

## Eco 3 : campus

All too often students see the ecology as a combination of several ideals—complicated, optimistic and unrealistic ideals.

These ideals, while admirable, are usually inconsequential. More often, what students need is insight into their immediate environment, the UNL campus.

For far too long students have emphasized the nonsubstantial side of ecology and ignored the dirt-under-the-fingernails facts: UNL is in desperate need of ecological concern.

Take, for example the wastepaper strewn from one end of the campus to the other, making the University more a giant waste basket than a campus. A trivial concern? Not really. Every small component of the problem of ecological neglect makes a solution more unlikely.

Take also plans for a new East Campus Union—which may be placed directly in the center of a now-grassy mall. Some East Campus students have complained that this placement of the new East Union will destroy one of the few green areas left for students.

Remembering the destruction of many East Campus pine trees this summer for a road-widening project, it seems even the

agricultural community is not safe from environmental rape. And, of course, City Campus is already little more than a cement slab.

Consider also, the lack of a total campus ecology study. As far as can be ascertained, no real effort to study the UNL campus ecology problems has been made. Which in many ways explains ecological nonconcern in campus planning and expansion. No one knows the exact status of the UNL environment—or where it will go in the future.

ASUN's Environmental Task Force has made some definite moves toward a constructive campus ecology program. However, it has received little help in its efforts from the student body or the administration.

A Task Force-initiated plan requesting the University to buy recycled mimeograph paper was rejected by the University on the grounds that the 15 per cent increase in cost of the paper was not economical. Obviously, priorities are somewhat misplaced.

Similar is the runaround given the Task Force by University Job Pool this year. Last year, you will remember, the *Daily Nebraskan* and the University cooperated in placing and emptying recycling barrels for used newsprint around campus. At the end of the year, the University picked up the barrels, with the

professed intention of returning them this fall.

Over the summer, however, many of the barrels were misplaced. Some mysteriously turned up as trash barrels, but the whereabouts of most are unknown.

So now the campus has gone without recycling barrels for a full month. And despite the urging of the Task Force, which is now assisting with the project and the *Daily Nebraskan* the barrels are not out yet. (Promises are that the barrels will be placed Monday.)

Finally, one of the most affirmative actions taken by any area of the University has come from the residence halls.

Burr Hall has begun a newsprint and can recycling project, which it hopes to expand to include a larger area of East Campus.

Another effort in this direction is in the works at Abel and Sandoz Halls, where the residents will be holding a can and newsprint drive to raise funds for the All University Fund. Both these projects are clearly worthy of commendation.

The sad part is that without help from the University these projects will fail. The administration and the student body must both lay aside ideals and start doing the dirty work.

Jim Gray



## Botch (the Elder) finds strange new twist

Someone once said journalists never really lie, they just print the news as they would like you to see it. Ever since the time a local reporter quoted the first and last words of a statement I made, but invented everything in between, I just haven't been much of a believer in the printed word.

Yet it was with no small amount of anxiety that I approached the seventh level stacks in Love Library last week. I had just read a statement by an up and coming regent candidate, a statement which bitterly condemned the lawlessness and disorder running rampant on this campus. I hadn't really noticed much of anything running about campus lately, let alone anything running rampant. (I thought the campus police had some sort of law against that.)

At any rate, this same regent candidate went on to criticize the University administration for its "excessive permissiveness," which has not only allowed students to become exposed to "every form of human depravity," but has also resulted in "the fear some students have of entering the library to study in the

evening."

Needless to say, my curiosity as well as my blood pressure rose as I thought about that last statement. Could it be that I have spent three years, two months, and four days on this campus, completely exposed to every form of human depravity, and have not been aware of it?

Is it possible that one man, known to frequent University grounds only occasionally, knows more about campus life than any student who lives there year-around? It was with a sinking heart and befuddled mind that I entered the library to do my own investigating.

It didn't take time to immerse myself in study once I'd climbed the steps to seventh floor Love. Nevertheless, I somehow couldn't shake the feeling that someone was watching me. And sure enough, only ten minutes after I'd settled myself in, a man in a trench coat, with a hat pulled low over his face, emerged from the shadows. Naturally I was somewhat surprised, but I became even more so when I recognized this

strange figure as old former State Senator Precipice Botch (the Elder).

"What are you doing here?" I demanded to know.

"I am exercising my rights as a citizen of this state by...by...by..." he sputtered.

I noticed that a book had dropped from his coat pocket as he approached me. "What are you reading?" I asked as I picked it up and began to leaf through the pages. I immediately noticed that band aids had been placed over several of the drawings and many of the photographs, yes, even many of the sentences had been blacked out. I rushed to the nearest book shelf and started flicking through the pages. All the books had received the same treatment.

"This is censorship!" I cried in dismay.

Old Botch merely smiled and said, "I've only just begun to curb the tide of evil and disruption on this campus. Wait until the November regent elections."

I could only groan in reply. It seems politics in Nebraska have taken a strange new twist.

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