editorial

Tuition hike loses sight of philosophy

"The primary concern of American education today is not the development of the appreciation of the 'good life' in young gentlemen born to the purple . . . Our purpose is to cultivate in the largest possible number of our future citizens as appreciation of both responsibilities and the benefits which come to them because they are Americans and free."–James Conant in an annual report to the Board of Overseers, Harvard University.

It was 1943 when the president of Harvard University wrote that statement.

Now, in 1978, the philosophy of education in Midwest has changed.

The philosophy is "let the institution keep it's head above budget waters," not serve the largest number of students.

In the NU budget request to the Legislature Tuesday, a $1.50 increase in tuition per credit hour was introdued.

Described by NU President Ronald Roskens, it was an inflationary measure.

Fine.

But a $40 to $60 increase in tuition for a year is going to strain some students.

Serving the students should be the university's prime concern, along with balancing a budget.

It is unfortunate that unless the university is forced into making a budget cut, it will keep increasing its prices.

We have seen increases in parking permits, residence hall rates, even football tickets. Now, as last year, it's tuition.

No longer are students being nickeled- and dimed-to-death. It's death by dollars.

The key words of "the largest possible number of future citizens" have been lost.

Maybe someone should find them, dust them off and put them back where they belong.

Suicide do-it-yourself guide: Dr. Bey tries to make a killing

michael **zangari**

Here's one from the "you shouldn't be surprised" department: The New York publishing house of Dodd, Mead has just released a book that is just bubbling over with helpful hints on how to kill yourself. It's called *Doctor Bey's Suicide Guidebook*, and sells for $4.95.

From the cover price, I'll assume that Dr. Bey still is alive and kicking, and getting less suicidal all the time.

Before the latest "do-it-yourself" book hits the local supermarket and wedges itself firmly between this month's horoscope and last month's diet plan, I have a few comments to pass on to him.

One, and by the way, don't bother getting your scissors out Dr. Bey–this isn't a review.

I don't like hucksters. I like hucksters who prey on human misery even less.

Maybe you'll turn a few bucks on this enterprise from the people who will snap it up as a novelty item and display it prominantly on the living room table.

There's bound to be a few more from the people who take you seriously enough to buy the book and use it.

Do you have visions of a best seller dancing in your head? Maybe eight-part serialization on ABC in the works?

Do you see people all across America thumbing through your book like a Sears catalog, pausing here and there over this method and that–posing in front of their bathroom mirrors making sure that their technique matches yours?

Or do you see anything at all Dr. Bey?

Do you see the thousands of people for whom suicide is a daily reality? Do you see the wasted lives and empty hours that your book can't even begin to touch?

Believe me, Dr. Bey, the last thing I want to do is debate the moral aspects of suicide with you. At best it is a personal choice–one that neither you or I have any right to comment on, or in your case exploit.

The last thing we need right now is a book on how to kill ourselves.

We do it every day without your help. We do it by the food we eat. We do it by the smoke we pour into our systems and the drugs we take. We plot out our own slow death by the environment we destroy. We even kill ourselves little by little by the way we abuse or ignore the people around us.

We don't need a Dr. Bey to outline the methodology of suicide for us, we all know all we need to.

A human life is just fragile enough that it can be broken with little help from you.

I hear you speak of dignity and dying and am repulsed.

If your book is offering dignity, I have to ask: "At what price?" If dignity is embodied in your 10 handy hints on writing suicide notes and your chiding remarks on "avoiding cliches," I am further annoyed.

We don't need literary criticism from the author of a suicide manual.

We've got manuals on how to make love–what it is, where to put it, and how to move it–manuals on how to raise children, manuals on politics, manuals on everything–now on how to take your life.

We don't need another manual on how to die Dr. Bey, take it back to your publisher and don't come back until you can offer us a book that tells us how to live.

Gov. Brown's mission is to control; space in budget

arthur **hoppe**

Gov. Jerry Brown included $6.3 million in his proposed budget to launch California's own space program–news item.

"Mission Control? Mission Control? This is Jerry. Do you know where my head is at?"

"By our calculations, Governor, you should be touching down on Mars in five minutes, eight seconds."

"Wow! What a far out trip. And they laughed at me back in 1978 when I first dreamed of Californians reaching for the stars."

"Congratulations, Governor. You've won the space race by beating the Russians to Mars."

