

# opinion/editorial

## Buffaloed bills not in best interest of UNL committees

ASUN President Ken Marienau buffaloed a bill through the senate Wednesday night that recalled student representatives on 12 UNL advisory committees.

The senate voted to close the meeting, allowing for no public discussion or debate of the bill.

Marienau said a closed meeting was necessary so committee mem-

bers could not cite individual committees as worthwhile. He also said if senators had been informed of the bill before Wednesday's meeting, committee members probably would have put pressure on senators to defeat it.

Marienau must have been afraid the bill would not pass if he went

through the proper channels. His foregoing the usual procedure of sending the bill to a committee for research and discussion leaves us wondering why Marienau is so afraid.

If the bill were a good solid idea, it would have passed.

The reasoning behind the bill is questionable. The senate said it will stop what it called the dilution of

student power in committees that met infrequently.

But now that students do not have a vote on the committees, will they really have any impact in student government? And how much weight does ASUN really carry? Student members had often cast the votes on the committees.

ASUN now has crippled two major committees: the Council on Student Life and the Nebraska Union Board. They now do not have enough members to form a quorum.

The senate has not devised plans to replace the student committee members. The Senate took action before a plan was drawn up, leaving many committees in limbo.

ASUN may have illusions of grandeur. They have taken an unprecedented step and it remains to be seen if the senate will now have more impact into university affairs or if they have played into the hands of the administration.



## Street reality is never helping out or looking back

Cincinnati is cold in December. That tasty bit of information wasn't exactly a great revelation to me, everywhere I went was cold. A bus trip in December is a very quick way to get in touch with the numbness centers of your body.

michael zangari

Still, stepping off of the bus into the wind in Cincinnati is rather a grim reminder that even numb hurts.

A three hour lay-over there supposedly would allow me time to clear the various bus smells out of my head and rediscover

my legs. Dante must have written the *Inferno* about a bus terminal. The molded plastic chairs that line the interior are not meant to sit in, as far as I can tell, unless of course you are missing your back bone. I had mine. The other chairs have small TV sets attached to them. For a quarter it will glare two feet away from your face for a half an hour. No thanks.

Deprived of the capacity to sit, you tend to wander. Usually sucking a machine bought chocolate bar that was vacu-formed out of brown plastic sometime during the McCarthy years.

### Look at people

You can look at the people. Everyone, including yourself, is in one stage of decay or another—a type of sadness art gallery for the connoisseur.

Those are the easy memories. The rest of this story I've told before. Of meeting an older man, with pants he had obviously soiled, and a leg that very well could have been broken. A man reduced to begging and yet not comfortable doing it.

He was a run away from the county home. He was terrified of being caught and sent back, and terrified that they would not take him back because he had run away before.

A long story about three hours in length.

The ending finds our hero getting on his bus when it rolls in, and despite a cold that is very penetrating, is numb beyond anything a cold bus can do to you.

That there was a great deal of remorse at having walked away from him would be an understatement. Walking away is not as easy as it would seem.

I suppose it would be just as easy to breast-beat for eternity. But of course it is all nonsense.

People do what they have to do. William Burroughs calls it the "algebra of Need" in his book *Naked Lunch*. It is the coldness that comes with reality, or dealing with

reality on a daily basis. It never is pretty.

### Street reality

Street reality means that you can never help anyone who refuses to help themselves. Nobody has the power to get your stuff together but you. Other people can help you along the way, but the ultimate choice always is a personal one.

For those people who sincerely care about other people, and put energy into trying to help whenever possible, (and I am always amazed at how many concerned people there are) I can only say, be careful.

There is a point when a concerned person becomes a martyr. Begging for somebody to put the nails in their flesh.

Do what you can do, do what you need to do, but know when to quit.

Walking away is never easy. Staying often is stupid.

In order to help anyone, you've got to be able to help yourself. The old cliché still is strong, and it simply is this: A man should never gamble, more than he can stand to lose.

And losing yourself in the guise of helping someone else is still a loss, and I don't know many people who can really afford that.

## Middle East peace trumpeted; heaven's landlord just sighs

Scene: The Heavenly Real Estate Office. The landlord is happily refurbishing an old galaxy when his business agent, Mr. Gabriel, enters, golden trumpet in hand.

The Landlord: Now, let me see, a touch more cream in the Milky Way, a dash of starshine and . . . Dear me, where did I put

arthur hoppe

that jar of rainbows?

Gabriel: Excuse me, sir. Good news from that tiny little planet you love so much.

The Landlord (surprised): Good News? Are you sure you have the right planet, Gabriel?

Gabriel: Yes, sir. Earth. It seems that the leaders of Egypt, Israel and the United States have met for 13 days on a mountaintop in America and brought forth a peace agreement for the Holy Land.

The Landlord: A peace agreement for the Holy Land? And after only 4000 years! I told you to be patient, Gabriel.

Gabriel: And although one was a Moslem, one a Jew and one a Christian—three religious faiths that have been killing and persecuting each other in your name for eons—all three gave full credit to the peace agreement to you.

The Landlord: By me, Gabriel, that's truly heartwarming. It's proof my tenants have at last come to realize that, despite their differences, all men are brothers. It's no wonder they were finally able to negotiate an agreement for peace and brotherhood throughout the Holy Land.

Gabriel: Excuse me, sir, but they didn't

actually negotiate an agreement for peace. They negotiated an agreement to negotiate for peace.

The Landlord: Oh. Well, even the possibility of a lasting peace throughout the Holy Land . . .

Gabriel: Not exactly throughout the Holy Land, sir. This is an agreement to negotiate for peace only between Egypt and Israel. The Iraqis and the Libyans have vowed to fight to the last Syrian, although whether they would prefer to fight the Isrealis or the Egyptians at this point is not quite clear.

The Landlord (frowning): I suppose the Arabs are a bit touchy sometimes.

Gabriel: Yes, sir. That's why the militant Palestinians reacted to the news by vowing to step up their campaign to gain world sympathy for their cause by blowing up anyone who happens to be handy.

The Landlord: I do wish they'd hire a good public relations consultant.

Gabriel: Of course the Palestinians are very busy in Lebanon at the moment, blowing up Syrians, Christians and each other. They still try to knock off a few Iraqis, too, when they get over that way, but as far as their fight with the Jordanians goes . . .

The Landlord: Pardon me, Gabriel, what was that good news again?

Gabriel: The hope of peace in the Holy Land, sir, between two of the 86 factions involved.

The Landlord (sighing): Well, that's something and those three leaders are to be congratulated. But the next time they negotiate a peace agreement ask them to do me a favor.

Gabriel: What's that, sir?

The Landlord: Don't give me any credit. (Copyright) 1978 Chronicle Publishing Co.

