

Daily Nebraskan  
Editorial Board  
University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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## Officials not exempt Public has right to hear both sides

Student and faculty representatives Friday made recommendations to improve the student code of conduct. Most of the changes are necessary ones, making policy clearer to help students and the judicial affairs office understand what is "allowed" at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln.

Along with those revisions, representatives included a clause closing all student judicial hearings to the public.

Ouch.

In previous codes, the meetings were open to the public at the request of the defendant.

There is a reason for open court meetings that those representatives seem to be missing. When someone is charged with an offense, their name goes on police and court records, which are open to the public by law.

The press reports those charges on the basis that the public has a right to know what is going on in the community.

Open court systems allow the press and the public to follow a case which may concern others, hearing both sides of the issue. When defendants take the stand, they are able to give their side of the story -- a side that does not immediately show up in police or court records.

During a meeting Friday, James Griesen, vice chancellor for student affairs, said the change was made because of problems at other universities where defendants in sexual assault cases have opened judicial hearings to intimidate and embarrass the victim of the assault.

That argument is valid, but it also carries a frightening precedent. It places the decision of whether a story -- or one side of a story -- should be told in the hands of the government (in this case, the university).

The names of sexual assault victims are not run in papers to protect the victim and save further harassment or embarrassment.

That choice is a newspaper's responsibility -- not the responsibility of the government.

Griesen said the change also was recommended because of the Daily Nebraskan's attempts to cover judicial hearings that adjudicated those cited for participating in snowball fights.

Attempts is the right word. What Griesen failed to mention was that the Daily Nebraskan was barred from those hearings -- even though they supposedly were open to the public under the current code of conduct.

It is too bad that officials at a public institution would consider themselves exempt from the laws governing the state which runs it.

-- Amy Edwards  
for the Daily Nebraskan

## Seeking scapegoats dangerous

I had a most interesting discussion with a young woman about the environment and the solutions available to us last night. But during the course of that discussion she made a comment that scared me. It reminded me that all of us possess the capacity of evil. Her comment, "I think all Christians and religionists should be killed!" I paraphrase of course, but that was essentially her statement. Some Muslims would feel the same way about a lot of people, but for different reasons.

Many of us remember and recognize the horror of the Nazi Holocaust, when thousands of Jews were mercilessly slaughtered simply because of their faith or background. Hitler used them as his scapegoat for all of Germany's problems. Likewise, I have heard some environmentalists blame Christianity for our ecological problems. My warning to them, "Beware of seeking scapegoats or speaking and acting out of ignorance and hatred." Many Christian doctrines promote a non-materialistic and self-sacrificing lifestyle. They may not

believe in the pantheistic or empirical ideologies of many environmentalists, but many of them would probably be willing to give up an awful lot for the good of everybody. Even if it were "For the Lord's sake."

Another thing, before people go about judging Christians because they push their beliefs, it would do them well to remember that gays, feminists, environmentalists, empiricists and many others seek to force their ideologies upon the church. Do not think they don't! These militants can be just as zealous and loud about their beliefs as Jerry Falwell ever was, and just as cruel, judgmental and intimidating.

If you want to put a stuck-up Christian to shame, do what he or she is supposed to do, show them understanding and kindness. It is like pouring hot coals on their head! Say, maybe that old book isn't as bad as it sounds!

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## editorial

The Daily Nebraskan's publishers are the regents, who established the UNL Publications Board to supervise

Editorial columns represent the opinion of the author.

the daily production of the paper.

According to policy set by the regents, responsibility for the editorial content of the newspaper lies solely in the hands of its student editors.

10-B SUNDAY WORLD NEWS

# Memo from DeCamp:

(Whose ancestors, with their sweat and blood were pioneers of this state.)

## LOVE ME, LIKE ME ... OR GO TO HELL!

Next Week: A 94-year-old woman was captured by Aliens. Now she knows all the secrets about the Legislature.

**HAPPY DeCampers**

The DeCamp Bunch

**In This Ad:**  
I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT POLITICS. WHAT YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW BUT DIDN'T REALLY KNOW THE TRUTH, BUT I DO KNOW.

- How Ernie Chambers is really the product of a genetic experiment done by the Government (shocking photos below)

What a great, loving, traditional family unit I have.

