

Daily Nebraskan
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EDITORIAL

Everyday issue

Living King's message spawns revolution

Today we celebrate the message of peace, justice, hope and unity. We celebrate the message of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Today's holiday is a day for everyone to observe, not because King was black, but because he believed in equality for all. Today as you walk through the union's main lounge, take time to listen to the video presentation of the life of King, as well as his many speeches. Listen to his words and make them a part of your actions not just today, but every day. But the holiday is not a one-day celebration — King did not believe in peace and equality only on the third Monday of January. If there are problems on campus that need addressing, don't wait until the problem explodes — take action as soon as possible.

There doesn't have to be another incident where African-American males are singled out of an anthropology class primarily because they are black. There is no need for another racial beating of a white motorist, like Reginald Denny, for us to realize a racial problem exists on campus and across this nation.

If we are to celebrate a message of a man who dreamed, we need to enforce his message every day. Eric Jolly, director of affirmative action and diversity programs, called the holiday "a celebration, not of the individual, but of the ideas that person brought forward. And King brought forward a revolution of ideas that will help America cope with the changing landscape into the next century."

America is a nation of many different races. And if we are to incorporate anything, it will have to be King's message, which puts down no group, but represents all races.

Addressing problems before they explode is a start to understanding King's message that everyone should be judged "not by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character."

Legalized prejudice

Colorado bill steals Americans' rights

Martin Luther King Jr. dreamed of a world where people would be treated equally.

Sadly, as we celebrate his birthday today, a battle is being waged in Colorado over the basic rights Americans who are homosexuals have under the Constitution.

A judge on Friday blocked Colorado from enforcing an anti-gay rights measure until it could be determined if the law was constitutional. The measure, approved by the people of Colorado in November, would have barred any law that protects homosexuals from discrimination.

A group called Coloradans for Family Values campaigned heavily for the bill, known as Amendment 2. Discrimination and ignorance are apparently the values they seek to promote.

There are many words that could describe Amendment 2. Un-American would probably be the best.

Hopefully, Amendment 2 will be ruled unconstitutional. That it was passed at all is a disgrace to a nation that claims equality and justice as its highest virtues.

Amendment 2 was a step backward for America. We can move forward again by opposing it and any other measure that would restrict the freedoms all Americans deserve.

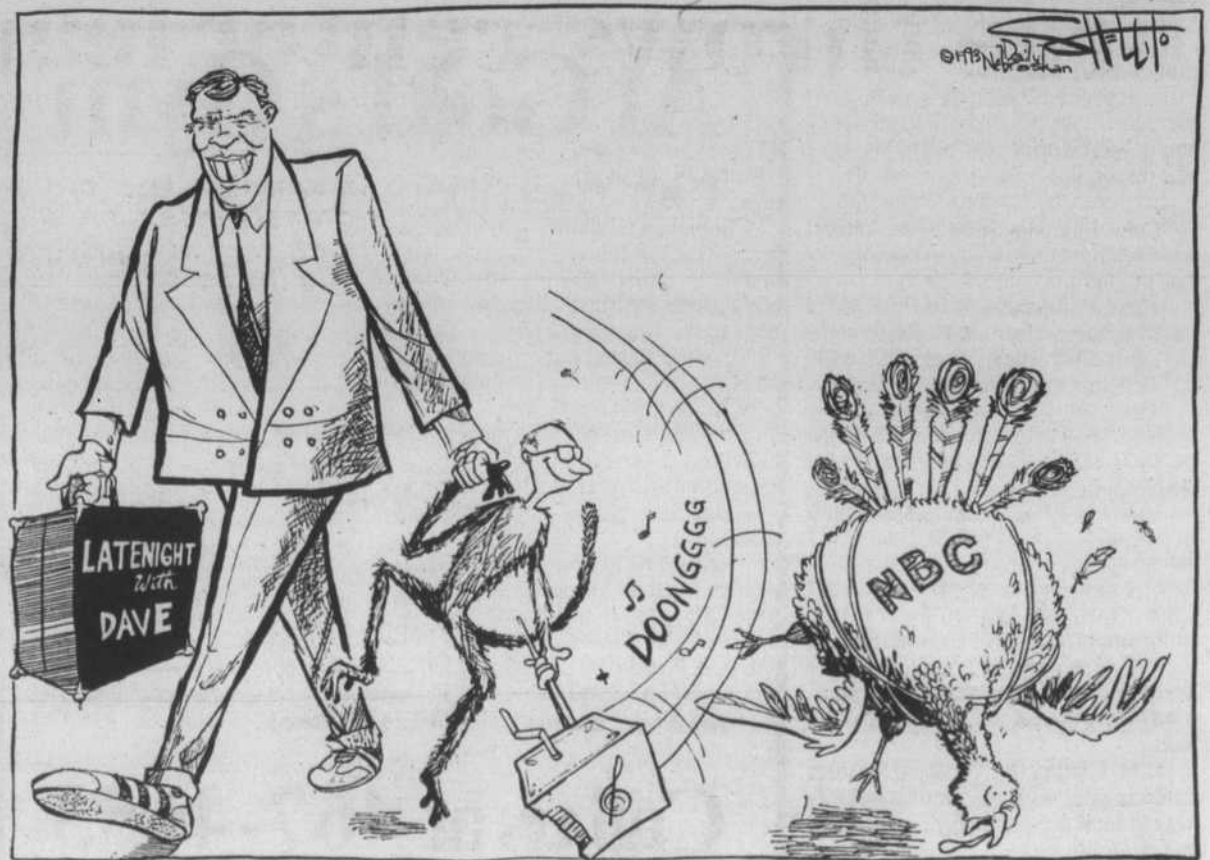
That we are discussing such a measure 25 years after the death of Martin Luther King Jr. is a sobering reflection on how far America still has to go.

