

Editorial

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Goodwill Games

Turner does what Olympics couldn't

It has been 10 long years since the United States and Soviet Union last competed against each other in the Summer Olympics. Since the Montreal Olympiad in 1976, two Summer Games have come and passed with no competition between the two countries. The United States, in protest of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, skipped the 1980 Moscow Olympics. The Russians returned the favor in 1984, skipping the Games at Los Angeles.

What the Olympics haven't been able to do in 10 years, one man will accomplish from July 5-20 in Moscow. The two countries will finally meet in a large-scale competition that doesn't include any skiing or ice skating.

When Ted Turner first proposed the Goodwill Games a few years back, most everybody was skeptical. How could Turner expect to do something that the Olympic movement hadn't been able to do? That's an easy question to answer, he spent lots of money.

Turner is a man who is either loved or hated. He's a wheeler-dealer who doesn't let people, or in this case nations, get in the way of his ideas. He has turned a local television station, WTBS, into one that is beamed nationwide on cable.

Like all television executives, Turner needed some programming to fill the airspace. Buy the Braves, buy the Hawks, buy MGM and instantly he was set. Then

came the idea for the Goodwill Games.

If the Goodwill Games are a success, which at this point looks fairly certain, Turner will be a hero. His bold move will have worked and he'll get standing ovations wherever he roams.

Like him or hate him, Turner has to be applauded for his efforts. Forget about his motivations, whether they be good or bad. The thing we should all look at is the bottom line. The Games are about to happen and that in itself is a good sign for two nations that haven't been the best of friends in recent years.

In the past the Olympics have been used as a political football by both the United States and the Soviet Union. But the Goodwill Games are immune to that. Because they are sponsored by a private citizen the United States can't boycott. And because the Soviet Union is, in essence, partial sponsor for the event, it is highly unlikely it would withdraw either.

When Turner first came up with the idea for the Goodwill Games, the United States Olympic Committee refused to endorse them. But, with the knowledge the Goodwill Games were going to happen and that its endorsement didn't matter much anyway, the committee relented.

And so, thankfully, have the sporting bodies from both nations.

Peace efforts wasted

Monies better spent on educating public

The major problem with the peace movement in its various forms from the '60s to the present, has been its rhetoric.

Rhetoric and image has always managed to isolate the movement from large-scale political effectiveness. The Nuclear Freeze, Ground Zero, any number of grass roots peace/freeze organizations, and most recently The "Great" Peace March, a hyper-messianic act of suffering and martyrdom, have played into conservative hands by choosing the '60s as a model for effective political action.

When conservatives accuse marchers of being a motley crew at best, of being hopeless idealists and of choosing a means that is light years away from its desired end, they are not far off base.

It is not as if anyone sponsors these marchers and have promised to reduce the nuclear arsenal by one missile for every mile they walk. When the marchers reach Washington, Reagan will pretend they do not exist just as he did when they were stranded in Barstow, Calif., two months ago.

