

## Tico's pleases starving student

Mexican restaurant's happy hour halts huge appetites from 4-7 p.m.

### Cheap & EASY

I wore dark glasses.

She was beautiful, a redhead.

We met secretly at a quiet restaurant, asked for a table in the back.

"I have a surprise for you," she said, ordering our drinks.

"What, is it a good surprise?" I asked.

It was. Free food, all we could carry back to our table — tottering stacks of it on the obligatorily tiny cocktail plates.

This was no greasy spoon haute cuisine, but the fine Mexican food of Tico's daily Happy Hour from 4-7 p.m. And I do mean happy.

For the price of a drink the fine folks at Tico's (17th and M streets) put on a spread that any starving college student would be proud to scarf down by fistfuls. More than enough to keep body and soul together and happy to remain so.

And when your mother calls to ask if you've been eating well, you can hold your head up and say "Sure!" with the best of them. If only you heed the Tico's call.

It's a sure-fire way to impress a date.

As for me, the evening was an unparalleled event.

Yeah, I got lucky.

Finding out about Tico's Happy Hour was the best luck a boy could hope to have.

— Mark Baldrige is the Arts and Entertainment editor and something of a freeloader.



Jeff Haller/DN

Tico's, at 17th and M, offers free hors d'oeuvres in a 4-7 p.m. happy hour.

## Longtime student sings litany of troubles as yet another semester gets under way

By Bryan Peterson

Staff Reporter

I had a terrible first day of classes. In fact, I had a terrible first week of classes.

I would not mind it so much if I were a freshman or sophomore, perhaps even a junior. But I graduated last spring after nearly seven years here at UNL.

Here I am, a part-time student, all that matters in my undergraduate days is finished, and I still cannot get things right.

It all began Monday morning, of course. While walking to campus, I realized that I had no idea where to find either of my two classes. I had a couple copies of my schedule but lost them while making one of my severely overdue tuition payments.

Two classes, though, mean less tuition and less wandering on campus. The English class would be easy to find because that department posts lists of all the classes offered and where to find them, which is really quite decent.

But where would a person begin looking for Japanese 102? The 101 sections were scattered across the most obscure corners of campus, and 102 could not be much better.

It was 9:35 and I was sure my name had just been called by the instructor, so I hurried on. I went to the Administration Building to find a booklet of course listings.

There were two endless lines snaking back and forth through the length of the hall, climbing up the stairs and descending into the basement, and every face looked surly.

There was no way I would ever reach the counter before dark. To create a diversion, I yelled, "There are three slots open in Spanish 102!!"

During the ensuing scurry and scuffle I fought my way up to a counter and found the sole, battered copy of the course listings in the entire building — just as another person snatched it from my grasp.

I waited patiently at first but grew more edgy with each passing minute. This fellow was casually looking up every section of every class

in which he might be interested, and all I needed was a quick glance at a single page.

He set the booklet down to dig in his backpack and I seized the sacred pages, dodging angry cries and a few cheap shots. A few turns of the sheets, and there it was. Or there they were.

The two sections of the class offered at 9:30. I picked the top one and threw the pages in the air. They floated down and the crowd scrambled for them, affording me clear passage to the door.

LH — my class (if I had picked the right section) was in LH. I froze at the bottom of the stairs. Lyman Hall, it had to be. There was no way it could not be.

After picking the wrong entrance and walking the length to the building twice, I found the room. 9:50. Late, but excusable on the first day.

I opened the door and was halfway to a chair when the phrases in the air stirred distant memories. This was a French class. I have already had 16 hours of French, but it has been awhile. "Où est uh, ah, le, no ou est la japonaise?" I managed to stammer.

The people in the room looked at me in a funny way, and I backed out. Outside, a small sign that no one could possibly have noticed directed me to the Military and Naval Science Building.

By this time it was past 10 o'clock and I was running down the hall. B5, B5, where is B5? I found B5 and burst in, and once again the people in the room looked at me in a funny way.

They were the maniac Portuguese students. They began pounding on their desks and making some horrible throat-clearing sound like "BRAAAAA" as their pupils dilated and the tables shook.

