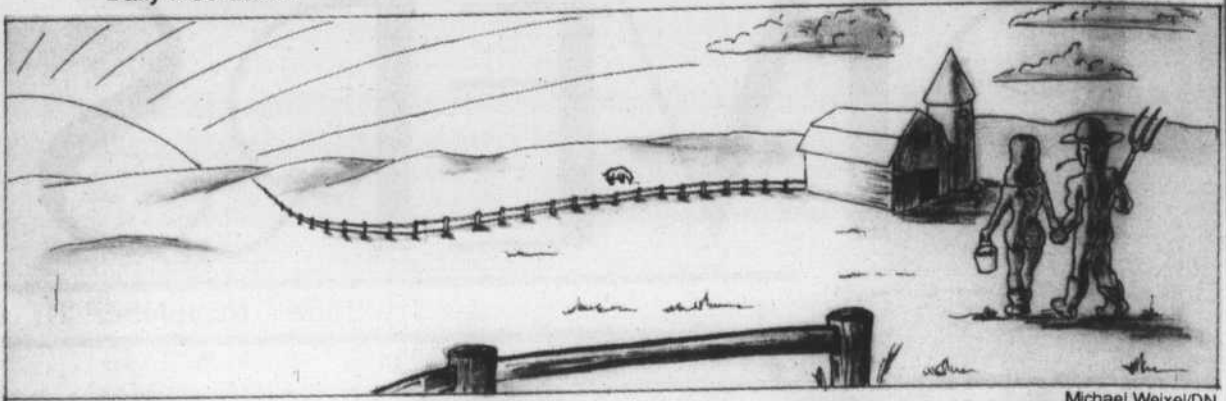


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# Grover makes up for adults

## Dedicated to my parents.

Parents do not like nudity. Mine don't, anyway. Growing up, there was nary an unnecessary patch of skin offered to me by my mother. I could kiss her facial cheeks but could not even glimpse the others. I'm not Oedipus. Unseen cheeks did not offer all for me. Of course, my mother is not Jocasta either. I didn't even particularly want to see them. However, sometimes I think it would have been nice to make the decision for myself.

really meant to my mother, but I never figured out what exactly was being extended. School board meetings confused me altogether, but I began to realize why no one seemed to want a woman on the board.



**Michael Stock**

Seeing my father's uncovered body as I grew up left no lasting impression on me. Anatomically, he had everything I had, only older. Watching him shower or shave while I sat dutifully on the toilet with my "Big Little Book" gave me little more insight into the need for nudity than Grover did on "Sesame Street."

More importantly, I wondered if my father wondered what a naked woman looked like as much as I did. Surely he did. He's 24 years older than I am. That meant that he had at least that much of a head start on curiosity than I did.

And Grover was naked most of the time.

I wondered for a long time whether Mom ever broke the "girls only" rule for him.

I figured out that my father was only naked around me, and my mother was only naked around my sister.

When I was in fifth grade, I learned she must have let him sneak a peek in exchange for a peek — twice.

Shortly thereafter I began to have dreams. I dreamt about what the volunteer fire department meetings really meant to the men of the community, though I never figured out why they called it a fire plug. I dreamt of what extension club

My sister said she thought that that must have taught her a lesson. I told her I can see why they stopped peeking after her.

She beat me immediately thereafter.

Since then I have learned that my mom "got her tubes tied." I'm not sure which tubes, or where, but apparently, my parents could

be peeking again. Safely. And in their continuing battle with the "empty-nest syndrome," I'm for anything that is even vaguely therapeutic.

I'm not sure that they're peeking freely or running about the farm with socks and boots, but no pants. I'm simply saying that they have the opportunity now.

They certainly are concerned about the amount of time that I possibly could spend naked. I'm getting engaged soon, and moving in with my girlfriend over Christmas break. Unfortunately, I made the mistake of informing my parents of my moving intentions. They have responded with parental threats of the worst kind — financial ones.

Apparently they have visions of us selling all of our clothes to pay the rent. Or drying our clothes on the line for weeks at a time, rain or shine. Perhaps they think of us starting a commune of naked, happy couples.

Maybe they have bad dreams about Donahue finding out.

Of course starting a nudist colony is the farthest thing from my mind. And I would not invite Phil Donahue.

An engagement is a private party. Sure, my parents will be invited over for an occasional Sunday brunch, but we won't be checking

See **STOCK** on 10

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# Nudity mundane facet of Lincoln

My research shows that actual nakedness is neither necessarily nor sufficiently inspirational to writing on the topic of nudity. Mind you, this study (not financed by a government grant of \$4,761.69) was completely subjective.

But the world isn't nearly so dualistic as Western thought. There exists at least one other category — the set of those about whom I have not considered the question of whether I would like to see them nude. Most people fall into this category.

In this experiment, I tried to write a column related, in some tangential way, to nudity. I was not sufficiently inspired.



**Gary Longsine**

Then I got naked with a fantastically beautiful friend (of center-fold proportions) and tried to write again.

For example, a year or two ago, in the middle of a cold snap in January, an alleged man allegedly pressed his allegedly nude form to the windows of cars stopped at red lights on O Street.

Nothing happened. Nothing at all. I thought and thought about nudity, and nothing happened.

Some strange sort of masochism must have been involved. Perhaps he was obsessed with the double-entendre of the word "exposure."

Now, some time after the experiment, I am sitting on her bed, fully clothed, watching her do homework in jeans and a black lacy tank top. Partial nudity is sometimes much more inspirational.

I would have been deathly afraid of sticking to the car in such cold weather. I definitely would have waited until summer. Life on the edge.

As Western civilization and even Western thought is highly dualistic, it might be said that there are two groups of people in the world. There is the set of those people whom I would like to see nude and another set of those whom I would not.

Dualism has a negative effect on some thinking, such as our thinking about nudity. For most of theology throughout most of time, nudity has been either good or bad.

In most of our experience, nudity is, in fact, a mundane facet of our existence.

Nudity is more interesting to us precisely because it has been suppressed from time to time. Even in our culture, which is relatively open by historical standards, nudity is somewhat suppressed. Nudity on television is strictly forbidden, for example.

Well, some nudity. It's OK to be a nude native in a documentary, but not OK to be nude on an evening drama serial. This says to me that the nudity of an aboriginal person is less valuable.

Upon closer inspection, one finds that in documentaries, it's OK to be a female nude and not OK to be a male nude — even aboriginal. Growing up on these documentaries, I learned that some bizarre editors must think male nudity more

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