

## Daily Nebraskan

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### What Others Think

*Improved drug testing still is intrusive*

At least two Florida companies are taking the matter of drug testing straight to the top -- of your head.

Barnett Banks Inc. and Blockbuster Entertainment Corp. will test potential employees for drugs by snipping off about 50 1-inch samples of their hair, liquefying them and testing the liquid for drugs the same way they would urine.

The process involves analyzing the core of a hair strand where traces of a drug may be embedded. Experts like this test better than urine tests because they say it is less intrusive and provides a longer drug history, often revealing drugs taken several years before.

The tests, new and improved or not, are still intrusive and violate privacy. It is no one's business if a worker chooses to take drugs, just so long as that use does not interfere with job performance. If drug use interferes with job performance, then fire the employee based on job performance, not on drug usage.

We aren't talking about jobs that people trust their lives to, such as pilots. We are talking about the guy you rent your video from or the woman who cashes your check.

Doing drugs on the job is one thing. A boss has every right and responsibility to ensure productivity and fire those employees who are not producing because they are impaired. But prohibiting people from employment because they took drugs months before is ridiculous.

-- Alligator  
University of Florida

### Editors ignore Rally for Life

The Daily Nebraskan is again showing their blatant pro-abortion bias and continuing to bow to the media giants when given ample opportunity on their own to speak the truth.

I am referring to the lack of at least a small story on the national Rally for Life held in Washington D.C. on Saturday, April 28. Even if one were to go by the UPI estimate of the crowd (which was somewhat deflated), 569,000 people attended the rally. Event organizers put the actual total as somewhere nearer to 700,000. Either way, the event was the largest political demonstration in the more than 200+ year history of the city, and one of the largest in the 200+ year history of our nation.

But what do my eyes see in the Monday, April 30, issue of the DN? A Page 2 reactionist abortion poll, borrowed from the Omaha World-Herald, that shows 53 percent of Nebraskans think that a woman should be allowed an abortion if she chooses to have one. Hmmm... it's interesting that so many Nebraskans changed their minds so fast, when at the end of January (after the Nebraska Walk for Life) the Journal-Star ran a poll saying that 48 percent of Nebraskans considered themselves "pro-life" and 46 percent themselves "pro-choice." Granted, there has been a lot of politi-

cal hype lately because of the upcoming primary elections, but I doubt that in the space of three months, 7 percent (which is how many thousands?) of Nebraskans have changed their minds on such an important issue.

The fact remains that the editors of Daily Nebraskan surely saw the wire story on the Rally for Life yet chose to ignore it and print another article in its place which supports their view. My already low estimation of the DN editors in dealing with this issue has ceased to become a low estimation -- it is outright contempt. One of the main reasons many Nebraskans are supposedly "pro-choice" (but really "pro-abortion") is because that's the view they see in the media most of the time.

One final note: If the majority of Americans are "pro-choice," then why is it that the pro-choice camp couldn't get nearly as many people committed enough their cause (300,000 or so) to come to their rally in Washington D.C. on Nov. 12, 1989, as the pro-life camp could get to come to theirs? Think about that before you enter the polls on May 15.

Ben Lass  
UNL employee  
Division of Continuing Studies

### letter POLICY

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes brief letters to the editor from all readers and interested others.

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.

### editorial POLICY

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

Editorial columns represent the opinion of the author.

