

Student interest increases with parking permit costs

An increasing number of students say they will not buy parking permits next year. The reason is a possible 95 per cent increase in the cost of a parking permit from \$25 to \$45.

Some students say they're willing to walk several blocks rather than pay the higher price.

Problems with parking are nothing new, but it seems they have grown to the extent that something should be done or the system should be evaluated.

Parking has been a problem for students at the University of Nebraska at Omaha for a long time. For a campus comprising mainly commuter students, the parking crunch is a constant headache.

Although those parking problems may seem worse than UNL's, they still do not soothe the angry UNL students who see only the 95 per cent increase in parking fees.

Students find themselves walking farther to their cars, not having a place in the lot they paid to park in and paying more for these services.

But there have been some changes in the parking situation since the last parking fee increase. Many of the rocky, unpaved lots that colored cars in the lot with a dirty film have been black-topped. Some lots have been expanded and some new lots have opened.

It seems that the students who are speaking up about the increase would rather see a cut in

services than pay the extra \$20.

John Duve, UNL parking and traffic coordinator, said a cut in services could mean less thorough snow-removal, postponing repairs of potholes and discontinuing replacement of signs in parking lots.

But maybe Duve should explain to students where the \$350,000 in the UNL parking budget

is going.

Letters and petitions from students concerned about the parking permit fee increase will be presented by Duve today to the chancellor's parking advisory board. The last time the UNL Parking Liaison Board met three students voiced concerns. Perhaps more student views will be aired today.

opinion

ralph



Mary McGrory

'Roots', ethnic fads hit fashions

Yonder peasant, who is she?
This year do not ask.

She is probably a tin fortune married to a steel mill. She has arrived at the party in a Mercedes. She has been skiing in Gstaad, and is leaving soon for the Riviera. Then why is she wearing a dirndl, a bodice, and embroidered apron, high-laced boots and a kerchief like a Tyrolean serving maid on her way to the May festival?

If you go into a store these days, the salesperson will bring you a brown calico dress, smocked, gathered, voluminous, with grim leather collar and cuffs. Try it on. Behold, you are the complete Soviet woman — maybe even the manager of a hydraulic plant along the Volga.

The salesperson is scornful. "Naturally, it's the gypsy-peasant look."



Is it the "Roots" syndrome? Ethnicity gone wild? Who knows? The grandfather and grandmother who spent six wretched weeks in the steerage of an immigrant ship so their descendants would never have to be peasants may feel a twinge at the sight of their New World issue gotten up as treaders of grapes or tillers of soil.

washington winds

It was to spare them that fate that they came to Ellis Island and beat their way to alien sweat-shop and tenement. They hid their babushkas, aspired to rhinestones, black crepe and white gloves. A look at the price tag on copies of the garb they had fled would assure them that their sacrifice was not being trivialized. A hemp sweater that no self-respecting Sicilian fishing village maiden would put on her back goes for \$118.

It's no good asking why a person would improvise herself to look poor. Chic knows no laws. You remember several years ago, in the pre-terrorist era, when haute couture decided that bankers' wives should go about as South American guerrilla fighters? They wore combat boots and camouflage suits and bandoliers slung across the shoulder. The *New York Times* reported that one conscientious trendist packs live ammunition.

Then there was that time when voluptuous women crammed themselves into Ritz crackers T-shirts so they could be taken for 10-year-old-boys. They're not to question why. Oscar and Pauline and Yves had given the orders. If they were told to wear plexiglass visors and carry nightsticks, they would not murmur.

So let us be grateful that the couturiers have stopped at drawstring blouses and gypsy skirts. And let us be grateful that high fashion has gone back to serious frivolity.

A few years ago, clothes were worn like banners or posters. They were a fierce declaration, the funky livery of a generation. That girl with the matted hair and the grubby jeans and the angry eyes could have had her hair done by Kenneth every week and worn a De La Renta original.