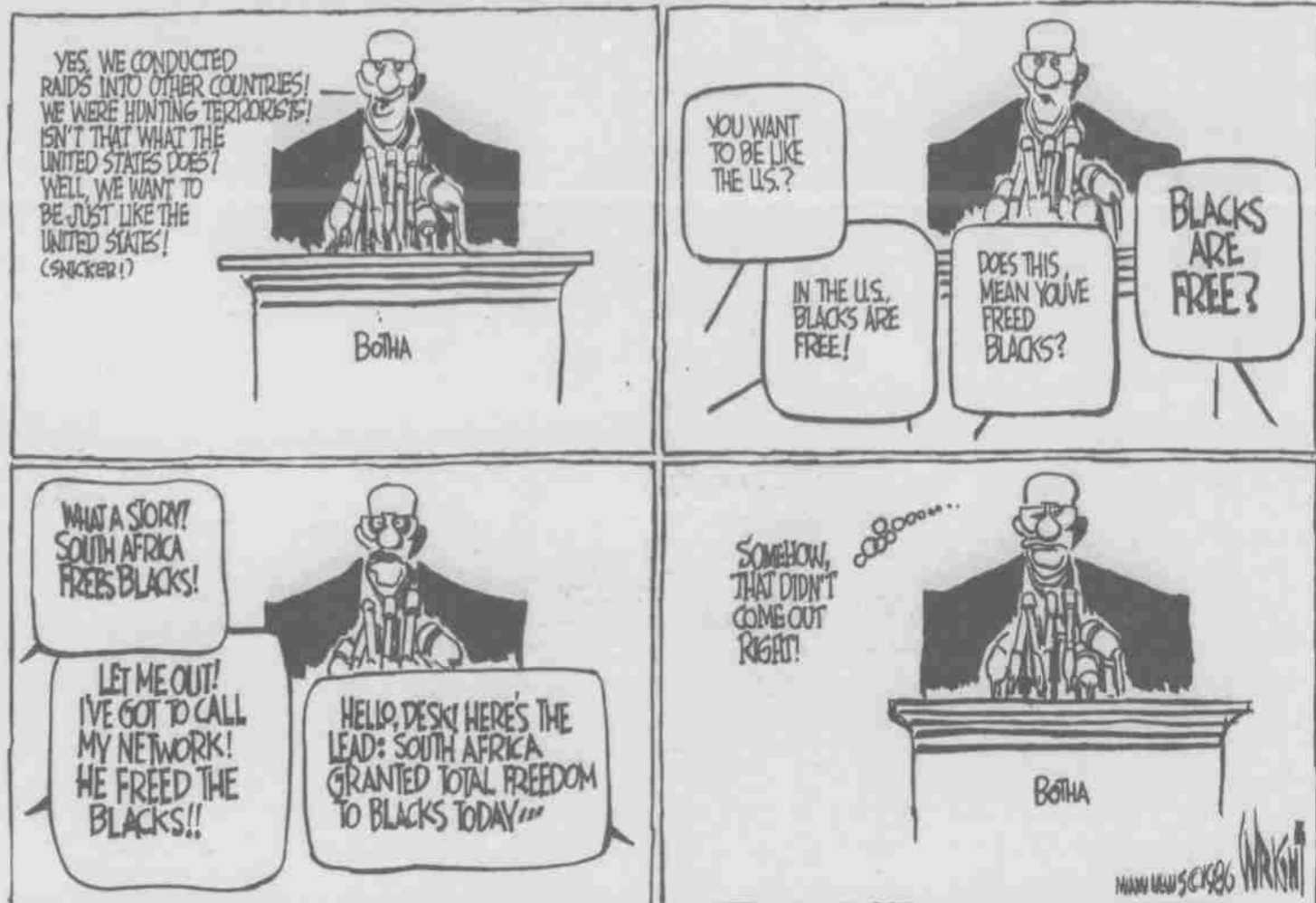
The one thing the Peace March seems effective at is the consumption of funds and people's good graces. The march costs \$4,000 a day just to move. While the rest of the world hungers for employment, these men and women have given up their jobs to make a long-winded peregrination toward political oblivion.

The marchers insist their major goal is to raise consciousness. This has been a peace movement cliché for too long. When something is so symbolic that it becomes absurd, it is being done to "raise consciousness." Aside from the ambiguity of this motivation (What is consciousness? Whose consciousness? Who is unconscious?), \$4,000 a day for 245 days is a lot of money to spend on something as relatively intangible as consciousness.

Education should be the cornerstone of an effective peace movement. People should know in numbers and monetary statistics what it costs the world to continue an arms race preposterously beyond necessity, what it costs to put bolts on a Trident submarine, the staggering science fiction power of the newest line of weapons and how to effectively protest weapons proliferation.

Four thousand dollars a day would buy a strong lobby in Congress, enough leaflets to wallpaper the Pentagon and might serve to unite a peace movement that has fallen into so many factions a mathematician would collapse from exhaustion trying to sort it out.

Just as the idea of "consciousness raising" has become a cliché, so has the sympathetic adage, "their hearts are in the right place." Four thousand dollars a day should insure that and much, much more.



'Bueller' is effortless escapism

Film elicits cliches, most true to the general spirit of movies

For the ninth time this semester, the high-school senior from a Chicago suburb has faked an illness (licking his palms to make them clammy is his preferred "non-specific symptom") to fool his dotty parents into letting him "ditch" school. Now, speaking directly to the camera, he says: "If I go for 10, I'm probably going to have to barf up a lung."

Ninety minutes later, the discerning movie-goer leaves the theater saying: "At last, that is settled." Arguments can rage about whether the second greatest movie is this or that exploration of Scandinavian angst or this or that study of men in black turtleneck pullovers who suffer urban dread in Paris or Milan with women who drink bitter coffee and wear their hair in buns and ceramic earrings they crafted in their backyard kilns. But for those of us who seriously doubt that movies are often serious, it is clear that the greatest movie of all time is showing now at fine theaters everywhere.

