

# OPINION PAGES

## Our VIEW

### Justice served

*Hollywood righteously protests sellout's award*

In 1958's "On the Waterfront," Marlon Brando played a simple dock worker who slugged it out with exploitative union bosses. Culminating in a bloody fist fight, "On the Waterfront" was filmed as a harsh indictment of labor injustice and a monument to bravery and personal conviction.

It won Brando an Oscar for Best Actor and Elia Kazan one for best director.

It was an ironic triumph for a man who had sold his Hollywood peers down the river during the McCarthy scare of that period.

Last night, Kazan was awarded the Lifetime Achievement Award at the Oscars to a tacitly hostile crowd divided over the "achievements" of Kazan.

Actor Rod Steiger, who worked under Kazan in "On the Waterfront" had been openly voicing his disgust for the director who knowingly offered names of "Communists" to the House Un-American Activities Committee, headed by Sen. Joseph McCarthy, in order to save his own career.

Steiger told CNN that the director of legendary films such as "Streetcar Named Desire" and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" did not have the courage or will to refuse to participate with the political witch-hunt. In fact, Kazan willingly blacklisted his industry peers and guaranteed himself a lifelong troupe of Hollywood enemies.

"With Kazan, I'm angry because this man was very well-off in the theater financially," Steiger said. "I could understand - even though I wouldn't like it - a man panicking because he doesn't have the money to feed his kids and in a moment of animalistic fear said, 'Him, John or Bill.'"

Steiger represents a significant portion of Hollywood's industry crowd, some of whom have taken out ads to protest Kazan's Lifetime Achievement Award and have plans to protest the ceremony by sitting on their hands.

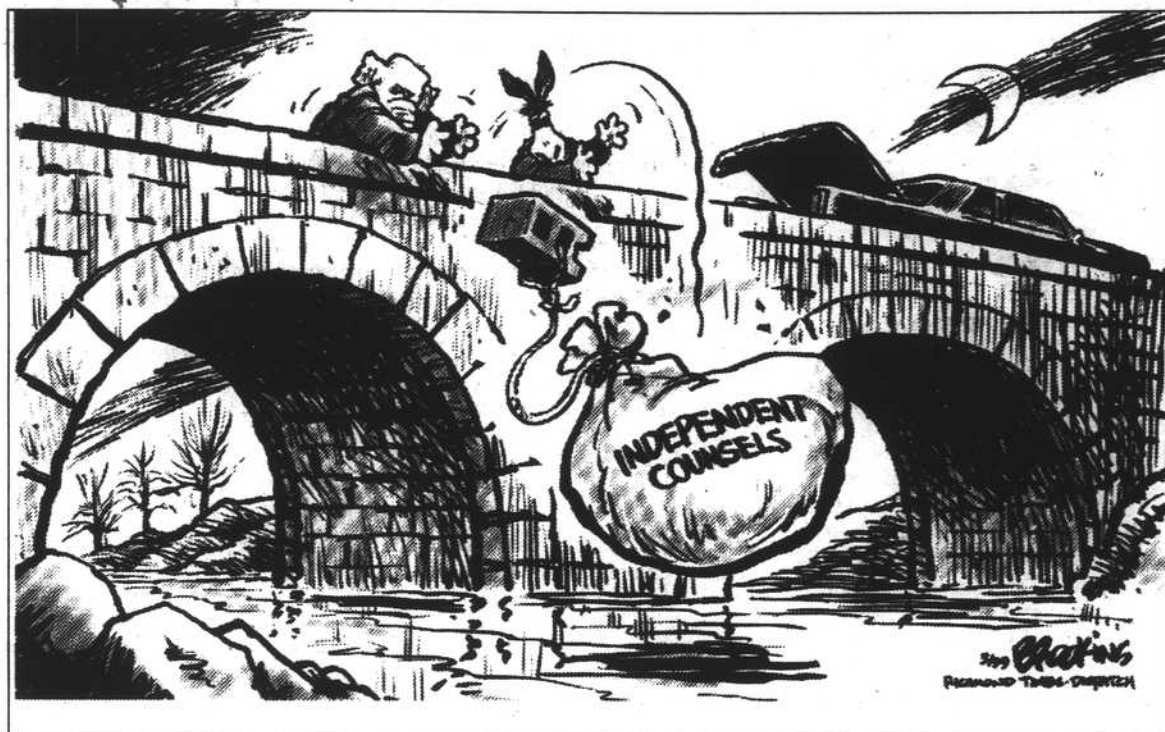
Hollywood's indignation, for once, is righteous, and there is no escaping the irony of awarding a man whose "Lifetime Achievements" include ruining the careers of fellow filmmakers and contributing to the disease of cinematic censorship.

