

## Divided and unjust

*Race-neutral policies are not enough*

In 1962, educational apartheid at Mississippi public universities supposedly ended when a black student was admitted to Ole Miss for the first time.

Two years earlier, in 1960, Mississippi spent almost twice as much per student for universities with traditionally white enrollment as for historically "black" universities.

A generation later, in 1986, that gap had edged somewhat closer, but a substantial discrepancy remained. The state spent about one-third less per student for black schools as for their white counterparts.

That's an improvement. But it doesn't constitute desegregation. That's why the Supreme Court, at the request of the Bush administration, has taken up the issue.

The court, sometime in 1992, will decide how far states have to go to rectify past racial discrimination in their public university systems.

So far, at least, desegregation doesn't appear to have worked in Mississippi. Public higher education is still separate and unequal.

In addition to the funding gap, white and black students are not intermingling to any degree approaching integration, despite the formal end of segregation.

In 1985-86, 99 percent of Mississippi's white students still attended "white" schools; 71 percent of the black students attended "black" institutions.

It's easy to look at the funding difference and clamor for a simple solution. But the situation is not cut and dried. A successful end to segregation requires that both discrepancies be narrowed.

Traditionally white institutions in Southern states such as Mississippi are those states' research universities. They receive more funding than other state schools, just as the University of Nebraska-Lincoln gets more state money than Chadron State College. To truly desegregate higher education, more black students would have to attend the larger research institutions like Ole Miss.

To accomplish that goal, the state needs to do more than continue the "good-faith, race-neutral policies and procedures" that a federal appeals court determined last year to be enough.

But even with Affirmative Action, increased integration could take years.

In the meantime, the state at the very least has a responsibility to give students who still learn under a segregated system an equal education. They should not be cheated by demographics, race and tradition.

—E.F.P.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Love doesn't belong in combat

I do not claim to be an authority on the subject of homosexuals in ROTC and the military, but I do have an opinion and the gumption to write on this subject. I have yet to hear analysis of the situation with which I agree. Although being boo-footed in a fox-hole is every heterosexual soldier's worst nightmare, I don't think it should be the focus of the argument against homosexuals in the army.

Consider what might happen if two lovers were in combat together. Love is a tremendously, overwhelmingly powerful emotion, and one which has no place in the army. To what lengths would you go to preserve the life of your lover? Would you sacrifice the life of a fellow soldier you barely know? Two others? Ten? A whole company? I know I would. I would do absolutely anything to save the whom I truly love. That emotion

does not belong on the battlefield.

Furthermore, what if there were a gay officer who took for a lover a gay enlisted person? How willing would you be to send your lovers to perform a most onerous task, like die. I think love would overpower objectivity. The officer would send to battle hordes of others, that he might spare his lover.

I think it is stupid to say that homosexuals would not be able to control their sexual urges in the face of fellow soldiers whom they find attractive. But, besides the fact that straight soldiers would harass the gay soldiers nearly to death, the possibility that the emotion of love might interfere with the business of war should never be allowed to exist.

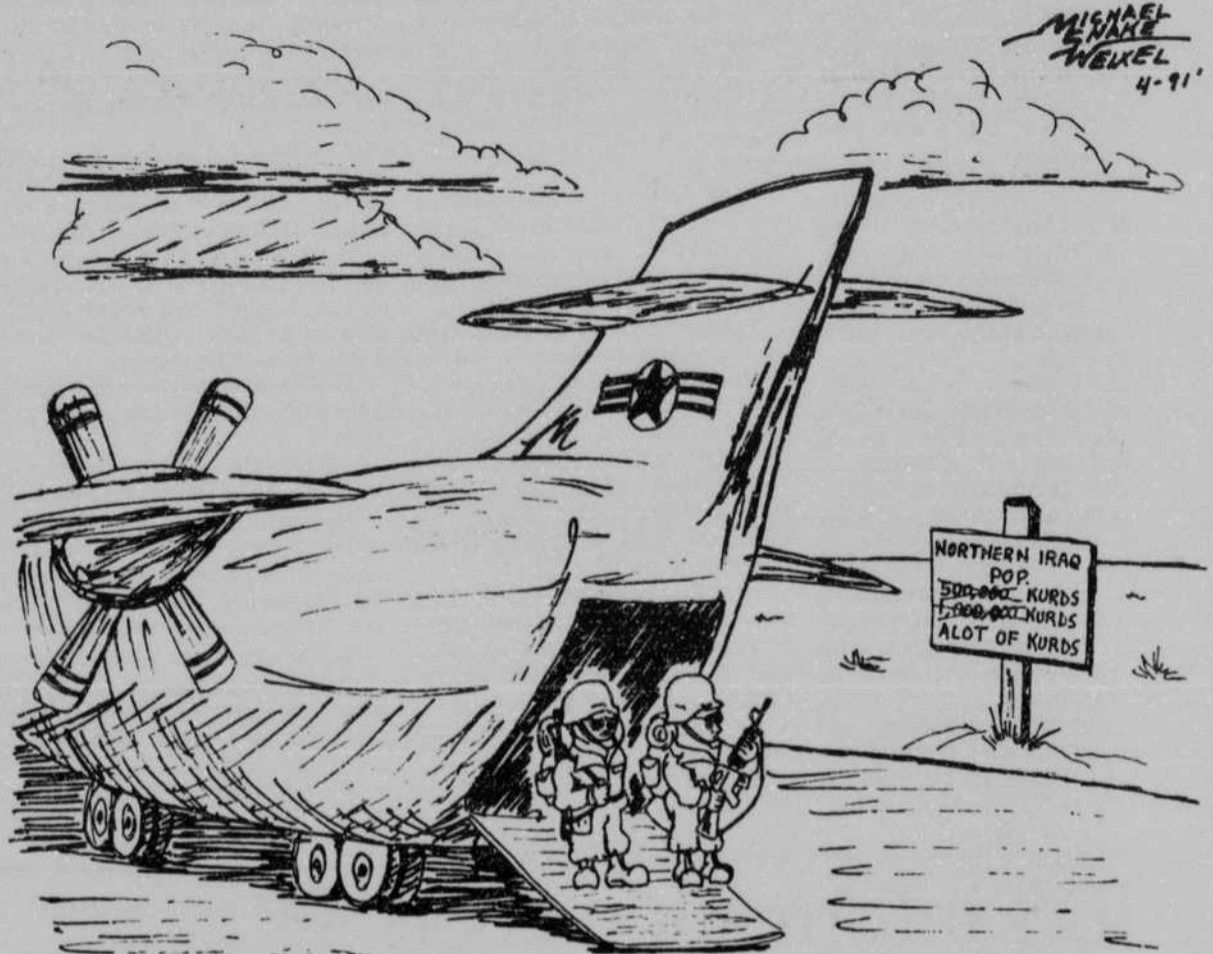
Matthew Lamb  
junior  
secondary education

