

Everyone, especially world leaders, should sleep more

I'd rather be sleeping. Obligations are obligations, but I'd still rather be sleeping.

That is, except for minor details — I'm not the least bit sleepy, for example. When I can't sleep, I rate the importance of a life event by a choice between experience and sleep. Even if I'm not tired, if I'd rather be asleep than do a given thing, I skip it.



Gary Longsine

Saturday night, 10:00 p.m. The phone rings.

"Hey Gare, let's go to a trendy nightclub with strobe lights, all-percussion music, and dozens of women that might be good looking under all the make-up but wouldn't talk to you if they needed cab fare to get to their liver transplant operation and you flashed a 50 at the bar."

"Uh, no thanks. I'm kind of tired."

OK, I lied. I tried to sleep, but I ended up doing homework instead. Nearly two hours later, 12:56 a.m.

"Hey Gare, you up for last call at your favorite downtown pub, where the bartender knows you like a lemon twist in your vodka sour, the jukebox has blues, and the Christmas decorations are more fun than an acid trip?"

"Damn strait, I'm up. Let's go." 1:15 a.m.

"Hey Gare, we're having a party at Somenumner Letter Street. Wanna come?"

"And stand around with a hundred and fifty drunken zombies in a drafty house with wooden floors while they spill beer on me on their way from the keg to the living room in a last-ditch and futile attempt to find someone to sleep with 'cause they left the bar alone?"

"Yeah, same as every weekend. Wha-da-ya say, Gare?"

"Nah, I think I'll go home, I'm pretty tired."

1:20 a.m.
"Hey Gare! We're having a jam session, go in the alley and up the stairs inside. Bring an instrument if you play, sing if you want, or just hang out."

"Sounds like fun. I'll be there."
So I leaned back and let the vodka wear off slowly, listening to good local renditions of Jane's Addiction, Nirvana, Jimi Hendrix and Pink Floyd tunes.

It occurs to me that world leaders should try the sleep test before making decisions of world historical significance.

Mikhail Gorbachev probably should sleep rather than attend his next meeting with Boris Yeltsin. Yeltsin is just going to bounce his political weight right off Gorby's bald head and gloat in the Ukraine's newly declared independence.

The death throes of the Soviet Union will happen regardless of whether Gorbachev exposes himself to further public humiliation. He should take a nap, instead.

We should all sleep through it,

too. None of us really want to wake up to a world with a dozen or so nuclear armed, warring countries. Since I can't sleep more than about 10 hours at a time, I might wake up to such a world soon.

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George Bush should sleep through the next session of Congress. He doesn't do anything constructive anyway, and serves mostly to stir up finger pointing and mud-slinging about the economy. If he slept as much as he golfs, we would be better off.

Dan Quayle might consider napping whenever he gets the urge to say anything in public. As long as we only hear about him second-

hand he's not a humiliating reminder of his existence.

If we never heard from him first hand, he might not seem too bad. "What a mind it is, to lose one's waste. Napping, I think one might mind one's lost. How true that is."

Local leaders could lead the way trimming the fat from their busy schedules by napping when sleep is judged more important than meddling in local events.

Gov. Ben Nelson should take a nap instead of, well, whatever he does.

UNL Chancellor Graham Spanier might be more popular with the student body if he would saw a few extra logs and skip the graduation ceremony. Students and their supporters all will be happier to see the tedious event shortened by a few minutes that would otherwise be devoted to another string of hype. The parties could start sooner, too.

I'm outta here. I gotta get some rest.

Longsine is a senior international affairs and economics major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Economics, nagging mom come to life in nightmare

Sunday, Dec. 1, early evening, I really need to call my Diversions editor about a paper assignment for our Shakespeare class, but I know what will happen when I do.

"OK, Bryan, I'll write for the @%# section this week."

I guess I blew him off two weeks ago when he needed a story, so I have to come through with something.

Carter Van Pelt

Sleep. What the hell do I know about sleep, anyway? I like it. I like lots of it. And I hope I can get some while I'm stressing out over coming up with a topic on which to write.

Sunday evening, 11:55 p.m. Bedtime. Maybe something will come to me... Gee, those Yes albums I bought the other day are really great. What incredible musicians...

When am I going to get that Shakespeare paper done?... Do I have an economics exam coming up?... When am I going to get my philosophy paper done?... I can't believe I taped over "A Christmas Carol" and "The Grinch" with Living Colour... That final broadcasting project is due in a week; I have got to talk to Professor Hugly about an interview. I hope he agrees to do it... ZZZZZZZZ

"Hi, Professor Hugly, I'm working on my final broadcasting project of the semester. It's about records and stuff, um, uh, do you

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