

Heather
LAMPE

Home on derange

Ne'er a beautiful day livin' the apartment way



Pardon the bags under my eyes. I was kept awake again last night by the amorous clamoring of my next-door neighbors. Apparently 2 a.m. is the optimum time for them to practice their nude trapeze act. Unbeknownst to them, I and most of the third floor can hear their swinging.

I don't know why I even bother getting upset anymore. Last night's lovefest only added to the many negative aspects of living in an apartment. Until I can afford a mortgage, I am stuck with being subjected to 3B's audio-porno three to five times a week.

But I shouldn't blame my sex-starved neighbors for all of my woes. They aren't the only reason I hate living in a leased cube. Apartment laundry rooms also add to my grief. The building I live in has two washing machines and two dryers for 18 apartments. This may seem like a

decent ratio. But you can be sure that anytime I need to wash my unmentionables, someone will be occupying the machines.

I can attempt to do laundry at 3 a.m., and someone's laundry will still be in the machine. There are several people in my building who leave their laundry unattended and forget about it for hours. If I want to wash mine, I must be forced to touch someone's stained BVD's. I would rather wear mine inside out than do that.

You can always pick out apartment-dwellers by their attire. Any piece of white clothing is always a nice pale shade of yellow because of the hard water. You will also recognize an apartment-dweller if the person incessantly asks for change. You can easily drop \$10 washing three loads of laundry. The dryers are rigged so you have to dry a load three times before it gets dry. You are either forced to spend your life's savings, become a beggar or suffer the consequences of wet jeans.

"Hey, man, can you spare some change?"

"Get a job, you loser. You smell like stale laundry. Hey, Heather, is that you?"

I've just never felt at home in an apartment. There is something eerie about living in a place where an

average of 30 other people have lived. I don't care how many times they've cleached the carpet.

I once lived in an apartment that had a bed that came out of the wall. I wanted to bring my own mattress, but it wouldn't fit the circa-1920 frame. So I had to use their mattress, and let me say, no amount of mattress covering could ease my cootie fear.

It's also impossible to feel at home in a place where there are strict guidelines about hanging pictures. You better hang it right the first time, because in most apartments you aren't allowed to spackle and paint if you mess up. There was an entire provision in my current lease that detailed the type of nails I was allowed to use. I had to hire an attorney and the Ace helpful hardware man before I could hang my clock.

There is also a bevy of other rules that make you realize your home isn't really your home. Some apartments don't allow pets. Some don't allow smokers. Some don't allow people under certain ages. So, basically, if you want to live in some apartments, you will have to put your children up for adoption, put your pets to sleep and kick the habit.

One apartment complex that I wanted to live in even wanted to know the make and model of my car.

If my car was a 1985 model or older, I could kiss my chances goodbye. Pinto owners beware, you're being discriminated against.

Why don't the apartment managers get real? They can have rules to make the atmosphere more tolerable, but let the tenants have some input.

Here are some rules I propose:

■ No parking crooked in the parking lot. Why do they even bother painting lines?

■ No cooking with coriander,

cumin, curry or any other nasty spice that might fumigate the hallways.

You might enjoy Peking duck, but it's peeling the varnish off my door.

■ It is mandatory that you clean out the dryer vent after you're finished. I refuse to touch anyone else's underwear lint.

■ And last, but not least, no sex after 11 p.m. You know who you are.

Lampe is a senior news-editorial and English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.



MATT HANEY/DN

Steve
WILLEY

A few good lawsuits

Who needs facts when you've got an imagination?



Don't be surprised if you read the following story — or at least one similar to it — in tomorrow's newspapers:

FAT COLUMNIST INCREDIBLY DUMB

LINCOLN — In an unprecedented and alarmingly stupid effort to get his newspaper sued, Daily Nebraskan columnist Steve Willey cited no sources in his Friday column, while claiming that many prominent people, including President Clinton, have been involved in strange and ludicrous events.

The column — though extremely well-written by an obviously talented and handsome journalist — used impropriety and blatant lies to buttress Willey's venomous assaults on national and local figures.

During an emergency press conference late Friday evening, Willey told reporters that the sole objective of the column was to incite lawsuits against his paper.

"I have no unrealized motive," Willey said, "except to witness the mass suing of the newspaper that currently employs me and to have it done by only the nation's finest lawyers."

