

# op/ed

## Tape of past brings vivid visions of distant friends drifting, dreaming

I have a nasty tendency to be romantic—or overly dramatic—about things that have happened during my apprenticeship as a person. Things that happened several years ago drift between terribly important and incredibly trivial, depending on whatever mood I've placed myself in.

michael zangari

For what ever reason, there are events during the early part of our lives that pass into personal myth and a version of the event is indelibly etched into our consciousness, conversations, and art.

It usually vaguely resembles the actual event.

Leafing through the collected scraps of 10 years of stumbling, I recently found a tape recording of an evening some seven summers ago. One of the many evenings as I recall, sitting in some basement somewhere conducting counter-pressure experiments (where air in a styrofoam cup was displaced with cheap wine) and dreaming with friends.

### Tape dreams

I listened to the tape while sitting in my car waiting for another friend to get off work. Because the car is a small one and creates a very quiet space, it was easy to put myself back in a place I haven't visited on any real terms in a long, long time.

I see a tattered overstuffed couch—a beat-up canary yellow upright piano, and a sense of abandon I hardly recognize. Volume Two of Dylan's greatest hits is on the stereo. Of the three people in the room, one is now crazy, one is an accountant, and the third is somewhere in between.

One line sticks out in the muddled inane conversation.

"There won't be any actors anymore, you'll see—just

people. . ."

Pretty ironic stuff considering the way we've created such a complex mystique about those late nights and shared hours of such obvious nonsense.

### Smiles and groans

The tape was a little disappointing, I'm not sure what I expected to come away with—some missing piece to some indistinguishable puzzle, or maybe a confirmation of something or other.

Instead there were some smiles, some groans, some personal sadness, and a large amount of naivety and screaming youth. Some reality.

If we could have recorded all of the basement evenings, all the hours at coffee or driving around, or just walking—maybe the combined experience for all of us could equal the fantasy we all walked away with. Maybe somewhere in it all we are the people we thought we were.

I made some late night calls to the people involved. None of us have kept very close contact over the years, and apparently it hasn't stopped the flow of life. We're all alive. One is putting it all back together in Oregon, one is expecting a baby, and one is listening to tapes in quiet cars. All hold on to the same scraps and pieces of our various evenings together.

### Still our own

The sequence of events isn't terribly important. Whatever moments we came away with held something for us all in various ways, and in the long run, that's all that matters.

It's not great material for a movie-of-the-week, there are no classic lines or major parts, just a seemingly short series of moments that come together every now and then.

No fantasies were shattered this week, but the cardboard cut outs and actors have softened for me. We're all just people, fallible, entirely malleable, and not all together blind. Whatever images we share are still our own.



ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

Get to know your Profs!  
At the  
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and  
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*Student-Faculty Mixer*  
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## letters

I was somewhat surprised to note that "rock critic" Joe Starita and I attended the same Bob Dylan concert last Saturday evening. I say, "surprisingly," because the individual masquerading as Dylan presented a show that bore a striking resemblance to Tony Orlando and Dawn.

Bob Dylan, if indeed he was the one performing, hardly sent his "familiar voice snaking through the cracks. . ." Instead, Dylan's songs were styled after "Tie a Yellow Ribbon 'Round the Old Oak Tree," "A Heart Beat is A love Beat" and other assorted disco treats.

Evidently, Mr. Starita, unlike the other foolish 9,600, including me, had the good sense to stay home and fabricate another, in the long, albeit nauseous line of Dylan testimonials. How else can one explain the discrepancy?

Mark Glaess

### Blame should be shared

I am one of the approximately 150 people who, because of an error on the part of UNL's Associated Students of the University of Nebraska (ASUN), was unable to vote in Tuesday's election. (*Daily Nebraskan*, Nov. 2, 1978.) It is shocking to think that members of the student government are not aware of election laws and it is deplorable when their actions result in denying people the right to vote.

However, after appraising the situation, I feel the blame should not be entirely shouldered by ASUN. The ASUN had originally asked the League of Women Voters for assistance in registering voters. County Election Commissioner William Davidson refused to deputize members of the League because his office was too busy. The fact that more than 700 people were "registered" by ASUN clearly indicated a need for better registration procedures.

If the County Election Office was really overworked, I'm surprised that Davidson hadn't previously utilized the services of the League. According to Ann Bleed, President of the League of Women Voters, this is not the first year that Mr. Davidson has refused to allow them to register voters.

Such shortsightedness in a public official is certainly unfortunate and what is frustrating is that the office is filled by appointment of the governor of Nebraska. Perhaps it is time that the choice for such a critical office be decided by the people.

Nicolas N. Tabet  
Research Technologist  
Agronomy Department

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