

**RECIPE:  
SLACKER SOUP**

For when you're too poor to eat or too hung over to care.

Many diners will give you hot water for free, if not, scrounge up a little pocket change for tea. But don't make tea.

Instead, get a table where they won't see you doing this and pour ketchup, a little at a time, into the hot water. Stir constantly. When you think no more ketchup will dissolve, stop.

Add salt and pepper to flavor. Ask for crackers (also free most places.)

This is a real recipe and has been used by many people temporarily between jobs or realities.

Helpful Hint: Keep the tea bag, you can chew on it to keep yourself awake on those long hitch-hiking jaunts.



## Losing voting virginity leaves writer empty

Nov. 4, 1992

I lost my virginity this week. I thought very carefully about giving it up, and now, a day or so later, I feel empty, and perhaps a bit depressed. I'm 25, you see, and I thought it was past time. Oh, I could have waited. In fact, I have had several chances in the last six or seven years and turned them down — mostly because I was pretty sure that I would come through the experience feeling empty and a bit depressed.

Voting, you see, (what did you think I was talking about?) is essentially not compatible with slacking. It's difficult to remember to register, be in town on Election Day, walk to not just any polling place but your polling place and stand in line with a bunch of seriously misled and eager voters without losing your lunch.

Despite the fact that my polling place was exactly one block from my flat, the powers that be failed to consider that I spend about one night a week there, and that night usually doesn't lead to a Tuesday.

And there is damned little incentive to overcome the logistical elements — voting is just about the next thing to a meaningless act. We are generally expected to choose between two sleazy, lying, manipulative, power-thirsty, cynical old men. This year, one of them was slightly younger and slightly less cynical.

I am quite interested in politics, though. I keep searching, in vain it would seem, for a good reason to vote. This year I found lots of good reasons to stay at O'Roukes instead. Despite, for example, the tremendous efforts of Bill and Al and George and Dan to convince us that they were different from each other, I saw few clear differences.

A senior campaign official of Bill's is dating one of George's. Al and Dan are buddies — a little-known fact but a fact nonetheless. How do you choose between the

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two tickets when they rip each other apart during the day and play cards and eat strawberry shortcake at night?

These men have no convictions, which in itself might not be so bad, but they pretend that they do to get more votes. The nail in the coffin of any supposed differences between these men is the projected budgets and deficits under their two plans. The plans of either man will lead to four more years of large deficits of virtually the same magnitude — growing and shrinking in the same years.

Bill Clinton's secret plan to mend the economy is no more real than Richard Nixon's secret plan to end the war. For balance, I should mention the dirty little secret of the last 12 years: There is no such thing as supply-side economics. Growth fueled by deficit spending was not an idea invented by Ronald Reagan — it was only abused by him.

In the end, I cast a "Perotest" vote for the only clear difference. Somebody who stands up to say that something is wrong when our country leads the world in the best-educated burger flippers (though from what I hear, Russia is catching up fast, as people with Ph.D's are applying to be crew chief at McDonald's in Moscow), and something needs to change to fix it.

It was less like losing my virginity and a bit more like political masturbation. It was safe — he couldn't possibly win. But it left me wanting something more meaningful, more real.

— Gary Longsine is a human being with dignity and self-respect, and he resents anyone implying otherwise.

# Working for a dream

## Money can't buy me happiness?

It was a deal with my father: After one year of college I could go wherever I wanted. Well, "within reason," he said.

At a coffee shop "on the hill," Joel and I sat absorbing the surroundings, the people. For Joel, we sat in a perfect world.

I've never had a friend like Joel. If I could describe him in one word it would be "reserved." All at once, Joel can play the guitar, the harmonica and sing Neil Young, and it's good. That's Joel.

Silence has always spoken louder than words with us. With one look he knows what I'm approaching. He leans back, roughs his hand through his hair and stares out the window.

Without turning his head, he smiles, touching his newly grown beard and says "freedom." With that one word, my brother Joel touched me in a way indescribable.

I envy Joel. He possesses a contentment I'm not familiar with. His father is a dentist and does well serving the greater Jewish population of Detroit.

Unsure if he has the money-making ability that his father possesses, Joel expresses concern about his future. He studies literature.

And that morning in Boulder, Joel had no idea what he was going to do for the rest of his life. He mentioned working for Greenpeace.

After two cups of coffee and one croissant, Joel and I were silent. We

both love to travel; and want to experience so much more. I want to go kayaking, surfing, rock climbing, hang gliding. . . . When I think of these adventures, certain sayings are replayed in my cerebral VCR: "It is the lack of money that is the root of all evil" and "money cannot buy happiness."

The idea that money can't buy happiness seems distorted. I've always pictured a lonely corporate executive with stacks among stacks of green on his desk. I see a man who has spent his life creating something he cannot enjoy.

My argument is, money allows me to do things I couldn't experience without it. It lends opportunities that are not otherwise available.

I often think about leaving college as Joel did. Not as much now, but in the past when I was surrounded by corn fields wishing it was the ocean, the idea was very appealing. At one point I was convinced I was being tested by some greater force — that I was a type of experiment.

There is no such thing as coincidence; everything happens for a reason. I was supposed to be in Nebraska. I wasn't sure why, but it was easy to accept this theory and make the best of it.

I never wanted to be in Nebraska, or the Midwest during my college years. It's OK now — in fact, I like it here. Part of the reason I didn't want to come here was

because I had very little say in it. I resented that.

I resented that I didn't have enough money of my own to live how I wanted to live. But that's why I'm in school — to get a career. And with a career, I'll have ultimate control, because I'll have money.

Joel does odd jobs. He travels and creates a world on paper so vivid and fresh — so real. I'm happy with my life, but Joel is content. This is what I admire about him.

I get bored easily. That's why I'm a journalism major. Journalism doesn't encompass everything I want to do. In fact, I can't do everything anymore — I'm no longer 10 years old. So it comes down to making the most of my time on earth.

Journalism and photography are my passions; they invite intrigue and absorb change. Computers interest me, but I don't want to stare at one for 40 years. Physical therapy would be rewarding, but I don't want to be in a hospital for the rest of my working life either. My options are limited.

At 20 I'm one year away from completing my degree. I should be preparing for what I want to do when I grow up.

Joel once told me that I should learn to be content with what I have done, rather than being "antsy" for the things I hadn't done. There is

See 'SLACK' on 11

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1 PETER 5:7

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