

Daily
Nebraskan

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University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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Polish election

Problems don't end with new leader

A decade ago in Gdansk, Poland, a movement began. In the last year, that movement swept across Eastern and Central Europe, culminating in the collapse of Communist governments and punctuated by the dismantling of the Berlin Wall.

It was poetic justice when Solidarity leader Lech Walesa, who led the Gdansk trade union since its beginning, won the Polish presidential election this week.

More than any other country, Poland symbolizes the changes going on behind the former Iron Curtain. Walesa, a former shipyard worker, now becomes one of the new kind of political leaders in Eastern Europe, joining his neighbor to the south, playwright Vaclav Havel of Czechoslovakia.

Even though people's movements triumphed in both of those nations, not everything is rosy.

Walesa steps into the leadership of a nation in the transition from a command economy to a market system. Earlier this year, Polish farmers went on strike when the open market didn't prove to be a quick fix.

News reports also indicate that anti-Semitism still is a problem in Poland, even though few Jewish people remain.

In Czechoslovakia, Havel also faces ethnic problems.

Slovakia, the country's eastern province, has threatened to secede over a power-sharing agreement with the central government and the western Czech province.

Havel has asked the parliament for emergency powers to keep the democracy intact.

In time, Walesa will have to deal with similar crises. First, though, he has to get Poland's economy on track. His opponent in Sunday's elections, Stanislaw Tyminski, had promised to use his knowledge of the Western business world to improve the economy within a month.

Polish voters took a more patient view when they gave Walesa a landslide victory. But that shouldn't surprise him. He's been waiting for 10 years.

— Eric Pfanner
for the Daily Nebraskan

opinion READER

Rap show coverage failed to feature black people

I would like to comment on the Daily Nebraskan's coverage of the "Yo! MTV Raps" College Tour. It sucked.

First of all there was no article written about the event before or after the event. That so-called "write up" that was in the Dec. 5 issue of the Daily Nebraskan was bull—

Whoever interviewed the people in that article was led the wrong way. The information about who ran the show was incorrect. The person who wrote the interview spoke to the wrong people.

As a matter of fact, all the people interviewed were white, the people you gave credit to were white and the pictures taken at the show were of white people.

Oh wait, it gets better. No pictures were taken of Ed Lover and Dr. Dre, no credit was given to the African American Special Events and Entertainment Committee, who did most of the publicity, ticket selling and production of the show.

I am really upset because my committee and I gave this campus the first major rap show ever seen and no black people were given credit.

The Daily Nebraskan advertising was good, but whoever controls the entertainment section should be dismissed. The reason is simply because

it's a minority thing and he does not understand. The Arts and Entertainment section does not cover or focus on minority-sponsored events.

My committee and I say this: Once you get rid of STUPID, find someone who would be willing to show that African American students can also get together and make something work instead of just playing sports.

So Daily Nebraskan, what is the deal? Do you only cover stories that glamorize white people or what? That is the impression that most minorities are getting, especially African-American students and especially me!

I want to end this with the fact that rap music came from the African American culture and for the first time rap music was brought to this campus by African American students.

Victor Williams
junior
computer science

Editor's note: In the Daily Nebraskan's "Yo! MTV Raps" preview Dec. 5, the UPC African American Special Events and Entertainment Committee was credited in the second paragraph.

IS THE GLASS HALF FULL OR HALF EMPTY ?



Sheltie
12/12/90
Daily Nebraskan

Moo-ove on to a new issue

Letter writers have slaughtered veal topic; gulf, crossword vital too

The Daily Nebraskan has published at least 17 letters on the veal scandal this semester.

Unfortunately, several more remain in the letter file. During that time we've had an election, endured a scandalous presidential selection for the University of Nebraska, and currently are trying to uncover Eugene T. Maleska's conspiratorial crossword puzzle that is published on the back pages.

