

Ticket status unequal

Even student leaders seem satisfied with the second-class status given UNL students.

All but one of the student members on the Council on Student Life (CSL) Thursday voted down a recommendation that would have asked the Athletic Dept. to treat UNL faculty, staff and students equally when confiscating football tickets for misuse.

The recommendation, part of the report of the CSL ad hoc fees and fines subcommittee, would have required that all university faculty, staff and students entering Memorial Stadium for football games have their identification checked. Ticket confiscation penalties would have applied to all.

Technically, the Athletic Dept. confiscates tickets from all three groups when owners transfer them.

The subcommittee, however, discovered that the faculty and staff seldom, if ever, even are checked for identification.

The subcommittee's proposal for equality was defeated 12 to one. Only CSL student member Chip Lowe voted for the proposal, because it was an attempt "to treat all of the university population the same."

The rest of the council agreed with CSL faculty member Terry Klopfenstein, who said, "I don't think Chancellor Zumberge should be treated the same as a new freshman."

All three UNL groups have the privilege of buying season tickets at reduced rates. Likewise, all should be subject to the same regulations against transferring tickets.

If Zumberge is selling his ticket on the black market or giving it to his third cousin, shouldn't he be subject to the same punishment as the freshman who does the same?

Perhaps CSL's faculty and staff members acted out of self-interest in voting down the subcommittee's proposal.

Student members have no excuse for their complacency. By not voting for the proposal, they only have helped to further the subjugation of UNL students.

Jane Owens

Zum-Zum nuts over loss

Editor's note: Alan Peterson is a 1973 graduate of UNL.

Once upon a time, in the broad, flat western woods, there lived a colony of squirrels. More than twenty thousand had come together there, and they lived in the domain of Zum-Zum.

One usually wouldn't expect to find such a dense concentration of squirrels in one place, but this was a special place, and these were strange times: Zum-Zum had all the acorns.

It had not always been so. The old-timers, fat old squirrels who cackled when they chattered, remembered that Zum-Zum once had been a lowly iceman, freezing his tail off just for ice, and in those days he was of no importance to the survival of squirrel society. Even squirrels know that nobody can corner the market on ice.

But Zum-Zum had a plan. Time passed, and one day it was discovered that Zum-Zum had worked his way into the acorn game, and the boys in the backroom constantly were heard to make cryptic references to "the big Z." Soon the truth came out: Zum-Zum was the big cheese when it came to acorns.

As his organization grew, so did his influence. And as his influence grew, more and more squirrels began to think his organization was the only source of acorns.

The word went out from tree to tree, bush to bush, across streams and meadows and salt flats: "Zum-Zum has all the acorns." (And if a few of his P.R. people helped the word along...well, so much the better for the acorn trade.)

Yes, Zum-Zum was indeed the squirrel of the hour. He was a Respected Figure in his community, and his crisp white hair (the color of warm, melting ice), combined with his crisp, erect stride, lent even more to his image.

But how quickly fame and power pass, and for what trifling reasons. Time was still passing—Zum-Zum's time specialist, Hal-Hal, had forgotten to stop it.

One day, the Squirrel Council, a group of eager and dedicated public servants, was debating the matter of tickets to the nutcracking team's home games.

It seems that everyone in the entire western woods had gone ape over nutcracking. They wore outlandish costumes, painted the team's colors everywhere, cheered the team's leader, Hum-Hum, wherever he went and sent the nutcrackers sweets—and a black market in tickets was flourishing. The council especially was concerned that the bourgeoisie squirrels, Zum-Zum's distributors, were overlooked when the ticket enforcers came around, while the average squirrel on the street was being punished disproportionately for selling his ticket.

To climax a long and impassioned speech in defense of the bourgeoisie, Ho-Hum, one of the council members said, "I don't think Zum-Zum should be treated the same as Rum-Dum."

Now, this was a bad mistake. It wasn't that Ho-Hum had implied that Zum-Zum was selling his ticket—can you visualize Zum-Zum standing in front of the nuthouse, trying to sell his ticket?

