

Daily  
Nebraskan

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QUOTES OF THE WEEK

**"I'm going to Disney World."**

— Olympic figure skater Nancy Kerrigan's reaction after she won the silver medal in Lillehammer, Norway.

**"Well, I have already been to McDonald's today. The next stop is Disney World."**

— Lorena Bobbitt, the woman who cut off her husband's penis, after she was released from a mental hospital.

**"We ought to stop this before we get to the edge of the cliff."**

— Sen. Paul Simon, D-Ill., arguing to pass a bill that would require a balanced national budget.

**"All we're asking for is .89 percent, which amounts to less than a dollar per student. Now I don't see any of you being able to buy aspirin for less than that."**

— Kunle Ojikutu, director of the University Health Center, at an Association of Students of the University of Nebraska meeting defending a request for increased student fees.

**"I think we need to distinguish between being fiscally responsible and being a tightwad."**

— Mark Byars, ASUN senator, commenting on an ASUN prerogative.

**"I've never lost my last home game. Not elementary, junior high, high school or whenever it was. I've never lost a final home game."**

— Jamar Johnson, NU basketball player, explaining his focus during the Huskers' win over Oklahoma State Wednesday night.

**"As a coach, I would much rather be in a conference that has three or four teams that have the ability to beat my brains out. But if I win, I'll be in a position to win a national championship."**

— Terry Pettit, NU volleyball coach, voicing his support for the "Big 12" merger.

**"We do not stereotype the College of Business Administration as a den of Neanderthals."**

— UNL chapter of the American Association of University Professors, in a report denying charges by the CBA dean that its Committee W report was part of a "plot" to disrupt the college.

**"Do I have prior political experience? No — and I am proud of it."**

— Jan Stoney, a retired Omaha businesswoman who has announced her candidacy for the U.S. Senate seat occupied by Bob Kerrey.

**"That's the big fly in the buttermilk."**

— Bill Carter Sr., owner of Carter's Country gun stores in Houston, commenting on the difficulty of complying with the federal Brady Law.

**"I have the best team in the nation. But they have to perform. I can sit here and say that all day, and it doesn't mean a thing if they don't go out there and win."**

— Men's gymnastic coach Francis Allen

**"Some critics may see it as a setback, but I saw it as an opportunity to go out and see what a baseball game is like."**

— Michael Jordan, after he went 0-for-3 and dropped a fly ball in his first in an intrasquad game for the Chicago White Sox

EDITORIAL POLICY

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Spring 1994 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. Editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the university, its employees, the students or the NU Board of Regents. Editorial columns represent the opinion of the author. The regents publish the Daily Nebraskan. They establish the UNL Publications Board to supervise the daily production of the paper. According to policy set by the regents, responsibility for the editorial content of the newspaper lies solely in the hands of its students.

LETTER POLICY

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes brief letters to the editor from all readers and interested others. Letters will be selected for publication on the basis of clarity, originality, timeliness and space available. The Daily Nebraskan retains the right to edit or reject all material submitted. Readers also are welcome to submit material as guest opinions. The editor decides whether material should run as a guest opinion. Letters and guest opinions sent to the newspaper become the property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned. Anonymous submissions will not be published. Letters should include the author's name, year in school, major and group affiliation, if any. Requests to withhold names will not be granted. Submit material to the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.



RAINBOW ROWELL

## Love Library makes you loopy

I turned 21 this week.

Ten years ago, as part of a sixth-grade positive peer pressure program, I pledged to abstain from alcohol until I could taste the stuff legally. And for 10 years, I've kept my word.

This week, I passed the last of the significant ages.

They start at age 12, when you can no longer order off the child's menu at Bonanza. At 13, you can call yourself a teen-ager. At 16, you can drive. At 17, you can go see Steven Seagal movies without your mom.

At 18 you can buy cigarettes and get married without permission. And at 21 you can imbibe to your heart's content.

I've never been very good at coming of age. To my shame, my mother forced us to order off the children's menu long after age 12 came and gone. (She insisted we were still young at heart.)

