

LISA PYTLIK

Graduation gaps ominously

"Freshmen, beware! You will NOT live forever as undergraduates. Four or five (or, if you are like me, six) years from now, your life as an undergraduate will die and you will enter into an entirely new 'afterlife.'

"I beseech thee! Heed my call and repent of your apathetic ways before it is too late!"

Perhaps I've been under just a bit too much stress lately. I've spent the past two months filling out numerous applications. I've applied to the Peace Corps, various graduate schools and, at the end of this week, my graduate degree application is due.

When I started college, I suspected that graduation would be like dying and going to heaven, but I didn't know how often my undergraduate life would flash before my eyes before that death (i.e. graduation) actually took place. The stress of these numerous life reviews is taking its toll on me.

Still, I'm luckier than many seniors because, early last semester, I had a dream that changed my life. I dreamed that I was standing on the edge of Broyhill Fountain preaching to a crowd of freshmen. It was as if I had become one of those fire-and-brimstone preachers I see in front of the Nebraska Union every spring and fall, except that, instead of a large wooden cross, I was carrying a replica of a giant diploma.

"Get thee to your adviser!" I preached. "Get thee applicable, practical experience! Don't let yourself get lost in the system and become just another anonymous student number! Get thee to know your instructors! Take heed before it's too late!"

I was finally awakened from my dream by a misty white light glowing from the corner of my dorm room. At first I thought I had left the light on in my aquarium, but then I heard a low rumbling voice that seemed to come from the light.

"Lisa," the voice said. "Who's that?" I asked, bolting upright in bed and clutching at the covers I had pulled up to my ears.

"I am the adviser of college days past," the rumbling voice said. Then, out of the light stepped a man who looked a lot like the professor who advised me back when I was in the Engineering College.

"Dr. B? Is that you?" "Yes," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Uh, I don't know," I said, confused. "Don't you know?"



"Get thee to your adviser!" I preached. "Get thee applicable practical experience!"

"Of course I know what I 'can' do," he replied. "But what do you want me to do for you?"

"Well," I said, "I am supposed to graduate at the end of this year. Could you take me flying through the night to see significant visions of my past college life?"

"No," he said. "First of all, this is the University of Nebraska, not 'A Christmas Carol.' Second, budget cuts won't allow us to do anything as extravagant as that. And third, I'm not even your adviser anymore. You switched colleges, remember? Why don't you go talk to your new adviser?"

"Well," I stammered. "To tell you the truth, I'm not even sure who my adviser is. I did talk to someone when I first switched colleges, but that wasn't very helpful, so I never went back."

Embarrassed, I turned away from Dr. B and looked out my window.

"I have been following my bulletin and trying to take the classes it says are required, but I'm afraid that I may have made a mistake or two along the way. How can I find out for sure whether I will graduate in May?"

When I turned around, however, Dr. B was gone and a stranger was standing in his place.

"Who are you?"

"I'm the adviser of your college days present," the stranger said. "Here, take this form and a copy of your transcript and make sure you meet all your degree requirements. If you have any questions, see the department secretary or call to make another appointment."

"Now, you must excuse me," he continued. "I'm responsible for advising all the undergraduates in this department, and I have 12 more ap-

pointments waiting for me." Then, with a swirl of confusion and a flash of forms, he was gone. But my nightmare wasn't over yet.

Peering into my hypothetical future, I saw myself standing at the pearly gates of a prospective graduate school. A man with a white beard was sitting at the gate reading through my application file. His name tag read: St. Peter, graduate admissions secretary.

"Hmmm..." he mused. "According to your file, you have no research experience and your references all claim they do not know you well enough to either evaluate or recommend you as a graduate student. Furthermore, you have not yet taken the required entrance exams. The grad-school god-head will not let you in without first taking the GRE. Surely you knew that."

"Uh...uh..." I didn't know what to say.

"Sorry," St. Peter said. "But the competition is stiff, and we cannot admit you at this time. Of course, feel free to apply again next semester if you like."

Suddenly, I was back in my room again, panicked and sweating profusely from the nightmare I had experienced. I didn't sleep much the rest of that night, but the next day I did take action.

