

What? Oh, yeah? So who cares?

By Lusty Left

Editor's Note: Adolph Kleinstein is an Austrian-born philosopher who is touring the U.S. lecturing at universities on the American educational system. He visited UNL Monday and granted the *Daily Nebraskan* an interview. The following are excerpts from that interview.

D/N: Dr. Kleinstein, from what you have seen of UNL, how would you rate it with other institutions of comparable enrollment?

AK: What?

D/N: Does UNL compare favorably with other institutions of similar size?

AK: Yes.

D/N: Could you elaborate on that a little?

Bullish

AK: Well, when you get right down to hard facts, when you ignore all the distractions and really focus on the operational problems at a school like this one, you can see that UNL is about the same size as comparable schools.

D/N: How does UNL compare academically with other schools?

AK: Well, what can you say? A school is a school, do you follow me? I mean, ignoring all the unimportant things, that's really what it comes down to isn't it?

D/N: Well, yes. I suppose it is.

AK: Could you elaborate on that a little?

D/N: Doctor, what do you think are the social implications of the various fads that colleges go through? The streaking of a year ago, for example.

More bull

AK: I'll have to admit that wasn't a bad fad, but I'll tell you one that I saw down South that was much better. It's called dropping trou and the idea is to drop your pants while walking to class without losing stride, and then to act like nothing is wrong.

D/N: I understand, Doctor, that you've talked with the top administrators at UNL. What is your opinion of the men that run this school?

AK: I'll tell you, that Devaney guy really has something on the ball. He's on the boat. I mean that guy is straight down the fairway, so to speak.

D/N: Doctor, you seem to have picked up American expressions very well. Is that a result of being around colleges so much?

Hyperclivic

AK: Well, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em, I always say. I mean you've got to get your head together and look around to see what's happening. Are you with me?

D/N: What do you think is the future of student governments at large universities?

AK: Well, you know the organizational qualities of a student-run institution certainly possess a good deal of utility, and I'll have to say that the departure from the norms of socio-economic status that seems to have riddled student governments is certainly not desirable, but overall there has to be some mechanism that is responsible to the desires, the wishes, the needs of the students and so I guess when you say student government, you've hit the nail on the head.

D/N: So you think student government is here to stay?

Plunate

AK: Actually, I think it's outlived its life expectancy, as they say in the sidewalk business.

D/N: Have you talked with any of the newly elected ASUN officers?

AK: Yes, and there's no question that they are just about the best any school could hope to offer. Real clean-cut kids, I'd say.

D/N: Doctor, what advice do you have for this generation of students, who face the possibility of permanent unemployment when they graduate?

AK: Well, I'll tell you. I say keep your chin up and your nose in the books. Some say that's impossible but I've seen it done. And another thing, remember that there isn't a man alive today who hasn't contemplated suicide at one time or another.

D/N: Doctor, what would you say it UNL's most encouraging characteristic?

AK: You know, I try to ask myself that question of every school I visit because it's a good one to ask. I guess the most encouraging feature is your campus security system.

D/N: Is that an important one?

AK: Listen, kid. When you've been to as many universities as I, when you've seen the corruption, the drug peddling, the riots, the crazy kids and their crazy cars, you can see that keeping all of these things in order, making sure nothing gets out of hand, that is the important thing. And UNL has some great officers. If you're looking for a school with law enforcement, this is the one.

D/N: Do you advocate strict enforcement on campuses of all laws?

AK: Absolutely.

D/N: I'm sorry doctor, but I can't let you smoke that in here.



University students are constantly aware of the better things in life, as depicted by this student caught in the act of accepting his award as Outstanding Freshman Student at the 1975 Honors Convocation.

Midwife

Hey-they're playing our sarong

"Choosy about my peanut butter? You bet!"—Wally Cox.

It had been one of those days. My shirt smelled like last night's party, my underwear was making tracks for regions unknown and when the good-looking broad in psychology had finally smiled at me, she had the remains of a liverwurst sandwich wedged between her front teeth.

The guys at the I Krappa Lot house had tried streaking the night before, but had been put to shame when the chicks at the Sigma Phi Nothing house pelted them with empty Chicken of the Sea cans and summer sausage rinds. All in all, the campus hadn't seen any real action since the previous semester's stud strike, provoked when ANUS President Jon Flingapeel demanded that Food Service be required to pay students to eat in residence hall cafeterias, using "Remember all those starving children in India," as the strike's theme.