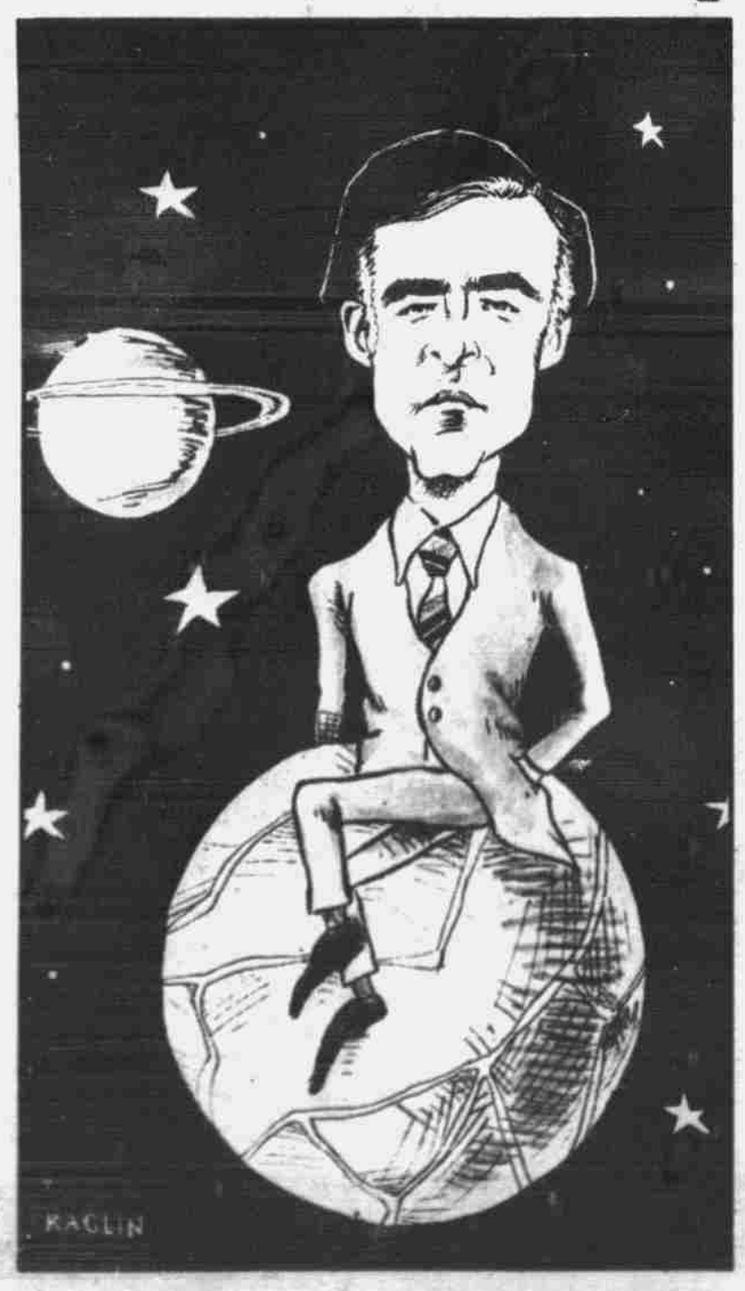
"And the Americans, too, Mission Control. Let's be upfront about this. It's one small step for mankind and one giant step for Californiakind. Can you relate to that, Mission Control?"

"We certainly can, Governor. And how are your two fellow Californianauts doing?"

"Frankly, Mission Control, there's been a few bad vibes since Ralph came out of the closet three weeks after blastoff. I told Ralph, 'Wow, that's beautiful! I really know where you're coming from.' But George was very uptight about it. I told George that he and I didn't have to share Ralph's trip because we weren't into gayness, but we should be proud to be sharing space with Ralph because he was now such a beautiful person."

"Well put, Governor."

" 'Go with the flow, George,' I said. But he said he couldn't groove on sharing such a damn small space for two months with, as he put it, 'A lousy faggot.' "



"We checked on him, Governor, and you were right. He recently immigrated to California from Cedar Rapids."

"I flashed on that right away. For when I told him that small was beautiful and the possibilities were limitless, he called me some kind of nut. No true Californian would say that. He would say, 'Your head's really in a funny place, you know?' "

"Good thinking, Governor. Where's George now?"

"In a fetal position in the observation bay. Definitely a defensive posture. Ralph and I have been working on getting him clear by taking turns reading him *The Complete Works of Khalil Gibran*, which we brought along for spiritual emergencies. But he won't come out."

"Good heavens, Governor, you'll need his help for the landing."

"Don't worry, Mission Control, Ralph and I are really laid back about this landing business. I'm going to plant the State flag and make a long 40-second speech pointing out that the whole purpose of our space program is to prove the California lifestyle is way out and that I, as its leading representative, should therefore be elected president."

"That's wonderful, Governor. But our computer data shows that you must fire your retro-rockets in exactly 6.2 seconds."

"Don't lay your authority trip on me, Mission Control."

"But you must fire your retro-rockets to slow your descent or . . . "

"Now you're intellectualizing, Mission Control, and, worse yet, making value judgments. As a true Californian, I know how to mellow out and go where the psychic energies are in a crisis."

"But, Governor, your velocity is 18,500 miles per hour. What are your going to do?"

"Ommmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. . . "

"Governor, fire the rockets! Governor, fire . . . Governor . . . Governor . . .?"

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