### Conservative policy attacked

Why are there so many letters about homophobia, religion and abortion, since nobody seems to have anything new to say about these topics? Is the Daily Nebraskan a student newspaper? The few times I caught a glimpse of some creativity and spirit, it was in the Arts and Entertainment section. I therefore question your editing poli-

icy, which, in my opinion, tends to be rather conservative. Or maybe it is the same bunch of "readers" hiding behind fake names?

David Berges  
graduate student  
modern languages



"DARN, BOB, I THOUGHT THAT WAS A SHORT FLIGHT HOME."

PAT DINSLAGE

## NU life mirrors the real world

Spring's here. Campus Recreation has its booth outside the Nebraska Union, saying students can rent rafts and canoes, the tulips are blooming in the flower beds and we're on the final slide to the end of the school year.

Because I will finally be getting out of here — with a degree — it's natural that my thoughts bounce between worrying about the future and reflecting on my sojourn at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln.

It's not that I haven't had a full-time job before; as a non-traditional student who returned to college, I've had several. But this will be the first job in a "professional" field. What I and all graduates are facing is that we now have to put our money and future where our mouths, term papers and classes have been.

When I came to the university, I expected to put in my time, get the piece of paper and walk out to a chorus of employers clamoring for me to join their firms.

I didn't expect to graduate in the middle of a recession. The only chorus I hear is that of other graduates competing for the same job I want.

When I registered that first time, I remember thinking: "How tough can it be to sit in classes for a couple hours a day? What am I going to do with the rest of my time?"

It took only a semester of calculus, chemistry and computer-aided graphics, followed by another semester of more calculus, physics and computer science for me to start reading up on time management and turning down social invitations.

When I began this path toward the Holy Grail of a bachelor's degree, I worried about how I was going to be able to fit into college life and classes with students many years younger. I soon found that agony and stress know no boundaries: Age, sex and race have no meaning when you've got four chapters to read, 20 formulas to memorize, it's 3 a.m. and the test is in five hours. Panic makes for strange companions.

It didn't take long for me to realize that I couldn't fake it; my grades pretty much reflected my effort.

I have cruised through some classes, sweated blood in others and spent some semesters totally mystified. I have taken exams in which I knew 90 percent of the answers, and others in



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which I couldn't even figure out the questions.

But what have I learned? Have I learned enough? Am I prepared to return to that world of full-time jobs, paychecks and having weekends to myself?

The above-minimum wages I'm pretty sure I can handle, as well as the social life.

Most of what I've learned has not come from books. That stuff I've memorized, categorized and finally filed in the dusty library stacks of my mind.

What I have learned is that logic and sympathy have nothing to do with the financial aid you get. That sarcasm, hollering and glares won't get your paperwork processed any faster, but that a smile and a "Thank you," won't slow them down, either.

I've learned that trying to beat a parking ticket is like trying to beat death and taxes and that sorrowful

looks and heart-wrenching stories won't even get you a Kleenex to dry your tears. Also that getting your towed-away car back is a cash-only ordeal.

I've learned that even progressive-thinking people love red tape if money's involved and that talking a problem to death won't make it go away, no matter how big the words are.

I've listened, watched and realized that those who use the most words, mean, and will do, the least. And that the same university that encourages you to expand your world vision and rise above the mundane will hold your degree until it gets your \$1.36.

I've found that politics run things in higher education but organized politics don't; that committees on committees really do exist and that "spreading the responsibility" means no one gets the blame but everyone gets the credit.

I've discovered that most rules bend but that deadlines don't.

I've learned that people here at the university aren't so different from those in the working world — they just use bigger words for "yes," "no" and "maybe." And that education and enlightenment are not synonyms.

I've learned to play the university games and work the system to get what I want, and that whatever I wanted — grades, information, help, friends — I had to do the work myself. And I had to pay for whatever I got, one way or another.

When I came to UNL, I knew how to play the business world game to get what I wanted, but thought higher education would be different, would function on a higher plane. I discovered that it doesn't; it's just another playing field.

A Native American writer, Linda Hogan, said, "Education can be a hard process for minority and women students who have already learned too much of what we don't need to know."

There's been a lot of that in four years. But the knowledge and strength I've discovered has made my time here worth it. They don't give degrees for that, but maybe I am prepared for the professional world after all.

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