

Keep on breathing as year keeps turning

Looking back at the school year — as if through a dense low lying fog — there are very few things that stand out in my mind.

What classes DID I take last semester? What classes am I taking now? Where did I park my car today? Did I remember to brush my teeth this morning?

At least I have my old columns to freshen my tired intellect, to remind myself that I have weekly performed a task of great, ahem, social value.

So I'd like, at this time — what time is it anyway? — to bring you up to snuff on the important issues I pondered as a pundit this last year.

My teeth. Remember that root canal I had in September? Things are fine now, dentally speaking, thank you. Although I am considering changing my major to dentistry with a minor in endontology (those are the people who actually DO the root canals, poking little toothpicks up in your hollowed out tooth for an hour while listening to classical music in order to drown out your groans, and then charging you \$415 for the favor.)

It never worked out between Billy Joel and I despite the dream I had — or was it a dream? — in which he was crooning sweet nothings in my ear.

My youngest son, who will remain nameless, is still potty impaired. There is yet frequent evidence of racing stripe syndrome in his underwear, but I'm giving him until third grade to get it figured out after which I'm no longer buying him new skivvies.

I'm still working on reading "Women Who Run With The Wolves," although it makes a better doorstop than a bedtime story. (As soon as they come out with a Cliff's Notes version give me a call.)

My inner self is fighting lethargy, my higher self is on an ego-trip and my inner child wants an entire pan of Rice Krispie bars all to herself. (getting off the self-help book bandwagon is an arduous process, so cut me some slack.)

I'm proud to say that I have not spent a single minute of this splendid spring inside the weight room at Cook Pavilion. Therefore all my flab and cellulite remain tenuously in place, prompting my daughter, thoughtful child that she is, to tell me that the fat on my legs moves when I walk. Thank you Anna.

And yes, I did enter the realm of razors.



Cindy Lange-Kubick

My legs are now as hairless, and might I say as attractive, as those of a newborn baby field mouse.

The tub has been scrubbed, Higgins is still my baby and my prolonged case of inertia yet lingers.

I occasionally have lust in my heart, my husband and I remain heavily into masochism — now we have TWO son's taking piano lessons — and my eldest, Justin, has yet to develop a single environmental bone in his body.

Anna well on her way to becoming Real, has gotten over the death of Peaches and donated his cage to her brother. (To put HIS guinea pig in.)

Actually looking back on the year I have a lot of gratitude. My prolonged college career is soon to end. (The highlight coming a few years back when a classmate in Spanish 101 asked me which sorority I belonged to.)

I've come to accept the fact that as I age the wrinkles multiple exponentially while the zits I had in high school re-occur with regularity.

Life is not about pithy slogans. There is no soundtrack, no evenhandedness, and as my children so frequently and annoyingly remind me in life: "Nothing is fair."

This past year, on my 34th birthday, Harold Lamont Otey was electrocuted by the state of Nebraska.

Twelve-year-old Skye Spence, a young man my oldest son's age, was killed by a train.

And last week, far too many babies in Oklahoma have gone to heaven.

And we can't turn back the clock. We can't re-wind the last 12 months, re-play the good parts and edit out the rest.

So. We go on.

We just keep breathing.

Lange-Kubick is a senior news-editorial and sociology major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Upcoming UPC Events Fall '95

August

- 18 Big Red Welcome
- 23-25 CBS College Tour
- 28-31 Poster/Art Sale

September

- 10 Intn. Film: An Unforgettable Summer
- 19 Barry Williams (a.k.a Greg Brady from the Brady Bunch)
- 21 Barry Drake - history of '70s Rock & Roll (multimedia lecture)
- 24 Intn. Film: Before the Rain (Macedonia)
- 28 Steven Petronio Dance Company (exhibition)

AND...Wacky Wednesdays are BACK!



October

- 7 The Spencers Magic (One of the best acts touring the college circuit)
- 8 Intn. Film: Germinal (France)
- 11 Col. Margarethe Commemeyer - Serving in Silence (lecture)
- 12 Denny Dent & his two Fisted Art Attack (energy, talent...awesome)
- 14-15 Pow-Wow (cosponsored with UNITE)
- 17 MAJOR COMEDIAN TBA
- 22 Intn. Film: I Am Cuba (Cuba/USSR)
- 31 Fun Flicks - Make your own music video!

November

- 2 Foyal Shakespear Theatre
- 9 Kathy Buckley (hearing-impaired comedian... unbelievable performer)
- 11 Night in the Orient
- 12 Intn. Film: Lasho Drom (France)
- 15 Debate-Rap Music is a Menace to Society
- Curtis Sliwa, founder of Guadian Angels-Pro
- Prof. Giff, founder of Public Enemy-Con.

December

- 3 Intn. Film To Live (China)

Daily Nebraskan

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SCHOOL'S OUT FIESTA

★ **TENT EXTRAVAGANZA w/DJ**
Cinco Eve Thursday, May 4th

- Half-price Margaritas All Day
- FREE Nacho Bar After 4pm
- Midnight Cuervo Toast w/50¢ Shots
- FREE Fried Ice Cream w/any entree
- Buy One Combination Dinner, Get One FREE, 2-5pm

Cinco de Mayo Friday, May 5th

- Enjoy a Cinco Rita and Keep Commemorative Glass!
- Buy One Combination Dinner, Get One FREE, 2-5 pm



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