Kazan, a brilliant director in every regard and responsible for groundbreaking passion in American cinema, is nevertheless responsible for his actions outside the studio. For this man, his life cannot be separated from his work. As a director and artist he was responsible for the protection of his craft; instead, by blacklisting filmmakers, he was responsible for the prevention of unknown films and free expression in Hollywood.

Last night, a few of the fabulously wealthy, beautiful and self-absorbed took a stand for their profession and, bearing in mind Kazan's success, protested his award.

Finally Hollywood has made a scene about something that matters, and they weren't just acting.

## Brookins' VIEW



### Fountain of memories

*New Broyhill water sculpture doesn't replace the old*



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The BMX flies from one rock and then smashes into another. Suddenly, there's a loud pop and the rapid wheezing sound of escaping air. "Damn man, it's busted."

The kid picks up his bike and examines the front tire, which is bent and has a flat tire dangling from it. "Uh, crap."

I observed this scene a few weeks ago in the Nebraska Union's Broyhill Plaza.

The boys in question had been using the water structure as a mountain bike ramp.

And anyone who takes a good, hard look at what I like to call the "freak fountain" might wonder if it actually has any other purpose.

It's hard to lounge anywhere near it when it spews more mist than a scene from "Creature from the Black Lagoon."

And I'm not sure how comfortable it would be to lounge on jagged rocks anyway.

So after watching the next batch of our nation's nuclear engineers destroy their bikes on "horizontally ruled" boulders, I think back to the good old days.

You know, the days when Broyhill Fountain actually was a fountain.

You could sit on it without feeling like you're in the opening scene of "Star Wars." You could even get thrown into it without having to worry about massive cranial injuries.

Broyhill Fountain was a place where people met. It was designed so students could sit all the way around it, something you would have problems with on the new fountain unless you want to risk falling off the stage into the gorge-like moat.

Fraternities, sororities and other organizations also took dives in the fountain occasionally, whether it be a rite-of-passage or a "Gee Bob, you look like you need a drink" affair.

Broyhill was also fairly beautiful at night. You could take your date to see the underwater rainbow colors

and just talk. Right now it's a good place to take bad first dates to scare them.

And saddest of all, I think the original Broyhill Fountain could have been saved.

But no, let's spend thousands of dollars to transport big rocks from South Dakota. That'll be *much* easier than building around the existing structure.

And like we really needed the space. Let's face it - the new Union's face is so empty that you could park a Mack truck in the entrance and still have plenty of breathing room.

Did we really have to destroy the fountain so more student groups could harass us with candy to fill out a credit card application?

But you know what really bugs me? This entire situation is a shame because only upperclassmen such as myself will be bitching about the Broyhill of today.

The freshman and incoming classes of UNL students won't know what they lost.

It makes me cringe to think that they may over time, sigh, grow to love this freak fountain.

They might even defend it to the death when the Union

decides to expand into the green-space to add a fourth overpriced store in which students can buy candy.

But those of us who saw the original Broyhill will remember.

I know I do. I took a few sweet girls there once upon a time. Broyhill was an dating ice-breaker of sorts I believe; she commented on the lights and then you commented on the lights. In between all this "lights" talk, you got to know one another.