But Ho-Hum had picked on the wrong squirrel when he singled out Rum-Dum, because this was one squirrel who had his nut together. Rum-Dum knew something, and he was just waiting for his chance.

Although he didn't have many acorns, Rum-Dum was a squirrel who spoke his piece. Jumping to his hind feet, he screamed, "Whaddaya mean, Zum-Zum shouldn't be treated the same as me? He doesn't even have all the acorns!" Then he stood there angrily, tail lashing and ears quivering, while the council burst into an uproar.

When the turmoil died down, Rum-Dum explained he had traveled beyond Zum-Zum's realm, and he had seen more acorns than anyone could ever dream of controlling.

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Apathy disillusionions activated activist

It's peculiar to be nostalgic about somebody else's experiences.

Perhaps that is what makes it so hard to describe the emotions Dick Gregory stirred in me last week. They were all things I had felt before—the anger and outrage, the sense of community with others thinking the same thoughts—but they were all secondhand emotions, based on things I only read about or saw on television.

While college campuses were rising up angrily in the late '60s, I was cozily tucked away in the conservative apathy of a Grand Island high school, following the student movement in the press and offering unsuccessfully trying to radicalize my friends. When

Woodstock proved "peace" and "love" were more than idealistic slogans, I could picture myself amid that family of 400,000, hearing the gods of rock call the "volunteers of Amerika" to revolution.

So I mourned for Martin Luther King Jr. and Bobby Kennedy, wore a black armband for the Vietnam moratorium and was angered by the Chicago riots in 1968, the Cambodian invasion and the subsequent murders at Kent State and Jackson State.

During those years of distant support, the youth of America seemed united in a struggle against war and injustice. They represented an enormous groundswell of anti-Establishment sentiments, destined to cast off the shackles of past corruption.

But my support was nothing more than activism-by-proxy. I believed in the "The Cause" but let others do something about it, while I went about my every-day, middle-class, WASP existence.

Things will be different in college, I thought. There I'll find the people who worked the magic of activism in the '60s, and together we'll save the world.

ray walden

walden three

It didn't happen that way. The student movement died before I had a chance to join it. The military draft and direct U.S. involvement in Vietnam ended. Draft-bait, who formerly had demonstrated against the war from behind the shield of a student deferment, suddenly had everything to lose by rocking the academic boat. They were no longer faced with the moral decision of whether they could fight in an immoral war.

The 1972 presidential election did more to kill the movement than anything else. It wasn't so much that the youth candidate lost as the discovery that a majority of youth thought to be at least tacit supporters of the movement, either didn't care who won or voted for Nixon.

The radical Left disintegrated. McGovern went back to being just another moderate/liberal senator. College activists graduated and became lawyers and janitors. Alice Cooper and Donny Osmond replaced Jefferson Airplane and the Beatles. And the remnants of the movement, from their isolated, ineffective pockets of continuing struggle, admonished a shocked nation, "We told you so" when Watergate overshadowed "peace with honor."

So when Dick Gregory told us about corruption in this country and called youth the "moral force" that can save America and the world from self-destruction, old passions were aroused. I grasped at the hope he held out and rushed away to tell my friends about the new activism we would begin.

The response was almost nonexistent. Following Gregory's suggestion, I proposed we skip one meal a day and send the money saved to help lessen the famine in Africa and Asia, or that we take part-time jobs and send our incomes overseas to feed starving people.

Few of them were receptive to the first idea, only one said she was interested in the second and no one seemed willing to help organize either effort.

The reasons they gave varied, but the effect was the same. Some didn't care. Others said they were frustrated and disillusioned and didn't want to revive old emotions—they were happy as long as they could ignore social consciences.

By the end of the week, my own enthusiasm wore off against this stone wall of apathy.

I still plan some small, token effort to satisfy the part of my conscience which I can't subdue. But, for now, my life remains pledged to blind selfishness.

Occasionally I will glance at my water pistol when I smell the smoke of the world burning, but will not pick it up to try to extinguish the flames.