

editorial

Transfer diners make housing bills hard to swallow

A problem that hits a lot of students where it counts — the stomach — is facing housing officials as well as residence hall diners.

According to Housing Director Doug Zatechka, the hordes of hungry students flocking to the East Campus Union to enjoy dinner courtesy of their Validine cards have created such a surplus that a remedy must be reached soon, or housing rates will take another spiral.

Zatechka and his staff are seeking student help in their search for the least costly, most palatable solution to this problem.

There are several alternatives, among them limiting the number of transfers from city campus residence halls, imposing a surcharge for city campus diners eating at the East Union and allowing no transfers to those students whose class schedules make it impossible to get back to city campus in time for dinner.

All of these alternatives, as Zatechka said, are cosmetic.

We agree with his observation and urge housing to seek a long-range solution that will remove the root of the problem — the fact that many students prefer the food, atmosphere and service found at the East Campus Union to that of their own city campus dining rooms. Such a solution, ideally, would bring city campus dining room standards up to par with those set out on East Campus.

Zatechka said that union personnel — who staff the East Campus dining room — have been conferring with meal planners from the city halls to make menus more compatible.

Wonderful idea, and rather simple to achieve when you consider that both food services, although run by different university departments, use the same food and similar menus. Such an improvement should be low-cost, or even better, no cost.

Also, plans to improve the city campus dining rooms have been on housing's agenda and are being plugged away at, slowly but surely.

Whatever, solution housing devises (and it should be soon, as Zatechka says he does not want to change any

policy without students around to give input,) it is necessary that residence hall diners are not denied the privilege of transferring meals to the dining hall of their choice.

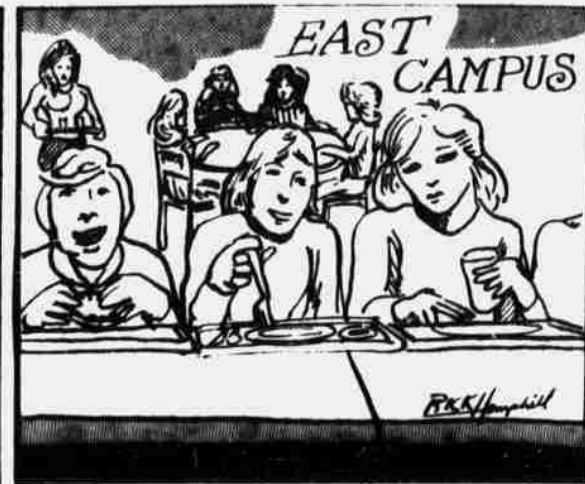
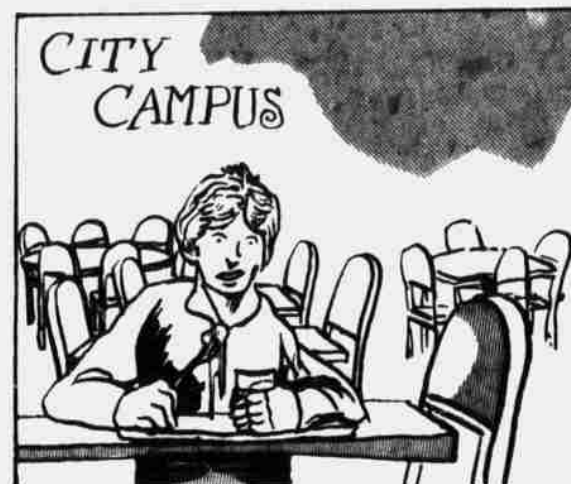
However, in face of budget excesses that are hitting the \$20,000 mark, it is also necessary that students realize they may have to make some sacrifices or pay out more for housing rates.

A solution allowing only a specified number of transfers at the East Campus Union each night seems the most agreeable at this time.

Students still would have their right to eat at East Campus, but after a certain amount have come through the line, no further transfers would be admitted.

Sure, this is not going to accommodate every student, but at least labor costs would be kept stable and the East Campus dining room would not turn into a cattle feed line.

With such a solution — if housing runs their business correctly — food service would be a constant-cost budget item, and hopefully not a rationale for possible housing increases.



Tanning oil wafts through air, intoxicates annual ogler

The sound of stifled choking greeted me on one of my rare returns to the residence hall. Investigating, I found the source in the Neihardt sun room.

Swinehart, an old friend now in his sixth year of residence hall life, stood with his nose pressed against the window looking onto the courtyard. He was drooling, gasping for breath, and choking on his drool. I grabbed his trembling shoulder.

foam from his mouth. "I needed that. It was the suntan lotion. The smell put me in a trance. The last I remember before this was leaning over to check my mailbox."

At that, his eyes glazed over again and he began to pivot mechanically toward the window. I seized him and dragged him into a windowless hallway.

"Snap out of it," I barked. "What can I do?" he pleaded. "They are always there . . . Sunup to sundown . . . Angels of mercy, angels of death. Sirens who sing to tunes played with Coppertone bottles. 'This peeping Tom needs a peep hole. And an up-tempo song. To move me along.'"

"Can the Tom Waits, you're drunk on the sun."

