



"Waiting in those gas lines used to drive me up the wall!"

to the editor

Dear editor,

This message is addressed to those nitwits who persist in walking across the newly plowed and seeded patches on our campus. Now, I realize you are all terribly busy, and that your schedules will not allow you to walk all that way around these areas. And besides, your fat, lead asses are difficult for you to carry even a few feet extra. But aside from your full schedules and your obvious laziness, grass needs a little care and pampering to get started growing.

Is it not possible for you to find a few extra calories in your

Bar talk— where is it at?

Author's note: Outsiders wonder why the campus elite and intellectuals frequent certain bars and no others. I would attribute it wholly to the stimulating atmosphere, particularly the quality of the conversation. I often think people fail to notice, or just take for granted the richness these places add to their lives. So here is a little reminder, two views of the same typical evening.

View No. 1:

He tried again to explain. The words sounded hollow, hell what am I talking about it for. It was getting late, the bar was full, but he had managed to pirate a seat and had been content, in the corner, pleasantly sipping his gin when a fellow at the same table interrupted his thoughts with questions. Not questions expecting answers, but simply questions. He dubbed the fellow his inquisitor, and took great care that his answers were equally meaningless. It was OK, the game was passing time, until the inquisitor stumbled onto a nerve. He started to answer, but stopped short. The inquisitor never noticed. The guy was just making talk. He seemed to have a need to talk. It had been a strange night even before this interruption. The bar was dark, but quieter than usual and not as smoky. He saw a thin man in horn rimmed glasses come in and mill around hopelessly in the solid standing crowd. Then he was distracted. He last saw the fellow downing his beer quickly and walking out into the night alone. "What astrological sign are you?"

john michael
oshea

distant thunder

His thoughts were interrupted again. What's the matter with this guy anyway? "Take a wild guess", he retorted. The inquisitor thought.

At that moment a police officer entered. The massive blue and black uniform didn't seem to fit with the little smiling head that protruded from it. The officer never stopped smiling through his entire visit, though he did shine his flashlight on the floor to look for hidden joints.

"I'll bet you're a Capricorn." He was at it again. "Yeah, that's right", but the inquisitor was lost, talking.

He knew it was time to leave. The people he'd been looking for weren't coming, and so he left. The cold hit his

Religion in church

Council on Student Life (CSL) members and others were treated to a spirited debate last week as self-described Christians, a concerned atheist and an agnostic testified on proposed revisions in the regents' policy statement on religion on campus.

Although the policy already is firmly footed on Constitutional ground, four campus religious groups are challenging it. They seek a broader interpretation of the law.

The issue resurrects the old Constitutional question of separation of church and state, which would seem clear cut. Nebraska law, equally obvious, additionally says there shall be no religious observances on state property—which includes UNL.

In one of six revisions, the religious groups would amend the regents' policy to say that University facilities will not be available for any organized activity if one of its essential features is testimony to a captive audience. "Captive audience" is the key phrase. Yet if the religious groups are shooting for a radical interpretation of the Constitution, one might also radically interpret that they were violating their own proposal at the CSL meeting. To an obviously captive audience and in an organized presentation, two members arguing for the proposal gave personal testimonials about the difference Christ had made in their life.

The regents' guidelines should stand without revision. Religious activities should be confined to houses of worship, at least seven of which are located near campus. Campus religious groups should make a stronger attempt to relay the word about The Word via sanctioned bulletin board space or advertisements in campus publications.

Mary Voboril

already overworked system to carry you around these areas? I agree that grass and brown earth are much nicer to walk upon than cement, and I encourage you to do so. But please, give the newly planted grass a chance! If you don't and it doesn't come up, the halfwits over in administration will probably give orders to have these barren areas covered up with great ugly slabs of concrete, hundreds of bricks or those little white rocks. Help save our campus from the creeping depth of "progress" and "civilization!"

Paul Edwards

face, but he didn't mind. It felt good. The gin was keeping him warm.

It was designed to be a quiet evening, but a drunk inquisitor and a vague acquaintance quickly ended that. Inqu-Where is it at? do you know where it's at? Sometimes I think I know, and sometimes I don't think anyone knows. Where is it at? You are where it's at.

Acca-Oh yeah!, well, that could be true to you, or to my mom, but to me it is in the soul of the people.

Inqu-Gee that's heavy, do you really believe that?, are you happy, how long's your dick?

Acca-Not only do you jump to conclusions, but your actions

are unplanned and unsuccessful. You lack sincerity and have no class.

Inqu-You are talking about yourself so be careful. Do you believe in revolution?, of the mind? Are you a homosexual commie dope fiend? I am.

Acca-Not only are your estimations incorrect, but you have trouble communicating.

Inqu-I mean Acid, Grass. Smoking isn't much, I'm drunk. Acca-Gee . . . this is the strangest time I've ever had here.

...

If that lacked a certain enlightenment, good, go back and re-read it. Later the following conversation transpired.

View No. 2

Acca-Did you ever try hustling a girl here?

auth-Me?

Acca-Ya, did you?

auth-Oh . . . maybe one or two. (I lied).

Acca-I've only done it once.

auth-Well, I can't imagine it being too difficult.

Acca-Well, no . . . but . . . well, they all seem so old . . . I mean

auth-Who can tell.

Acca-Yeah . . . well . . . thanks

I wasn't much help, and later yet when a rapidly sinking girl in a heavy frame wanted a seat I was even less helpful.

Rap.Sink-"Is this chair taken?" —no answer

Rap.Sink-"Can I have this chair!"

NO. . . I said without explaining that it was saved

for a funny girl with a neat smile who liked wool socks. Rap.Sink-"Oh . . . (to inquisitor)Would you hand me a chair

from the closet?"

Inqu- The closet's a nice place when you're drunk.

Yeah I added.

Perhaps not a total loss.