While student interest had initially been low, Vice President Dave Andhowlet had made a passionate plea for student participation by bathing at Selleck's soft-serve ice cream machine one night during supper and riding the conveyor belt back to the kitchen screaming, "Down with Johnny Marzetti!"

I'm a poet

But everyone seemed tired this semester. The economy was bad, classes were worse and my complexion had discovered new potentials for break-outs. As I brooded over my bad luck, I absent-mindedly picked up the campus newspaper, *The Stale Nebraskan*, and flipped through its pages.

Then it happened. A neatly-placed advertisement caught my eye and set me quivering down to the tip of my solarious maxis grudi. Little Uncle Jeckyll's Royal Gorge and Water Rail was sponsoring another Test the Sexes night. That meant lots of jouncing bods, foaming beer and free prizes for all good sports!

I nearly gagged myself as I blurted out the news to the fun-loving fellows who had joined me at our usual spot in *The Onion*. We all agreed it was an event we couldn't miss, and pledged to go en masse, with anyone who chickened out being forced to spend a night at the Lawrence Samuel Hotel with Scuzzy Sally, known campus-wide for her frequent cold sores.

I don't know it

As we shared draws in the dimly-lit corner of a local dive, I tried to focus my already-dulled senses on the whole point of our intoxication—Test the Sexes night. It sounded simple enough; any guy who could prove he wasn't a chick, or any broad who could prove she wasn't a fella won a free pitcher of Buckhorn Beer. But I'd heard that the devilish bartenders often devised tricky and humiliating tests! Was I up to it? Only time could tell.

But oh, Louise

Before we knew where the hours had flown, it was time to make our way to LUJRGWR's. A lengthy wait in line proved to be worthwhile, for when we stepped into the building, we realized just how unique an experience it was going to be.

From back somewhere near the restrooms bloated a chorus of "seventy-seven bottles of beer on the wall," while a shirtless something danced on a nearby table top with a lamphade on its head.

I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned to face a burly barkeep. She smiled and said, "OK, honey, let's

see your stuff!"

My feet show it

I was jolted back to reality. As I frantically looked about the room, I now noticed a strange variety of activities going on, as Test the Sexes night demanded its toll.

To my left, a girl was being asked to recite all of *Seventeen* magazine's latest party hints, while a little to my right a blushing young nineteen-year-old tried to get out a dirty joke. What tests of man- and womanhood! This was going to be tough.

I adjusted my wear while I listened to the bartender's demands. Her name was Scrap and she kept winking at me. (I'm lonely, she moaned.) Scrap it, Scrap, I thought.

My test was to consist of creating a new line or two of graffiti for the men's room which would surpass all others in alliteration, rhythm, mood and dancability.

Burma shave

I stepped to the side with a pad and pencil to compose. Finally, I came up with a winner.

Roses are red, pickles are green. You've got the funniest \$%&†*! the world's ever seen!

I was satisfied with my effort and presented it to Scrap. She loved it! "You've got real writing talent," she breathed, shoving a pitcher at me with one hand and tweeking my bottom with the other. Then she headed for the men's room to inscribe the new work.

eddy stutters backside

I stumbled to find a table in the crowded room. My head was spinning and my stomach turning as I leaned over the table of a shapely lass and gasped, "What d'ya say, babe?" She wrinkled her nose and whispered, "Qui a coupe le frommage?"

Suddenly I recognized a pair of sweatshirts looming ahead of me. It was the well-endowed dark-haired chick. As my eyes made a valiant attempt to focus, I realized her shirt featured Snoopy making lewd advances to Woodstock. This girl has possibilities, I thought.

I dropped into a chair near her and offered her a share of my pitcher. She accepted with a demure grin. Conversation was nearly impossible in the noisy bar, but I noticed a large trophy sitting near the chick's left you-know-what. I lunged toward her in an attempt to grab the object (I mean the trophy), and asked as I leered close, "Hey shweetie, what's this piece of rock for?"

"That's what I was going to ask you," she said, talking to my belt. "Seriously, though, I won this for bounding up and down in front of the sexually-frustrated forty-year old manager over there, Bob Cola. I left him passed out under the foosball table."

"I'm proud of you, baby," I snorted. "Whatcha gonna do with this gem?"

"I was about to offer it to you," she sighed as she rose laboriously from the table. "You can stick it in your backside."

How'd she know I wrote this column?