

# Editorial

## Vote in election — ASUN has potential

Every year, someone argues that the Daily Nebraskan, because it is the only student publication at UNL, should not endorse a candidate in the ASUN elections. This year, the people who hold that view win by default.

There will be no endorsement for Wednesday's elections, not because of any outside pressure, but because there is no candidate deserving of one.

This year's candidates, like so many before them, have failed to recognize the limitations of ASUN and have spent the past several weeks talking about idealistic goals that they have no chance of achieving. It sometimes has been difficult to distinguish the three major candidates — Kevin Goldstein of United Students, Mark Scudder of Aim and Mike Geiger of Unite — from the joke parties.

For that reason, there was a strong temptation to encourage students to vote for the Don Ho party. Don Ho has set absurd goals such as covering the entire city with a dome so that Lincoln could host a post-season football game. The sad truth, however, is that their goals are about as realistic as the ones set by the "serious" candidates.

Still, many students, including most of the people on this staff, need to make the distinction between ASUN and the candidates running for ASUN positions. While the candidates often do a good job of making fools of themselves, the organization itself should be taken seriously.

President Matt Wallace and others involved with ASUN this year have proven that it can be an effective body. They have worked for and achieved

realistic goals, like keeping the libraries open on football Saturdays, developing student legal services and cutting down on the amount of litter on campus.

These are the kinds of things ASUN can and should work for, yet all the candidates seem to offer us are lofty plans for keeping tuition down and helping students work together, with no real plans on how to achieve those goals.

Because of the potential ASUN has, the Daily Nebraskan strongly encourages students to take an interest in their government and go to the polls Wednesday. This newspaper has been presenting a week-long series examining the issues and will publish a special election guide in Wednesday's edition. From that, we encourage students to pick the candidate — Goldstein, Scudder or

Geiger — they think can do the best job and cast their ballot accordingly.

The Daily Nebraskan also suggests that in the future, ASUN presidential candidates set realistic goals and offer viable plans for achieving them. ASUN could be more effective if it solved its image problem. It is up to the candidates to work in that direction.

*Unsigned editorials represent official policy of the spring 1984 Daily Nebraskan. They are written by this semester's editor in chief, Larry Sparks.*

*Other staff members will write editorials throughout the semester.*

*Editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the university, its employees, the students or the NU Board of Regents.*



### Letters

#### Madan's logic twisted

As correcting the deluded assertions of Krishna Madan has become rather habit forming, I feel the need to respond to the convoluted logic and twisted conclusions drawn in Friday's column. Madan attempted to turn the rapidity of social and technological change into a catalyst for socialist revolution. His simplistic generalizations rest on a maze of warped sociological observations.

While he may be correct in stating that the nuclear family is breaking down and that day-care centers are freeing women from the need to choose between family and career, I disagree with his new social collectivity. Far from leading to a sharing of resources and communal living, the inclusion of women in the work force and the economic recovery under Reagan have led to an increase in the purchase of single family homes. The individualism and competition that characterize capitalist society are not stifling and oppressive factors but rather represent the libertarian ideals of social mobility and freedom.

Madan then brings in the computer as the great proletarian instrument of social leveling. How he can see 220 million people sitting at their terminals to decide on wheat subsidy levels or other policy matters is a question I cannot hope to answer. Representative democracy is not threatened by the peace of social change. The Constitution has shown itself to be a remarkably elastic work which deals aptly with unforeseen situations. Our government, for all its shortcomings, is still a stable, workable and uniquely American contrivance.