"The brownness of your body in the fire-glow

Except the places where the sun refused to go

Our bodies were a perfect fit, in after-glow we lay.

My lady of the island."

"Who did that one?" I asked "Graham Nash."

"I guess you're improving, at least. You used to gawk out the window all day and just breathe heavy. Now you recite poetry."

"That's what six years of college do for you," Swinehart said. "You're still a lecher, but you're an intelligent lecher."

"Swinehart, you've been ogling nearly nude numps since we were freshmen. Haven't you had your fill of it?"

"Not really. The bodies change every spring. There was one last year who fell asleep before lunch and didn't wake up until supper. She was burnt so she couldn't move for days."

"Ouch!"

"And it's always fun to study the soci-

ology of sunbathing. It starts with one undoing her strap; that gives other sunbathers the idea. By April it's an institution."

"It seems that one bare back is about like any other."

"Sure. But what if one were to turn over? Imagine the implications."

"It will never happen."

"There is always that chance," Swinehart said.

"What about Cindy what's-her-name a few years ago who used to sunbathe nude on the sun roof?"

"She weighed at least 250 pounds. And the Housing office locked the door to the roof so she wouldn't cave it in."

"Still, it's nice to think about."

"Your pigism is showing," I reproached. "How so?"

"Every sunny day every spring you stand at a window and watch scantily clad post-pubescent females spend all day all spring wrinkling their skin. It's like a starving man staring at raw meat in a butcher shop. And you haven't passed a second-semester class in six years."

He thought for a moment.

"There is a difference between sex and sexism," he said. "I can have sexual fantasies from behind a window without them knowing that I'm there. Of course I see them as sex objects, as long as they're out on the grass and I'm in here. But it's different when they come in and we meet in the hall. Then I'm talking as one person to another. Not sex fiend to sex object. I keep the ogling on a higher, purely aesthetic plane."

He paused while I eyed him in disbelief. "It's just a matter of keeping in mind the distinction between hormones and human beings," he continued.

"My hormones are excited. They like nice-looking bodies. But the human in me knows that sex and appearance are only small parts of a person's identity. So I can feel good about gawking because I respect the person inside the bikini."

"Well, I still think it's sexist," I said. "How would you feel if you were sunbathing and a bunch of girls were staring out the window?"

"Moot point," he said over his shoulder on his way back to the courtyard window. "I never lay out for a tan. What a waste of time!"

ray
walden

"Demon be gone!" I cried, whirling him around. It took a few moments for his eyes to focus and his hands to stop shaking. Then his composure returned quickly. "Thanks," he said as he wiped a dab of

Language a big barrier for foreign students

This is an international student column about the trials and tribulations of being a foreigner at UNL.

Submit essays to the Daily Nebraskan office, 34 Nebraska Union, or by calling the office at 472-2588 and asking for the editor. Like all other opinions, the Daily Nebraskan reserves the right to edit them for space and style.

The author of this column is a sophomore architecture student from Iran. He has asked to remain anonymous.

On my arrival at UNL, I was to take a language placement exam. I stopped the first person I saw, who was a beautiful girl, and began asking in my not-so-perfect English, the direction of Andrews Hall.

I tried to say everything correctly and with an American accent. She could not understand my pronunciation as her redundant reply was as if to a deaf person. She was actually shouting!

Being a foreigner is a very sad story which few can experience. When a foreigner comes to a country that has a very different language, he is lost and has to start again like a baby to learn a new language and new customs, hating what Americans hate and liking what Americans like so that he . . . better, not hitting the wall in his frustration and ruining his

hand.

Just imagine if you are thirsty, but do not know the word; the same if you are hungry. You are dead to the society if you do not know their language. When a foreigner asks for a sentence to be repeated, most Americans think, "Why brother?" and they do not.

A foreigner loses many things, most of his habits and his character. For a period of time he is nobody because he should decide who he wants to be—serious, a humorist and so on.

After a few months, in which he has suffered while surviving the basic problems, he reaches the door into the new society and needs encouragement to go in. No one invites him so he must go in by himself and make room for himself.

Many foreign students begin (studying in America) but return home because they think it is not worth the effort.

Maybe they are right, but maybe they have no courage to face a life that will be hard yet fretful.

When I sit alone and see others talking or walking in couples, I suddenly realize that I am human, too, and need company. I had almost forgotten my need of these friends.

I have my friends and my parents at home, and I want to go home for weekend to visit them. It is painful to remember so I try to forget.

Even though I have a new life with new success, I remember all these people and that is why I get homesick.

As a foreigner, I cannot help this feeling because in the beginning I thought the only barrier was not knowing the English language, but being removed from my friends and family is another.

Sometimes I experience severe depression and shock. I look around and find no soul to tell my problems to, or if I can find someone, I wonder if he or she can truly feel my sadness.

I can try to hide myself in my room, but my shelves are lined with books that are math, chemistry, and economics. What happened to my books on philosophy, history and literature in my own language?

People assume that I do not know any of those things because I cannot speak perfect English. My room gets smaller and smaller and the walls close in on me.

I shout not for people to help me, but I ask God for comfort because the problem is beyond people's help.

I shout but no sound comes out