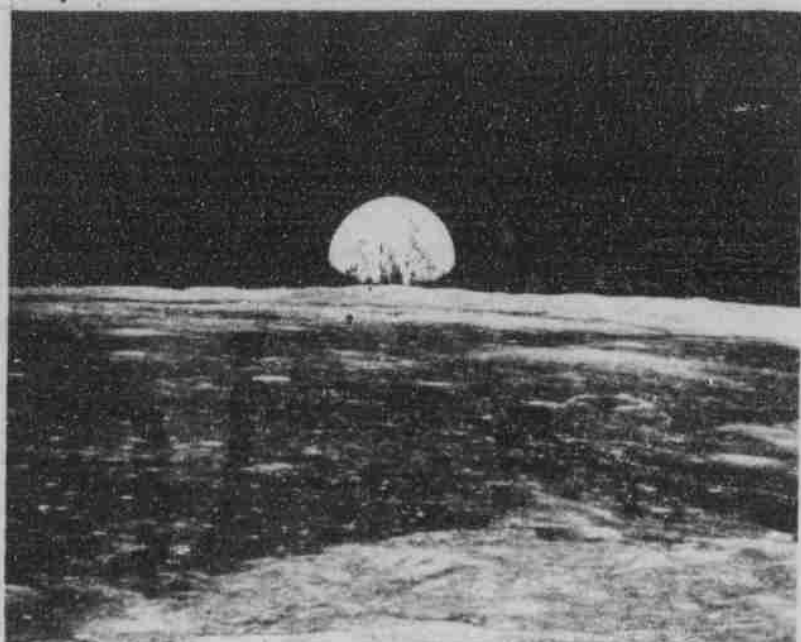


# MOON program reaches new levels of lunacy



The Daily Nebraskan, with some reservations, expresses its wholehearted support for the University of Nebraska's MOON program.

A spinoff of the successful SUN program, MOON (Meet Our Opulent Needs) is the latest in a series of attempts by administrators to get the Legislature to appropriate the entire state budget to the university. The theory is that the rest of the state would be absolutely nothing without this university and, therefore, should be given just that—absolutely nothing.

Early sympathies for a PLUTO (Please Leave Us To Ourselves) program or a MARS (Make Appropriations Real Soon) programs were later rejected as being planetismal. It was decided that this year the university should shoot for the MOON—literally.

Backed by strong campus support (MOON buttons are selling like crazy, and residence hall students have proven more than willing to MOON the Legislature), the university this year is asking for slightly over \$300 million, a figure administrators admit privately they are willing to

reduce if the Legislature agrees to sell the Panhandle to Wyoming.

Meanwhile, the senators are apparently serious about appropriating \$3 million to see if getting money from the Legislature really is like squeezing blood from a turnip. And they seem equally adamant about cutting the \$300 million request down to something more manageable—spare change.

Without doubt a certain amount of bargaining will have to take place before the two parties involved can arrive at a suitable figure. Rumor has it the university is willing to drop its \$6 million request for installation of heated doorknobs if the Legislature agrees to pay professors a salary that will give them money to burn.

And almost certain to be knocked out is the request for \$100 million to allow university sponsorship of the 1984 World's Fair. The Legislature contends that just have UNL represented at the State Fair is fair enough.

Ass Welbers



## to the editor



## Cynic's convention achieves ultimate nadirs of optimism

Dear editor:

Please permit me to express my strong objections to the existence of Mueller Tower.

This Nebraskan version of the Tower of Babel is not the innocent carillon we have taken it for all these years. By day, it chimes the hours. By night, I am convinced, it plays a crucial role in (dare I say it?) a Communist plot (probably backed by *Sports Illustrated*, to overthrow our football team.

Who has not seen the shadows slithering around the base of the tower at midnight? Who has not caught a brief glimpse of light escaping from beneath the iron door? And who has not heard the tower bells play the Russian national anthem in the quiet of the early morning hours?

Am I the only one who knows that Mueller Tower actually conceals a giant radio transmitter and receiver? Can it be that only I have heard the Russian-language broadcasts advocating the abduction of Lyle Bremser? Why do people laugh when I tell them "Go Big Red!" is a Communist-inspired chant?

