

bart
becker
gnostic
turpitude

Things are in a mighty sorry state. The bad news is the state of ASUN elections. They're all serious, for God's sake.

I remember the days when we didn't have to spend an afternoon at Hyde Park with our brains all tied in knots by the politicking around us. Seems like yesterday that folks like the Yippies and the Grease and Freedom parties were smoothing things out.

I can remember Alan Siporin telling open-mouthed audiences in 1970 that if elected his policy would be legalized euthanasia. ("Gee, Grampa, you remember that?") And I can remember him missing most of the election.

A year later (last year) the Grease and Freedom party gave us "Nothin' better 'n Beer," and Rick Apthorpe spewing straightfaced news conference statements like, "As a young man entering college I typified American youth. Alas, with the flowing tide of time I became more realistic, and more committed. Now I've got it all together."

The candidates are still pretty funny, without really trying, I'm sure. They proved it Thursday afternoon at their debate-and without the help of any spoof candidates. I was there and I heard some pretty remarkable things.

One of the candidates, they may as well be anonymous here, when asked what he had done during his tenure in ASUN senate, replied with a lengthy statement of his accomplishments in the Engineering College.

Another mentioned that he had omitted a human rights plank from his platform because everybody else has one. And neither of them cracked a smile.

I'd rather fly upside down in a glider plane than listen to another one of those.

So before things get out of hand, I'd like to endorse Alan Siporin and Rick Apthorpe for collective president of the ASUN Senate.

Seriously, vote in the elections on Wednesday. In addition to the election of senate officers and senators, issues including beer on campus and a revised ASUN constitution are on the ballot. If you vote, you likely won't feel any worse than you did today and somebody else might feel better for it.

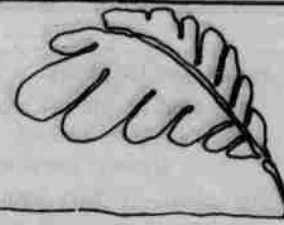
This is an unabashed plug in favor of non-capitalistic ventures, the creative revolution, having a good time and mostly in favor of beans.

Can O' Beans, is a comic that myself and some other folks got up. We did it somewhat because we think that a smile can, in fact, be an umbrella, and we believe for every drop of rain that falls... a flower grows!

There isn't much I can do to tell you more-John Sinclair and Regent Robert Prokop bought copies last week. It's just 15 cents at a booth in the Union (sometimes), the ASUN Record Store, Dirt Cheap, the General Store, Unit and Blue Sky Books.

In addition to selling Lincoln's only comic, these places are into doing economically right by the folks in the community.

So give us the break we're willing to give you. Buy Can O' Beans. All the profits go back into improving the next issue, and providing it at the same price. You can't lose on the deal.



to the
editor

Dear editor:

I'd like to share a portion of a letter received from a friend stationed aboard the USS Hancock:

To fight but why
I kill, people every day.
Maybe I'm not the one who drops the bomb.
I might not aim, and shoot the gun
but in my own way I help to kill
Many people, and it makes me ill.
I'm nothing but a sailor it's true
A snipe at that, between me and you.
I'm stationed on a man of war
A bird farm I've heard it called before.
We carry the planes that spread death and hate
And once your here, ya know, it's too late.
Too late to stop this horrible mess.
The only thing left is what, to be depressed.
That does no one any good.
Maybe try to make myself understood
To tell people of the wrong we do
They don't believe they say it's not true.
We are here to fight for the rights
Of the people we killed the last few nights.
Now that their dead, they are free
Thanks to us, you and me.
So we have done our job it's true.
I hope you feel good about the work you do.

The Sad Sailor

"You know I never really realized how much I was against this stupid 'so called war' until I got over here. To think that everyday the planes leave loaded and come back empty and where it goes. You can bet for damn sure they don't drop it in the water. I have really been restless lately. I find it hard to sleep, when I do sleep I dream awful things. The other night I layed down, got out Mona's picture and stared at it until I slept. It was the first night in a week I slept peacefully. I dreamt again but this time they were pleasant dreams of Mona and myself. I relived many of the things I've done in the past. It was so beautiful. When I woke up I was at peace with myself for a while."

Michael C. Randall

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Sartor Hamann

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