I got involved in a research project, I made more of an effort to get to know a couple of professors better, and I took the GRE. My nightmare had saved me, in the nick of time, from the limbo of graduating as an unknown number rather than as a student with a name.

Since then, I have talked to many other students less fortunate than myself who also have not received much, if any, help from their overloaded advisers. These seniors are finding it very difficult to get letters of reference because their classes have not been conducive to personal contact with their professors.

Therefore, I repeat: Beware! The university system is very easy to get lost in and many advisers are unsympathetic. If you do happen to find a helpful and informed adviser, go immediately to the CAP office and nominate him or her for the \$1,500 Student Foundation Builders Award for Outstanding Academic Advising.

All advisers are not created equal. So, for our own good, we students had better do all we can to encourage them to do their best to help us do ours.

Pytlík is a senior art and psychology major and a Daily Nebraskan staff artist and columnist.

Catholics providing abortion education

In response to Eric Mechalke's letter ("Anti-abortionists should reserve judgment, educate public instead," DN, Feb. 3), the Catholic Church has just begun Project Rachel. Project Rachel is counseling and support for anyone affected in any way by abortion. Whether it be the women, the fathers, grandparents, or those who advised in the abortion, this project helps them all. The name Rachel comes from Jeremiah 31:15-17 in the Bible. It basically says that Rachel mourns the loss of her children. It is not our position to judge, that is left to

God. But it is our position to forgive and help all those affected by abortion.

The Right to Life movement now is trying to educate as many people as possible about the horrors of abortion and then let the individuals make their own choice. Most of Mr. Mechalke's difficulties with the Right to Life movement already are being addressed.

Tom Dougherty senior electrical engineering



Ever Get A Pal Smashed?
FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS DRIVE DRUNK.

Karate Classes
Traditional Okinawan Karate

Tim Snyder
Internationally Certified Instructor

Try One Class Free

- Self Confidence •Self Discipline
- Relaxation •Flexibility

4 Week Introductory Course Only \$48.50
(\$100 value)

Includes: •One month of classes
•Registration fee •Karate Uniform (UNL Students Only)
Call 474-1729
1326 South 33rd

Micro Madness
Free Microcomputer Classes

The Computing Resource Center is offering free microcomputer seminars to UNL students. The seminars will feature an introduction to Microsoft Word for the Macintosh and WordPerfect for IBM machines.

Lab Location	Dates	Times
Introduction to Microsoft Word for Macintosh		
Neilhardt	Tuesday, February 4	3:00 - 4:00 p.m. 4:00 - 5:00 p.m.
Introduction to WordPerfect 5.1 for IBM		
Sandoz(IBM)	Thursday, February 6	3:00 - 4:30 p.m.
Advanced WordPerfect 5.1 for IBM		
Sandoz(IBM)	Wednesday, February 5	3:00 - 4:30 p.m.

What others think

San Salvadoran harmony leaves questions remaining

Last week, San Salvador, the capital of El Salvador, was filled with people. They had a good reason to celebrate: the end to 12 years of civil war that had cost the lives of more than 70,000 Salvadorans. That is more than enough reason for mirth.

Though the exact details of the agreement are still being finalized, the treaty that was signed by the Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front guerrillas and Salvadoran President Alfredo Cristiani levels most of the roadblocks that had stood in the way of peace. There is little reason to believe that this peace will not be a lasting one.

... To a great extent, signing the peace treaty was the easy part; now that the civil war is at an end the laborious task of rebuilding and acclamations begins.

Even with the new accords, questions remain. Will the right-wing oligarchy accept the former guerrillas as full participants in that country's political landscape? Will the guerrillas accept their new role inside the political mainstream? And, finally, will the two sides trust each other enough to continue working together? All of that remains to be seen. But whatever happens, at least now the battle will be primarily political, and more killing will not be the only result.



Michael Weixel/DN

— The Minnesota Daily University of Minnesota

5 FOR 5

5 REGULAR ROAST BEEF SANDWICHES FOR \$5⁰⁰

Arby's

Come and enjoy the special at our new Lincoln store at 48th & Normal Blvd!

Other locations include *S. 27th & Hwy. 2 *56th & "O" *35th & Cornhusker Hwy. *Gateway Food Court *14th & "Q"