I was also one of the folks that turned out for the "Broyhill Farewell Party," where I sat down and talked to the daughter of the man who designed the fountain. She said if her father was still alive, he'd be sad to see the fountain go.

After seeing what has now taken its place, I can understand why.

Sure, the old Broyhill was a mass of unappealing rusted pipes in the winter, but at least it didn't look like it was in dire need of extinguishing.

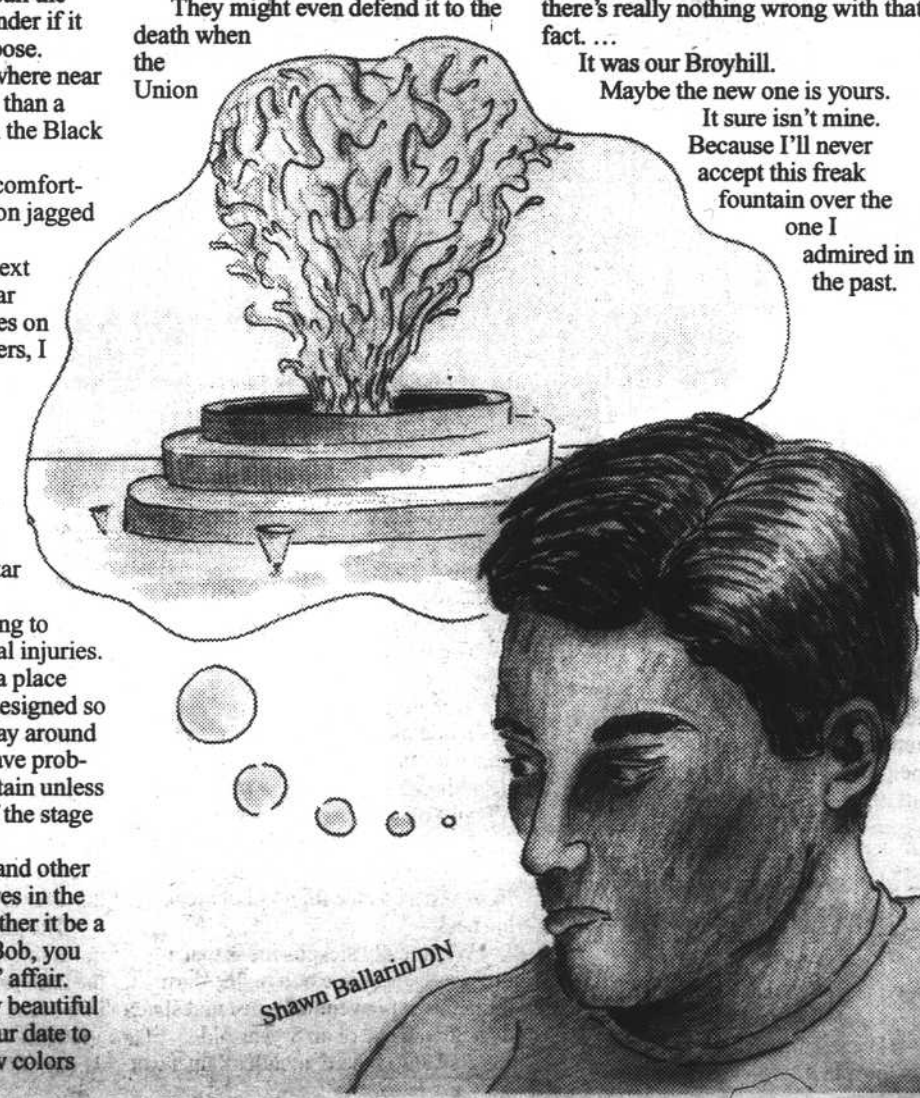
And sure, it was old and outdated, but at least it wasn't so modern that it looked like the rock-climbing class should take a field trip to it.

And sure, it was a possible make-out spot, but at least - hell, I guess there's really nothing wrong with that fact. ...

It was our Broyhill.

Maybe the new one is yours.

It sure isn't mine. Because I'll never accept this freak fountain over the one I admired in the past.



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