So I asked my editor if I was going to be destined to a life of typing in letters about eating veal, letters rebutting letters about veal, letters rebutting the rebuttals about eating veal, letters about veal farmers, letters rebutting letters about veal farmers, letters saying that veal eaters and farmers should be forced to write 3 million times "I will read 'Diet for a New America'" after which they will be hung by their toes and slowly lowered into the fiery flames of Hades.

I wanted to write about some of the important events that have happened this semester.

"Doesn't anyone care about the impending war, the united Germans and whether there is a relationship between the slow service at Burger King and the fact that BK employees now are allowed to wear their own clothes?"

My editor shook his head. He told me there wasn't enough money in the Daily Nebraskan budget to send me to the Middle East and to get out of his office.

So I was on my own. I decided to pursue this like I was taught to in the journalism college — go straight to the source.

Instead of reading reactions, I decided to find out first-hand what all of these letter writers were alleging. I closed my eyes and began clicking my Birkenstocks together: "There's no place like the veal farm, there's no place like the veal farm."

I awoke and everything was black and white.

I was in the middle of nowhere. No paved road, nothing but a messy salad bar that stretched west to the horizon. To the north and south were stacks of letters addressed to the Daily Nebraskan that read: "Urgent. Veal facts enclosed." To the east was an older

house. It was an inviting home — lace curtains hanging in the window, a big porch and a white picket fence that sort of secured the entire estate.

But the house was just the cover to a book with many horrid tales, I was sure.

No one seemed to be around, so I



Lisa
Donovan

made my way around the premises. Lo and behold — behind the lovely old farmhouse were two large modern barns. One building was marked "equipment," and the other "the temporary home of poor young innocent calves that will soon be slaughtered. But we need to make a living too, ya know."

I advanced toward the door of this cold slave house. My preconceived notions led me to believe that this was the dwelling of Lucifer. I cracked open the door. As I expected, it was all dark. Nurses in white garb walked up and down aisles of the enclosed cages.

I stepped into the lobby and let the door close behind me. There was no turning back. I took off my coat and laid it on a huge stand marked "Daily Nebraskan." Yep, they took the Daily Nebraskan here too.

In the farthest corner of the barn was a large-screen television blaring "Footloose." In the other corner a bartender scrubbed madly on the top of an enormous bar. In the middle of the place was an entire Nautilus setup, complete with two tanning beds.

What the hell?

I moved my way into the room. The smell was more than I could bear. No one seemed to notice me. So I took a deep breath and pulled out my pen, pad and keen sense of observation.

I walked over to a cage that was marked "Brad." I bent over and peered into the little hole.

"Excuse me, my name is Lisa Donovan and I'm with the Daily

Nebraskan. For months, people have been writing to the paper complaining that you are being treated horribly. Any insight on this?"

"You got any cigarettes?" Brad asked.

"Sure. Unfiltered Camels OK?"

"My favorite."

I took care of lighting the cigarette.

"Now listen, do you have any comment on this?"

"Yes, Lisa, and I'm glad you asked that question. You see, I've been reading all of that crap in the DN. And I guess I shouldn't call it crap, because much of it is true. But who are these people? They've never even been here. Never helped us in our coup attempts. Haven't even been candy strippers out here."

"So you're saying that all their yap isn't helping you diddly?"

"I suppose."

"And your health?"

"Well, just imagine how healthy you would be if you were forced to eat, sleep, drink, relieve yourself, and watch "Footloose" from a toilet bowl that didn't flush."

"Do you think your situation would be any better if you didn't smoke? I mean you're awfully young and —"

"It doesn't matter anyway — I'm a goner in a few days." The sentiment was the same throughout. A number of the calves remarked that they would rather die this way than in a nuclear war. Several others said that they would rather die than live through UNL's chancellor search. I told them that if the presidential search had set any precedent, we would all have taken the eternal dirt nap by the time that was completed.

I felt a nudge of discomfort. I was making friends with my sources. Very unethical. It was time to leave.

I asked Brad if there was anything he wanted to tell the people out in letterland.

"Well, because I'm not going to be around much longer, what would you like to see?"

I said I would like the letter writers to quit beating a dead horse and get on to a new issue.

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

editorial

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