I didn't learn to drive until I was 20. That same year, I had to beg the Starship 9 manager to let me see "White Men Can't Jump." I've since learned to carry proper ID.

And now, my 21st birthday has passed, and I still haven't drowned my sorrows and everything else in the university student's beverage of choice.

No sirree, I had better things to do Thursday. I was at Love Library trying to find a book about Johann Gutenberg — inventor of movable type.

Now I'm not complaining. Anyone who has spent an hour or so in Love Library — and even a few minutes feels like an hour — doesn't need to get drunk. No other building on campus is its very own hallucinogenic experience.

You start by becoming disoriented. It helps that most of the doors to the outside don't even open, including the front door. The one opening is hidden under a dark walkway.

When you begin looking for a book, your disorientation grows. You consult IRIS, the ever-helpful and dishonest library computer program, and it assures you that yes, your book is available.

You write down a 65-digit call number that means absolutely nothing to anyone. So you have to ask for help at the information desks. The librarian with the kaleidoscope eyes



I thought they must open into rooms full of books for extremely short people. Or perhaps, I thought, this is where they keep the clown books.

pretends to know what the number means and sends you off on your wild goose chase. Her face seems to fade before her serene smile. Have a nice trip.

What's really disturbing is that at this point, you actually believe you're doing fine. You might have a case of the heebie-jeebies, but you still think you're going to find your book or magazine or journal and be on your merry way.

Now they spin you around. To go up to the third level, you probably have to go down to the basement first, and through a walkway and down the back stairs. Up to go down, right to go to left. Click your heels three times and chant, "There's no place like home."

The book you need can probably only be found by climbing through stairwells beyond doors proclaiming, "Fire Door, Do Not Enter."

As you brave deeper and deeper into Love's heart, you notice the doors are getting smaller. They start out normal, but as you descend, you have to nod your head a bit to clear the doorway.

Down another level, you have to completely bend over to step through. Glance around for a cake labeled "Eat me," but you won't find one.

When I first encountered these doors during my Gutenberg search, I thought they must open into rooms full of books for extremely short people. Or perhaps, I thought, this is where they keep the clown books.

But no, the tiny door opened into a full-size room, and there wasn't a clown book in the joint. There were, however, many Gutenberg books, all of them written in German.

I now believe the librarians must use those doors after they've successfully fed all the students to the Love Library beast, and have nothing to do

until closing time. Maybe they use them to limbo or to pretend they're Smurfs.

"Look at me, I'm crawling through a little door. Gargamel will never catch me now."

The weirdness is heightened by the changing temperatures. In one room, it's oppressively hot. The air is warm, thick, heavy, sluggish.

These sections are usually spotted with students you've never seen on campus, staring at academic journals but never turning the page. Ancient fans blow and somewhere in the distance, you hear Jim Morrison crooning "The End."

The horror, the horror. Elsewhere, the Stacks are mysteriously cold and windy, as if you've just bitten into a York Peppermint Patty. You just can't trust a room with its own wind. Buildings shouldn't have independent climates.

As you pass the never-ending signs warning against sexual assault, your uneasiness mounts. You find yourself bewitched, cut off forever from everything you had known once — somewhere — far away, in another existence, perhaps.

With apologies to Joseph Conrad, I don't understand Love Library. I like giant macramé wall hangings as much as the next guy, but the place spooks me.

Librarians are a crazy bunch. But what can you expect from a profession whose most famous member was named Dewey Decimal?

Wasn't it Timothy Leary, doctor of library science, who said, "Tune in, turn on and drop your books off at the desk"?

Rowell is a junior news-editorial, advertising and English major and the Daily Nebraskan opinion page editor.

## P.S. Write Back

The Daily Nebraskan wants to hear from you. If you want to voice your opinion about an article that appears in the newspaper, let us know. Just write a brief letter to the editor and sign it (don't forget your student ID number) and mail it to the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R Street, Lincoln, NE 68588-0448, or stop by the office in the basement of the Nebraska Union and visit with us. We're all ears.

