

## Writer asks 'comrades' to unite and fight

**By Trevor McArthur** Staff Reporter

"I'm bored." She looked down at the newspaper, then out across the room which seemed so empty and quiet. I agreed. It was something I had

been thinking, but now she brought it to the front of my mind. We were in The Crib, a study and socializing section in the Nebraska Union. At least it was big in the socializing scene in the group I ran and sat with. I remembered the previous year, and now it was so quiet.

The smokers. They chased away the smokers and now there was no daytime social scene. I don't know who 'they' were, but 'they' banned smoking in the place where all the smokers hung out.



Seemingly worse was the accep-tance that followed it, even by the people most affected. There is no spirit of protest or outrage anymore. Things like this happen and 'they' get away with it. The only consolation is that the anti-smokers now have to put up with all the smokers who fled to the restaurants. Smoke is most annoying

when you're trying to eat. It's not this incident that upsets me, but with all the injustices of the

ashamed to have to include myself in that group. But now I feel like a little righteous indignation. I think it's time to yell for some action.

But what on? Well, the smokers should be able to take care of themselves. I recently spoke with the leader of a new group calling them-selves "the other PLO," the Pall-Mall Light-up Organization. The leader, the 'Grand Mall' as they called him, promised they would recognize the rights of non-smoking areas to exist but that "there would be no peace until there is an independent home-land for Marlboro men and women."

This stirred me. In the bottom of my cynical heart, I was moved that something could be done and I set about trying to remember some

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world, when no one says a thing and just lets them go on. Yes, I am that I could get torked off about. Then it hit me.

As I sulked through the hall of the union, mad at the world but mostly angry that I didn't have a specific target, I found myself walking near the wall by the press of midday traffic. Suddenly, a door flew open nearly destroying my nose and \$2,000 worth of dental work that made high school such a hell. It was the door of the Ladies' Lounge. Perhaps I should explain this term

for the newcomers, since it's been quite a while since I last spoke on this issue. At the front of the Nebraska Union, on the west side facing The Crib, just about 10 feet down the hall from the Women's Resource Center and the Association of Students at the University of Nebraska offices are a pair of doors which bear the title "Ladies Lounge."

I've never been inside it, but I've heard wondrous descriptions of a carpeted room with comfortable chairs and couches, a tastefully decorated place to sleep, talk or sit and study. There are doors marked "ladies" lounge on all three floors of the union

Men get a lavatory with ceramic attached to the floor and walls. We do get a choice of air hand driers or paper towels, but you have to pay for the weight scale.

I try to be a liberated, thoughtful guy (had to reach back to the seventies for that phrase). I have all the right liberal attitudes and try to say all the right liberal things (Really -- it's not just a pose to pick up smart chicks). Yet all I get is dumped upon (since

we're talking about restrooms).

No more. It stops here. I'm still not sure who to be mad at, but I know what to be mad about now. There was once a men's lounge just down the hall from the women's, but it was razed to install a bank by that mysterious 'they,' and no one cared. So now I have a purpose, a cause, a struggle, Mein Kampf, Death to the Infidels . . Sorry . . . I got carried away. But

now the problem is what to do. I shall call upon the long dormant energy of the 1960's. Let it erupt like a volcano. We shall follow the example of our spiritual fathers at Berkeley long ago and occupy one of the lounges, and not give it up until we make the establishment tremble. We'll list our demands, which include a place for us to be as crudely masculine as theirs is tastefully feminine. We'll talk to the media, hang out windows, and sing songs like "We Shall Overcome" and "All We are Saying is Give Us a Lounge." I suppose we'll have to grab the lounge on the 2nd or 3rd floors, since it would be too easy for the women to marshal resources from their other center across the hall on the 1st floor, and ASUN might try to get involved. I don't know how to organize this, so I'll have to get a general feel for how many are with me on this. Anyone who agrees (and progressive women are welcome to the group; we're working for equality, not just a fight), stand by Broyhill Fountain at noon tomorrow. Better yet, stand on the rim of the fountain. The sitters won't be counted. And anyone who wants to lead the movement should stand in the fountain. Comrades, come together, right now, over me.



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