SHILLITO 4/30 Daily Nebraskan

## Higher education is blind faith

No one really knows what going to college will get them into

At least one couple was married in The People's Republic of China this weekend. I'm sure there may have been a few others, but there was only one that was newsworthy enough for me to hear about and then pass on to the oblivious masses. I'm not really sure what the court-ship ritual is like in China, but apparently these two went through all that. Some of this is just speculation, but I assume they were engaged for a spell. Then -- and this part I'm sure of -- they had a nice little wedding ceremony.

Not until the groom tried to consummate his conquest did he discover that she had one of them Y chromosomes. A hairy chest. A penis.

Obviously, though I have to take a few summer courses before I get out of here, I am caving in and writing one of those end-of-the-year/graduation columns. During parts of this column, I shall portray myself as the teary-eyed social animal, wondering where all my college buddies will be in 10 years, how many children they will have created, how many of my friends will have died at parties while participating in bizarre drinking games.

At other times, I will seem the angry young man, let down by society, spurning its norms and expectations, heading for the mountains and a new life as a beaver trapper. At still others, you will think me Ward Cleaver.

Consider this: The Chinese groom is me -- for the sake of argument. The Chinese bride, however, is not, as you may have hypothesized, my wife. Rather, she is my four years at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, my college education, my key to the world.

(This section will cover the angry young man in me.) I have paid my dues. I have expended countless hours trying to get this alleged woman into bed. Custom, unfortunately, has dictated that premarital sex is not permissible. I must wait until this, my big day, to discover what life really is like. What is the meaning of life? The answer is at my fingertips. If I can just get through the vows and the reception or whatever we do here in China,

I will be a man.

Then, on the eve of my nuptial bliss, I do indeed discover the meaning of life. Our purpose in life is to keep searching for our purpose, which always seems just out of our grasp and always will be.

Do you understand what I'm say-



Brandon Loomis

ing to you? No matter how hard you try to conform to the blueprints for American life, you could end up marrying a man, or a woman, or someone who might not be to your sexual liking.

So I've worked four years at this thing, and I've thought about it for a lot longer than that, and now I'm at the same point where I was when it all began. Upon graduation from an accredited university, I'm supposed to have all the answers. Instead, I have even more questions.

Take this, for instance: I can explain the jet stream, the Coriolis force and the phenomenon of stalactites. I don't, however, know how or why salmon travel thousands of miles only to return to their precise birthplace to spawn, and even if somebody thought they could explain it to me, I'd be doubtful.

I've learned about 54-50 or Fight, but I can't decide whether I want to be President of the United States or a goldpanner in the mighty Yukon. I've learned the importance of environmental protection, yet, I still get the urge to cut down an evergreen and count the rings. Four years ago, I decided that I couldn't make any decisions about my future, so I'd let college do that for me. Now I'm rich with knowledge and \$25,000 in debt.

But I think college was a good thing. After high school, I knew only the 50 state capitals, the Pledge of Allegiance and the workings of the

two-stroke engine. I have spent four years interacting with people who have different perspectives and interests. I have had real-life opportunities to reaffirm my values, and I feel pretty good about the way I have treated people. I'm ready to have children and to bring them up to be positive forces in the world, and I vow not to have more than I think the Earth can sustain. They will wear Osh Kosh overalls and I will affectionately dub them Tapeworm and Sloth. I will love and respect them, and I might cry when they graduate. They will remember me as the loveable guy who thought too much. (That was the Ward Cleaver passage.)

And my college experience has left me with many, many memories of good friends and crazy midnight expeditions to university officials' houses, which my educated brain will distort and blot into the most wonderful times known to mankind. I will remember exploring sexuality with fellow student journalists at editorial board meetings. I will, through some illogical neurological thing that seems to occur in all human brains, remember fondly my hellish days and nights as a news editor at the Daily Nebraskan. I will giggle boyishly when looking back on my days as a news reporter, when I ruined many a young lad's life. I will miss the days in July, sitting on a sand bar in the middle of the Platte River, trying to catch catfish but really not knowing what I was doing.

It's great to be young and in love and full of uncertainty, and ready to embark on a world which isn't really ready for you. It's great to be thin enough that your grandchildren will never recognize your graduation pictures. I hope it's just as great later on. I hope I don't mind being fat.

I hope I don't wonder what it was all for, and if I might not have done better just to work on a fishing boat and live on canned baked beans. I hope this whole thing doesn't turn out to be a man.

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