

Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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Cautious optimism

Mandela's freedom shouldn't be symbolic

It's a time of hope, and a time for caution. After 27 years of prison, Nelson Mandela has been released. The 71-year-old anti-apartheid leader and symbol of freedom for South Africa left prison Sunday. Praise has been lavished on President de Klerk for releasing Mandela and opening up possibilities for further reductions on apartheid. But Mandela is not really free. Mandela still cannot live where he wants, vote for candidates he wants or run for office. Neither can the rest of non-white South Africa. President Bush has pledged to help de Klerk ease relations and move toward peaceable change. He also will consult with Congress to review the five requirements that de Klerk must meet to have U.S. economic sanctions lifted. In addition to Mandela's release, the requirements include lifting the state of emergency, legalizing political participation for all parties, repealing laws that regulate where non-whites can live and work, and beginning good-faith relations with the black majority. Unfortunately, even if the requirements are met, South Africa probably will not be equitably ruled. Beginning good-faith relations is not the same as granting equality. De Klerk cannot be allowed to use Mandela as a token. Sure, he is out of prison now, but he never should have been sent there in the first place. Mandela's release is a symbol of hope for South Africa and the rest of the world. But de Klerk must be carefully watched, and pressure must be kept on his government to continue to move forward against apartheid. Otherwise, Nelson Mandela and his release from prison will remain symbolic.

Amy Edwards for the Daily Nebraskan



Readers not required to think

Message: Every college student ready, starving for success

There's been an interesting development on the editorial page of the Daily Nebraskan in the last week. Columnists have caught some kind of bug which makes them spout rhetoric about things totally unrelated to abortion, the death penalty, laws and wars.

They're reminding college students that they all have emotions and that they all have times of reckoning -- things besides textbooks. I'm not sure I like being reminded, but it's a pretty funky revolution as far as sophisticated student journalism goes.

I have recently discovered that I am human. As such, I guess I'm entitled to follow the trend. You'll like this, because you can read it and not feel like you're required to think. If you decide you would like to think, please skip to the last few paragraphs.

For years I've been a loner surrounded by people who care about me but can't really tell how I feel. I know that I'm not the only one in this situation, so I'll write about it. Fellow losers are advised to use me as a prototype.

I went to second grade in Cape Charles, Va. It's a small coastal town which I think has progressed to about 1930 by now. On the first day of class, my teacher, Mrs. Bull, identified me as an outsider -- someone who had gone to kindergarten and first grade elsewhere, someone who could add. For the rest of the year, my job was to take unfortunate idiots, two at a time, into the closet and teach them how to tie their shoes and tell time.

This changed the course of my life. From then on, I was to be bitter, pessimistic and self-reliant. I was deprived of my second-grade education and alienated from classmates. I developed a life-long opinion that there is no hope for the world. I decided that if I was to learn anything, I would do it on my own. I began to believe that people would never talk to me unless they wanted something from me.

Moving halfway across the country every year didn't help much either. With no time to make real friends,

I developed a pattern of entertaining myself. I got good at it. By the time I came to the University of Nebraska, I had enough of an immunity to social life that I was able to get by without any friends for two years, unless you count that one girl. No longer. Here we are, college students, ready

lutely no time studying this semester and still graduate. I only need four hours of sleep every night. I live on the edge: I'm \$22,000 in debt. My mom went to high school with Goldie Hawn. I have a million or so whimsical tales I could tell if properly provoked. I'm hot. I prefer women.

So the Cape Charles dilemma is being put behind me. Not only am I no longer afraid to approach people -- in this case, women -- and tell them exactly what I'm thinking, but I am not afraid to approach 8,000 or 9,000 of them at once. I realize that when those backward second graders gathered around me at lunch break to giggle and watch me chew in my curious manner -- with a closed mouth -- they weren't laughing at me. They just didn't understand me. If I would have opened my mouth, spewing creamed corn and an explanation, they would have been enlightened, and I would have felt less distant. From now on I resolve to eat with my mouth open, at least whenever I am in Cape Charles.

