

Daily  
Nebraskan

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## Industry should listen

*More effort needed to save environment*

**A** little more than a month has passed since we celebrated Earth Day 1990.

That Sunday afternoon, individuals joined together in support of treating the environment more kindly, and at least for that day, being environmentally conscious was the thing to do.

But last week proved it takes more than efforts from individuals to save planet Earth. Two reports, one from the World Resources Institute and one from Nebraska Citizen Action, prove that industry isn't doing its share to keep the planet livable.

According to a New York Times article, the World Resources Institute report reveals that 40 to 50 million acres of trees from tropical forests are cut down each year to be used as timber or to clear land for agriculture and other development.

That's an area the size of Washington state. And that's a 50 percent higher rate of deforestation than was previously calculated by the U.N. Food and Agricultural Organization in 1980.

And in Nebraska, a report from Citizen Action shows that of the 122 reporting companies, the top ten polluters create about 73 percent of the state's pollution as reported to the Environmental Protection Agency. Two of the top five polluters are right here in Lincoln, each reporting an excess of one million pounds of toxins.

Also, 97 percent of the toxic waste generated in Nebraska came from manufactures in ten counties, the same counties that more than half of Nebraskans live in. The pollution from manufacturers with 10 or more employees in these counties amounted to more than 24.5 pounds of toxins per person. The statewide average is 14.14 pounds.

On both the state and global level, industry is failing to acknowledge the consequences of deforestation and pollution.

The technology to reduce pollutants is available, for a price. Alternate sources of wood pulp, such as recycling, are available, for a price. But, if these two studies are any indication, industry doesn't seem willing to pay that price.

According to a press release, "Citizen Action is calling for toxic source reduction as the real solution to pollution in Nebraska."

Citizen Action has the right idea. Now if only industry will listen.

-- Jana Pedersen  
for the Daily Nebraskan



## Concept could have worked

*Cat disturbs bizarre dream of attempt to create perfect world*

**I** have a dream. Or at least I had one, several nights ago. It was pretty bizarre, even by your standards, so bear with me.

I was at an enormous American Indian powwow somewhere in Minnesota. I think it was a week-long deal celebrating native culture, but there were also many whites and blacks on hand, and, as is often the case in my dreams, the festival became a discussion of societal ethics, labels and the nature of God or gods.

After some enchanting traditional dancing, a black man climbed his folding chair and stood on the red-and-white checkered tablecloth to address the crowd (we were eating fried chicken and some other stuff). He spoke of the wonder and joy that filled his soul at the sight of hundreds of seemingly unlike people gathering on the plains and eating greasy food in harmony. Many of us were overcome with the feeling that somehow we were participating in a sort of modern Thanksgiving. The man on the table was really making people feel good. Some of them were sobbing.

He continued his attempt to raise everyone's spirits, suggesting that only Jesus could bring such a diverse crowd together and instill in it such a feeling of brotherly love. This was his mistake.

At that moment, Minister Louis Farrakhan usurped the checkered lectern, speaking on condition of anonymity. He said that he had a little something for our beloved Jesus. He held his left hand skyward and extended the middle finger.

I pondered human existence. Then Minister Farrakhan said that it was Jesus or some belief that was the source of all our troubles in the first place, and that we really ought to be like Thoreau, or some of the images of people and birds that you get in Robert Frost poems. "Interesting," I thought in my dream. Then a white man leapt upon the table and began singing "Onward Christian Soldiers." There was general unrest until someone revealed several cases of beer on

the back of a pickup, and the crowd began to mingle.

Seeing Minister Farrakhan standing alone, I seized the opportunity to approach him and discuss the world. I remember trying to think of what I could say without patronizing him or seeming really ignorant, but it really wasn't necessary because our common introduction turned into the entire dream.

"I'm Brandon Loomis of Lincoln, Nebraska, sir," I dreamed that I said while shaking his hand.

"Oh? And where were you born Mr. Loomis?"

"Watertown, New York, home of those little tree car air fresheners. And you?"



**Brandon Loomis**

"Whitefish, Montana," Minister Farrakhan answered, though I'm sure this had more to do with the Discovery Channel stuff I had watched that night than with reality.

"My god, that's beautiful country," I dreamily exclaimed.

It went on like that for a while, with some small talk about lake trout and about fly-tying techniques. Then Minister Farrakhan took me by the shoulder and led me to a pile of lumber. We started lashing boards and plywood together with twine, fashioning a makeshift go-cart for two. I don't remember what we used for wheels, but sometimes such details aren't necessary in dreams. The really meaningful or ominous dreams are always obscure.

I sat on the running board as Minister Farrakhan went to get a two-stroke engine from somewhere (again, note the obscurity). After installing this in our cart, we piled in, and I asked if we were going to Whitefish. He said, "No," and handed me a Texaco road map. We drove toward

the sunset, and I woke up.

Now, you're the psychiatrist, not me. But I guess I'll walk you through this one.

I was at a multi-racial deal -- a sort of melting powwow, as it were -- which people talked nice about, making things sound great, then chaos ensued and the Christian soldiers almost marched as to war until the beer was unveiled, and I slipped away into the sunset with Louis Farrakhan not really knowing where I was going.

I reckon we must have been a sort of 20th century Lewis and Clark, looking for some promised land and using a Texaco road map in lieu of Sacajawea. We had talked of air fresheners and lake trout -- industry and wide open spaces -- the two things that made this country what it is. We were looking for that essence of greatness, that little spark required to purge society of the anomalous bad guys. I have a feeling we were going to Buffalo, Wyoming, though Crater Lake might be a nice place for our new world.

I know that when it came right down to it, I would have suggested that our industry be fish leather, an entirely renewable resource. We probably would have stopped in Deadwood to acquire some of the fairer sex to help us work up a proletarian force for our project.

So I guess that's it. Louis Farrakhan, a black separatist to the core, chose me, a white something (though I didn't think to check my skin color in the dream), to journey with him and get away from the Christian soldiers who would undoubtedly kill anyone unlike them were it not for potato salad and beer. We were setting out to create the perfect world, and human nature be damned. We were bringing no beer -- an indication of our confidence level.

I'm pretty sure things would have worked out if my cat hadn't stepped on my face just when she did.

Loomis is a senior news-editorial major and the Summer Daily Nebraskan editorial columnist.

## letter

**POLICY**

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

Letters will be selected for publication on the basis of clarity, originality, timeliness and space available. The Daily Nebraskan retains the right to edit all material submitted.

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.

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

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.