

Daily Nebraskan
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Poster offensive

Bar should display concern for customers

A little raunch goes a long way. And it may take Duffy's Tavern all the way to the cleaners. Lincoln police slapped Duffy's, 1412 O St., with a ticket Wednesday that could cost the tavern up to \$1,000 in fines for the alleged distribution of pornography. That "pornography" was a promotional poster for the Kansas City, Mo. band Castration. About 50 copies of the poster were distributed throughout downtown Lincoln.

The poster depicts a young, near-naked woman with rope wrapped tightly around her body and a piece of cloth gagging her mouth.

Duffy's was issued the ticket after police received several complaints about the poster's offensive overtones.

Whether or not the poster is pornographic is up to the courts to decide. Jurors in the community would have to determine whether they consider the poster pornographic.

The Daily Nebraskan vehemently opposes the suppression of those rights guaranteed by the First Amendment. However, just because a poster is within the guidelines of the law doesn't mean it has to be supported.

Castration, an "industrial noise band," chose to have its music advertised by a woman who looks as if she is bound and gagged against her will. There is no message explaining the picture; its meaning is left to the individual.

Without a message the poster implies that the violent, sexist and exploitative treatment of women is acceptable. The fact that Duffy's distributed the offensive poster sends a message to the tavern's potential customers that management did not mind those implications.

Steve Schulz, owner of Project Import record store and musical coordinator for Duffy's, said the tavern was bound by contract to distribute the band's promotional materials. Before the poster was distributed, he said, the woman's private areas were obscured with marking pens.

Marking pens were not enough. Nor was Schulz's after-the-fact confession that he found the poster in bad taste. If Schulz found the poster offensive, how did he think the public would react?

Schulz said that after talking with the band he didn't think the poster was done "maliciously."

"I think it was done to get a point across. Their music was very disturbing as their poster was very disturbing," he said.

More disturbing than Schulz's makeshift rebuttal, however, is his, and Duffy's, poor judgment and lack of sensitivity for the public.

Schulz said he plans to be more selective in the future about what kind of promotional material is distributed.

Let's hope so. Senseless, violent and disturbing posters are no way to drum up business.

— Lee Rood
for the Daily Nebraskan

Student: 'I forgot to read Jim's Journal'

Laying in bed last night I couldn't get to sleep. "I've forgotten to do something today," I worried. Then I remembered that I forgot to read Jim's Journal that morning. "I should

share this with others," I thought as I fell asleep.

Bill Braun
graduate student
philosophy

Reader: Continue fight against sexism

Bob Nelson's easy dismissal of Carol Grell's criticism of the DN's female condom story demonstrates only his inability to recognize that sexism exists. Rather than patronizing Grell with his irrelevant "make love not war" statement, I'd like to suggest that Nelson take a moment to consider how it might feel to always be the one responsible for birth control.

eager to paste themselves on jars to be judged as objects with pennies (I can only believe they know not what they do). None of us are free of sexism; we can only keep fighting against it by identifying and tearing down its foundation.

Nelson's defensiveness shows only his unwillingness to look at sexism in his own life. Rather than attack Grell for her insight, let's go for the real enemy: sexism.

Grell never indicates that she's a man-hater. Nor am I. You don't have to be a man-hater to hate sexism. In fact, many women are only too

Lise Osvald
graduate student
education psychology

you knew you'd see it...

Zsa Zsa's Chain Gang Line



Condoms needed in restrooms

Private stall offers perfect environment for peaceful pondering

"I think about you when I go to the bathroom."

— Missionary's Daughter
The Mosquito Coast

A restroom is a wonderful place to think. I'm not sure what makes it so, but a private stall is the ideal environment for contemplation. I sometimes go just to make peace with myself.

Like on the Friday before last. I sat there, depressed and embarrassed, with my head in my hands, staring down.

I was looking at the newspaper that I had sprawled on the floor between my legs. I was less-than-satisfied with my first published piece of writing, and a passage that should have walked the thin line between selectivity and sexism was pushed over the threshold by hastily chosen phraseology.

In the heat of the moment, feeling the pressure of the deadline, I had made the decision to put it in as-is, trusting the editors to pull it out at the last moment if it was really that bad.

"Why did I do it? I've ruined my life," I repeated to myself. I had set myself up for attack by hoards of hair-trigger feminists. I knew that I would never again make love to a woman who was able to read; or a sorority girl.

As I sat and thought about sealed fate, I prepared for an impending life of celibacy. In my mind, the final chapter of my sexual history had been written. Never again would I need a condom.

I began to toy with the idea of entering the priesthood, but it wasn't an option. The only supreme being that I believe in is Murphy -- as in Murphy's Law. If anything can go wrong, it will. And it had. Life, which I had viewed as a meaningless sequence of events between orgasms, now simply would be a meaningless sequence of events.

But then, in my darkest hour, my ears were filled with the music of a million angels. An eerie light poured

underneath the partition from the next stall. The heavenly music faded, and was replaced by the rolling of distant thunder.

"Do not despair," a loud, booming voice commanded.

"God, is that you?"

"Yes, it is I. Murphy that I am -- the one who first spoke the law which you claim to know so well. What is the law?"

I answered in my pitiful, mortal squeak. "If anything can go wrong, it will. That is the law."

"You are correct, my child. I have been watching you in your state of misery, and it seems as though you do not truly understand the law."

I challenged him. "What is there to understand? I'll never make love again!"



"But the law implies that fortune strikes most often when you are not prepared to accept it. Your pessimistic attitude has put you in such a position, therefore, fortune will strike you."

Now, don't go attacking my belief system by pointing out inconsistencies and contradictions. Beliefs without flaws are not beliefs. Mine included. But I still believe them with every inch of my fiber.

What God's message meant to me was that Miss Right was probably standing right outside the bathroom door, and her hormones probably were raging.

God concluded, "You will need protection when fortune strikes. I want you to go forth and find a condom."

God left with a whoosh, shaking the ground for dramatic effect. When the rumble faded, the only sound

remaining was the hissing of the water pipes. He was nice enough to flush.

I had been commanded by God to find a condom. This led me to believe that God was highly intelligent. Of the popular methods of birth control, only abstinence and condoms offered protection against sexually transmitted diseases. They also were the only two methods that could be applied by either partner. Of the two, condoms are the least frustrating.

Unless you're trying to find one, was in a residence hall restroom. Condoms do not exist there.

In the buildings that house many hundreds of sexually active adults there aren't any condom vending machines.

There should be. Condoms should be where the people are. They should be where the sex is taking place, and they should be available at any time of night. They should be as close as a quick run down the hall.

They could be, but they aren't. The powers that be would rather see a promising young pair of students make the decision to proceed a natural.

They feel that providing protection would be endorsing sexual activity. But in reality, sexual activity just might be curbed. You are the most lucky when protection is not available. (Proof by Murphy's Law.)

That is why they are so desperately needed.

I left the restroom in despair that day, despite my religious experience. Miss Right was not waiting for me, but perhaps that's just as well. In the heat of the moment, I could not find protection.

However, I did leave with a little bit of truth, inspired by God: Restrooms are the perfect place for condom machines. Where else could you be going about your daily routine when you happen to look down and mutter, "Say, that reminds me..."

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editorial

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