

First victories

There were two surprises in store this weekend for football fan parents of UNL dormitory residents. First was the impressive defeat of UCLA at the hands of a well-oiled Cornhusker team. The second, and in some ways more impressive, was the residence hall visitation boycott coordinated by the Residence Hall Assoc.

The boycott was met with mixed reactions from parents. Some were angered, some didn't care. But none of those who were refused admittance to their sons' or daughters' rooms will continue to view the visitation issue in the same way. The injustice of the current visitation regulations was thrown before them. They saw for the first time that it makes no difference to the Board of Regents what the intention is of any person who wishes to enter a dormitory room occupied by a member of the opposite sex. Be the reason orgy or motherhood, the act of visitation is viewed in the same way by the board.

In a sense, the visitation boycott is a greater victory than the football game: it has brought dorm students together for the first time since the threatened mass violation of 1972. With the exception of a few babes in the woods who believe the regents actually are concerned with their well-being, the dorms acted as a team and by so doing have demonstrated they might be a power to reckon with.

RHA President Carolyn Grice has said "We're certainly not going to stop here." They must not. It is important that they work together to win by any means necessary their right to control their own living environment.

'Your own risk'

There seems to be a problem with priorities at Love Library. Construction officials working on the site north of the library have told UNL administrators that it is dangerous for students to use the walkway beneath the construction. They say they told the library staff to open the south doors so the walkway can be closed.

The library disagrees. They say they can't afford to open the south doors since they would have to hire more persons to watch them. One official said he believes it no more dangerous to use the walkway than to walk down a Lincoln street. But construction officials say it is possible that tools might fall on students walking there. How often is someone in danger of falling tools on a Lincoln street?

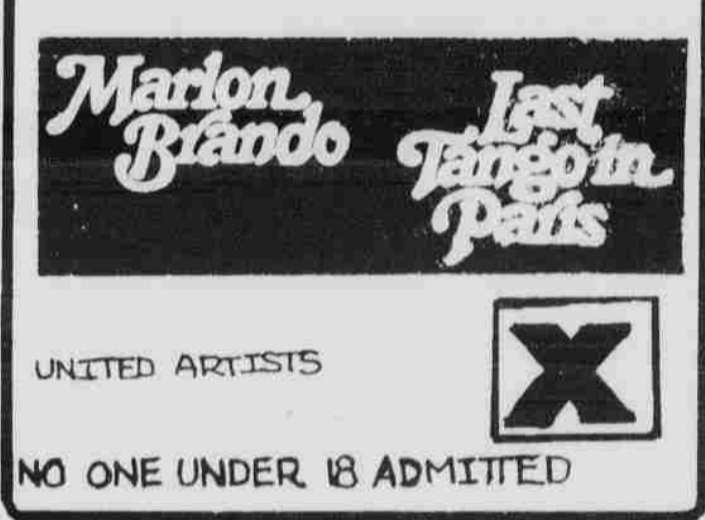
So foolish is the "safe as any Lincoln street" argument, that one must conclude the actual problem at the library is money. The library must be afraid or too lazy to ask

It is written that the scholar shall arise, break his bonds and combat the old ones... Wicked are the old ones, for they worship Dick the pagan, god of wealth!



Damned forever are those who sacrifice their own child for wealth!

Who dares censor our knowledge and actions?



What--but Hall could keep a father from seeing his woman-child?



Yearning is not enough, arise, rebel, be free...



the administration for additional funds to hire the persons needed to staff the south entrance.

Steps must be taken immediately to assure the safety of students and others using the walkway. The university should contact state

or local officials to find out if the walkway is too dangerous for use. If it is found to be a hazard, as construction workers say it is, then it should be closed. Library officials shouldn't ignore warnings made by men who know construction and the hazards it might present.

Michael (O.J.) Nelson

Redneck bars experiencing shift in attitudes

"Shit, I work my ass off day and night, and now I'm tired."

"Did you hear that Al picked up \$75 on the horses last week?"

"Well, I'm glad someone's making money. I just dropped a hundred on my girl's school books."

"Well, you should have thought of that before she was 20."

"What do you want me to do, hang out a red light? I'm just tryin' to figure out how to pay the rent."

This dialogue is similar to that made famous by the Archie Bunkers and the Joes. It is the speech of the working man sitting at the bar, drinking a beer with friends. It is likely to invoke visions of bullnecked construction workers or cowboys. But no matter what your vision of a redneck, everyone is familiar with the redneck bar, the loose talking, easy offendin', country western wailin' bastion of Spiro's Silent Majority. They are the often undereducated, hardnosed folks of the Far Right. And this illusion is reinforced by movies, folk tales and an occasional case of personal harassment.

But despite its apparent resistance to change, today there is a subtle shift taking place in working men's bars. Because of this, the opening quote is not so typical as it looks.

First, the discussion was not between two men but between a man and a woman. Their bond was not

one of marriage or sexual attraction but rather one between persons who must work hard for a living, people who, like Ben of *The Graduate*, are concerned about their futures.

Second, the two were not alone. In fact, they were sharing a beer with a somewhat shaggy college student. All this in what one might call a redneck bar.

Working men's bars tend to be taking on a slightly new style, including traces of tolerance and acceptance. When I asked a bartender how he would describe the changed bar, he said it was reverting to something similar to the neighborhood-style tavern.



"Obviously, it can't be a neighborhood bar out here, but we have about 85 per cent regulars, and the result is that I get to know most of them and they get to know each other pretty well."

There is no easy way to characterize the type of person who becomes a regular. They range from industrial workers to college students, from prison guards to women of the night. Interestingly enough, regulars seem to accept one another more as a regular than as a member of a stereotyped group. The redneck talk still is there, but without the bitterness, and offense often is followed with a conciliatorily-bought draw.

Perhaps the most important sign that can be seen in the slow transformation of the working men's bar is a regression toward community—not a community of a thousand workmen in the same plant or 20,000 college students of whom one knows only a fraction—but towards a small community where people know each other, where the bartender knows you by your first name, where it's not looked down upon to be happy, sad or worried.

The move toward the small, familiar setting is a move that is and will be mirrored in other areas of our society. It is a response to living in a giant, uncaring world and to the spreading isolation to which we all are subject. There must be some place where one can confide without fear, a free port of familiar faces where one is known and thus lessen the terrible burdens we all must carry.

"I wish I had a mother who jiked me, and didn't have a big nose, so I could leave her with the kids, and be rich before I die."