That's right folks, the column you're reading right now will have

inspired that story. For you see, I'm on a quest to get the Daily Nebraskan sued. Why? Well, the answer is quite simple.

After researching many of the nation's most successful newspapers, (New York Times, Washington Post and the Gobberville-Star-Bugle-Gazette-Rutabaga-Monkey-Tribune) I noticed that they all shared a common thread: lawsuits — and lots of them.

I also observed that some of the newspapers even had million-dollar law teams devoted to the legal representation of the publications. After learning these facts, I contacted my editors to see if the Daily Nebraskan had a lawyer.

Imagine my shock when I learned that the DN's lawyer is also the same man who unclogs the commodes in the student union! That's right, the DN's lawyer is a janitor named Zoopy.

But to the Daily Nebraskan's credit, there really hasn't been a need for legal representation. The most recent lawsuit filed against the school newspaper was in 1963 when the paper published an article documenting the benefits of drinking liquid Drano.

So being the company-minded individual that I am, I thought it would be in the DN's best interest if

it could, like all great newspapers, generate some lawsuits. I plan on being the catalyst that gets the ball rolling.

I'll have no proof, mind you, of the facts I'm about to divulge. None. Not the slightest shred of evidence that might cause me to think this way. I am simply committing the act of libel and defamation in an attempt to provoke the accused into "suing the pants off of the DN," and, thus, making it into a quality newspaper.

Now, I realize that my reputation is at stake here. In most papers, libelous words — especially if they are intentional — are usually enough to terminate the writer's job. But I'm willing to hold the smoking gun on this one. The future success of this paper depends on it.

So please read, and, more importantly, believe what you read about these notable people. For without the reader's belief that these reports are indeed truthful, the lawsuits will, in all likelihood, be forever doomed.

FACT ONE: Few people know that in 1970, then-college student Bill Clinton was referred to as "Doobic Boy" by his peers in England. Clinton purchased marijuana by the bushel and was said to have gotten so stoned one

evening, he consumed 143 crumpets and later attempted to eat one of the boulders at Stonehenge.

Of course he was arrested, but what even fewer people know is that while in jail, he was "accosted" 11 times by a police dog wearing a Woody Allen mask. And though Clinton made it abundantly clear that he didn't "not like it," he said the incident has wrought severe emotional trauma.

Oddly, in the past two years, the dog has made 14 trips to the White House where he has slept in the Lincoln bedroom. On the last trip, the canine — whom I might remind can also sue for libel — escaped with the antique cheese grater President Lincoln used to "erode" the bunions on his feet.

This act angered Hillary Clinton immensely as she often used the grater to remove her makeup at the end of the day. I might add that Bill Clinton noted in an interview last April that without makeup, his wife looks "remarkably similar to Alex Haley, only she's got smaller breasts."

FACT TWO: I also have no proof whatsoever that pop singer Michael Jackson is masterminding a plot to assassinate Joe Camel, the trendy model for Camel cigarettes. Jackson is angry because Joe Camel glorifies

smoking, especially to the young people he "loves" so much.

Jackson plans to have his pet chimpanzee, Bubbles, drive a dump truck full of camel dung into the R.J. Reynolds building in North Carolina. According to the plan, before Bubbles ignites the explosive poo, he has been instructed by Jackson to repeat the following phrase: "Live by the Camel, die by the Camel! (monkey is to grab crotch and look skyward) Hee-HEEEEE!"

FACT THREE: I also have a true tidbit to announce about someone much closer to home. I happen to know for a fact that Gov. Ben Nelson has fake ears! It's true! The ears you see are really no more than coffee mugs specially painted to resemble human ears.

In a photo appearing in the Lincoln Journal Star, (which, as a fellow newspaper, is obligated to sue the DN) you can actually see Gov. Nelson dipping a doughnut into his removed ear which, I can only assume, was filled with moonshine. The governor lost his ears in the early '70s when he tried to squeeze between two obese woman during a BeeGee's concert.

I could list thousands of other facts but I think I have enough now to bring about three good defamations of character lawsuits. I hate to "tattle" on personal issues but I think it's the best way to get the DN, the national attention it deserves.

I'm glad I could help; it sure wasn't easy — what with my opinion editor sexually harassing me while I typed. Make that FOUR good lawsuits.

Willey is a senior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.