Once again I backed out and took bearings, then found an open classroom door. And there I heard the sounds I had so well forgotten over the holiday break — the choppy, syllabic sounds of English speakers trying to learn Japanese.

I had no book, so the final ten minutes of class were rather pointless. I began to wonder

why I was still taking courses and whether an entire semester could be shaped by the first day.

A few days later, I am now certain that morning shaped my entire week. So far, neither bookstore has the Japanese text, and I have been late to class every day.

But it is not just classes. I got a parking ticket right in front of the place I work downtown, ostensibly for "blocking wheelchair access."

There is room for four cars at this particular location, yet there are only two meters. A meter woman told me there are only two meters because there is a break in the curb for wheelchairs. This is fine, but I am not clear as to how this can be considered to be "access" when the opening is covered with 10 inches of snow.

Speaking of being covered with snow... the reason I walked to campus in the first place was that my car had been buried in about 14 feet of snow by the snowplows. I mean, I could climb on top of it and see Wisconsin or something.

So I rented a trencher and dug it out a couple days later. That's when I got the ticket and conceived the writing of this column.

I realized that, bad as it had been, my week could have been worse. Calamities seemed to have stricken many around me, and in each case I felt that things might not have been so bad after all.

My cat got neutered. A friend wrecked her car on the first day she ever took university classes. Another friend came home to find his stove and refrigerator moved and his kitchen floor removed for repairs.

Yes, I thought, things might certainly have been worse.

Then my car got towed. Towed from an alley where people park all day long, every day. My car, with all my homework in it, as well as the money to rescue it from the evil towing people.

I don't want to imagine what might happen between this writing and the time when this column appears in print. But if I am a little grumpy in class today, I hope you will try to understand. These things just should not happen to a person after seven years in college.

## Canadian to dance at Carson Theater

By Sarah Duey  
Staff Reporter

Starting its spring season this weekend with innovative, avant-garde and ethnic performance work, the Lied Center's Carson Theater Ventures will feature performances by choreographer Paul-Andre Fortier.



Canadian Fortier will perform two evenings of solo dance based on the story of a Robinson Crusoe-like character discovering his future.

The winner of Canada's prestigious Chalmers Award for Choreography, Fortier's dance theater work was marked throughout the '80s by its formal imagery, impact and audacity.

His work, "La Tentation de la Transparence," will begin Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. at the Carson Theater. A post-performance question-and-answer session will follow the Saturday evening performance.

General admission tickets are \$15. Students and youth 18 and under can purchase tickets for half price. Tickets can be purchased by calling 472-4747. The Carson box office is also open for ticket sales one hour prior to the performance.

## Reggae fans can enjoy return of Les Exodus

By Carter Van Pelt  
Staff Reporter

Les Exodus, a Minneapolis reggae band, has returned to Lincoln for another three nights of concerts at Rockin' Robin, 1525 O St.



The five-piece band that features members from Tanzania, Trinidad, The Virgin Islands and the United States has returned to Lincoln after three visits last fall.

The band's style of reggae is roots-oriented. Lead singer Innocent credits Bob Marley and Wailers as the band's major influence. At past Lincoln shows, Exodus has covered Wailers' material in its three hour sets.

Innocent said the support the band received at previous shows in Lincoln "shows that people in Lincoln love reggae music."

Les Exodus is currently working on recordings for an album which will be released this spring if a contract is signed with Shanachie Records.

The band plans to relocate from the Twin Cities in order to spread its musical message farther than the Midwest United States. The band's tentative plans are to move to Singapore in Malaysia.

In addition to shows tonight and tomorrow night, Les Exodus is scheduled to perform several live acoustic tracks on "Reggae Fever" this evening at 7 on 90.3 KRNU.

By Dietrich Kappe  
& NM Stan Holse



Most of White's advantage here is that Black's Queen played Qa1-a2 attacking White's Knight on c4. Now if White plays BxKt, Black replies QxKt recovering the piece. Yet after the next move, White can force the win of at least a piece.