I have had this really weird phobia all my life: Maybe I'll turn into a conformist. Maybe I'll be like everyone else. But now I'm beginning to realize that nonconformists are the worst conformists of all. They spend more time making sure they're not wearing what everyone else is than conformists spend trying to look like their peers. I can derive my sense of individuality from my own head. I'm going to go out at night, drink Anheuser-Busch products, tell jokes and act like everyone else. I deserve it. I've been saving up for it. I shan't be gone long, you come too. (The illiterates should be informed that I plagiarized that last sentence).

I'm going to close with a twist on a nifty adage, profession or whatever. No man is an island. I guess that's true, but some men certainly live on islands. I'm swimming toward shore. Toss me a boogie board.

Loomis is a senior news-editorial major, the Daily Nebraskan wire editor and a columnist.



Brandon Loomis

to embark on the world of success, biding our time until graduation by squeezing into local bars and feeling like we belong. Somehow, I've learned that part. I'm beginning to open my mouth periodically as well. I used to worry that what I had to say was usually unimportant, so I didn't say it. Now I'm more worried that I'll be unimportant. I thought public school was supposed to take care of these problems for me.

The message/meaning/thrust/gist: Every college student is ready and starving for success. Few know what success is. I do. Success is having both insane aspirations and a simple but stable happiness to fall back on when you fail. If you haven't failed, you will. You need more than yourself to overcome your failures. You need me.

Lots of people pay money to advertise themselves as singles in newspapers. I get paid to do it. That's America, and I love it.

I am 21 years of age, 6-foot-2 and 155 pounds (4.2 percent body fat). I like folk, blues, jazz, rock, soul, classical, punk and John Philip Sousa. I am fluent in English. Somebody sliced my shoulders out of my columnist photograph, so be aware that my neck really isn't that long. I have a 3.8 grade point average, which is to say that I could easily spend abso-

'Easiest' solution not the best

We are told that abortion should continue to be an alternative choice for a woman to determine her own destiny. That no one has a right to tell another what to do with an unborn human/fetus. The abortion issue has many alternative arguments that may be substituted where appropriate.

An unborn child/fetus is not a human, but rather an unfeeling, unthinking lump of tissue that has as much individuality from its mother as a fingernail that can be clipped off. I once discussed this with a friend and in the end we both concluded that a developing fetus was human, therefore making abortion murder. When I asked him how he could still support abortion, his reply was "I may need to use it someday."

What about all of the unwanted children who are overpopulating our world -- are you going to take care of them? I agree that overpopulation is one of the most serious problems facing our world today. It is responsible for starvation, unwanted children and the destruction of our environment. Anyone who knows me knows that I

will support anything that will save our environment. But does the end justify the means? Is killing our unborn children the way to solve our problems?

Abortion is a moral issue, therefore a religious issue. In this country, no one has the right to force their religious beliefs on me. The question of what rights born and unborn humans have is not religious, but rather the very heart and soul of our Constitution. Are all humans protected under the law or simply the ones who can speak for themselves and afford good lawyers?

I do not wish to attack individuals for their beliefs on abortion. I am saddened, though, that we are so easily led to believe that the easiest way out of a problem is the best way. I am also saddened that many of us remain silent in an attempt to appear reasonable and, in the process, sell our very souls.

Tom Koerner senior natural resources

Don't raise fees; make cuts

First, they hiked prices in the laundry room, then a \$145 increase in housing, now a proposed 20-percent increase in parking fees.

The attitude around the University of Nebraska-Lincoln seems to be "Well, instead of reducing cost by increasing efficiency, let's just tack on a few bucks and claim it's just annual inflation. After all, those rich little college brats are made of money, and they'll never miss it."

Well, if they want to fund this shuttle program or whatever else that they plan to use the extra money on, then do something that makes sense,

like only charging the students who want to use the shuttle. After all, why charge 20,000 students for a service that many do not need to use? Or, better yet, do away with the entire UNL Police Department. All they are is a nuisance to students and an unneeded liability to the school's "tight" budget. Can you think of one worthwhile thing that the campus police has done besides handing out parking tickets? I didn't think so.

Mike Gleason freshman computer science

letter

Readers also are welcome to submit material as guest opinions. Whether material should run as a letter or guest opinion, or not to run, is left to the editor's discretion.

Anonymous submissions will not be considered for publication. Letters should include the author's name, year in school, major and group affiliation, if any. Requests to withhold

names will not be granted.

Submit material to the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.