

## UNL FORMS NOW AVAILABLE FOR DIRECTORY EXCLUSION

Forms are now available for University of Nebraska-Lincoln students who wish to exclude individual student information from the 1988 Student Directory. The name-exclusion forms may be completed in the Office of University Information, 208 Administration Building. Forms must be completed in person before Sept. 21, 1988. Proof of registration or identity is required for completion.

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# Stress falls along wayside

By Joeth Zucco  
Senior Editor

I guess it started in preschool with Sesame Street. The green faced, blue haired muppets singing:

Oh, we're going for a ride,  
Yes, we're going for a ride,  
Oh, we're going for a ride,  
Yes, we're going for a ride . . .

Going for a ride. That is until I became a licensed driver on the roads of America. Then that little muppet ditty turned into "Going for a drive."

As I graduated from the mileage-surveillance days of high school to the freedom on-the-road days of college, the stress seemed to ride along. Going for a drive no longer was limited to a jaunt to the store and back, but a mini road trip to

relieve the headaches caused by work and study.

At first the drives were excursions through Lincoln neighborhoods to look at houses, to visit friends and to familiarize myself with my "college town."

Lincoln passed along as I turned my steering wheel to more distant lands of the highways surrounding the city and leading out of it.

The drives weren't and still aren't for the sake of driving. They're for the adventures that the roads led to, the scenery alongside them and the time to listen to Simon and Garfunkel or the Velvet Underground in the privacy or company of my luxurious 1979 silver Chevette.

I remember one particular night when a friend and I were driving back from Fremont. David Bowie was straining to "Changes." We were driving along Highway 6. The

sun was past the horizon and had painted a brilliant masterpiece for us.

I was excited, in the sky and in the clouds I saw what could have been a Georgia O'Keefe canvas. The sky was a brilliant blue, more blue than nature should allow it. The clouds were swirls of a deep, hot pink. It was as if the famed woman had just taken her brush off her work to let it dry.

I still remember that evening art show vividly. In my drives I have discovered abandoned railroad bridges to look at the stars from. I have watched the leaves change from greens to reds and yellows and browns. I have seen rolling hills blanketed by winter. I have driven a tank's worth of gas with no particular destination. And I have driven away stress . . . until the next drive.

# Eating is more than food

By Cristine Romano  
Staff Reporter

Eating: When the act of putting food in the mouth transcends the human need for substance, food can act as a stress reducer. Eating can be a comfort, a release from the doldrums of responsibility, or an adventure.

Rediscovering the spork: Picnicking serves as a release from the opium of purple neon purgatory. At best, outdoor eating is a spiritual experience. The primitiveness of a picnic, the closeness to nature, the dirt in the potato salad reminds us that we're not really so advanced.

Simplicity is key here. Grapes, cheese, bread — any food that doesn't require a strategy to eat. Allow the sun and wind to be the seasoning.

Chasing down the ice cream man: Recapturing bits of childhood through food offers solace and comfort from the heaviness of adulthood.

As a child, nutritive value and cholesterol levels were incompre-

hensible. Food was fun. It came in colors not known in nature.

Today, eating something that's Windex blue can trigger a reassuring, warm nostalgia. Feel the pure childish bliss when savoring a bomb pop after running seven blocks to catch up with the Ding-Ding man.

Show up for advanced accounting with a crimson mustache you developed while eating an infamous cherry Dilly Bar from Dairy Queen.

Or pick out and eat only the yellow stars in a bowl of Lucky Charms and call that breakfast.

Having pop rocks, Chiclets or edible jewelry on hand while writing a resume makes the whole process just a whole lot sillier.

Dumpster diving and Doug's Breakfast Special: Sometimes our reasons for eating defy all logic. At these times, the food itself isn't even the point. Rather, the adventure surrounding the edibles, or inedibles, make the moments meaningful.

These are the food experiences

you don't share with parents. These are experiences you don't even admit to yourself.

Sitting in a local tavern at 9 a.m. during finals week, some friends and I were contemplating some last minute cramming. All honorable intentions were blown to hell as breakfast was served. Ketchup packets for all. An unidentifiable liquid identified only as "Doug's Breakfast Special." It made Donahue immeasurably more interesting. And then the headliner — Grandma Aiken's Beans and Rice. Of course, I was nauseated for the rest of the afternoon after this. I skipped my final. I'd recommend the experience to anyone who thinks cramming is foolish.

A high percentage of adventure eating takes place after 2 a.m. Like rummaging through the trash at burger joints to rescue lonely, abandoned burgers. The ones that didn't make it. They taste just fine.

Take a few friends and a van for maximum hauls. And remember to call the restaurant and thank them for their unknown generosity.