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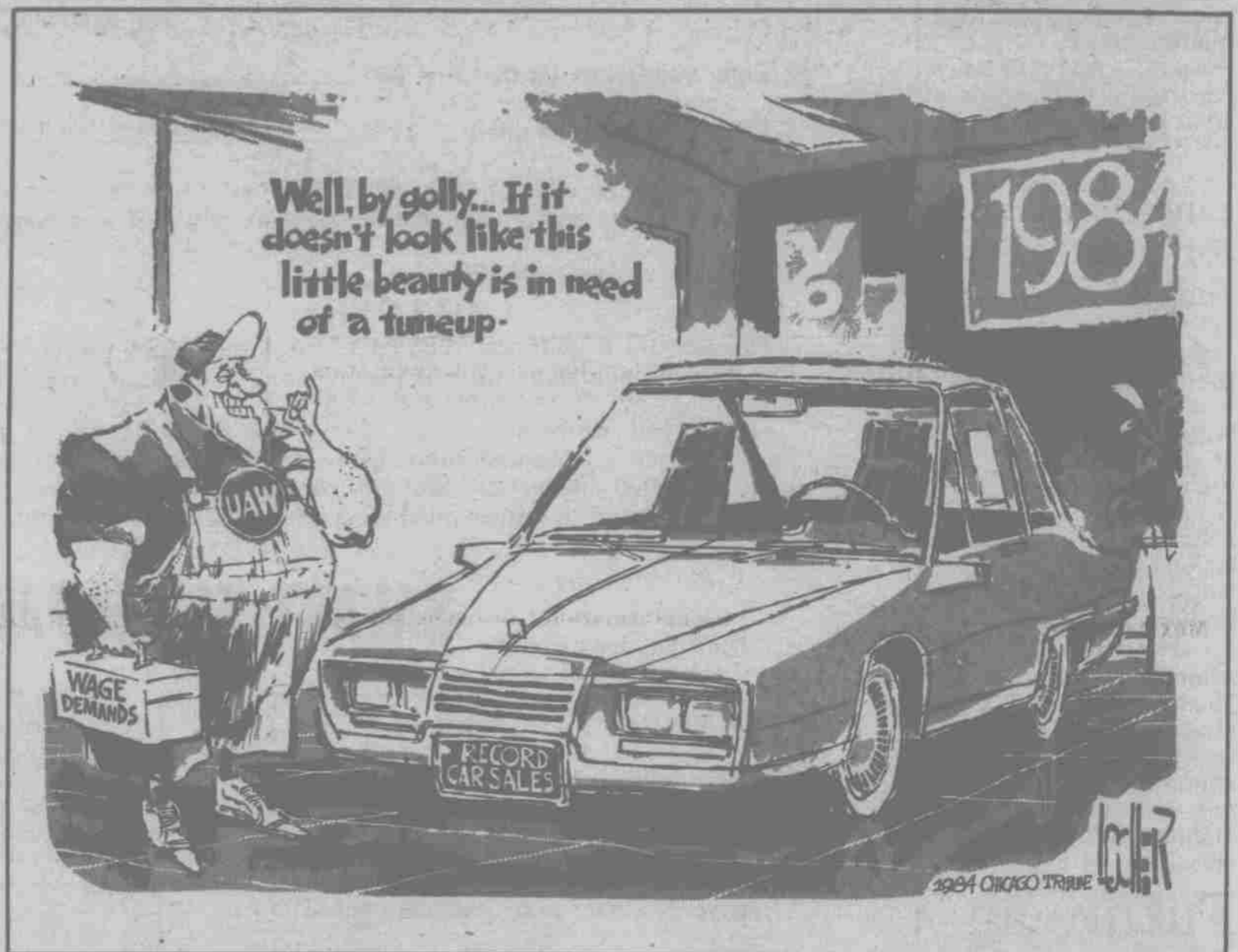
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### Sex, suspense, suds highlight Reagan campaign

Newsweek magazine reports that the Reagan campaign plans a television blitz to woo female fans of soap operas in hopes of closing the gender gap.

Given Mr. Reagan's lifestyle, appealing to this segment of the electorate won't be easy. What is needed, obviously, is a new daytime drama to compete with the old favorites like *All Whose Children?* and *As John's Other Wife Turns*.

I'm always glad to help. Here's a synopsis of the first episode of *Ronnie's Hope*:

We open with Ronnie and Nancy sitting with their



#### Arthur Hoppe

best friends, Wuffie and Herbert. All their knees are almost touching. They are playing whist.

Suddenly, Herbert throws down his cards. "What the heck," he says with a man-of-the-world grin. "We're all adults. Let's wife swap." Nancy and Ronnie exchange significant glances. Nancy nods almost imperceptibly. Ronnie nods back. Nancy and Wuffie get up and change places at the table.

Wuffie announces she has finally made a crucial decision based on her reverence for human life and her respect for Ronnie and Nancy's ideals: She has decided not to get an abortion. Ronnie says that's good. Herbert agrees because Wuffie isn't pregnant.

A mysterious brunette dashes in, throws herself at Ronnie's feet and gazes up at him adoringly. "At last I've found you!" she cries. "You are the illegitimate son of my only brother's second wife's sister who abandoned you in St. Anthony's Next-to-New Shop when you were seven in order to become an itinerant gandy dancer not knowing that your real godfather would leave you \$17.2 million and his Playboy Club key."

"No I'm not," says Ronnie.

"Darn," says the mysterious brunette, dashing out

as the phone rings. Nancy picks it up and we see on the other end a bald, sweating man at a cluttered desk. He says he had to call her to say that he had altered the company books to protect Sylvia's nephew from Don Ricardo's hit men and that's why he wasn't going to shoot himself.

"Are you calling 557-6726?" asks Nancy.

"Darn," says the man, hanging up as Herbert's and Wuffie's 18-year-old son, Lancelot, enters, looking distraught.

"Dad? Mom?" says Lancelot, running his fingers through his hair. "I can't hold it back any longer and I don't care if the whole world knows it: I'm not gay!" Herbert says that's good. Ronnie says what's "gay"? Wuffie confides that she has never even suspected Lancelot of having an affair with his sister, Millicent, who has been lost in the jungles of New South Wales since 1953. Herbert says that's good. Ronnie says what's an "affair"? Nancy tells Ronnie to take the baby-sitter home.

The baby-sitter's name is Daphne. She's wearing a T-shirt that's shrunk or something and says "Born to Win" on the front, though Ronnie's never noticed. In the car, she begs him to stop for a moment at the hangout of a big drug dealer. Luckily, it's open all night and she buys a bottle of zit cream.

When he pulls into her driveway, she sidles closer to him and whispers: "Nobody's home, you big hunk. Would you like to come upstairs and tuck in my collection of 19th-century teddy bears?"

"No, thank you," says Ronnie.

Well, tune in to the next episode of *Ronnie's Hope* when we'll meet Ronnie's second best friend's grandfather, Flasher Flanerhatty, who comically bursts into a formal "coming out" dinner party for Lancelot and whips open his trenchcoat in front of one and all to reveal an impeccably tailored, three-piece Brooks Brothers suit.

Tune in to the next episode, that is, if anybody buys the idea that selling Mr. Reagan to soap opera fans is the way to close the gender gap.

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