But she has done up like a derelict for the same reason that she thumbed a ride back to the expensive college she allowed her parents to send her to. She despised their values, their capitalist, imperialist, war-mongering ways.

As she slouched through the streets to coffee house, commune or bomb-making workshop, she was sending you a message about the crass, gross American way of life.

Clothes said too much in those days.

Now they're really not saying much of anything. The impulse to conceal origin and status has been with us a long time. Most often is goes the Eliza Doolittle way — the urchin passing as the duchess. But it should not be forgotten that Marie Antoinette and her ladies arrayed themselves as milkmaids and shepherdesses and moved solemnly about Versailles with pails and crooks — their apparel no more convincing than that of today's rich peasants and landed nomads.

Tackiness is where it's going to be at very soon. If you doubt, read this paragraph:

"... The black suit with the narrow legs of a diaphanous black union suit worn with ankle socks under black open-toed shoes or lace socks under white. Norma Kamali has always been full of crazy ideas. At the moment she likes the look of skirts worn with panty hose that have the feet cut off and are rolled up around the ankles."

Got your scissors ready?

letters

Name—calling

A better laugh than good ole Ralph was produced when I picked up the Friday, (April 1) paper. It was extremely humorous to see my name being attacked by Clyde Stearns. I was being called a racist, ignorant, a worthless punk that kicks a man when he's down, told that I felt superior to blacks and other ethnic minorities and to be cool. All for just correcting a misquote and expressing what some other people's opinions might be on a subject dear to Clyde Stearns' heart.

Apparently I must not read between the lines too well, although being the author I thought I knew what I said. Well, I can thank Clyde Stearns for bringing my attention to all of my outstanding qualities. I'm not quite sure how Clyde Stearns arrived at all of these wonderful conclusions about me from three short paragraphs, but I guess I don't have to; I'm ignorant.

I will have to correct Clyde Stearns on one detail though. I don't feel superior to all ethnic minorities. I'm a member of one. Yes, Clyde, even I can belong to an ethnic minority. Clyde Stearns talks about being shouldered with the "Black is bad" label, well I'm shouldered with Polacks are dumb and dirty as well as a variety of dumb and dirty Polack jokes. Clyde Stearns feels that since society's attitude is "Black is bad" some black people feel they are bad. Well, I guess since society feels Polacks are dumb and dirty, we should feel dumb and dirty. Clyde Stearns even reinforces the dumb part of my heritage. But do Polacks feel dumb and dirty just because society thinks we are?

It was clever of Clyde Stearns to inject some points on the bad conditions for blacks in answering my letter. Good use of the space available and getting more of his point across, even if it had nothing to do with my letter. I agree that it is our government's fault the ghetto mothers have to support 12 kids on \$200.00 a month, but whose fault is the 12 kids?

One thing I hope Clyde Stearns realizes is it's not what he's fighting for, it's the way he's fighting for it. Clyde Stearns asks for all blacks to join the cause to bring up the oppressed black. This is good, but when one black doesn't want to join, Clyde Stearns says he's taking the easy way out. When someone else points this out, he uses name-calling to suppress him.

Clyde Stearns says it's much more difficult to be a complete and unique individual than to follow the crowd, but if everyone joins the cause, everyone is a member of the new crowd and what happened to individuality? Everyone is an individual regardless of what crowd they belong to. Don't believe me, ask the F.B.I.

In reference to my letter, I simply pointed out some neglects of Clyde Stearns' article, period. In return, since Clyde Stearns couldn't cut up the statements I made, he personally attacked me. To me, this represents lack of maturity and poor point emphasis since Clyde Stearns attacked me and not what I said. Apparently I weakened the "Black is bad" article with my letter so it was necessary for Clyde Stearns to reply.

In conclusion, as far as name-calling goes, at least I'm not stupid enough to stoop to this and if anyone takes any of this seriously... Well?

Bruce Cumminski

Fire extinguished

Whatever happened to all these people screaming for the firing of baseball coach Tony Sharpe?

JRH