

# editorial

## Union Board's door is slammed in face of students

Along with Spring Fever there has come a rash of closed meetings among UNL groups.

The latest to be affected by this clandestine disease is the Nebraska Union Advisory Board, which, for some mysterious reason, closed its regular meeting Wednesday night to decide if it would close next week's regular meeting.

This was a decision that not only affects what the board does, but

what the UNL students are prevented from knowing.

Students who pay fees (that is everyone, remember) should be outraged that the group which spends a sizeable share of their student fees is doing its work behind closed doors.

"Out of sight, out of mind" is not applicable in this situation.

The agenda items that prompted the closed-door session regarded a study of future Union services and

a bylaw change that would change the structure of the Union Program Council.

Anyone who uses the Union for a "living room" of the university should be asking what the heck is going on. Students use the services of the Union sometime in their college career. Even if they don't, they pay for the services with each tuition bill. But they are not being allowed to find out what is going

on in the group that advises where that money is to be spent.

This policy is a poor one for any student group. They should be more than willing to publicize and let the students know what they are doing.

We do not know what is going on. We wish we could inform you.

Perhaps the students' Union Advisory Board will open its doors to tell us.

### Protest well red, but odd

"Wear red Friday to protest YAF."

These messages have been appearing on classroom bulletin boards this week, but mysteriously, no one seems to know who is doing it.

Perhaps there is a good reason for this anonymity. The National Blue Jeans Day pitch to draw attention to the homosexual cause is one thing, but using the same tactics to protest a controversial student organization raises the question of what all this is supposed to mean.

We wonder what wearing red today will mean to anyone anywhere.

If students want to protest YAF in a constructive way, their efforts would be better spent if directed toward the people who can really pack YAF a punch—the very same

conservative Nebraskans who have received YAF's letters.

But at least this "wear red" campaign can be interpreted as student interest in bona fide campus issues—an interest that often has been lacking in past years.

But asking anti-YAF supporters to wear red is like asking those who sympathize with the homosexual cause to wear blue jeans. No one is going to know who anyone is or what they support.

If the point of this is to show that any student roaming around campus is an anti-Yaffer, the point is weakly made.

Perhaps students would be better off saving their red and wearing it on Monday. At least May Day is one day where the color red holds a distinct meaning to many people.

### letters to the editor

I liked your student opera idea (Wednesday Daily Nebraskan) very much. I thought this "song" might fit in well.

*Like Being YAF-Owned*  
(to the tune of *Like a Rolling Stone* by Bob Dylan).

*Once upon a time  
speakers were yours and mine,  
didn't cost a dime, you thought all was fine didn't  
you?*

*YAF would call,  
say beware y'all, they're bound to fall.*

*You thought they were just  
kidding you.*

*We used to  
go and hear*

*Fonda and Nader  
without fear*

*Now we don't  
have 'em no more*

*Now isn't it  
a real bore*

*To have our own speakers taken away—  
it was a steal!*

*How does it feel?  
How does it feel?  
To have lost our own  
Like being YAF-owned?*

Kim Wilt  
Sophomore journalism major



## Seekers, keepers, and bearers of the torch

The house is breaking up this weekend. Cary is going to medical school; Dave is dropping out of college as a senior to become a travelling street mime; and I am getting married and looking for a newspaper job.

Probably we will see little of each other after this. As a bit of symbolic irony, the house we three have shared this year will be torn down when we leave.

ray  
walden

Amidst the clutter of packing boxes, we talked about the courses our lives are taking.

Cary and I shared a residence hall room our first two years at school. My senior year I lived with Dave, also at Centennial College.

Cary studied his way into Innocents and

Phi Beta Kappa, not in pursuit of grades, but through honest, self-motivated thirst for knowledge. After a strictly liberal arts undergraduate education, he abruptly shifted into the biological sciences to prepare for medical school.

Dave spent his time at Centennial getting used to the idea that he has a choice. Not many people have learned that. Earlier this year he was resigned to becoming a graduate student in linguistics, leading eventually to a faculty job. Now he chooses to be a clown, living by making people laugh or cry.

"I'm a seeker, not a keeper," Dave proclaimed, quoting somebody or another. He also claims to be a hippie, although I doubt that there are such critters anymore.

He picked up his guitar and began to sing "I Want to be Free." Freedom he defines partly as not having to be anywhere or do anything at any specific time. No one to depend on him and no one on whom he depends.

We tried to pin down Cary about why

he wanted to go to med school. "Because I want to be physician," he said evasively. Pressed on the point, he gave a long string of reasons:

"I want to move into a higher tax bracket so I don't have to use the 1040A short form . . . Power and prestige . . . I want to feel blood and guts between my fingers . . . Masochism . . . Student nurses . . . Go to Appalachia to sterilize poor people."

"You want to get married, buy a house in the suburb and have 1.7 children, 0.5 dogs and 0.3 cats," Dave scoffed.

Cary picked up the theme. "And have 2.5 cars in my driveway. My 0.7 of a son can drive the 0.75 of a car."

In the midst of the joking, Cary said something about helping people and giving his life to public service. He covered the truth in this with a jesting tone of voice, but he couldn't hide the central fact: altruism. Only the worst of cynics enters medical school solely for the money, though that is the only reason left to many at graduation.

Dave would reject any talk of altruism. He is reaching for his own form of moral purity. The world he sees is too screwed up to bother joining. So he wants to pull up roots and wander outside of society, seeking the company of others who share a similar society outside of society. Theater and clowning are his tools for freeing himself.

What is screwed up about society? Competition is a big part of it, Dave said. He was raised to be highly competitive, but now he rejects that. Competition drives people apart. At this stage in his life, Dave is more interested in destroying barriers than in building them.

Cary, on the other hand, is entering one of the most bitterly competitive environments modern America has been able to create. The traditional back-biting of med students led to this variation of an old Polish joke.

"How many med students does it take to change a light bulb?"

"Two. One to hold the bulb and one to kick the ladder out from under him."