your district about the 15% markup?"

He turned a large, pale blue eye on her. "What markup?" he asked. "This is a bill to equalize liquor transportation charges. Can't you see, it says so on the cover. And, of course, there's also a provision to eriyqer a pukram no rouqil."

Just then a bell rang. The rabbit turned, and went hippity-hop, hippity-hop down the aisle to push his voting butoon. Alice was more confused than ever, so she sat down on a nearby bench to think. The next thing she knew, someone was shaking her, and she awoke with a jump.

"Oh, thank heaven. I hope it was only a dream," she said. But then a bell rang, and she heard a voice over the loudspeaker calling. "Mr. Carpenter, do you plan to vote?" Looking through the glass, she could see what looked like a large white rabbit scampering back to his seat.



to the  
editor

### Streak freaks

Dear editor,

I cannot help but share in some of the excitement that has been generated on college campuses lately with this new craze called streaking. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to see these people enjoying what we joggers enjoy everyday—streaking. It may not look that way to the casual observer, who sees us plodding along the city streets or the outdoor track, and it certainly isn't as showy as the mad dash between rows of onlookers—but in our way we are streaking.

And talk about streaking—right now on this campus we have 200 faculty and students, male and female, who are Century Club members. (The club encourages jogging.) If necessary, they could streak from 14th St. to 27th St. (one mile) without much problem. (God forbid, what a sight that would be.)

Let's not lose sight of the fact (if you can keep your eyes off the naked bodies long enough) that running is a big and probably the most important part of streaking (keeps the

fuzzies off your back). Whether the body be naked or fully clothed, man in motion is truly a beautiful sight to behold. Join the Century Club and perfect your streaking technique.

Phil Sienna  
Century Club Coordinator

### No nudes is good nudes

Dear editor,

You wonder why Greeks have a bad name? Tuesday night's streaking is a good example of why. If you want to run around the streets naked, that's your prerogative, but do you have to inflict your infantile happiness on the rest of the campus? There are those of us who value a good night's sleep. Waking up to a bunch of screaming Greek freaks and residence hall onlookers at 2 a.m. is not my idea of a good night's sleep. Just being woken up made me so mad I couldn't go to sleep again for a long time. Whatever happened to consideration? Maybe "sisterhoods" and "brotherhoods" would be more aptly called nurseries.

Sally Hill