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Lunch: Tuesday-Friday 11:30-2:00 pm
 Dinner: Thursday-Saturday 5:30-10:00 pm

Columnist proposes solutions to some entertaining problems

From time to time in my column I like to stop complaining about problems and actually make a conscious attempt to solve them.



Charles Lieurance

Of course, problems like war, famine, Angst, anomie and fast plastic pod food are so large and far-reaching that there's not much point in worrying about solutions.

This is the entertainment section and things like God, death, being, life and war have no place here. You may well ask, what burning problems in the

field of entertainment require immediate solutions?

First of all, "TV's Bloopers and Practical Jokes." This show has a great premise. People consistently screw up, and when they do there should be a camera close by. I know when I fall down, drool or accidentally expose myself, I love to have 10,000 Watt Kleeg lights on me and the NBC television crew gathered around.

Aside from the show's emcees, everyone's favorite roly-poly court buffoon, Ed McMahon and Dick "I Love Led Zeppelin" Clark, there is a more pressing problem: The celebrity practical jokes.

Sure it's OK to catch some weather woman from a station in San Palamino, Newfoundland, eating meatloaf on the air, but when big stars bite it, everybody wants to see them bite it big.

We don't want to see Marie Osmond served raspberry sherbet when she really ordered orange. That's not funny and not very embarrassing.

How about this for a starter: Dick and Ed place 20-pound bags of cocaine in Stacy Keach's luggage. As he gets off the plane in Los Angeles, 35 officers from LA Vice encircle him, drop to their knees and pull their guns. Keach is dumbfounded, his mouth is agape.

"What have I done?" he whines.

The vice officers unbuckle his luggage and bag after bag of coke spill onto the airport carpet. It's a chilling scene, full of fear, pathos and a belly laugh or two. The greatest part about this joke is that it's only just beginning when Dick and Ed tell Stacy he's on "TV's Bloopers and Practical Jokes."

This is when Keach gets to have some fun of his own, bouncing cameramen down the moving sidewalks, feeding matching Samsonite Silhouette luggage to Ed McMahon, putting Dick Clark in a garnet bag and strapping him to the wing of a 747. This is what this show needs. It's what TV needs. No problem.

Solution 2: Falling in love is entertaining, but only for the delightful couple involved. I suggest "Love Camps."

For anyone who has ever fallen "head over heels" in the middle of a semester, you know it can be academic suicide. You're up late cooing, billing and saying things like, "No, I really love that mole right where it is." Class is out of the question because you have to order roses, buy candles and brush your teeth a lot.

If we had "Love Camps" you could be shipped away to someplace in Ontario where your fondling wouldn't interfere with the enjoyment most people find in misery, loneliness and self-mutilation. At camp, you can fawn over one another on park bench, bus terminal, classroom and senate hearing room mock-ups with life-like mannequins gathered around to make you feel oh, so conspicuous.

When you return from the "Love Camp" you can re-enter society, your job, school, etc. at exactly the point you left. No flunked classes, no irate employers, no angry wives or fed-up friends. No problem.

Solution 3: For obvious reasons I didn't want to call this the final solution, but it is, at least for now.

This is the solution to the Lied Center and Wick building problems at UNL. What you do is raze the entire university campus every summer and rebuild it entirely for the fall semester.

Aside from the obvious entertainment it gives a graduating class to watch their favorite buildings reduced to rubble, it also sends Lincoln into economic seventh heaven. Imagine the construction companies you could contract to rebuild this beast every summer. The regents could sign contracts for all kinds of unfeasible amounts of money. You know how happy that makes them and this allows architects to make mistakes like the beautiful Wick building's windows that face the ugly brick wall of the Historical Society Museum. When they foul up like that, you call NBC's "Bloopers and Practical Jokes" and then blow things up and start again.

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