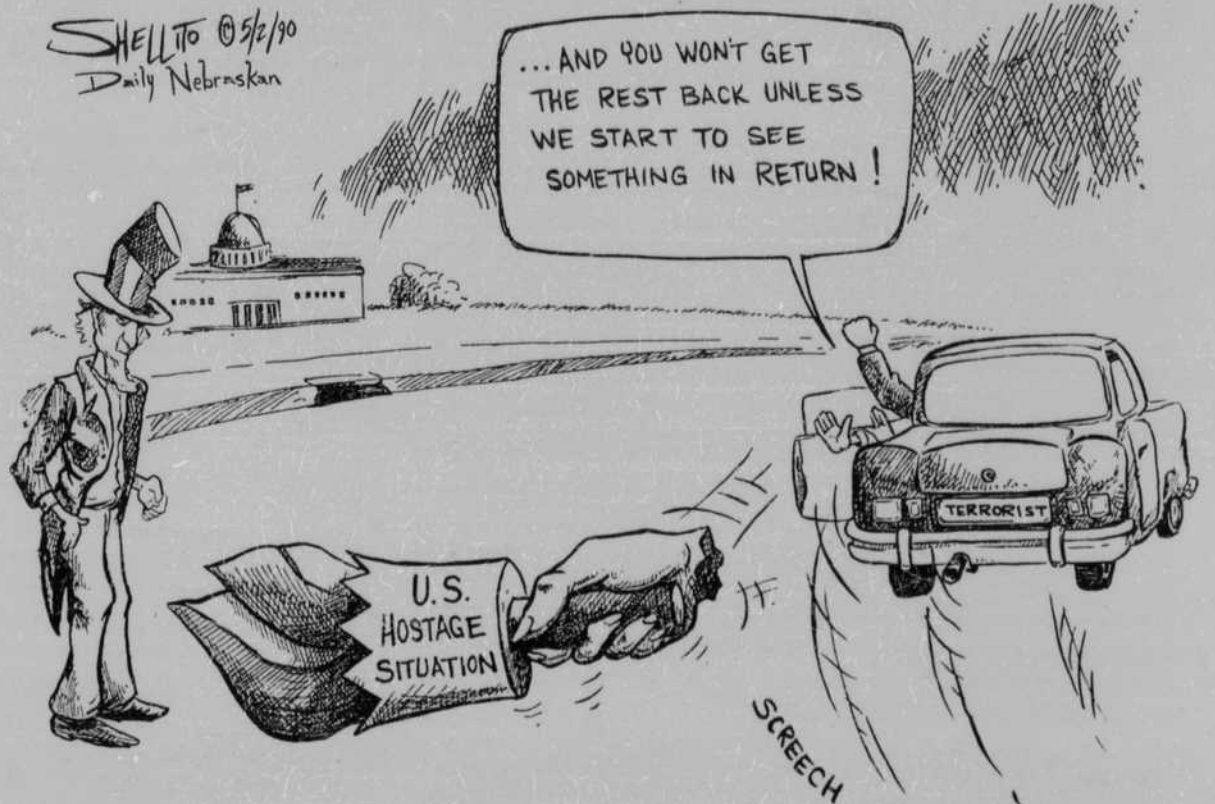
The Daily Nebraskan's publishers

Letters and guest opinions sent to the newspaper become the property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned. Letters should be typewritten.

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

are the regents, who established the UNL Publications Board to supervise 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.



### Swan song haunted by regret

*Dreams of rock 'n' roll stardom destroyed by pragmatism*

My super-cool rock 'n' roll band, The Lemmings, broke up a few weeks ago. We had some creative differences, mainly that we could no longer create because we had forgotten how to play our instruments.

I contributed very few songs to The Lemmings repertoire. "The Bam's Too Big To Sleep In But It Ain't Big Enough To Make Love In" was probably my masterpiece, followed closely in genius by my only other songs, "Diamond Studded Woman," "Choke It Down" and "Black Lung Cake."

I go more for quality than quantity in my song-writing. The other band members wanted hits, and they wanted them fast. The pressure became too much, and I decided that I needed a new direction. I recently joined the speed-metal band, Prunic Units, and the acoustic folk duet, Two Big Lips. Both projects are progressing nicely, but I have a feeling that neither band will make it big. I have to leave Lincoln soon, far too soon to mold a professional act.

I think college ruined my career in rock 'n' roll. I spent too much time going to class and working at the DN. I should have been on the road. Now I have to go be a journalist. It's a regret that will haunt me far past my first Pulitzer.

When I was a freshman, I was in a band called Forgetful Jones. We were serious, and we were the worst band in Lincoln. My voice sucked, our P.A. sucked, I was scared of audiences, audiences thought we sucked and all through this, I was convinced we were going to be "The band of the 90s." In the one-year life of Forgetful Jones, we had one original song -- a flaccid little jingle-jangler called "Dream and Dream Alike."

Last week, I found a 1986 recording of Forgetful Jones playing in the Nebraska Union ballroom. I had forgotten the lyrics to "Dream and Dream Alike." Some of them are as follows:

Dream and dream alike  
If darkness comes I'll know  
That everything's alright.  
Lie down, you may never get up,  
No, not from dying,  
But something that kills the same.

... And so on. Besides the teenage drama, it was kind of a neat little

thing about growing older and dying inside. It was about safety and ruts and forgetting. The last lines of the lyrics were:

Dream and dream alike  
If marked (myself) I'd recall  
That nothing was alright. . . .

The "mark," if I remember correctly, was an attempt to make this song a sort of string around my finger



**Bob  
Nelson**

to remind me "That nothing was alright" -- a check on dead life and at the same time a sort of optimistic nihilism.

We botched the ending and about three people clapped.

And here I am on the edge of the real world -- without a serious band -- writing a swan-song column about being lectured by lyrics I wrote as a 17-year-old freshman in college. I haven't written a serious song lyric in four years. Looking back, this is probably for the best; except that dreams can't be tainted with judgments on talent. We all know that.

I've seen college graduates. They talk in correct and empty sentences and cook their food in ovens. Sometimes they have Tidy-Bowl to make their toilet-water blue like the sky.

I believe now that the trick of college is to build yourself a bright future out of an equally bright present: Seize The Day, but not so hard that seizing the day tomorrow is impossible. This sort of pragmatism is judgment on dreams -- an illness in Forgetful Jones' only song.

We named the band Forgetful Jones after a rarely-seen cowboy puppet on Sesame Street and also because of the connotations of the name in relation to the battle-cry of materialism and conformity, "Keeping up with the Joneses."

I dreamed about discussing our band's name with a writer for Rolling Stone magazine. I figured that people

would be dazzled by the playful brilliance of our name. At the same time, my band was plagiarizing trendy college songs like "What I Like About You" and "Louie Louie."

Emerson said, "there is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that . . . no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till."

It seems that there is a continuum in all this. At one end is the dream and at the other, the dream realized. Between those two points are a million decisions between present fulfillment and present work for future fulfillment. Do you study or do you party? If you study, you get your chosen occupation. If you party, you will live each moment to the fullest.

If you study, you waste the present. If you party, you jeopardize the future. And all this time, you've got to avoid the malaise in which there are no more decisions being made.

So do I rock or do I write? That decision, I'm afraid, was made long ago. I dreamed and didn't act on music.

But I think everyone dreams about being a rock star. I think those dreams fuel the adulation that musicians receive. That same adulation makes people dream about being musicians. It's a weird and vicious circle that makes you play air guitar in your room when you should be studying.

But I'll be out of this university with a decent GPA, a decent job and a pile of decent memories of playing music simply to be stupid. My college days could have been a whole lot worse. Forgetful Jones could have continued living in its crypt of imitation and envy.

So that's what I know about college in a swan and a bad song. Besides that, I'm scared of Tidy-Bowl, I'm scared of the Jones and most of all, I'm scared my college marks will wear off.

Is there life after college? Ted Nugent still looks like he's having fun. I suppose it's all a state of mind.

Nelson is a senior news-editorial major and the Daily Nebraskan editorial page editor and a columnist.