EDITORIAL POLICY

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Fall 1992 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. 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 regents publish the Daily Nebraskan. They establish 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 students.

LETTER POLICY

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WENDY MOTT

Music stores staffed by snobs

First impressions are important. Any dandruff-shampoo commercial will tell you that.

First impressions can be deceiving, I know. For instance, someone looking at a mug shot might think I'm a big, Twinkie-eating, double-chinned, hefty kinda gal. But I like to think of myself as a slender prairie flower.

One of my major character flaws is that I make snap judgments of people based on first impressions.

I would work harder to cure this flaw if it weren't for one thing — I'm usually right.

So, far be it for me to judge an entire profession based on my limited exposure, but I have come to the conclusion that the people who work at record stores are pretentious, offensive, grungy little snobs.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not one to criticize grunge, pretension or even snobbery — in small doses I feel these afflictions are good for the soul. They force us to keep a sense of humor.

Some of my best friends are grungy. Deep-down dirty, wearing flannel shirts for days on end.

I don't even mind salespeople as a rule. I think it's kind of cute how they invariably greet each and every customer with a chipper, if somewhat desperate, "Hi! Can I help you find something?"

How many times do those people need to hear, "No thanks, I'm just looking," before they'll leave us alone?

Then again, a polite "Can I help you?" would be a pleasant change at a record store.

At most record stores when you walk in the door, unless you're clad in a biker's jacket and studded bra, all you'll get in greeting is a condescending once-over and a snide look of dismissal.



"She's OK," I'm sure they say when I leave the store, a Del Amitri tape in hand. "She's just buying that for a class assignment."

God forbid you ask about an artist who didn't just release an album yesterday or they'll let you know.

"That's not his latest release, you know."

I usually feel so embarrassed I make up lies to cover my entertainment ignorance.

"Um, I know this isn't the newest one, but I spilled beer on my old one at this huge party I had, so I thought I'd replace it."

Or worse yet, you buy something they like and they feel compelled to give you insider information about it.

Forgive me Twisters personnel, but I really can't see how any artist, cool or not, would contact you to clue you in on his intentions. I can pick up the latest edition of Spin Magazine all by myself, thanks.

I don't mean to single out any one store, but in my experience, Twisters has by far the worst superiority complex. I'm one of the lucky ones. I have friends who work there, so I run straight to them, and they cover for me.

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tape in hand. "She's just buying that for a class assignment."

Pickles isn't as bad, but traces of condescension still permeate the dingy, cluttered aisles. I'm not sure, but I think those sales guys don't take themselves as seriously. The help there doesn't really care what you buy, as long as you ride your bike there and never — under any circumstances — button your flannel shirt.

For a while, I was so upset about this that I stopped buying music at all. My tapes became slowly more and more outdated. Then it hit me. I'm not going to let those music guys scare me. I'll buy whatever tape I want to, and nobody can stop me.

I guess I'll just join the other musical rejects and shop at MusicLand. I know — the selection is limited, the tapes are overpriced, the staff is ignorant.

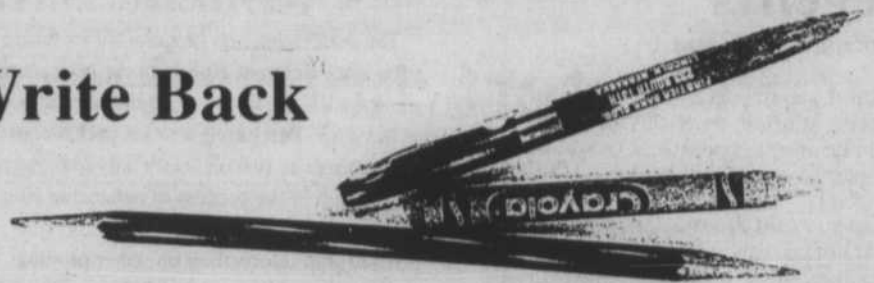
That's OK by me. What's the difference between them and any other record-store employees except that they lay it on the line. No latest-issue insight there, just halfway friendly smiles accompanied by cheap ties and dress pants they bought at Jeans West.

I think this condescension reaches all levels of the music world. I know the DJs at KRNU have a touch of it. Half the time they don't know what song you're asking for, because if it isn't played on MTV's "120 Minutes," it isn't worth playing. Or if you ask for something they don't like, you are told in no uncertain terms that it simply won't fit in with the program theme.

Give me a break. Like we need some KRNU punk looking down his amateur broadcasting nose at us. As if we can't go into a record store and get that stuff in person.

Mott is a senior news-editorial and English major, a Daily Nebraskan associate news editor and a columnist.

P.S. Write Back



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