I call on all patriotic Big Red fans to join me in ridding Mueller Tower of these scoundrels and, if necessary, in ridding UNL of Mueller Tower.

Red Scare

Dear editor:

Please permit us to express our strong objections to the existence of Red Scare.

This Nebraskan version of Sen. Joseph McCarthy is not the innocent football fan he portrays himself to be. He is, in fact, an Athletic Department mercenary paid to foil our attempts to broadcast unbiased game scores to outstate Nebraska.

Join us in stopping this scoundrel. Send your contributions to: Radio Free Nebraska, c/o The Kremlin, Moscow. (No Zip Code)

Mueller Over

Dear editor:

May I ask why you continue to ignore the existence of the UNL Nitpicking Club in this newspaper? We have been picking nits on this campus for longer than you know and don't appreciate having our press releases consistently ignored. Must we really do something newsworthy before you give us the coverage we deserve?

One last chance: We will be attending the National Nitpicking Convention in Nashville on April 5 (or June 6, we're not picky about it.) We would like a front page story with pictures.

By the way, in the March 32 Daily Nebraskan page 26, column three, line 2, you misspelled the word "pneumatometer." And you call yourselves professionals!

Nit King Cole

Spring vacation saw your local cynic attending the annual Cynic's Convention in Kansas City.

Kansas City was chosen as the site this year because first, the city is a pit and second, because the word integration is unknown to Kansas City people.

The convention opened on Good Friday with a chemical crucifixion (i.e., alcohol) that continued until Easter Sunday when whatever cynic could rise to his feet was declared "King of the Year."

The seminar selection this year was quite good. There were the old standby classes in Contradictions in Christianity, Dumb Democracy, Mistakes in Marxism and the Fallacies of Fascism.

While these classes had their usual good attendance, others, such as the one on Watergate, were poorly represented because it seems everyone is cynical about them.

Fortunately, these were overlooked because of the advent of several new seminars. The first of these was entitled the Impossibilities of Male-Female Relationships. This class, with its variations on male-male and female-female

### loose nelson sentimental slop

relationships, was a popular one, with much gloating over the rise in divorce rates, spouse murders, abortion and other unwanted pregnancies.

For some cynics the evening news became the highlight of the day. They chuckled at Kissinger's failure in the Middle East; they cheered at each new Communist takeover in Vietnam and they laughed uproariously at the latest nuclear plant spillage.

Dinner the first evening was at the Cynic's Club where for a miserly \$9.95 each you can eat-as-much-as-you-like. The atmosphere of the place is provided by numerous trophies of near extinct animals and while you eat they show film

clips of the starving in India.

The second day started slowly for most of the delegates had spent the previous evening worshipping Bacchus. There were three items on the program for the second day.

The first was a collection of cynical readings from favorite authors like Mark Twain, H.L. Mencken and Arthur Schopenhauer. The second item of business was a review of the many booths which were on display throughout the convention floor.

The most popular of these was the National Lampoon booth which was giving out free subscriptions. Other booths included a Campus Crusade for Atheists group who were distributing free literature containing moving personal testimonies on how atheism healed their cancers, saved their marriages and otherwise changed their lives.

But my favorite booth was the one which sold, at exorbitant prices of course, cynical lapel buttons.

Many of the buttons were simple quotes from the great cynics we had heard earlier that morning. For example they had one by Schopenhauer—"Human life must be some kind of mistake."

They would also print any saying of your own, so, after a little thought, I gave them this one: "If people were intelligent, they'd be allowed to reshelve their own library books."

The last day of the convention was perhaps the most exciting. For other Americans it was Easter, but for us it was Sentimental Slop Day.

The day began with the simultaneous showings of *Love Story*, *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, *The Wizard of Oz* and eight Shirley Temple movies. These were repeated all day long.

It was such an orgy of utopian delights that I almost thought I'd never recover. Fortunately, the early morning sun brought me back to the realness-of-it-all and I awoke in my \$100 suite. After an expensive and wasteful breakfast, I climbed into the leather bucket seats of my Jaguar XKE, one of the most polluting and abusive cars I could buy, and before I could even leave the Kansas City slums I was smiling.