It is "Ferris Bueller's Day Off." By "greatest movie" I mean the moviest movie, the one most true to the general spirit of movies, the spirit of effortless

escapism. Remember Steve McQueen in "The Great Escape," busting out of a German POW camp? Ferris "borrows" a friend's father's Ferrari and escapes for a day, from something worse: high school. As should happen in a teen-ager liberationist movie, Ferris reduces a ferret-faced school administrator to rubble, bamboozles his soggy-headed parents and lives out every teen-ager's fantasy of subverting authority at every turn. Ferris is, as the saying goes, "into" fun. The movie will elicit cliches — what America's premiere essayist, Joseph Epstein, calls "ephemeral verities." The cliches will be to the effect that Ferris is a symptom.



George Will

Need you ask of what? Of the self-absorption of youth corrupted by the complacency of the Reagan years. Such zeitgeist-mongering is punctured by

Epstein's question: When, other than periods of war or economic calamity, have people not been self-absorbed?

"Ferris Bueller" is — let us blurt out the worst — not serious. But, then, few movies are, and fewer should be. Here is an oddity of our age. Many people would rather undergo torture or (what is much the same thing) have a Judith Krantz novel read aloud to them than have it said that they willingly read third-rate novels, yet those people go to movies that are the moral equivalents of Krantz novels, and will read ponderous reviews of those movies. Epstein, who believes that much movie reviewing amounts to distinguishing between the fourth-rate and the third-rate, says that reading Pauline Kael, "page after page, on, say, the movie 'Popeye' becomes a spectacle akin to listening to someone play 'Mares Eat Oats and Does Eat Oats' on a Stradivarius."

Oh, carry me back to olden days, when almost all movies were like "Ferris Bueller" — no nonsense about seriousness. In the early 1950s, the 11-year-old intelligentsia in Champaign, Ill., plunked down ten cents for a

See WILL on 5

Introducing the face of the Eighties: Liberty's new look mostly cosmetic

On July 4, the Statue of Liberty will have a new face. It is the '80s and everybody is getting a new face. Old decrepit rock stars get new faces for MTV. Nixon gets a new face (same as the old one but without all the egg on it). McDonald's and a whole bunch of other real patriotic folks want to make Liberty mean something again. It is indicative of the age that giving liberty meaning again means giving her cosmetic surgery.

A little paint and buff and, voila, good as new. Still a speck of injustice on the big copper nose and a thin patina of inequality all along the surface. Clean, clean, scrape, scrape.

Some things that should be considered:

(1) The sculptor, Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, used his mother as the model for Liberty's face and his wife's body to give Liberty her youthful figure.

Now, I don't really mind having a Freudian nightmare for our nation's representative in New York's harbor, but how do the patriotic boys, girls and conglomerates feel about this?

Half-bride/half Mom is one of those things decent folk don't think about. Even Greek mythology avoids creatures like this.

But who am I to psychoanalyze the artist that gave us such a charming exaggeration of our nation's psyche.

(2) About our national psyche, as it were. If we think our Lady is somehow indigenous to this fair land, we are

sadly mistaken. I'm told there are Lady Liberties strung all over Europe. Whatever act of artistic procreation spawned her was repeated again and again.

Lord, you're thinking, now he's questioning her sexual behavior, or the artist's sexual behavior, or both, or everything sacred, right, American...

Well, artistic promiscuity is no crime. Just something to think about.

(3) What exactly does the statue get to watch while it stands there getting arm cramps?



Charles Lieurance

If we think the immigration into this country is all tears of joy and happy smiling faces yearning to breathe free we are, once again, sadly mistaken.

The series of long wooden benches, examinations of every orifice, cabalistic paper work and labyrinthine hallways of Ellis Island look, in most books of photography, like scenes from Nazi death camps. Then, the caption, Oh, yeah, this is America. These people are about to become Americans. A nice glass of milk and a tenement will cheer up those long faces.

I won't even go into the eyes full of false promise on our lady. I won't mention the nature of the lies we tell the

world. Now there's room for everyone.

The immigrant could go door to door. "Seen some freedom and opportunity lately?"

"None here, try Broadway and Sixth Street."

"Been there. The police showed up to escort me back here."

(4) What will the new face look like?

I'm personally in favor of Ronald McDonald for a face and Tina Turner's torso. Maybe a Swatch wrist watch. The hand held high in the air for all the world to see could bear Cokes and styrofoam pods with hamburgers in them for all.

Maybe Ronald Reagan would like to put his favorite horse's head on top and Nancy's torso on the bottom.

(5) What does it all mean?

Well, if we have a Statue of Liberty, let's get statues for some other things too. How about a statue for every time Ronald Reagan forgets a delicate question a reporter asks him in the space of five seconds? How about a statue for all the Nazis who work for the space program and draw \$100,000 a year pensions?

And let's get statues that represent how little we really know or care about our government's actions in Latin America, the Middle East and, for that matter, here at home.

Perhaps those could all be one statue. It would look a lot like the statue for justice, blind and carrying a sword.